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THE

# HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF JAMES II.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULEY.

VOLUME I.

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# HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

I PURPOSE to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property, were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be

seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained, indeed, a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this chequered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots; for the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can suc-

ceed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

The events which I propose to relate form only a single act of a great and eventful drama extending through ages, and must be very imperfectly understood unless the plot of the preceding acts be well known. I shall therefore introduce my narrative by a slight sketch of the history of our country from the earliest times. I shall pass very rapidly over many centuries: but I shall dwell at some length on the vicissitudes of that contest which the administration of King James the Second brought to a decisive crisis.\*

Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain. Her inhabitants, when first they became known to the Tyrian mariners, were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands. She was subjugated by the Roman arms: but she received only a faint tincture of Roman arts and letters. Of the western provinces which obeyed the Cæsars, she was the last that was conquered, and the first that was flung away. No magnificent remains of Latin porches and aqueducts are to be found in Britain. No writer of British birth is reckoned among the masters of Latin poetry and eloquence. It is not probable that the islanders were at any time generally familiar with the tongue of their Italian rulers. From the Atlantic to the vicinity of the Rhine, the Latin has, during many centuries, been predominant. It drove out the Celtic; it was not driven out by the German; and it is at this day the basis of the French, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. In our island the Latin appears never to have superseded the old Gallic speech, and could not stand its ground against the Anglo-Saxon.

The scanty and superficial civilization which the Britons had derived from their southern masters, was effaced by the calamities of the fifth century. In the continental kingdoms into which the Roman empire was then dissolved, the conquerors learned much from the conquered race. In Britain the conquered race became as barbarous as the conquerors.

All the chiefs who founded Teutonic dynasties in the continental provinces of the Roman empire, Alaric, Theodoric, Clovis, Alboin, were zealous Christians. The followers of Ida and Cerdic, on the other hand, brought to their settlements in Britain all the super-

stitutions of the Elbe. While the German princes who reigned at Paris, Toledo, Arles, and Ravenna listened with reverence to the instructions of bishops, adored the relics of martyrs, and took part eagerly in disputes touching the Nicene theology, the rulers of Wessex and Mercia were still performing savage rites in the temples of Odin and Zernebock.

The continental kingdoms which had risen on the ruins of the Western Empire kept up some intercourse with those eastern provinces, where the ancient civilization, though slowly fading away under the influence of misgovernment, might still astonish and instruct barbarians, where the court still exhibited the splendor of Diocletian and Constantine, where the public buildings were still adorned with the sculptures of Polyctetus and the paintings of Apelles, and where laborious pedants, themselves destitute of taste, sense, and spirit, could still read and interpret the master-pieces of Sophocles, of Demosthenes, and of Plato. From this communion Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatmen: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the cotemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple. Concerning all the other provinces of the Western Empire we have continuous information. It is only in Britain that an age of fable completely separates two ages of truth. Odoacer and Totila, Euric and Thrasimund, Clovis, Fredegonda, and Brunchild, are historical men and women. But Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Arthur and Mordred, are mythical persons, whose very existence may be questioned, and whose adventures must be classed with those of Hercules and Romulus.

At length the darkness begins to break; and the country which had been lost to view as Britain reappears as England. The conversion of the Anglo Saxons to Christianity

\* In this, and in the next chapter, I have very seldom thought it necessary to cite authorities; for, in these chapters, I have not detailed events minutely, or used recondite materials; and the facts which I mention are, for the most part, such that a person tolerably well read in English history, if not already apprised of them, will at least know where to look for evidence of them. In the subsequent chapters I shall carefully indicate the sources of my information.

was the first of a long series of salutary revolutions. It is true that the Church had been deeply corrupted both by that superstition and by that philosophy against which she had long contended, and over which she had at last triumphed. She had given a too easy admission to doctrines borrowed from the ancient schools, and to rites borrowed from the ancient temples. Roman policy and Gothic ignorance, Grecian ingenuity, and Syrian asceticism, had contributed to deprave her. Yet she retained enough of the sublime theology and benevolent morality of her earlier days to elevate many intellects, and to purify many hearts. Some things, also, which at a later period were justly regarded as among her chief blemishes, were, in the seventh century, and long afterward, among her chief merits. That the sacerdotal order should enroach on the functions of the civil magistrate, would, in our time, be a great evil. But that which in an age of good government is an evil, may, in an age of grossly bad government, be a blessing. It is better that mankind should be governed by wise laws well administered, and by an enlightened public opinion, than by priestcraft; but it is better that men should be governed by priestcraft than by brute violence, by such a prelate as Dunstan than by such a warrior as Penda. A society sunk in ignorance, and ruled by mere physical force, has great reason to rejoice when a class, of which the influence is intellectual and moral, rises to ascendancy. Such a class will doubtless abuse its power; but mental power, even when abused, is still a nobler and better power than that which consists merely in corporeal strength. We read in the Anglo-Saxon chronicles of tyrants, who, when at the height of greatness, were smitten with remorse, who abhorred the pleasures and dignities which they had purchased by guilt, who abdicated their crowns, and who sought to atone for their offenses by cruel penances and incessant prayers. These stories have drawn forth bitter expressions of contempt from some writers who, while they boasted of liberality, were in truth as narrow-minded as any monk of the Dark Ages, and whose habit was to apply to all events in the history of the world the standard received in the Parisian society of the eighteenth century. Yet surely a system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities previously governed only by vigor of muscle and by audacity of spirit, a system which taught the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest bondman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists.

The same observations will apply to the con-

tempt with which, in the last century, it was fashionable to speak of the pilgrimages, the sanctuaries, the crusades, and the monastic institutions of the Middle Ages. In times when men were scarcely ever induced to travel by liberal curiosity, or by the pursuit of gain, it was better that the rude inhabitant of the North should visit Italy and the East as a pilgrim, than that he should never see anything but those squalid cabins and uncleared woods amid which he was born. In times when life and when female honor were exposed to daily risk from tyrants and marauders, it was better that the precinct of a shrine should be regarded with an irrational awe, than that there should be no refuge inaccessible to cruelty and licentiousness. In times when statesmen were incapable of forming extensive political combinations, it was better that the Christian nations should be roused and united for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, than that they should, one by one, be overwhelmed by the Mohammedan power.

Whatever reproach may, at a later period, have been justly thrown on the indolence and luxury of religious orders, it was surely good that, in an age of ignorance and violence, there should be quiet cloisters and gardens, in which the arts of peace could be safely cultivated, in which gentle and contemplative natures could find an asylum, in which one brother could employ himself in transcribing the *Æneid* of Virgil, and another in meditating the *Analytics* of Aristotle, in which he who had a genius for art might illuminate a martyrlogy or carve a crucifix, and in which he who had a turn for natural philosophy might make experiments on the properties of plants and minerals. Had not such retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The Church has many times been compared by divines to that ark of which we read in the *Book of Genesis*; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she alone rode, amid darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.

Even the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the pope was, in the Dark Ages, productive of far more good than evil. Its effect was to unite the nations of Western Europe, in one great commonwealth. What the Olympian chariot course and the Pythian oracle were to all the Greek cities, from Trebizond to Marseilles, Rome and her bishop were to all Christians of the Latin communion, from Calabria

to the Hebrides. Thus grew up sentiments of enlarged benevolence. Races separated from each other by seas and mountains, acknowledged a fraternal tie and a common code of public law. Even in war, the cruelty of the conqueror was not seldom mitigated by the recollection that he and his vanquished enemies were all members of one great federation.

Into this federation the Anglo-Saxons were now admitted. A regular communication was opened between our shores and that part of Europe in which the traces of ancient power and policy were yet discernible. Many noble monuments which have since been destroyed or defaced, still retained their pristine magnificence; and travelers, to whom Livy and Sallust were unintelligible, might gain from the Roman aqueducts and temples some faint notion of Roman history. The dome of Agrippa, still glittering with bronze; the mausoleum of Adrian, not yet deprived of its columns and statues; the Flavian amphitheater, not yet degraded into a quarry, told to the Mercian and Northumbrian pilgrims some part of the story of that great civilized world which had passed away. The islanders returned, with awe deeply impressed on their half-opened minds, and told the wondering inhabitants of the hovels of London and York that, near the grave of Saint Peter, a mighty race, now extinct, had piled up buildings which would never be dissolved till the judgment day. Learning followed in the train of Christianity. The poetry and eloquence of the Augustan age were assiduously studied in the Anglo-Saxon monasteries. The names of Bede, of Aleuin, and of John, surnamed Eri-gena, were justly celebrated throughout Europe. Such was the state of our country when, in the ninth century, began the last great descent of the northern barbarians.

During several generations Denmark and Scandinavia continued to pour forth innumerable pirates, distinguished by strength, by valor, by merciless ferocity, and by hatred of the Christian name. No country suffered so much from these invaders as England. Her coast lay near to the ports whence they sailed; nor was any part of our island so far distant from the sea as to be secure from attack. The same atrocities which had attended the victory of the Saxon over the Celt were now, after the lapse of ages, suffered by the Saxon at the hand of the Dane. Civilization, just as it began to rise, was met by this blow, and sank down once more. Large colonies of adventurers from the Baltic established themselves on the eastern shores, spread gradually westward, and, supported by constant reinforcements from beyond the sea, aspired to the

dominion of the whole realm. The struggle between the two fierce Teutonic breeds lasted during six generations. Each was alternately paramount. Cruel massacres followed by cruel retribution, provinces wasted, convents plundered, and cities razed to the ground, make up the greater part of the history of those evil days. At length the North ceased to send forth a constant stream of fresh depredators, and from that time the mutual aversion of the races began to subside. Inter-marriage became frequent. The Danes learned the religion of the Saxons, and thus one cause of deadly animosity was removed. The Danish and Saxon tongues, both dialects of one wide-spread language, were blended together. But the distinction between the two nations was by no means effaced, when an event took place which prostrated both, in common slavery and degradation, at the feet of a third people.

The Normans were then the foremost race of Christendom. Their valor and ferocity had made them conspicuous among the rovers whom Scandinavia had sent forth to ravage Western Europe. Their sails were long the terror of both coasts of the Channel. Their arms were repeatedly carried far into the heart of the Carolingian empire, and were victorious under the walls of Maestricht and Paris. At length one of the feeble heirs of Charlemagne ceded to the strangers a fertile province, watered by a noble river, and contiguous to the sea, which was their favorite element. In that province they founded a mighty state, which gradually extended its influence over the neighboring principalities of Brittany and Maine. Without laying aside that dauntless valor which had been the terror of every land from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, the Normans rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement which they found in the country where they settled. Their courage secured their territory against foreign invasion. They established internal order, such as had long been unknown in the Frank empire. They embraced Christianity, and with Christianity they learned a great part of what the clergy had to teach. They abandoned their native speech, and adopted the French tongue, in which the Latin was the predominant element. They speedily raised their new language to a dignity and importance which it had never before possessed. They found it a barbarous jargon; they fixed it in writing; and they employed it in legislation, in poetry, and in romance. They renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great German family were too much inclined. The polite luxury of the Norman

presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbors. He loved to display his magnificence, not in huge piles of food and hogsheds of strong drink, but in large and stately edifices, rich armor, gallant horses, choice falcons, well-ordered tournaments, banquets delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite flavor than for their intoxicating power. That chivalrous spirit which has exercised so powerful an influence on the politics, morals, and manners of all the European nations, was found in the highest exaltation among the Norman nobles. Those nobles were distinguished by their graceful bearing and insinuating address. They were distinguished also by their skill in negotiation, and by a natural eloquence which they assiduously cultivated. It was the boast of one of their historians that the Norman gentlemen were orators from the cradle. But their chief fame was derived from their military exploits. Every country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Dead Sea, witnessed the prodigies of their discipline and valor. One Norman knight, at the head of a handful of warriors, scattered the Celts of Connaught. Another founded the monarchy of the Two Sicilies, and saw the emperors both of the East and of the West fly before his arms. A third, the Ulysses of the first crusade, was invested by his fellow-soldiers with the sovereignty of Antioch; and a fourth, the Tancred whose name lives in the great poem of Tasso, was celebrated through Christendom as the bravest and most generous of the champions of the Holy Sepulchre.

The vicinity of so remarkable a people early began to produce an effect on the public mind of England. Before the Conquest, English princes received their education in Normandy. English sees and English estates were bestowed on Normans. Norman-French was familiarly spoken in the palace of Westminster. The court of Rouen seems to have been to the court of Edward the Confessor what the court of Versailles long afterward was to the court of Charles the Second.

The battle of Hastings, and the events which followed it, not only placed a Duke of Normandy on the English throne, but gave up the whole population of England to the tyranny of the Norman race. The subjugation of a nation by a nation has seldom, even in Asia, been more complete. The country was portioned out among the captains of the invaders. Strong military institutions, closely connected with the institution of property, enabled the foreign conquerors to oppress the children of the soil. A cruel penal code, cruelly enforced, guarded the privileges, and even the sports, of the alien tyrants. Yet the subject race,

though beaten down and trodden under foot, still made its sting felt. Some bold men, the favorite heroes of our oldest ballads, betook themselves to the woods, and there, in defiance of curfew laws and forest laws, waged a predatory war against their oppressors. Assassination was an event of daily occurrence. Many Normans suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace. The corpses of many were found bearing the marks of violence. Death by torture was denounced against the murderers, and strict search was made for them; but generally in vain, for the whole nation was in a conspiracy to screen them. It was at length thought necessary to lay a heavy fine on every hundred in which a person of French extraction should be found slain; and this regulation was followed up by another regulation, providing that every person who was found slain should be supposed to be a Frenchman, unless he was proved to be a Saxon.

During the century and a half which followed the Conquest, there is, to speak strictly, no English history. The French kings of England rose, indeed, to an eminence which was the wonder and dread of all neighboring nations. They conquered Ireland. They received the homage of Scotland. By their valor, by their policy, by their fortunate matrimonial alliances, they became far more powerful on the Continent than their liege lords, the kings of France. Asia, as well as Europe, was dazzled by their power and glory. Arabian chroniclers recorded with unwilling admiration the fall of Acre, the defense of Joppa, and the victorious march to Ascalon; and Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted Plantagenet. At one time it seemed that the line of Hugh Capet was about to end as the Merovingian and Carlovingian lines had ended, and that a single great monarchy would spread from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees. So strong an association is established in most minds between the greatness of a sovereign and the greatness of the nation which he rules, that almost every historian of England has expatiated with a sentiment of exultation on the power and splendor of her foreign masters, and has lamented the decay of that power and splendor as a calamity to our country. This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a Haytian negro of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriotic regret and shame. The Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation were not Englishmen; most of them were born in France; they spent the greater part of their lives in France; their ordinary speech was

French; almost every high office in their gift was filled by a Frenchman; every acquisition which they made on the Continent estranged them more and more from the population of our island. One of the ablest among them, indeed, attempted to win the hearts of his English subjects by espousing an English princess; but, by many of his barons, this marriage was regarded as a marriage between a white planter and a Quadroon girl would now be regarded in Virginia. In history he is known by the honorable surname of Beauclere; but, in his own time, his own countrymen called him by a Saxon nickname, in contemptuous allusion to his Saxon connection.

Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and the tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman.

England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. Her interest was so directly opposed to the interest of her rulers, that she had no hope but in their errors and misfortunes. The talents and even the virtues of her six first French kings were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation. Had John inherited the great qualities of his father, of Henry Beauclere, or of the Conqueror, nay, had he even possessed the martial courage of Stephen or of Richard, and had the King of France at the same time been as incapable as all the other successors of Hugh Capet had been, the house of Plantagenet must have risen to unrivaled ascendancy in Europe. But, just at this conjuncture, France, for the first time since the death of Charlemagne, was governed by a prince of great firmness and ability. On the other hand, England, which, since the battle of Hastings, had been ruled generally by wise statesmen, always by brave soldiers, fell under the dominion of a trifler and a coward. From that moment her prospects brightened. John was driven from Normandy. The Norman nobles were compelled to make their election between the island and the continent.

Shut up by the sea with the people whom they had hitherto oppressed and despised, they gradually came to regard England as their country, and the English as their countrymen. The two races, so long hostile, soon found that they had common interests and common enemies. Both were alike aggrieved by the tyranny of a bad king. Both were alike indignant at the favor shown by the court to the natives of Poitou and Aquitaine. The great grandsons of those who had fought under William and the great-grandsons of those who had fought under Harold began to draw near to each other in friendship, and the first pledge of their reconciliation was the Great Charter, won by their united exertions, and framed for their common benefit.

Here commences the history of the English nation. The history of the preceding events is the history of wrongs inflicted and sustained by various tribes, which, indeed, all dwelt on English ground, but which regarded each other with aversion such as has scarcely ever existed between communities separated by physical barriers; for even the mutual animosity of countries at war with each other is languid when compared with the animosity of nations which, morally separated, are yet locally intermingled. In no country has the enmity of race been carried farther than in England. In no country has that enmity been more completely effaced. The stages of the process by which the hostile elements were melted down into one homogeneous mass are not accurately known to us. But it is certain that, when John became king, the distinction between Saxons and Normans was strongly marked, and that before the end of the reign of his grandson it had almost disappeared. In the time of Richard the first, the ordinary imprecation of a Norman gentleman was, "May I become an Englishman!" His ordinary form of indignant denial was, "Do you take me for an Englishman?" The descendant of such a gentleman a hundred years later was proud of the English name.

The sources of the noblest rivers, which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travelers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders;

islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that Constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that Constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the Old or in the New World, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical, indeed, than the languages of the South, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to that of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Early in the fourteenth century the amalgamation of the races was all but complete; and it was soon made manifest by signs not to be mistaken, that a people inferior to none existing in the world had been formed by the mixture of three branches of the great Teutonic family with each other and with the aboriginal Britons. There was, indeed, scarcely anything in common between the England to which John had been chased by Philip Augustus, and the England from which the armies of Edward the Third went forth to conquer France.

A period of more than a hundred years followed, during which the chief object of the English was to establish, by force of arms, a great empire on the Continent. The claim of Edward to the inheritance occupied by the house of Valois was a claim in which it might seem that his subjects were little interested. But the passion for conquest spread fast from the prince to the people. The war differed widely from the wars which the Plantagenets of the twelfth century had waged against the descendants of Hugh Capet; for the success of Henry the Second, or of Richard the First, would have made England a province of France. The effect of the successes of Edward the Third and of Henry the Fifth was to make France, for a time, a province of

England. The disdain with which, in the twelfth century, the conquerors from the Continent had regarded the islanders, was now retorted by the islanders on the people of the Continent. Every yeoman from Kent to Northumberland valued himself as one of a race born for victory and dominion, and looked down with scorn on the nation before which his ancestors had trembled. Even those knights of Gaseony and Guienne who had fought gallantly under the Black Prince were regarded by the English as men of an inferior breed, and were contemptuously excluded from honorable and lucrative commands. In no long time our ancestors altogether lost sight of the original ground of quarrel. They began to consider the crown of France as a mere appendage to the crown of England; and when, in violation of the ordinary law of succession, they transferred the crown of England to the house of Lancaster, they seem to have thought that the right of Richard the Second to the crown of France passed, as of course, to that house. The zeal and vigor which they displayed present a remarkable contrast to the torpor of the French, who were far more deeply interested in the event of the struggle. The greatest victories recorded in the history of the Middle Ages were gained at this time, against great odds, by the English armies. Victories indeed they were of which a nation may justly be proud; for they are to be attributed to the moral superiority of the victors, a superiority which was most striking in the lowest ranks. The knights of England found worthy rivals in the knights of France. Chandos encountered an equal foe in Du Guesclin; but France had no infantry that dared to face the English bows and bills. A French king was brought prisoner to London. An English king was crowned at Paris. The banner of Saint George was carried far beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps. On the south of the Ebro the English won a great battle, which for a time decided the fate of Leon and Castile; and the English companies obtained a terrible pre-eminence among the bands of warriors who let out their weapons for hire to the princes and commonwealths of Italy.

Nor were the arts of peace neglected by our fathers during that stirring period. While France was wasted by war until she at length found in her own desolation a miserable defense against invaders, the English gathered in their harvests, adorned their cities, pleaded, traded, and studied in security. Many of our noblest architectural monuments belong to that age. Then rose the fair chapels of New College and of Saint George, the nave of Winchester and the choir of York, the

spire of Salisbury and the majestic towers of Lincoln. A copious and forcible language, formed by an infusion of Norman French into German, was now the common property of the aristocracy and of the people. Nor was it long before genius began to apply that admirable machine to worthy purposes. While English battalions, leaving behind them the devastated provinces of France, entered Valladolid in triumph, and spread terror to the gates of Florence, English poets depicted in vivid tints all the wide variety of human manners and fortunes, and English thinkers aspired to know, or dared to doubt, where bigots had been content to wonder and to believe. The same age which produced the Black Prince and Derby, Chandos and Hawkwood, produced also Geoffrey Chaucer, and John Wicliffe.

In so splendid and imperial a manner did the English people, properly so called, first take place among the nations of the world. Yet while we contemplate with pleasure the high and commanding qualities which our forefathers displayed, we cannot but admit that the end which they pursued was an end condemned both by humanity and by enlightened policy, and that the reverses which compelled them, after a long and bloody struggle, to relinquish the hope of establishing a great continental empire, were really blessings in the guise of disasters. The spirit of the French was at last aroused. They began to oppose a vigorous national resistance to the foreign conquerors; and from that time the skill of the English captains and the courage of the English soldiers were, happily for mankind, exerted in vain. After many desperate struggles, and with many bitter regrets, our ancestors gave up the contest. Since that age no British government has ever seriously and steadily pursued the design of making great conquests on the Continent. The people, indeed, continued to cherish with pride the recollection of Cressy, of Poitiers, and of Agincourt. Even after the lapse of many years it was easy to fire their blood and to draw forth their subsidies by promising them an expedition for the conquest of France. But, happily, the energies of our country have been directed to better objects; and she now occupies in the history of mankind a place far more glorious than if she had, as at one time seemed not improbable, acquired by the sword an ascendancy similar to that which formerly belonged to the Roman republic.

Cooped up once more within the limits of the island, the warlike people employed in civil strife those arms which had been the terror of Europe. The means of profuse expenditure had long been drawn by the English

barons from the oppressed provinces of France. That source of supply was gone, but the ostentatious and luxurious habits which prosperity had engendered still remained; and the great lords, unable to gratify their tastes by plundering the French, were eager to plunder each other. The realm to which they were now confined would not, in the phrase of Comines, the most judicious observer of that time, suffice for them all. Two aristocratical factions, headed by two branches of the royal family, engaged in a long and fierce struggle for supremacy. As the animosity of these factions did not really arise from the dispute about the succession, it lasted long after all ground of dispute about the succession was removed. The party of the Red Rose survived the last prince who claimed the crown in right of Henry the Fourth. The party of the White Rose survived the marriage of Richmond and Elizabeth. Left without chiefs who had any decent show of right, the adherents of Lancaster rallied round a line of bastards, and the adherents of York set up a succession of impostors. When, at length, many aspiring nobles had perished on the field of battle or by the hands of the executioner; when many illustrious houses had disappeared forever from history; when those great families which remained had been exhausted and sobered by great calamities, it was universally acknowledged that the claims of all the contending Plantagenets were united in the house of Tudor.

Meanwhile a change was proceeding, infinitely more momentous than the acquisition or loss of any province, than the rise or fall of any dynasty. Slavery, and the evils by which slavery is everywhere accompanied, were fast disappearing.

It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England—that revolution which in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man—were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck cotemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. Moral causes noiselessly effaced first the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might perhaps have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villanage were detected by the



curious so late as the days of the Stuarts; nor has that institution ever, to this hour, been abolished by statute.

It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity, which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his nation, or of his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition can not be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the Middle Ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even then pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept miters from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians. The first proteetor whom the English found among the dominant caste was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and had held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national

as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among these who obtained that charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and of the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villanage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant counselors of Elizabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacraments, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the Church used her formidable machinery, that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

There can be no doubt that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced; the condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favorable to the happiness and virtue of our species; but no man was altogether above the restraints of law, and no man was altogether below its protection.

That the political institutions of England were, at this early period, regarded by the English with pride and affection, and by the most enlightened men of neighboring nations with admiration and envy, is proved by the clearest evidence. But touching the nature of those institutions there has been much dishonest and acrimonious controversy.

The historical literature of England has indeed suffered grievously from a circumstance which has not a little contributed to her prosperity. The change, great as it is, which her policy has undergone during the last six centuries, has been the effect of gradual development, not of demolition and reconstruction. The present Constitution of our country is, to the Constitution under which she flourished five hundred years ago, what the tree is to the sapling, what the man is to the boy. The

alteration has been great. Yet there never was a moment at which the chief part of what existed was not old. A polity thus formed must abound in anomalies. But for the evils arising from mere anomalies we have ample compensation. Other societies possess written constitutions more symmetrical; but no other society has yet succeeded in uniting revolution with prescription, progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity.

This great blessing, however, has its drawbacks; and one of those drawbacks is, that every source of information as to our early history has been poisoned by party spirit. As there is no country where statesmen have been so much under the influence of the past, so there is no country where historians have been so much under the influence of the present. Between these two things, indeed, there is a natural connection. Where history is regarded merely as a picture of life and manners, or as a collection of experiments from which general maxims of civil wisdom may be drawn, a writer lies under no very pressing temptation to misrepresent transactions of ancient date. But where history is regarded as a repository of title-deeds, on which the rights of governments and nations depend, the motive to falsification becomes almost irresistible. A Frenchman is not now impelled by any strong interest either to exaggerate or to underrate the power of the kings of the house of Valois. The privileges of the States-General, of the states of Brittany, of the states of Burgundy, are now matters of as little practical importance as the constitution of the Jewish Sanhedrim or of the Amphictyonic Council. The gulf of a great revolution completely separates the new from the old system. No such chasm divides the existence of the English nation into two distinct parts. Our laws and customs have never been lost in general and irreparable ruin. With us the precedents of the Middle Ages are still valid precedents, and are still cited, on the gravest occasions, by the most eminent statesmen. Thus, when King George the Third was attacked by the malady which made him incapable of performing his regal functions, and when the most distinguished lawyers and politicians differed widely as to the course which ought, in such circumstances, to be pursued, the houses of Parliament would not proceed to discuss any plan of regency until all the examples which were to be found in our annals, from the earliest times, had been collected and arranged. Committees were appointed to examine the ancient records of the realm. The first precedent reported was that of the year 1217: much

importance was attached to the precedents of 1326, of 1377, and of 1422; but the case which was justly considered as most in point was that of 1455. Thus in our country the dearest interests of parties have frequently been staked on the results of the researches of antiquaries. The inevitable consequence was, that our antiquaries conducted their researches in the spirit of partisans.

It is, therefore, not surprising, that those who have written concerning the limits of prerogative and liberty in the old polity of England should generally have shown the temper, not of judges, but of angry and uncandid advocates; for they were discussing, not a speculative matter, but a matter which had a direct and practical connection with the most momentous and exciting disputes of their own day. From the commencement of the long contest between the Parliament and the Stuarts, down to the time when the pretensions of the Stuarts ceased to be formidable, few questions were practically more important than the question whether the administration of that family had or had not been in accordance with the ancient Constitution of the kingdom. This question could be decided only by reference to the records of preceding reigns. Bracton and Fleta, the Mirror of Justice and the Rolls of Parliament, were ransacked to find pretexts for the excesses of the Star Chamber on one side, and of the High Court of Justice on the other. During a long course of years, every Whig historian was anxious to prove that the old English government was all but republican, every Tory historian to prove that it was all but despotic.

With such feelings, both parties looked into the chronicles of the Middle Ages. Both readily found what they sought, and both obstinately refused to see anything but what they sought. The champions of the Stuarts could easily point out instances of oppression exercised on the subject. The defenders of the Roundheads could as easily produce instances of determined and successful resistance offered to the crown. The Tories quoted, from ancient writings, expressions almost as servile as were heard from the pulpit of Mairwaring. The Whigs discovered expressions as bold and severe as any that resounded from the judgment-seat of Bradshaw. One set of writers adduced numerous instances in which kings had extorted money without the authority of Parliament. Another set cited cases in which the Parliament had assumed to itself the power of inflicting punishment on kings. Those who saw only one half of the evidence would have concluded that the Plantagenets were as absolute as the sultans

of Turkey; those who saw only the other half would have concluded that the Plantagenets had as little real power as the doges of Venice; and both conclusions would have been equally remote from the truth.

The old English government was one of a class of limited monarchies which sprang up in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and which, notwithstanding many diversities, bore to one another a strong family likeness. That there should have been such a likeness is not strange. The countries in which those monarchies arose had been provinces of the same great civilized empire, and had been overrun and conquered, about the same time, by tribes of the same rude and warlike nation. They were members of the same great coalition against Islam. They were in communion with the same superb and ambitious Church. Their polity naturally took the same form. They had institutions derived partly from imperial Rome, partly from papal Rome, partly from the old Germany. All had kings; and in all the kingly office became, by degrees, strictly hereditary. All had nobles bearing titles which had originally indicated military rank. The dignity of knighthood, the rules of heraldry, were common to all. All had richly endowed ecclesiastical establishments, municipal corporations enjoying large franchises, and senates whose consent was necessary to the validity of some public acts.

Of these kindred constitutions the English was, from an early period, justly reputed the best. The prerogatives of the sovereign were undoubtedly extensive. The spirit of religion and the spirit of chivalry concurred to exalt his dignity. The sacred oil had been poured on his head. It was no disparagement to the bravest and noblest knights to kneel at his feet. His person was inviolable. He alone was entitled to convoke the estates of the realm. He could, at his pleasure, dismiss them; and his assent was necessary to all their legislative acts. He was the chief of the executive administration, the sole organ of communication with foreign powers, the captain of the military and naval forces of the state, the fountain of justice, of mercy, and of honor. He had large powers for the regulation of trade. It was by him that money was coined, that weights and measures were fixed, that marts and havens were appointed. His ecclesiastical patronage was immense. His hereditary revenues, economically administered, sufficed to meet the ordinary charges of government. His own domains were of vast extent. He was also feudal lord paramount of the whole soil of his kingdom, and, in that capacity, possessed many lucrative and many formidable rights,

which enabled him to annoy and depress those who thwarted him, and to enrich and aggrandize, without any cost to himself, those who enjoyed his favor.

But his power, though ample, was limited by three great constitutional principles, so ancient that none can say when they began to exist; so potent that their natural development, continued through many generations, has produced the order of things under which we now live.

First, the king could not legislate without the consent of his Parliament. Secondly, he could impose no taxes without the consent of his Parliament. Thirdly, he was bound to conduct the executive administration according to the laws of the land, and if he broke those laws, his advisers and his agents were responsible.

No candid Tory will deny that these principles had, five hundred years ago, acquired the authority of fundamental rules. On the other hand, no candid Whig will affirm that they were, until a later period, cleared from all ambiguity, or followed out to all their consequences. A constitution of the Middle Ages was not, like a constitution of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, created entire by a single act, and fully set forth in a single document. It is only in a refined and speculative age that a polity is constructed on system. In rude societies the progress of government resembles the progress of language and of versification. Rude societies have language, and often copious and energetic language, but they have no scientific grammar, no definitions of nouns and verbs, no names for declensions, moods, tenses, and voices. Rude societies have versification, and often versification of great power and sweetness, but they have no metrical canons; and the minstrel whose numbers, regulated solely by his ear, are the delight of his audience, would himself be unable to say of how many dactyles and trochees each of his lines consists. As eloquence exists before syntax, and song before prosody, so government may exist in a high degree of excellence long before the limits of legislative, executive, and judicial power have been traced with precision.

It was thus in our country. The line which bounded the royal prerogative, though in general sufficiently clear, had not everywhere been drawn with accuracy and distinctness. There was, therefore, near the border some debatable ground on which incursions and reprisals continued to take place, until, after ages of strife, plain and durable landmarks were at length set up. It may be instructive to note in what way, and to what extent, our ancient sovereigns were in the

habit of violating the three great principles by which the liberties of the nation were protected.

No English king has ever laid claim to the general legislative power. The most violent and imperious Plantagenet never fancied himself competent to enact, without the consent of his great council, that a jury should consist of ten persons instead of twelve, that a widow's dower should be a fourth part instead of a third, that perjury should be a felony, or that the custom of gavelkind should be introduced into Yorkshire.\* But the king had the power of pardoning offenders; and there is one point at which the power of pardoning and the power of legislating seem to fade into each other, and may easily, at least in a simple age, be confounded. A penal statute is virtually annulled if the penalties which it imposes are regularly remitted as often as they are incurred. The sovereign was undoubtedly competent to remit penalties without limit. He was therefore competent to annul virtually a penal statute. It might seem that there could be no serious objection to his doing formally what he might do virtually. Thus, with the help of subtle and courtly lawyers, grew up, on the doubtful frontier which separates executive from legislative functions, that great anomaly known as the dispensing power.

That the king could not impose taxes without the consent of Parliament is admitted to have been, from time immemorial, a fundamental law of England. It was among the articles which John was compelled by the barons to sign. Edward the First ventured to break through the rule; but, able, powerful, and popular as he was, he encountered an opposition to which he found it expedient to yield. He covenanted accordingly, in express terms, for himself and his heirs, that they would never again levy any aid without the assent and good-will of the estates of the realm. His powerful and victorious grandson attempted to violate this solemn compact; but the attempt was strenuously withstood. At length the Plantagenets gave up the point in despair; but, though they ceased to infringe the law openly, they occasionally contrived, by evading it, to procure an extraordinary supply for a temporary purpose. They were interdicted from taxing, but they claimed the right of begging and borrowing. They therefore sometimes begged in a tone not to be distinguished from that of command, and sometimes borrowed with small thought of repaying. But the fact that it was thought

necessary to disguise these exactions under the names of benevolences and loans sufficiently proves that the authority of the great constitutional rule was universally recognized.

The principle that the King of England was bound to conduct the administration according to law, and that, if he did anything against law, his advisers and agents were answerable, was established at a very early period, as the severe judgments pronounced and executed on many royal favorites sufficiently prove. It is, however, certain that the rights of individuals were often violated by the Plantagenets, and that the injured parties were often unable to obtain redress. According to law, no Englishman could be arrested or detained in confinement merely by the mandate of the sovereign. In fact, persons obnoxious to the government were frequently imprisoned without any other authority than a royal order. According to law, torture, the disgrace of the Roman jurisprudence, could not, in any circumstances, be inflicted on an English subject. Nevertheless, during the troubles of the fifteenth century, a rack was introduced into the Tower, and was occasionally used under the plea of political necessity. But it would be a great error to infer from such irregularities that the English monarchs were either in theory or in practice, absolute. We live in a highly civilized society, in which intelligence is so rapidly diffused by means of the press and of the post-office, that any gross act of oppression committed in any part of our island is, in a few hours, discussed by millions. If an English sovereign were now to immure a subject in defiance of the writ of habeas corpus, or to put a conspirator to the torture, the whole nation would be instantly electrified by the news. In the Middle Ages the state of society was widely different. Rarely and with great difficulty did the wrongs of individuals come to the knowledge of the public. A man might be illegally confined during many months in the castle of Carlisle or Norwich, and no whisper of the transaction might reach London. It is highly probable that the rack had been many years in use before the great majority of the nation had the least suspicion that it was ever employed. Nor were our ancestors by any means so much alive as we are to the importance of maintaining great general rules. We have been taught by long experience that we can not, without danger, suffer any breach of the Constitution to pass unnoticed. It is therefore now universally held that a government which unnecessarily exceeds its powers ought to be visited with severe Parliamentary censure, and that a government which, under the pressure of a great exigency, and with

\* This is excellently put by Mr. Hallam, in the first chapter of his Constitutional History.

pure intentions, has exceeded its powers, ought, without delay, to apply to Parliament for an act of indemnity. But such were not the feelings of the Englishmen of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were little disposed to contend for a principle merely as a principle, or to cry out against an irregularity which was not also felt to be a grievance. As long as the general spirit of the administration was mild and popular, they were willing to allow some latitude to their sovereign. If, for ends generally acknowledged to be good, he exerted a vigor beyond the law, they not only forgave, but applauded him; and, while they enjoyed security and prosperity under his rule, were but too ready to believe that whoever had incurred his displeasure had deserved it. But to this indulgence there was a limit; nor was that king wise who presumed far on the forbearance of the English people. They might sometimes allow him to overstep the constitutional line, but they also claimed the privilege of overstepping that line themselves, whenever his encroachments were so serious as to excite alarm. If, not content with occasionally oppressing individuals, he dared to oppress great masses, his subjects promptly appealed to the laws, and, that appeal failing, appealed as promptly to the God of battles.

They might, indeed, safely tolerate a king in a few excesses, for they had in reserve a check, which soon brought the fiercest and proudest king to reason, the check of physical force. It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to image to himself the facility and rapidity with which, four hundred years ago, this check was applied. The people have long unlearned the use of arms. The art of war has been carried to a perfection unknown to our forefathers, and the knowledge of that art is confined to a particular class. A hundred thousand troops, well disciplined and commanded, will keep down millions of plowmen and artisans. A few regiments of household troops are sufficient to overawe all the discontented spirits of a large capital. In the meantime, the effect of the constant progress of wealth has been to make insurrection far more terrible to thinking men than maladministration. Immense sums have been expended on works which, if a rebellion broke out, might perish in a few hours. The mass of movable wealth collected in the shops and warehouses of London alone exceeds five hundred fold that which the whole island contained in the days of the Plantagenets, and if the government were subverted by physical force, all this movable wealth would be exposed to imminent risk of spoliation and destruction. Still greater would be the risk to public credit, on which thousands

of families directly depend for subsistence, and with which the credit of the whole commercial world is inseparably connected. It is no exaggeration to say that a civil war of a week on English ground would now produce disasters which would be felt from the Humber to the Missouri, and of which the traces would be discernible at the distance of a century. In such a state of society resistance must be regarded as a cure more desperate than almost any malady which can afflict the state. In the Middle Ages, on the contrary, resistance was an ordinary remedy for political distempers; a remedy which was always at hand, and which, though doubtless sharp at the moment, produced no deep or lasting ill effects. If a popular chief raised his standard in a popular cause, an irregular army could be assembled in a day. Regular army there was none. Every man had a slight tincture of soldiership, and scarcely any man more than a slight tincture. The national wealth consisted chiefly in flocks and herds, in the harvest of the year, and in the simple buildings inhabited by the people. All the furniture, the stocks of shops, the machinery which could be found in the realm, was of less value than the property which some single parishes now contain. Manufactures were rude, credit almost unknown. Society, therefore, recovered from the shock as soon as the actual conflict was over. The calamities of civil war were confined to the slaughter on the field of battle, and to a few subsequent executions and confiscations. In a week the peasant was driving his team and the esquire flying his hawks over the field of Towton or of Bosworth, as if no extraordinary event had interrupted the regular course of human life.

A hundred and sixty years have now elapsed since the English people have by force subverted a government. During the hundred and sixty years which preceded the union of the Roses, nine kings reigned in England. Six of these nine kings were deposed; five lost their lives as well as their crowns. It is evident, therefore, that any comparison between our ancient and our modern polity must lead to most erroneous conclusions, unless large allowance be made for the effect of that restraint which resistance and the fear of resistance constantly imposed on the Plantagenets. As our ancestors had against tyranny a most important security which we want, they might safely dispense with some securities to which we justly attach the highest importance. As we can not, without the risk of evils from which the imagination recoils, employ physical force as a check on misgovernment, it is evidently our wisdom to keep all the constitutional checks on

misgovernment in the highest state of efficiency, to watch with jealousy the first beginnings of encroachment, and never to suffer irregularities, even when harmless in themselves, to pass unchallenged, lest they acquire the force of precedents. Four hundred years ago such minute vigilance might seem unnecessary. A nation of hardy archers and spearmen might, with small risk to its liberties, connive at some illegal acts on the part of a prince whose general administration was good, and whose throne was not defended by a single company of regular soldiers.

Under this system, rude as it may appear when compared with those elaborate constitutions of which the last seventy years have been fruitful, the English long enjoyed a large measure of freedom and happiness. Though during the feeble reign of Henry the Sixth the state was torn first by factions, and at length by civil war; though Edward the Fourth was a prince of dissolute and imperious character; though Richard the Third has generally been represented as a monster of depravity; though the exactions of Henry the Seventh caused great repining, it is certain that our ancestors, under those kings, were far better governed than the Belgians under Philip, surnamed the Good, or the French under that Louis who was styled the father of his people. Even while the wars of the Roses were actually raging, our country appears to have been in a happier condition than the neighboring realms during years of profound peace. Comines was one of the most enlightened statesmen of his time. He had seen all the richest and most highly-civilized parts of the Continent. He had lived in the opulent towns of Flanders, the Manchesters and Liverpools of the fifteenth century. He had visited Florence, recently adorned by the magnificence of Lorenzo, and Venice, not yet humbled by the confederates of Cambray. This eminent man deliberately pronounced England to be the best governed country of which he had any knowledge. Her Constitution he emphatically designated as a just and holy thing, which, while it protected the people, really strengthened the hands of a prince who respected it. In no other country, he said, were men so effectually secured from wrong. The calamities produced by our intestine wars seemed to him to be confined to the nobles and the fighting men, and to leave no traces such as he had been accustomed to see elsewhere, no ruined dwellings, no depopulated cities.

It was not only by the efficiency of the restraints imposed on the royal prerogative that England was advantageously distinguished from most of the neighboring countries. A peculiarity equally important, though less

noticed, was the relation in which the nobility stood here to the commonalty. There was a strong hereditary aristocracy; but it was, of all hereditary aristocracies, the least insolent and exclusive. It had none of the invidious character of a caste. It was constantly receiving members from the people, and constantly sending down members to mingle with the people. Any gentleman might become a peer. The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. Grandsons of peers yielded precedence to newly-made knights. The dignity of knighthood was not beyond the reach of any man who could by diligence and thrift realize a good estate, or who could attract notice by his valor in a battle or a siege. It was regarded as no disparagement for the daughter of a duke, nay, of a royal duke, to espouse a distinguished commoner. Thus Sir John Howard married the daughter of Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. Sir Richard Pole married the Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, duke of Clarence. Good blood was indeed held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of peerage there was, most fortunately for our country, no necessary connection. Pedigrees as long, and scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were new men who bore the highest titles. There were untitled men well known to be descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings and sealed the walls of Jerusalem. There were Bohuns, Mowbrays, De Veres, nay, kinsmen of the house of Plantagenet, with no higher addition than that of esquire, and with no civil privileges beyond those enjoyed by every farmer and shopkeeper. There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to insult a class into which his own children must descend.

After the wars of York and Lancaster, the links which connected the nobility and the commonalty became closer and more numerous than ever. The extent of the destruction which had fallen on the old aristocracy may be inferred from a single circumstance. In the year 1451 Henry the Sixth summoned fifty-three temporal lords to Parliament. The temporal lords summoned by Henry the Seventh to the Parliament of 1485 were only twenty-nine, and of these twenty-nine several had recently been elevated to the peerage. During the following century the ranks of the nobility were largely recruited from among the gentry. The constitution of the House of Commons tended greatly to promote the

salutary intermixture of classes. The knight of the shire was the connecting link between the baron and the shopkeeper. On the same benches on which sat the goldsmiths, drapers, and grocers who had been returned to Parliament by the commercial towns, sat also members who, in any other country, would have been called noblemen, hereditary lords of manors, entitled to hold courts and to bear coat armor, and able to trace back an honorable descent through many generations. Some of them were younger sons and brothers of great lords. Others could boast even of royal blood. At length the eldest son of an earl of Bedford, called in courtesy by the second title of his father, offered himself as candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and his example was followed by others. Seated in that house, the heirs of the grandees of the realm naturally became as zealous for its privileges as any of the humble burgesses with whom they were mingled. Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world; a peculiarity which has lasted down to the present day, and which has produced many important moral and political effects.

The government of Henry the Seventh, of his son, and of his grandchildren, was, on the whole, more arbitrary than that of the Plantagenets. Personal character may in some degree explain the difference, for courage and force of will were common to all the men and women of the house of Tudor. They exercised their power during a period of a hundred and twenty years, always with vigor, often with violence, sometimes with cruelty. They, in imitation of the dynasty which had preceded them, occasionally invaded the rights of individuals, occasionally exacted taxes under the name of loans and gifts, occasionally dispensed with penal statutes, and, though they never presumed to enact any permanent law by their own authority, occasionally took upon themselves, when Parliament was not sitting, to meet temporary exigencies by temporary edicts. It was, however, impossible for the Tudors to carry oppression beyond a certain point; for they had no armed force, and they were surrounded by an armed people. The palace was guarded by a few domestics, whom the array of a single shire, or of a single ward of London, could with ease have overpowered. These haughty princes were therefore under a restraint stronger than any which mere laws can impose—under a restraint which did not, indeed, prevent them from sometimes treating an individual in an arbitrary and even in a barbarous manner, but which effectually secured the nation against

general and long-continued oppression. They might safely be tyrants within the precinct of the court, but it was necessary for them to watch with constant anxiety the temper of the country. Henry the Eighth, for example, encountered no opposition when he wished to send Buckingham and Surrey, Anne Boleyn and lady Salisbury, to the scaffold; but when, without the consent of Parliament, he demanded of his subjects a contribution amounting to one sixth of their goods, he soon found it necessary to retract. The cry of hundreds of thousands was that they were English and not French, freemen and not slaves. In Kent the royal commissioners fled for their lives. In Suffolk four thousand men appeared in arms. The king's lieutenants in that county vainly exerted themselves to raise an army. Those who did not join the insurrection declared that they would not fight against their brethren in such a quarrel. Henry, proud and self-willed as he was, shrank, not without reason, from a conflict with the roused spirit of the nation. He had before his eyes the fate of his predecessors who had perished at Berkely and Pomfret. He not only canceled his illegal commissions; he not only granted a general pardon to all the malcontents, but he publicly and solemnly apologized for his infraction of the laws.

His conduct, on this occasion, well illustrates the whole policy of his house. The temper of the princes of that line was hot, and their spirit high; but they understood the temper of the nation which they governed, and never once, like some of their predecessors, and some of their successors, carried obstinacy to a fatal point. The discretion of the Tudors was such, that their power, though it was often resisted, was never subverted. The reign of every one of them was disturbed by formidable discontents; but the government never failed either to soothe the mutineers, or to conquer and punish them. Sometimes, by timely concessions, it succeeded in averting civil hostilities; but in general it stood firm, and called for help on the nation. The nation obeyed the call, rallied round the sovereign, and enabled him to quell the disaffected minority.

Thus, from the age of Henry the Third to the age of Elizabeth, England grew and flourished under a polity which contained the germ of our present institutions, and which, though not very exactly defined or very exactly observed, was yet effectually prevented from degenerating into despotism, by the awe in which the governors stood of the spirit and strength of the governed.

But such a polity is suited only to a particular stage in the progress of society. The

same causes which produce a division of labor in the peaceful arts, must at length make war a distinct science and a distinct trade. A time arrives when the use of arms begins to occupy the entire attention of a separate class. It soon appears that peasants and burghers, however brave, are unable to stand their ground against veteran soldiers, whose whole life is a preparation for the day of battle, whose nerves have been braeed by long familiarity with danger, and whose movements have all the precision of clockwork. It is felt that the defense of nations can no longer be safely intrusted to warriors taken from the plow or the loom for a campaign of forty days. If any state forms a great regular army, the bordering states must imitate the example, or must submit to a foreign yoke. But, where a great regular army exists, limited monarchy, such as it was in the Middle Ages, can exist no longer. The sovereign is at once emancipated from what had been the chief restraint on his power, and he inevitably becomes absolute, unless he is subjected to checks such as would be superfluous in a society where all are soldiers occasionally, and none permanently.

With the danger came also the means of escape. In the monarchies of the Middle Ages the power of the sword belonged to the prince, but the power of the purse belonged to the nation; and the progress of civilization as it made the sword of the prince more and more formidable to the nation, made the purse of the nation more and more necessary to the prince. His hereditary revenues would no longer suffice, even for the expenses of civil government. It was utterly impossible that, without a regular and extensive system of taxation, he could keep in constant efficiency a great body of disciplined troops. The policy which the parliamentary assemblies of Europe ought to have adopted was to take their stand firmly on their constitutional right to give or withhold money, and resolutely to refuse funds for the support of armies, till ample securities had been provided against despotism.

This wise policy was followed in our country alone. In the neighboring kingdoms great military establishments were formed; no new safeguards for public liberty were devised; and the consequence was, that the old parliamentary institutions everywhere ceased to exist. In France, where they had always been feeble, they languished and at length died of mere weakness. In Spain, where they had been as strong as in any part of Europe, they struggled fiercely for life, but struggled too late. The mechanics of Toledo and Valladolid vainly defended the privileges of the Castilian Cortes against the veteran bat-

talions of Charles the Fifth. As vainly, in the next generation, did the citizens of Saragossa stand up against Philip the Second for the old constitution of Aragon. One after another, the great national councils of the continental monarchies — councils once scarcely less proud and powerful than these which sat at Westminster — sank into utter insignificance. If they met, they met merely as our Convocation now meets, to go through some venerable form.

In England events took a different course. This singular felicity she owed chiefly to her insular situation. Before the end of the fifteenth century great military establishments were indispensable to the dignity, and even to the safety of the French and Spanish monarchies. If either of those two powers had disarmed, it would soon have been compelled to submit to the dictation of the other. But England, protected by the sea against invasion, and rarely engaged in warlike operations on the Continent, was not as yet under the necessity of employing regular troops. The sixteenth century, the seventeenth century, found her still without a standing army. At the commencement of the seventeenth century political science had made considerable progress. The fate of the Spanish Cortes and of the French States-General had given solemn warning to our Parliaments; and our Parliaments, fully aware of the nature and magnitude of the danger, adopted, in good time, a system of tactics which, after a contest protracted through three generations, was at length successful.

Almost every writer who has treated of that contest has been desirous to show that his own party was the party which was struggling to preserve the old Constitution unaltered. The truth, however, is, that the old Constitution could not be preserved unaltered. A law, beyond the control of human wisdom, had decreed that there should no longer be governments of that peculiar class which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had been common throughout Europe. The question, therefore, was not whether our polity should undergo a change, but what the nature of the change should be. The introduction of a new and mighty force had disturbed the old equilibrium, and had turned one limited monarchy after another into an absolute monarchy. What had happened elsewhere would assuredly have happened here, unless the balance had been redressed by a great transfer of power from the crown to the Parliament. Our princes were about to have at their command means of coercion such as no Plantagenet or Tudor had ever possessed. They must inevitably have become despots, unless they had



been, at the same time, placed under restraints to which no Plantagenet or Tudor had ever been subject.

It seems certain, therefore, that, had none but political causes been at work, the seventeenth century would not have passed away without a fierce conflict between our kings and their Parliaments. But other causes of perhaps greater potency contributed to produce the same effect. While the government of the Tudors was in its highest vigor took place an event which has colored the destinies of all Christian nations, and in an especial manner the destinies of England. Twice during the Middle Ages the mind of Europe had risen up against the domination of Rome. The first insurrection broke out in the south of France. The energy of Innocent the Third, the zeal of the young orders of Francis and Dominic, and the ferocity of the Crusaders whom the priesthood let loose on an unwarlike population, crushed the Albigensian churches. The second Reformation had its origin in England, and spread to Bohemia. The Council of Constance, by removing some ecclesiastical disorders which had given scandal to Christendom, and the princes of Europe, by unsparingly using fire and sword against the heretics, succeeded in arresting and turning back the movement. Nor is this much to be regretted. The sympathies of a Protestant, it is true, will naturally be on the side of the Albigensians and of the Lollards; yet an enlightened and temperate Protestant will perhaps be disposed to doubt whether the success, either of the Albigensians or of the Lollards, would, on the whole, have promoted the happiness and virtue of mankind. Corrupt as the Church of Rome was, there is reason to believe that, if the Church had been overthrown in the twelfth or even in the fourteenth century, the vacant space would have been occupied by some system more corrupt still. There was then, through the greater part of Europe, very little knowledge, and that little was confined to the clergy. Not one man in five hundred could have spelled his way through a psalm. Books were few and costly. The art of printing was unknown. Copies of the Bible, inferior in beauty and clearness to those which every cottager may now command, sold for prices which many priests could not afford to give. It was obviously impossible that the laity should search the scriptures for themselves. It is probable, therefore, that, as soon as they had put off one spiritual yoke, they would have put on another, and that the power lately exercised by the clergy of the Church of Rome would have passed to a far worse class of teachers. The sixteenth century was comparatively a time of light; yet even in the six-

teenth century a considerable number of those who quitted the old religion followed the first confident and plausible guide who offered himself, and were soon led into errors far more serious than those which they had renounced. Thus Matthias and Kniperdoling, apostles of lust, robbery, and murder, were able for a time to rule great cities. In a darker age such false prophets might have founded empires, and Christianity might have been distorted into a cruel and licentious superstition, more noxious, not only than popery, but even than Islamism.

About a hundred years after the rising of the Council of Constance, that great change emphatically called the Reformation began. The fullness of time was now come. The clergy were no longer the sole or the chief depositories of knowledge. The invention of printing had furnished the assailants of the Church with a mighty weapon which had been wanting to their predecessors. The study of the ancient writers, the rapid development of the powers of the modern languages, the unprecedented activity which was displayed in every department of literature, the political state of Europe, the vices of the Roman court, the exactions of the Roman chancery, the jealousy with which the wealth and privileges of the clergy were naturally regarded by laymen, the jealousy with which the Italian ascendancy was naturally regarded by men born on our side of the Alps, all these things gave to the teachers of the new theology an advantage which they perfectly understood how to use.

Those who hold that the influence of the Church of Rome in the Dark Ages was, on the whole, beneficial to mankind, may yet, with perfect consistency, regard the Reformation as an inestimable blessing. The leading-strings which preserve and uphold the infant, would impede the full-grown man; and so the very means by which the human mind is, in one stage of its progress, supported and propelled, may, in another stage, be mere hinderances. There is a point in the life both of an individual and of a society, at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities. The child who teachably and undoubtingly listens to the instructions of his elders is likely to improve rapidly; but the man who should receive with childlike docility every assertion and dogma uttered by another man no wiser than himself, would become contemptible. It is the same with communities. The childhood of the European nations was passed under the tutelage of the clergy. The ascendancy of the sacerdotal order was long the ascendancy which natu-

rally and properly belongs to intellectual superiority. The priests, with all their faults, were by far the wisest portion of society. It was, therefore, on the whole, good that they should be respected and obeyed. The encroachments of the ecclesiastical power on the province of the civil power produced much more happiness than misery, while the ecclesiastical power was in the hands of the only class that had studied history, philosophy, and public law, and while the civil power was in the hands of savage chiefs, who could not read their own grants and edicts. But a change took place. Knowledge gradually spread among laymen. At the commencement of the sixteenth century many of them were in every intellectual attainment fully equal to the most enlightened of their spiritual pastors. Thenceforward that dominion which, during the Dark Ages, had been, in spite of many abuses, a legitimate and a salutary guardianship, became an unjust and noxious tyranny.

From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government; but during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law

prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have doubtless shown an energy and an intelligence which, even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule; for in no country that is called Roman Catholic has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority as in France.

It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation. For the amalgamation of races and for the abolition of villanage, she is chiefly indebted to the influence which the priesthood in the Middle Ages exercised over the laity. For political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their train, she is chiefly indebted to the great rebellion of the laity against the priesthood.

The struggle between the old and the new theology in our country was long, and the event sometimes seemed doubtful. There were two extreme parties, prepared to act with violence or to suffer with stubborn resolution. Between them lay, during a considerable time, a middle party, which blended, very illogically but by no means unnaturally, lessons learned in the nursery with the sermons of the modern evangelists, and, while clinging with fondness to old observances, yet detested abuses with which those observances were closely connected. Men in such a frame of mind were willing to obey, almost with thankfulness, the directions of an able ruler who spared them the trouble of judging for themselves, and, raising a firm and commanding voice above the uproar of controversy, told them how to worship and what to believe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Tudors should have been able to exercise a great influence on ecclesiastical affairs; nor is it strange that their influence should, for the most part, have been exercised with a view to their own interest.

Henry the Eighth attempted to constitute an Anglican Church differing from the Roman Catholic Church on the point of the supremacy, and on that point alone. His success in this attempt was extraordinary. The force of his character, the singularly favorable situation in which he stood with respect to foreign powers, the immense wealth which the spoliation of the abbeys placed at his disposal, and the support of that class which still halted between two opinions, enabled him to bid de-

fiance to both the extreme parties; to burn as heretics those who avowed the tenets of Luther, and to hang as traitors those who owned the authority of the pope. But Henry's system died with him. Had his life been prolonged, he would have found it difficult to maintain a position assailed with equal fury by all who were zealous either for the new or for the old opinions. The ministers who held the royal prerogatives in trust for his infant son could not venture to persist in so hazardous a policy, nor could Elizabeth venture to return to it. It was necessary to make a choice. The government must either submit to Rome, or must obtain the aid of the Protestants. The government and the Protestants had only one thing in common, hatred of the papal power. The English reformers were eager to go as far as their brethren on the Continent. They unanimously condemned as anti-Christian numerous dogmas and practices to which Henry had stubbornly adhered, and which Elizabeth reluctantly abandoned. Many felt a strong repugnance even to things indifferent which had formed part of the polity or ritual of the mystical Babylon. Thus Bishop Hooper, who died manfully at Gloucester for his religion, long refused to wear the episcopal vestments. Bishop Ridley, a martyr of still greater renown, pulled down the ancient altars of his diocese, and ordered the Eucharist to be administered in the middle of churches, at tables which the papists irreverently termed oyster-boards. Bishop Jewel pronounced the clerical garb to be a stage dress, a fool's coat, a relic of the Amorites, and promised that he would spare no labor to extirpate such degrading absurdities. Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a miter from dislike of what he regarded as the mummery of consecration. Bishop Parkhurst uttered a fervent prayer that the Church of England would propose to herself the Church of Zurich as the absolute pattern of a Christian community. Bishop Ponet was of opinion that the word bishop should be abandoned to the papists, and that the chief officers of the purified Church should be called superintendents. When it is considered that none of these prelates belonged to the extreme section of the Protestant party, it cannot be doubted that, if the general sense of that party had been followed, the work of reform would have been carried on as unsurprisingly in England as in Scotland.

But, as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; a union was effected, and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.

To the peculiarities of this great institution, and to the strong passions which it has called forth in the minds both of friends and of enemies, are to be attributed many of the most important events which have, since the Reformation, taken place in our country; nor can the secular history of England be at all understood by us, unless we study it in constant connection with the history of her ecclesiastical polity.

The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties, which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery.

To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang. She occupies a middle position between the churches of Rome and Geneva. Her doctrinal confessions and discourses, composed by Protestants, set forth principles of theology in which Calvin or Knox would have found scarcely a word to disapprove. Her prayers and thanksgivings, derived from the ancient Liturgies, are very generally such that Bishop Fisher or Cardinal Pole might have heartily joined in them. A controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her articles and homilies will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in her Liturgy.

The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain supernatural graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, from the eleven who received their commission on the Galilean Mount to the bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, re-

garded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in Scripture. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy, but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society, or to the efficacy of the sacraments. Cranmer, indeed, plainly avowed his conviction that, in the primitive times, there was no distinction between bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands was altogether unnecessary.

Among the Presbyterians, the conduct of public worship is, to a great extent, left to the minister. Their prayers, therefore, are not exactly the same in any two assemblies on the same day, or on any two days in the same assembly. In one parish they are fervent, eloquent, and full of meaning; in the next parish they may be languid or absurd. The priests of the Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, have, during many generations, daily chanted the same ancient confessions, supplications, and thanksgivings, in India and Lithuania, in Ireland and Peru. The service, being in a dead language, is intelligible only to the learned; and the great majority of the congregation may be said to assist as spectators rather than as auditors. Here, again, the Church of England took a middle course. She copied the Roman Catholic forms of prayer, but translated them into the vulgar tongue, and invited the illiterate multitude to join its voice to that of the minister.

In every part of her system the same policy may be traced. Utterly rejecting the doctrine of transubstantiation, and condemning as idolatrous all adoration paid to the sacramental bread and wine, she yet, to the disgust of the Puritan, required her children to receive the memorials of divine love, meekly kneeling upon their knees. Discarding many rich vestments which surrounded the altars of the ancient faith, she yet retained, to the horror of weak minds, the robe of white linen, which typified the purity which belonged to her as the mystical spouse of Christ. Discarding a crowd of pantomimic gestures which, in the Roman Catholic worship, are substituted for intelligible words, she yet shocked many rigid Protestants by marking the infant just sprinkled from the font with the sign of the cross. The Roman Catholic addressed his prayers to a multitude of saints, among whom were numbered many men of doubtful, and some of hateful character. The Puritan refused the addition of saint even to the apostle of the Gentiles, and to the disciple whom Jesus loved. The Church of England, though she

asked for the intercession of no created being, still set apart days for the commemoration of some who had done and suffered great things for the faith. She retained confirmation and ordination as edifying rites, but she degraded them from the rank of sacraments. Shrift was no part of her system; yet she gently invited the dying penitent to confess his sins to a divine, and empowered her ministers to soothe the departing soul by an absolution, which breathes the very spirit of the old religion. In general it may be said that she appeals more to the understanding, and less to the senses and the imagination, than the Church of Rome, and that she appeals less to the understanding, and more to the senses and imagination, than the Protestant churches of Scotland, France, and Switzerland.

Nothing, however, so strongly distinguished the Church of England from other churches as the relation in which she stood to the monarchy. The king was her head. The limits of the authority which he possessed, as such, were not traced, and, indeed, have never yet been traced, with precision. The laws which declared him supreme in ecclesiastical matters were drawn rudely and in general terms. If, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of those laws, we examine the books and lives of those who founded the English Church, our perplexity will be increased; for the founders of the English Church wrote and acted in an age of violent intellectual fermentation, and of constant action and reaction. They therefore often contradicted each other, and sometimes contradicted themselves. That the king was, under Christ, sole head of the Church, was a doctrine which they all with one voice affirmed; but those words had very different significations in different mouths, and in the same mouth at different conjunctures. Sometimes an authority which would have satisfied Hildebrand was ascribed to the sovereign; then it dwindled down to an authority little more than that which had been claimed by many ancient English princes who had been in constant communion with the Church of Rome. What Henry and his favorite counselors meant by the supremacy was certainly nothing less than the whole power of the keys. The king was to be the pope of his kingdom, the vicar of God, the expositor of Catholic verity, the channel of sacramental graces. He arrogated to himself the right of deciding dogmatically what was orthodox doctrine and what was heresy, of drawing up and imposing confessions of faith, and of giving religious instruction to his people. He proclaimed that all jurisdiction, spiritual as well as temporal, was derived from him alone, and that it was in his power to confer the episcopal

character, and to take it away. He actually ordered his seal to be put to commissions by which bishops were appointed, who were to exercise their functions during his royal pleasure. According to this system, as expounded by Cramer, the king was the spiritual as well as the temporal chief of the nation. In both capacities his highness must have lieutenants. As he appointed civil officers to keep his seal, to collect his revenues, and to dispense justice in his name, so he appointed divines of various ranks to preach the Gospel and to administer the sacraments. It was unnecessary that there should be any imposition of hands. The king—such was the opinion of Cranmer, given in the plainest words—might, in virtue of authority derived from God, make a priest, and the priest so made needed no ordination whatever. These opinions Cranmer followed out to their legitimate consequences. He held that his own spiritual functions, like the secular functions of the chancellor and treasurer, were at once determined by a demise of the crown. When Henry died, therefore, the archbishop and his suffragans took out fresh commissions, empowering them to ordain and to perform other spiritual functions till the new sovereign should think fit to order otherwise. When it was objected that a power to bind and to loose altogether distinct from temporal power, had been given by our Lord to his apostles, the theologians of this school replied that the power to bind and to loose had descended, not to the clergy, but to the whole body of Christian men, and ought to be exercised by the chief magistrate, as the representative of the society.\* When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of Saint Paul applied.

These high pretensions gave scandal to Protestants as well as to Catholics; and the scandal was greatly increased when the supremacy, which Mary had resigned back to the pope, was again annexed to the crown on the accession of Elizabeth. It seemed monstrous that a woman should be the chief bishop of a church in which an apostle had forbidden her even to let her voice be heard. The queen, therefore, found it necessary expressly to disclaim that sacerdotal character which her father had assumed, and which, according to Cranmer, had been inseparably

joined, by divine ordinance, to the regal function. When the Anglican Confession of Faith was revised in her reign, the supremacy was explained in a manner somewhat different from that which had been fashionable at the court of Henry. Cranmer had declared, in emphatic terms, that God had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole cure of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political.\* The thirty-seventh article of religion, framed under Elizabeth, declares, in terms as emphatic, that the ministering of God's word does not belong to princes. The queen, however, still had over the Church a visitatorial power of vast and undefined extent. She was intrusted by Parliament with the office of restraining and punishing heresy and every sort of ecclesiastical abuse, and was permitted to delegate her authority to commissioners. The bishops were little more than her ministers. Rather than grant to the civil magistrate the absolute power of nominating spiritual pastors, the Church of Rome, in the eleventh century, set all Europe on fire. Rather than grant to the civil magistrate the absolute power of nominating spiritual pastors, the ministers of the Church of Scotland, in our own time, resigned their livings by hundreds. The Church of England had no such scruples. By the royal authority alone her prelates were appointed. By the royal authority alone her convocations were summoned, regulated, prorogued, and dissolved. Without the royal sanction her canons had no force. One of the articles of her faith was, that without the royal consent no ecclesiastical council could lawfully assemble. From all her judicatures an appeal lay, in the last resort, to the sovereign, even when the question was whether an opinion ought to be accounted heretical, or whether the administration of a sacrament had been valid. Nor did the Church grudge this extensive power to our princes. By them she had been called into existence, nursed through a feeble infancy, guarded from papists on one side, and from Puritans on the other, protected from Parliaments which bore her no good will, and avenged on literary assailants whom she found it hard to answer. Thus gratitude, hope, fear, common attachments, common enmities, bound her to the throne. All her traditions, all her tastes, were monarchial. Loyalty became a point of professional honor among her clergy, the

\* See a very curious paper which Strype believed to be in Gardiner's handwriting. Ecclesiastical Memorials, Book I, Ch. xvii.

\* These are Cranmer's own words. See the Appendix to Burnet's History of the Reformation, Part I, Book III, No. 21, Question 9.

peculiar badge which distinguished them at once from Calvinists and from papists. Both the Calvinists and the papists, widely as they differed in other respects, regarded with extreme jealousy all encroachments of the temporal power on the domain of the spiritual power. Both Calvinists and papists maintained that subjects might justifiably draw the sword against ungodly rulers. In France Calvinists resisted Charles the Ninth; papists resisted Henry the Fourth; both papists and Calvinists resisted Henry the Third. In Scotland Calvinists led Mary captive. On the north of the Trent papists took arms against Elizabeth. The Church of England meanwhile condemned both Calvinists and papists, and loudly boasted that no duty was more constantly or earnestly inculcated by her than that of submission to princes.

The advantages which the crown derived from this close alliance with the Established Church were great; but they were not without serious drawbacks. The compromise arranged by Cranmer had from the first been considered by a large body of Protestants as a scheme for serving two masters, as an attempt to unite the worship of the Lord with the worship of Baal. In the days of Edward the Sixth the scruples of this party had repeatedly thrown great difficulties in the way of the government. When Elizabeth came to the throne, these difficulties were much increased. Violence naturally engenders violence. The spirit of Protestantism was, therefore, far fiercer and more intolerant after the cruelties of Mary than before them. Many persons who were warmly attached to the new opinions had, during the evil days, taken refuge in Switzerland and Germany. They had been hospitably received by their brethren in the faith, had sat at the feet of the great doctors of Strasburg, Zurich, and Geneva, and had been, during some years, accustomed to a more simple worship, and to a more democratical form of church government than England had yet seen. These men returned to their country, convinced that the reform which had been effected under King Edward had been far less searching and extensive than the interests of pure religion required. But it was in vain that they attempted to obtain any concession from Elizabeth. Indeed, her system, wherever it differed from her brother's, seemed to them to differ for the worse. They were little disposed to submit, in matters of faith, to any human authority. They had recently, in reliance on their own interpretation of Scripture, risen up against a church strong in immemorial antiquity and catholic consent. It was by no common exertion of intellectual energy that they had thrown off the yoke of

that gorgeous and imperial superstition, and it was vain to expect that, immediately after such an emancipation, they would patiently submit to a new spiritual tyranny. Long accustomed, when the priest lifted up the host, to bow down with their faces to the earth, as before a present God, they had learned to treat the mass as an idolatrous mummery. Long accustomed to regard the pope as the successor of the chief of the apostles, as the bearer of the keys of earth and heaven, they had learned to regard him as the beast, the anti-Christ, the man of sin. It was not to be expected that they would immediately transfer to an upstart authority the homage which they had withdrawn from the Vatican; that they would submit their private judgment to the authority of a church founded on private judgment alone; that they would be afraid to dissent from teachers who themselves dissented from what had lately been the universal faith of Western Christendom. It is easy to conceive the indignation which must have been felt by bold and inquisitive spirits, glorying in newly-acquired freedom, when an institution younger by many years than themselves — an institution which had, under their own eyes, gradually received its form from the passions and interests of a court, began to mimic the lofty style of Rome.

Since these men could not be convinced, it was determined that they should be persecuted. Persecution produced its natural effects on them. It found them a sect: it made them a faction. To their hatred of the Church was now added hatred of the crown. The two sentiments were intermingled, and each embittered the other. The opinions of the Puritan concerning the relation of ruler and subject were widely different from those which were inculcated in the homilies. His favorite divines had, both by precept and by example, encouraged resistance to tyrants and persecutors. His fellow Calvinists in France, in Holland, and in Scotland, were in arms against idolatrous and cruel princes. His notions, too, respecting the government of the state, took a tinge from his notions respecting the government of the Church. Some of the sarcasms which were popularly thrown on episcopacy might, without much difficulty, be turned against royalty; and many of the arguments which were used to prove that spiritual power was best lodged in a synod, seemed to lead to the conclusion that temporal power was best lodged in a Parliament.

Thus, as the priest of the Established Church was, from interest, from principle, and from passion, zealous for the royal prerogatives, the Puritan was, from interest, from prin-

ciple, and from passion, hostile to them. The power of the discontented sectaries was great. They were found in every rank; but they were strongest among the mercantile classes in the towns, and among the small proprietors in the country. Early in the reign of Elizabeth they began to return a majority of the House of Commons; and doubtless, had our ancestors been then at liberty to fix their attention entirely on domestic questions, the strife between the crown and the Parliament would instantly have commenced. But that was no season for internal dissensions. It might, indeed, well be doubted whether the firmest union among all the orders of the state could avert the common danger by which all were threatened. Roman Catholic Europe and reformed Europe were struggling for death or life. France, divided against herself, had for a time ceased to be of any account in Christendom. The English government was at the head of the Protestant interest, and, while persecuting Presbyterians at home, extended a powerful protection to Presbyterian churches abroad. At the head of the opposite party was the mightiest prince of the age, a prince who ruled Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Netherlands, the East and the West Indies, whose armies repeatedly marched to Paris, and whose fleets kept the coasts of Devonshire and Sussex in alarm. It long seemed probable that Englishmen would have to fight desperately on English ground for their religion and independence. Nor were they ever for a moment free from apprehensions of some great treason at home; for in that age it had become a point of conscience and of honor with many men of generous natures to sacrifice their country to their religion. A succession of dark plots formed by Roman Catholics against the life of the queen, and the existence of the nation, kept society in constant alarm. Whatever might be the faults of Elizabeth, it was plain that, to speak humanly, the fate of the realm and of all reformed churches was staked on the security of her person and on the success of her administration. To strengthen her hands was, therefore, the first duty of a patriot and a Protestant; and that duty was well performed. The Puritans, even in the depths of the prisons to which she had sent them, prayed, and with no simulated fervor, that she might be kept from the dagger of the assassin, that rebellion might be put down under her feet, and that her arms might be victorious by sea and land. One of the most stubborn of the stubborn sect, immediately after one of his hands had been lopped off by the executioner for an offense into which he had been hurried by his intemperate zeal, waved his hat with the hand

that was still left him, and shouted, "God save the Queen!" The sentiment with which these men regarded her has descended to their posterity. The Nonconformists, rigorously as she treated them, have, as a body, always venerated her memory.\*

During the greater part of her reign, therefore, the Puritans in the House of Commons, though sometimes mutinous, felt no disposition to array themselves in systematic opposition to the government. But when the defeat of the Armada, the successful resistance of the United Provinces to the Spanish power, the firm establishment of Henry the Fourth on the throne of France, and the death of Philip the Second, had secured the state and the Church against all danger from abroad, an obstinate struggle, destined to last during several generations, instantly began at home.

It was in the Parliament of 1601 that the opposition which had, during forty years, been silently gathering and husbanding strength, fought its first great battle and won its first victory. The ground was well chosen. The English sovereigns had always been intrusted with the supreme direction of commercial police. It was their undoubted prerogative to regulate coin, weights, and measures, and to appoint fairs, markets, and ports. The line which bounded their authority over trade had, as usual, been but loosely drawn. They therefore, as usual, encroached on the province which rightfully belonged to the Legislature. The encroachment was, as usual, patiently borne, till it became serious. But at length the queen took upon herself to grant patents of monopoly by scores. There was scarcely a family in the realm which did not feel itself aggrieved by the oppression and extortion which this abuse naturally caused. Iron, oil, vinegar, coal, saltpeter, lead, starch, yarn, skins, leather, glass, could be bought only at exorbitant prices. The House of Commons met in an angry and determined mood. It was in vain that a courtly minority blamed the speaker for suffering the acts of the queen's highness to be called in question. The language of the discontented party was high and menacing, and was echoed by the voice of the whole nation. The coach of the chief minister of the crown was surrounded by an indignant populace, who cursed the monopolies, and exclaimed that the prerogative should

\* The Puritan historian, Neale, after censuring the cruelty with which she treated the sect to which he belonged, concludes thus: "However, notwithstanding all these blemishes, Queen Elizabeth stands upon record as a wise and politic princess, for delivering her kingdom from the difficulties in which it was involved at her accession, for preserving the Protestant Reformation against the potent attempts of the pope, the emperor, and King of Spain abroad, and the Queen of Scots and her popish subjects at home. She was the glory of the age in which she lived, and will be the admiration of posterity."—HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, Part I, Chap. viii.

not be suffered to touch the old liberties of England. There seemed for a moment to be some danger that the long and glorious reign of Elizabeth would have a shameful and disastrous end. She, however, with admirable judgment and temper, declined the contest, put herself at the head of the reforming party, redressed the grievance, thanked the Commons, in touching and dignified language, for their tender care of the general weal, brought back to herself the hearts of the people, and left to her successors a memorable example of the way in which it behooves a ruler to deal with public movements which he has not the means of resisting.

In the year 1603 the great queen died. That year is, on many accounts, one of the most important epochs in our history. It was then that both Scotland and Ireland became parts of the same empire with England. Both Scotland and Ireland, indeed, had been subjugated by the Plantagenets, but neither country had been patient under the yoke. Scotland had, with heroic energy, vindicated her independence—had, from the time of Robert Bruce, been a separate kingdom, and was now joined to the southern part of the island in a manner which rather gratified than wounded her national pride. Ireland had never, since the days of Henry the Second, been able to expel the foreign invaders; but she had struggled against them long and fiercely. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the English power in that island was constantly declining, and, in the days of Henry the Seventh, had sunk to the lowest point. The Irish dominions of that prince consisted only of the counties of Dublin and Louth, of some parts of Meath and Kildare, and of a few sea-ports scattered along the coast. A large portion even of Leinster was not yet divided into counties. Munster, Ulster, and Connaught were ruled by petty sovereigns, partly Celts and partly degenerate Normans, who had forgotten their origin, and had adopted the Celtic language and manners. But, during the sixteenth century, the English power had made great progress. The half-savage chieftains who reigned beyond the pale had yielded one after another to the lieutenants of the Tudors. At length, a few weeks before the death of Elizabeth, the conquest, which had been begun more than four hundred years before by Strongbow, was completed by Mountjoy. Scarcely had James the First mounted the English throne, when the last O'Donnell and O'Neill, who have held the rank of independent princes, kissed his hand at Whitehall. Thenceforward his writs ran and his judges held assizes in every part of Ireland, and the English law superseded the customs

which had prevailed among the aboriginal tribes.

In extent Scotland and Ireland were nearly equal to each other, and were together nearly equal to England, but were much less thickly peopled than England, and were very far behind England in wealth and civilization. Scotland had been kept back by the sterility of her soil, and, in the midst of light, the thick darkness of the Middle Ages still rested on Ireland.

The population of Scotland, with the exception of the Celtic tribes which were thinly scattered over the Hebrides and over the mountainous parts of the northern shires, was of the same blood with the population of England, and spoke a tongue which did not differ from the purest English more than the dialects of Somersetshire and Lancashire differed from each other. In Ireland, on the contrary, the population, with the exception of the small English colony near the coast, was Celtic, and still kept the Celtic speech and manners.

In natural courage and intelligence, both the nations which now became connected with England ranked high. In perseverance, in self-command, in forethought, in all the qualities which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed. The Irish, on the other hand, were distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous. They were an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love. Alone among the nations of northern Europe they had the susceptibility, the vivacity, the natural turn for acting and rhetoric which are indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. In mental cultivation Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favored countries. Scotsmen whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo. Ireland could boast of no Buchanan or Napier. The genius with which her aboriginal inhabitants were largely endowed, showed itself, as yet, only in ballads, which, wild and rugged as they were, seemed to the judging eye of Spenser to contain a portion of the pure gold of poetry.

Scotland, in becoming part of the British monarchy, preserved all her dignity. Having during many generations courageously withstood the English arms, she was now joined to her stronger neighbor on the most honorable



terms. She gave a king instead of receiving one. She retained her own Constitution and laws. Her tribunals and Parliaments remained entirely independent of the tribunals and Parliaments which sat at Westminster. The administration of Scotland was in Scottish hands, for no Englishman had any motive to emigrate northward, and to contend with the shrewdest and most pertinacious of all races for what was to be scraped together in the poorest of all treasuries. Meanwhile, Scottish adventurers poured southward, and obtained in all the walks of life a prosperity which excited much envy, but which was, in general, only the just reward of prudence and industry. Nevertheless, Scotland by no means escaped the fate ordained for every country which is connected, but not incorporated, with another country of greater resources. Though in name an independent kingdom, she was, during more than a century, really treated, in many respects, as a subject province.

Ireland was undisguisedly governed as a dependency won by the sword. Her rude national institutions had perished. The English colonists submitted to the dictation of the mother country, without whose support they could not exist, and indemnified themselves by trampling on the people among whom they had settled. The Parliament which met at Dublin could pass no law which had not previously been approved by the English Privy Council. The authority of the English Legislature extended over Ireland. The executive administration was intrusted to men taken either from England or from the English pale, and, in either case, regarded as foreigners, and even as enemies, by the Celtic population.

But the circumstance which, more than any other, has made Ireland to differ from Scotland, remains to be noticed. Scotland was Protestant. In no part of Europe had the movement of the popular mind against the Roman Catholic Church been so rapid and violent. The reformers had vanquished, deposed, and imprisoned their idolatrous sovereign. They would not endure even such a compromise as had been effected in England. They had established the Calvinistic doctrine, discipline, and worship, and they made little distinction between popery and prelacy, the mass and the Book of Common Prayer. Unfortunately for Scotland, the prince whom she sent to govern a fairer inheritance had been so much annoyed by the pertinacity with which her theologians had asserted against him the privileges of the synod and the pulpit, that he hated the ecclesiastical polity to which she was fondly attached as

much as it was in his effeminate nature to hate anything, and had no sooner mounted the English throne than he began to show an intolerant zeal for the government and ritual of the English Church.

The Irish were the only people of northern Europe who had remained true to the old religion. This is to be partly ascribed to the circumstance that they were some centuries behind their neighbors in knowledge. But other causes had co-operated. The Reformation had been a national as well as a moral revolt. It had been not only an insurrection of the laity against the clergy, but also an insurrection of all the branches of the great German race against an alien domination. It is a most significant circumstance, that no large society of which the tongue is not Teutonic has ever turned Protestant, and that, wherever a language derived from that of ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome to this day prevails. The patriotism of the Irish had taken a peculiar direction. The object of their animosity was not Rome, but England; and they had especial reason to abhor those English sovereigns who had been the chiefs of the great schism, Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. During the vain struggle which two generations of Milesian princes maintained against the Tudors, religious enthusiasm and national enthusiasm became inseparably blended in the minds of the vanquished race. The new feud of Protestant and papist inflamed the old feud of Saxon and Celt. The English conquerors, meanwhile, neglected all legitimate means of conversion. No pains were taken to provide the conquered nation with instructors capable of making themselves understood. No translation of the Bible was put forth in the Erse language. The government contented itself with setting up a vast hierarchy of Protestant archbishops, bishops, and rectors, who did nothing, and who, for doing nothing, were paid out of the spoils of a Church loved and revered by the great body of the people.

There was much in the state both of Scotland and of Ireland which might well excite the painful apprehensions of a far-sighted statesman. As yet, however, there was the appearance of tranquillity. For the first time all the British isles were peaceably united under one scepter.

It should seem that the weight of England among European nations ought, from this epoch, to have greatly increased. The territory which her new king governed was in extent nearly double that which Elizabeth had inherited. His empire was also the most complete within itself, and the most secure from attack that was to be found in the world.

The Plantagenets and Tudors had been repeatedly under the necessity of defending themselves against Scotland while they were engaged in continental war. The long conflict in Ireland had been a severe and perpetual drain on their resources. Yet even under such disadvantages, those sovereigns had been highly considered throughout Christendom. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that England, Scotland, and Ireland combined would form a state second to none that then existed.

All such expectations were strangely disappointed. On the day of the accession of James the First our country descended from the rank which she had hitherto held, and began to be regarded as a power hardly of the second order. During many years the great British monarchy, under four successive princes of the house of Stuart, was scarcely a more important member of the European system than the little kingdom of Scotland had previously been. This, however, is little to be regretted. Of James the First, as of John, it may be said, that if his administration had been able and splendid, it would probably have been fatal to our country, and that we owe more to his weaknesses and meannesses than to the wisdom and courage of much better sovereigns. He came to the throne at a critical moment. The time was fast approaching when either the king must become absolute, or the Parliament must control the whole executive administration. Had he been, like Henry the Fourth, like Maurice of Nassau, or like Gustavus Adolphus, a valiant, active, and politic ruler; had he put himself at the head of the Protestants of Europe; had he gained great victories over Tilly and Spinola; had he adorned Westminster with the spoils of Bavarian monasteries and Flemish cathedrals; had he hung Austrian and Castilian banners in Saint Paul's, and had he found himself, after great achievements, at the head of fifty thousand troops, brave, well disciplined, and devotedly attached to his person, the English Parliament would soon have been nothing more than a name. Happily, he was not a man to play such a part. He began his administration by putting an end to the war which had raged during many years between England and Spain, and from that time he shunned hostilities with a caution which was proof against the insults of his neighbors and the clamors of his subjects. Not till the last year of his life could the influence of his son, his favorite, his Parliament, and his people combined, induce him to strike one feeble blow in defense of his family and of his religion. It was well for those whom he governed that he in this matter dis-

regarded their wishes. The effect of his pacific policy was, that in his time no regular troops were needed; and that, while France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Germany swarmed with mercenary soldiers, the defense of our island was still confided to the militia.

As the king had no standing army, and did not even attempt to form one, it would have been wise in him to avoid any conflict with his people. But such was his indiscretion, that while he altogether neglected the means which alone could make him really absolute, he constantly put forward, in the most offensive form, claims of which none of his predecessors had ever dreamed. It was at this time that those strange theories which Filmer afterward formed into a system, and which became the badge of the most violent class of Tories and High-churchmen, first emerged into notice. It was gravely maintained that the Supreme Being regarded hereditary monarchy, as opposed to other forms of government, with peculiar favor; that the rule of succession in order of primogeniture was a divine institution, anterior to the Christian, and even to the Mosaic dispensation; that no human power, not even that of the whole Legislature—no length of adverse possession, though it extended to ten centuries, could deprive the legitimate prince of his rights; that his authority was necessarily always despotic; that the laws by which, in England and in other countries, the prerogative was limited, were to be regarded merely as concessions which the sovereign had freely made and might at his pleasure resume; and that any treaty into which a king might enter with his people was merely a declaration of his present intentions, and not a contract of which the performance could be demanded. It is evident that this theory, though intended to strengthen the foundations of government, altogether unsettles them. Did the divine and immutable law of primogeniture admit females or exclude them? On either supposition, half the sovereigns of Europe must be usurpers, reigning in defiance of the commands of Heaven, and might be justly dispossessed by the rightful heirs. These absurd doctrines received no countenance from the Old Testament; for in the Old Testament we read that the chosen people were blamed and punished for desiring a king, and that they were afterward commanded to withdraw their allegiance from him. Their whole history, far from favoring the notion that primogeniture is of divine institution, would rather seem to indicate that younger brothers are under the especial protection of Heaven. Isaac was not the eldest son of Abraham, nor Jacob of Isaac, nor Judah of Jacob, nor David of Jesse, nor Solo-

mon of David. Indeed, the order of seniority among children is seldom strictly regarded in countries where polygamy is practiced. Neither did the system of Filmer receive any countenance from those passages of the New Testament which describe government as an ordinance of God, for the government under which the writers of the New Testament lived was not an hereditary monarchy. The Roman emperors were republican magistrates, named by the Senate. None of them pretended to rule by right of birth; and, in fact, both Tiberius, to whom Christ commanded that tribute should be given, and Nero, whom Paul directed the Romans to obey, were, according to the patriarchal theory of government, usurpers. In the Middle Ages the doctrine of indefeasible hereditary right would have been regarded as heretical, for it was altogether incompatible with the high pretensions of the Church of Rome. It was a doctrine unknown to the founders of the Church of England. The Homily on Willful Rebellion had strongly, and, indeed, too strongly, inculcated submission to constituted authority, but had made no distinction between hereditary and elective monarchies, or between monarchies and republics. Indeed, most of the predecessors of James would, from personal motives, have regarded the patriarchal theory of government with aversion. William Rufus, Henry the First, Stephen, John, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh, had all reigned in defiance of the strict rule of descent. A grave doubt hung over the legitimacy both of Mary and of Elizabeth. It was impossible that both Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn could have been lawfully married to Henry the Eighth, and the highest authority in the realm had pronounced that neither was so. The Tudors, far from considering the law of succession as a divine and unchangeable institution, were constantly tampering with it. Henry the Eighth obtained an act of Parliament giving him power to leave the crown by will, and actually made a will to the prejudice of the royal family of Scotland. Edward the Sixth, unauthorized by Parliament, assumed a similar power, with the full approbation of the most eminent Reformers. Elizabeth, conscious that her own title was open to grave objection, and unwilling to admit even a reversionary right in her rival and enemy the Queen of Scots, induced the Parliament to pass a law enacting that whoever should deny the competency of the reigning sovereign, with the assent of the estates of the realm, to alter the succession, should suffer death as a traitor. But the situation of James was widely different

from that of Elizabeth. Far inferior to her in abilities and in popularity, regarded by the English as an alien, and excluded from the throne by the testament of Henry the Eighth, the King of Scots was yet the undoubted heir of William the Conqueror and of Egbert. He had, therefore, an obvious interest in inculcating the superstitious notion that birth confers rights anterior to law and unalterable by law. It was a notion, moreover, well suited to his intellect and temper. It soon found many advocates among those who aspired to his favor, and made rapid progress among the clergy of the Established Church.

Thus, at the very moment at which a republican spirit began to manifest itself strongly in the Parliament and in the country, the claims of the monarch took a monstrous form, which would have disgusted the proudest and most arbitrary of those who had preceded him on the throne.

James was always boasting of his skill in what he called kingcraft; and yet it is hardly possible even to imagine a course more directly opposed to all the rules of kingcraft than that which he followed. The policy of wise rulers has always been to disguise strong acts under popular forms. It was thus that Augustus and Napoleon established absolute monarchies, while the public regarded them merely as eminent citizens invested with temporary magistracies. The policy of James was the direct reverse of theirs. He enraged and alarmed his Parliament by constantly telling them that they held their privileges merely during his pleasure, and that they had no more business to inquire what he might lawfully do than what the Deity might lawfully do. Yet he quailed before them, abandoned minister after minister to their vengeance, and suffered them to tease him into acts directly opposed to his strongest inclinations. Thus the indignation excited by his claims and the scorn excited by his concessions went on growing together. By his fondness for worthless minions, and by the sanction which he gave to their tyranny and rapacity, he kept discontent constantly alive. His cowardice, his childishness, his pedantry, his ungainly person and manners, his provincial accent, made him an object of derision. Even in his virtues and accomplishments there was something eminently unkingly. Thus, during the whole course of his reign, all the venerable associations by which the throne had long been fenced, were gradually losing their strength. During two hundred years, all the sovereigns who had ruled England, with the single exception of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, had been strong-minded, high-spirited, courageous, and of princely bearing. Almost all had possessed

abilities above the ordinary level. It was no light thing that, on the very eve of the decisive struggle between our kings and their Parliaments, royalty should be exhibited to the world stammering, slobbering, shedding unmanly tears, trembling at a drawn sword, and talking in the style alternately of a buffoon and of a pedagogue.

In the meantime, the religious dissensions by which, from the days of Edward the Sixth, the Protestant body had been distracted, had become more formidable than ever. The interval which had separated the first generation of Puritans from Cranmer and Jewel was small indeed when compared with the interval which separated the third generation of Puritans from Laud and Hammond. While the recollection of Mary's cruelties was still fresh; while the strength of the Catholic party still inspired apprehension; while Spain still retained ascendancy and aspired to universal dominion, all the Reformed sects knew that they had a strong common interest and a deadly common enemy. The animosity which they felt toward each other was languid when compared with the animosity which they all felt toward Rome. Conformists and Nonconformists had heartily joined in enacting penal laws of extreme severity against the papists. But when more than half a century of undisturbed possession had given confidence to the Established Church; when nine tenths of the nation had become heartily Protestant; when England was at peace with all the world; when there was no danger that popery would be forced by foreign arms on the nation; when the last confessors who had stood before Bonner had passed away, a change took place in the feeling of the Anglican clergy. Their hostility to the Roman Catholic doctrine and discipline was considerably mitigated. Their dislike of the Puritans, on the other hand, increased daily. The controversies which had, from the beginning, divided the Protestant party, took such a form as made reconciliation hopeless, and new controversies of still greater importance were added to the old subjects of dispute.

The founders of the Anglican Church had retained episcopacy as an ancient, a decent, and a convenient ecclesiastical polity, but had not declared that form of Church government to be of divine institution. We have already seen how low an estimate Cranmer had formed of the office of a bishop. In the reign of Elizabeth, Jewel, Cooper, Whitgift, and other eminent doctors, defended prelaey as innocent, as useful, as what the state might lawfully establish, as what, when established by the state, was entitled to the respect of every citizen. But they never denied that a Christian

community without a bishop might be a pure church. On the contrary, they regarded the Protestants of the Continent as of the same household of faith with themselves. Englishmen in England were indeed bound to acknowledge the authority of the bishop, as they were bound to acknowledge the authority of the sheriff and of the coroner, but the obligation was purely local. An English Churchman, nay, even an English prelate, if he went to Holland, conformed without scruple to the established religion of Holland. Abroad the ambassadors of Elizabeth and James went in state to the very worship which Elizabeth and James persecuted at home, and carefully abstained from decorating their private chapels after the Anglican fashion, lest scandal should be given to weaker brethren. It was even held that Presbyterian ministers were entitled to place and voice in œcumenical councils. When the States-General of the United Provinces convoked at Dort a synod of doctors not episcopally ordained, an English bishop and an English dean, commissioned by the head of the English Church, sat with those doctors, preached to them, and voted with them on the gravest questions of theology.\* Nay, many English benefices were held by divines who had been admitted to the ministry in the Calvinistic form used on the Continent; nor was reordination by a bishop in such cases then thought necessary, or even lawful.

But a new race of divines was already rising in the Church of England. In their view the episcopal office was essential to the welfare of a Christian society and to the efficacy of the most solemn ordinances of religion. To that office belonged certain high and sacred privileges, which no human power could give or take away. A church might as well be without the doctrine of the Trinity, or the doctrine of the Incarnation, as without the apostolical orders; and the Church of Rome, which, in the midst of all her corruptions, had retained the apostolical orders, was nearer to primitive purity than those reformed societies which had rashly set up, in opposition to the divine model, a system invented by men.

In the days of Edward the Sixth and of Elizabeth, the defenders of the Anglican ritual had generally contented themselves with saying that it might be used without sin, and that, therefore, none but a perverse and undutiful subject would refuse to use it when enjoined to do so by the magistrate. Now,

\* Joseph Hall, then Dean of Worcester, and afterward Bishop of Norwich, was one of the commissioners. In his life of himself, he says: "My unworthiness was named for one of the assistants of that honorable, grave, and reverend meeting." To High-churchmen this humility will seem not a little out of place.

however, that rising party, which claimed for the polity of the Church a celestial origin, began to ascribe to her services a new dignity and importance. It was hinted that, if the established worship had any fault, that fault was extreme simplicity, and that the Reformers had, in the heat of their quarrel with Rome, abolished many ancient ceremonies which might with advantage have been retained. Days and places were again held in mysterious veneration. Some practices which had long been disused, and which were commonly regarded as superstitious mummeries, were revived. Paintings and carvings, which had escaped the fury of the first generation of Protestants, became the objects of a respect such as to many seemed idolatrous.

No part of the system of the old Church had been more detested by the Reformers than the honor paid to celibacy. They held that the doctrine of Rome on this subject had been prophetically condemned by the Apostle Paul as a doctrine of devils; and they dwelt much on the crimes and scandals which seemed to prove the justice of this awful denunciation. Luther had evinced his own opinion in the clearest manner by espousing a nun. Some of the most illustrious bishops and priests who had died by fire during the reign of Mary had left wives and children. Now, however, it began to be rumored that the old monastic spirit had reappeared in the Church of England; that there was in high quarters a prejudice against married priests; that even laymen, who called themselves Protestants, had made resolutions of celibacy which almost amounted to vows; nay, that a minister of the Established religion had set up a nunnery, in which the Psalms were chanted at midnight by a company of virgins dedicated to God.\*

Nor was this all: a class of questions, as to which the founders of the Anglican Church and the first generation of Puritans had differed little or not at all, began to furnish matter for fierce disputes. The controversies which had divided the Protestant body in its infancy had related almost exclusively to church government and to ceremonies. There had been no serious quarrel between the contending parties on points of metaphysical theology. The doctrines held by the chiefs of the hierarchy touching original sin, faith, grace, predestination, and election, were those which are popularly called Calvinistic. Toward the close of Elizabeth's reign, her favorite prelate, Archbishop Whitgift, drew up,

in concert with the Bishop of London and other theologians, the celebrated instrument known by the name of the Lambeth Articles. In that instrument the most startling of the Calvinistic doctrines are affirmed with a distinctness which would shock many who, in our age, are reputed Calvinists. One clergyman, who took the opposite side, and spoke harshly of Calvin, was arraigned for his presumption by the University of Cambridge, and escaped punishment only by expressing his firm belief in the tenets of reprobation and final perseverance, and his sorrow for the offense which he had given to pious men by reflecting on the great French Reformer. The school of divinity of which Hooker was the chief, occupies a middle place between the school of Cranmer and the school of Laud; and Hooker has, in modern times, been claimed by the Arminians as an ally; yet Hooker pronounced Calvin to have been a man superior in wisdom to any other divine that France had produced; a man to whom thousands were indebted for a knowledge of divine truth, but who was himself indebted to God alone. When the Arminian controversy arose in Holland, the English government and the English Church lent strong support to the Calvinistic party; nor is the English name altogether free from the stain which has been left on that party by the imprisonment of Grotius and the judicial murder of Barneveldt.

But, even before the meeting of the Dutch synod, that part of the Anglican clergy which was peculiarly hostile to the Calvinistic church government and to the Calvinistic worship had begun to regard with dislike the Calvinistic metaphysics; and this feeling was very naturally strengthened by the gross injustice, insolence, and cruelty of the party which was prevalent at Dort. The Arminian doctrine, a doctrine less austere logical than that of the early Reformers, but more agreeable to the popular notions of the divine justice and benevolence, spread fast and wide. The infection soon reached the court. Opinions which, at the time of the accession of James, no clergyman could have avowed without imminent risk of being stripped of his gown, were now the best title to preferment. A divine of that age who was asked by a simple country gentleman what the Arminians held, answered, with as much truth as wit, that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England.

While a section of the Anglican clergy quitted, in one direction, the position which they had originally occupied, a section of the Puritan body departed, in a direction diametrically opposite, from the principles and practices of their fathers. The persecution

\* Peckard's Life of Ferrar. The Arminian Nunnery, or a Brief Description of the late erected monastical Place called the Arminian Nunnery, at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, 1641.

which the separatists had undergone had been severe enough to irritate, but not severe enough to destroy. They had not been tamed into submission, but baited into savageness and stubbornness. After the fashion of oppressed sects, they mistook their own vindictive feelings for emotions of piety; encouraged in themselves, by reading and meditation, a disposition to brood over their wrongs; and, when they had worked themselves up into hating their enemies, imagined they were only hating the enemies of Heaven. In the New Testament there was little indeed which, even when perverted by the most disingenuous exposition, could seem to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. But the Old Testament contained the history of a race selected by God to be witnesses of his unity and ministers of his vengeance, and specially commanded by him to do many things which, if done without his special command, would have been atrocious crimes. In such a history it was not difficult for fierce and gloomy spirits to find much that might be distorted to suit their wishes. The extreme Puritans, therefore, began to feel for the Old Testament a preference which, perhaps, they did not distinctly avow even to themselves, but which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They paid to the Hebrew language a respect which they refused to that tongue in which the discourses of Jesus and the epistles of Paul have come down to us. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of Hebrew patriarchs and warriors. In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the Church had, from the primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath. They sought for principles of jurisprudence in the Mosaic law, and for precedents to guide their ordinary conduct in the books of Judges and Kings. Their thoughts and discourses ran much on acts which were assuredly not recorded as examples for our imitation. The prophet who hewed in pieces a captive king; the rebel general who gave the blood of a queen to the dogs; the matron who, in defiance of plighted faith, and of the laws of Eastern hospitality, drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally who had just fed at her board, and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent, were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates. Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue, when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the

amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a May-pole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love-locks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the Fairy Queen. Rules such as these—rules which would have appeared insupportable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and philosophical intellect of Zuingli, threw over all life a more than monastic gloom. The learning and eloquence by which the great Reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been, in no small measure, indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisians had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. The light music of Ben Jonson's masks was dissolute. Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous, and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and, above all, by his peculiar dialect. He employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of Scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the boldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of prelatists and libertines.

Thus the political and religious schism which had originated in the sixteenth century, was, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, constantly widening. Theories tending to Turkish despotism were in fashion at Whitehall. Theories tending to republicanism were in favor with a large portion of the House of Commons. The violent prelatists, who were, to a man, zealous for prerogative, and the violent Puritans, who were, to a man, zealous for the privileges of Parliament, regarded each other with animosity more intense than that which, in the preceding generation, had existed between Catholics and Protestants.

While the minds of men were in this state, the country, after a peace of many years, at length engaged in a war which required

strenuous exertions. This war hastened the approach of the great constitutional crisis. It was necessary that the king should have a large military force. He could not have such a force without money. He could not legally raise money without the consent of Parliament. It followed, therefore, that he must either administer the government in conformity with the sense of the House of Commons, or must venture on such a violation of the fundamental laws of the land as had been unknown during several centuries. The Plantagenets and the Tudors had, it is true, occasionally supplied a deficiency in their revenue by a benevolence or a forced loan; but these expedients were always of a temporary nature. To meet the regular charge of a long war by regular taxation, imposed without the consent of the estates of the realm, was a course which Henry the Eighth himself would not have dared to take. It seemed, therefore, that the decisive hour was approaching, and that the English Parliament would soon either share the fate of the senates of the Continent, or obtain supreme ascendancy in the state.

Just at this conjuncture James died. Charles the First succeeded to the throne. He had received from nature a far better understanding, a far stronger will, and a far keener and firmer temper than his father's. He had inherited his father's political theories, and was much more disposed than his father to carry them into practice. He was, like his father, a zealous Episcopalian. He was, moreover, what his father had never been, a zealous Arminian, and, though no papist, liked a papist much better than a Puritan. It would be unjust to deny that Charles had some of the qualities of a good, and even of a great prince. He wrote and spoke, not, like his father, with the exactness of a professor, but after the fashion of intelligent and well-educated gentlemen. His taste in literature and art was excellent, his manner dignified though not gracious, his domestic life without blemish. Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was, in truth, impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways. It may seem strange that his conscience, which, on occasions of little moment, was sufficiently sensitive, should never have reproached him with this great vice. But there is reason to believe that he was perfidious, not only from constitution and from habit, but also on principle. He seems to have learned from the theologians whom he most esteemed, that between him and his subjects there could be nothing of the nature of mutual contract; that he could not, even

if he would, divest himself of his despotic authority; and that, in every promise which he made, there was an implied reservation that such promise might be broken in case of necessity, and that of the necessity he was the sole judge.

And now began that hazardous game on which were staked the destinies of the English people. It was played on the side of the House of Commons with keenness, but with admirable dexterity, coolness, and perseverance. Great statesmen, who looked far behind them and far before them, were at the head of that assembly. They were resolved to place the king in such a situation that he must either conduct the administration in conformity with the wishes of his Parliament, or make outrageous attacks on the most sacred principles of the Constitution. They accordingly doled out supplies to him very sparingly. He found that he must govern either in harmony with the House of Commons, or in defiance of all law. His choice was soon made. He dissolved his first Parliament, and levied taxes by his own authority. He convoked a second Parliament, and found it more intractable than the first. He again resorted to the expedient of dissolution, raised fresh taxes without any show of legal right, and threw the chiefs of the Opposition into prison. At the same time, a new grievance, which the peculiar feelings and habits of the English nation made insupportably painful, and which seemed to all discerning men to be of fearful augury, excited general discontent and alarm. Companies of soldiers were billeted on the people, and martial law was, in some places, substituted for the ancient jurisprudence of the realm.

The king called a third Parliament, and soon perceived that the opposition was stronger and fiercer than ever. He now determined on a change of tactics. Instead of opposing an inflexible resistance to the demands of the Commons, he, after much altercation and many evasions, agreed to a compromise, which, if he had faithfully adhered to it, would have averted a long series of calamities. The Parliament granted an ample supply. The king ratified, in the most solemn manner, that celebrated law which is known by the name of the Petition of Right, and which is the second Great Charter of the liberties of England. By ratifying that law, he bound himself never again to raise money without the consent of the houses, never again to imprison any person except in due course of law, and never again to subject his people to the jurisdiction of courts martial.

The day on which the royal sanction was, after many delays, solemnly given to this

great act, was a day of joy and hope. The Commons, who crowded the bar of the House of Lords, broke forth into loud acclamations as soon as the clerk had pronounced the ancient form of words by which our princes have, during many ages, signified their assent to the wishes of the estates of the realm. Those acclamations were re-echoed by the voice of the capital and of the nation; but within three weeks it became manifest that Charles had no intention of observing the compact into which he had entered. The supply given by the representatives of the nation was collected. The promise by which that supply had been obtained was broken. A violent contest followed. The Parliament was dissolved with every mark of royal displeasure. Some of the most distinguished members were imprisoned; and one of them, Sir John Eliot, after years of suffering, died in confinement.

Charles, however, could not venture to raise, by his own authority, taxes sufficient for carrying on war. He accordingly hastened to make peace with his neighbors, and thenceforth gave his whole mind to British politics.

Now commenced a new era. Many English kings had occasionally committed unconstitutional acts, but none had ever systematically attempted to make himself a despot, and to reduce the Parliament to a nullity. Such was the end which Charles distinctly proposed to himself. From March, 1629, to April, 1640, the houses were not convoked. Never in our history had there been an interval of eleven years between Parliament and Parliament. Only once had there been an interval of even half that length. This fact alone is sufficient to refute those who represent Charles as having merely trodden in the footsteps of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

It is proved by the testimony of the king's most strenuous supporters, that, during this part of his reign, the provisions of the Petition of Right, were violated by him, not occasionally, but constantly, and on system; that a large part of the revenue was raised without any legal authority; and that persons obnoxious to the government languished for years in prison, without being ever called upon to plead before any tribunal.

For these things history must hold the king himself chiefly responsible. From the time of his third Parliament he was his own prime minister. Several persons, however, whose temper and talents were suited to his purposes, were at the head of different departments of the administration.

Thomas Wentworth, successively created Lord Wentworth and Earl of Strafford, a man of great abilities, eloquence, and courage, but of a cruel and imperious nature, was the

counselor most trusted in political and military affairs. He had been one of the most distinguished members of the Opposition, and felt toward those whom he had deserted that peculiar malignity which has, in all ages, been characteristic of apostates. He perfectly understood the feelings, the resources, and the policy of the party to which he had lately belonged, and had formed a vast and deeply-considered scheme, which very nearly confounded even the able tactics of the statesmen by whom the House of Commons had been directed. To this scheme, in his confidential correspondence, he gave the expressive name of Thorough. His object was to do in England all, and more than all, that Richelieu was doing in France; to make Charles a monarch as absolute as any on the Continent; to put the estates and the personal liberty of the whole people at the disposal of the crown; to deprive the courts of law of all independent authority, even in ordinary questions of civil right between man and man, and to punish with merciless rigor all who murmured at the acts of the government, or who applied even in the most decent and regular manner to any tribunal for relief against those acts.\*

This was his end; and he distinctly saw in what manner alone this end could be attained. There is, in truth, about all his notions a clearness, coherence, and precision which, if he had not been pursuing an object pernicious to his country and to his kind, would have justly entitled him to high admiration. He saw that there was one instrument, and only one, by which his vast and daring projects could be carried into execution. That instrument was a standing army. To the forming of such an army, therefore, he directed all the energy of his strong mind. In Ireland, where he was viceroy, he actually succeeded in establishing a military despotism not only over the aboriginal population, but also over the English colonists, and was able to boast that, in that island, the king was as absolute as any prince in the whole world could be.†

The ecclesiastical administration was, in the meantime, principally directed by William Laud, archbishop of Canterbury. Of all the prelates of the Anglican Church, Laud had departed farthest from the principles of the Reformation, and had drawn nearest to Rome. His theology was more remote than even that of the Dutch Arminians from the theology of

\* The correspondence of Wentworth seems to me fully to bear out what I have said in the text. To transcribe all the passages which have led me to the conclusion at which I have arrived would be impossible; nor would it be easy to make a better selection than has already been made by Mr. Hallam. I may, however, direct the attention of the reader particularly to the very able paper which Wentworth drew up respecting the affairs of the Palatinate. The date is March 31, 1637.

† These are Wentworth's own words. See his letter to Laud, dated Dec. 16, 1634.



the Calvinists. His passion for ceremonies, his reverence for holidays, vigils, and sacred places, his ill-concealed dislike of the marriage of ecclesiastics, the ardent and not altogether disinterested zeal with which he asserted the claims of the clergy to the reverence of the laity, would have made him an object of aversion to the Puritans even if he had used only legal and gentle means for the attainment of his ends. But his understanding was narrow, and his commerce with the world had been small. He was by nature rash, irritable, quick to feel for his own dignity, slow to sympathize with the sufferings of others, and prone to the error, common in superstitious men, of mistaking his own peevish and malignant moods for emotions of pious zeal. Under his direction every corner of the realm was subjected to a constant and minute inspection. Every little congregation of separatists was tracked out and broken up. Even the devotions of private families could not escape the vigilance of his spies. Such fear did his rigor inspire, that the deadly hatred of the Church, which festered in innumerable bosoms, was generally disguised under an outward show of conformity. On the very eve of troubles fatal to himself and to his order, the bishops of several extensive dioceses were able to report to him that not a single Dissenter was to be found within their jurisdiction.\*

The tribunals afforded no protection to the subject against the civil and ecclesiastical tyranny of that period. The judges of the common law, holding their situations during the pleasure of the king, were scandalously obsequious. Yet obsequious as they were, they were less ready and efficient instruments of arbitrary power than a class of courts, the memory of which is still, after the lapse of more than two centuries, held in deep abhorrence by the nation. Foremost among these courts in power and in infamy were the Star-Chamber and the High Commission, the former a political, the latter a religious inquisition. Neither was a part of the old Constitution of England. The Star Chamber had been remodeled, and the High Commission created by the Tudors. The power which these boards had possessed before the accession of Charles had been extensive and formidable, but was small indeed when compared with that which they now usurped. Guided chiefly by the violent spirit of the primate, and freed from the control of Parliament, they displayed a rapacity, a violence, a malignant energy, which had been unknown to any former age. The government was able, through their instrumentality, to fine,

imprison, pillory, and mutilate without restraint. A separate council which sat at York under the presidency of Wentworth, was armed, in defiance of law, by a pure act of prerogative, with almost boundless power over the northern counties. All these tribunals insulted and defied the authority of Westminster Hall, and daily committed excesses which the most distinguished royalists have warmly condemned. We are informed by Clarendon that there was hardly a man of note in the realm who had not personal experience of the harshness and greediness of the Star Chamber; that the High Commission had so conducted itself that it had scarce a friend left in the kingdom; and that the tyranny of the Council of York had made the Great Charter a dead letter to the north of the Trent.

The government of England was now, in all points but one, as despotic as that of France. But that one point was all important. There was still no standing army. There was, therefore, no security that the whole fabric of tyranny might not be subverted in a single day. And, if taxes were imposed by the royal authority for the support of an army, it was possible that there would be an immediate and irresistible explosion. This was the difficulty which more than any other perplexed Wentworth. The Lord-keeper Finch, in concert with other lawyers who were employed by the government, recommended an expedient, which was eagerly adopted. The ancient princes of England, as they called on the inhabitants of the counties near Scotland to arm and array themselves for the defense of the border, had sometimes called on the maritime counties to furnish ships for the defense of the coast. In the room of ships money had sometimes been accepted. This old practice it was now determined, after a long interval, not only to revive, but to extend. Former princes had raised ship-money only in time of war; it was now exacted in a time of profound peace. Former princes, even in the most perilous wars, had raised ship-money only along the coasts; it was now exacted from the inland shires. Former princes had raised ship-money only for the maritime defense of the country; it was now exacted, by the admission of the Royalists themselves, with the object, not of maintaining a navy, but of furnishing the king with supplies, which might be increased at his discretion to any amount, and expended at his discretion for any purpose.

The whole nation was alarmed and incensed. John Hampden, an opulent and well-born gentleman of Buckinghamshire, highly considered in his own neighborhood, but as yet little known to the kingdom generally, had the courage to step forward to confront the whole power

\* See his Report to Charles for the year 1639.

of the government, and take on himself the cost and the risk of disputing the prerogative to which the king laid claim. The case was argued before the judges in the Exchequer Chamber. So strong were the arguments against the pretensions of the crown, that, dependent and servile as the judges were, the majority against Hampden, was the smallest possible. Still there was a majority. The interpreters of the law had pronounced that one great and productive tax might be imposed by the royal authority. Wentworth justly observed that it was impossible to vindicate their judgment except by reasons directly leading to a conclusion which they had not ventured to draw. If money might legally be raised without the consent of Parliament for the support of a fleet, it was not easy to deny that money might, without the consent of Parliament, be legally raised for the support of an army.

The decision of the judges increased the irritation of the people. A century earlier, irritation less serious would have produced a general rising. But discontent did not now so readily, as in former ages, take the form of rebellion. The nation had been long steadily advancing in wealth and in civilization. Since the great northern earls took up arms against Elizabeth, seventy years had elapsed; and during those seventy years, there had been no civil war. Never, during the whole existence of the English nation, had so long a period passed without intestine hostilities. Men had become accustomed to the pursuits of peaceful industry, and, exasperated as they were hesitated long before they drew the sword.

This was the conjuncture at which the liberties of our country were in the greatest peril. The opponents of the government began to despair of the destiny of their country; and many looked to the American wilderness as the only asylum in which they could enjoy civil and spiritual freedom. There a few resolute Puritans, who, in the cause of their religion, feared neither the rage of the ocean nor the hardships of uncivilized life, neither the fangs of savage beasts, nor the tomahawks of more savage men, had built, amid the primeval forest, villages which are now great and opulent cities, but which have, through every change, retained some trace of the character derived from their founders. The government regarded these infant colonies with aversion, and attempted violently to stop the stream of emigration, but could not prevent the population of New England from being largely recruited by stout-hearted and God-fearing men from every part of the old England. And now Wentworth exulted in the near prospect of Thorough. A few years might probably suf-

fice for the execution of his great design. If strict economy were observed—if all collisions with foreign powers were carefully avoided, the debts of the crown would be cleared off: there would be funds available for the support of a large military force, and that force would soon break the refractory spirit of the nation.

At this crisis an act of insane bigotry suddenly changed the whole face of public affairs. Had the king been wise, he would have pursued a cautious and soothing policy toward Scotland till he was master in the south; for Scotland was of all his kingdoms that in which there was the greatest risk that a spark might produce a flame, and that a flame might become a conflagration. Constitutional opposition, indeed, such as he had encountered at Westminster, he had not to apprehend at Edinburgh. The Parliament of his northern kingdom was a very different body from that which bore the same name in England. It was ill constituted; it was little considered; and it had never imposed any serious restraint on any of his predecessors. The three estates sat in one house. The commissioners of the burghs were considered merely as retainers of the great nobles. No act could be introduced till it had been approved by the Lords of Articles, a committee which was really, though not in form, nominated by the crown. But, though the Scottish Parliament was obsequious, the Scottish people had always been singularly turbulent and ungovernable. They had butchered their first James in his bed-chamber; they had repeatedly arrayed themselves in arms against James the Second; they had slain James the Third on the field of battle; their disobedience had broken the heart of James the Fifth; they had deposed and imprisoned Mary; they had led her son captive; and their temper was still as intractable as ever. Their habits were rude and martial. All along the southern border, and all along the line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, raged an incessant predatory war. In every part of the country men were accustomed to redress their wrongs by the strong hand. Whatever loyalty the nation had anciently felt to the royal house, had cooled during the long absence of two sovereigns. The supreme influence over the public mind was divided between two classes of malecontents, the lords of the soil and the preachers; lords animated by the same spirit which had often impelled the old Douglasses to withstand the old Stuarts, and preachers who had inherited the republican opinions and the unconquerable spirit of Knox. Both the national and religious feelings of the population had been wounded. All orders of men complained that their country—that

country which had, with so much glory, defended her independence against the ablest and bravest Plantagenets—had, through the instrumentality of her native princes, become in effect, though not in name, a province of England. In no part of Europe had the Calvinistic doctrine and discipline taken so strong a hold on the public mind. The Church of Rome was regarded by the great body of the people with a hatred which might justly be called ferocious; and the Church of England, which seemed to be every day becoming more and more like the Church of Rome, was an object of scarcely less aversion.

The government had long wished to extend the Anglican system over the whole island, and had already, with this view, made several changes highly distasteful to every Presbyterian. One innovation, however, the most hazardous of all, because it was directly cognizable by the senses of the common people, had not yet been attempted. The public worship of God was still conducted in the manner acceptable to the nation. Now, however, Charles and Laud determined to force on the Scots the English Liturgy, or, rather, a liturgy which, wherever it differed from that of England, differed, in the judgment of all rigid Protestants, for the worse.

To this step, taken in the mere wantonness of tyranny, and in criminal ignorance or more criminal contempt of public feeling, our country owes her freedom. The first performance of the foreign ceremonies produced a riot. The riot rapidly became a revolution. Ambition, patriotism, fanaticism were mingled in one headlong torrent. The whole nation was in arms. The power of England was, indeed, as appeared some years later, sufficient to coerce Scotland; but a large part of the English people sympathized with the religious feelings of the insurgents, and many Englishmen, who had no scruple about antiphonies and genuflexions, altars and surplices, saw with pleasure the progress of a rebellion which seemed likely to confound the arbitrary projects of the court, and to make the calling of a Parliament necessary.

For the senseless freak which had produced these effects Wentworth is not responsible.\* It had, in fact, thrown all his plans into confusion. To counsel submission, however, was not in his nature. An attempt was made to put down the insurrection by the sword; but the king's military means and military talents were unequal to the task. To impose fresh taxes on England in defiance of law would,

at this juncture, have been madness. No resource was left but a Parliament, and in the spring of 1640 a Parliament was convoked.

The nation had been put into good humor by the prospect of seeing constitutional government restored and grievances redressed. The new House of Commons was more temperate and more respectful to the throne than any which had sat since the death of Elizabeth. The moderation of this assembly has been highly extolled by the most distinguished Royalists, and seems to have caused no small vexation and disappointment to the chiefs of the opposition; but it was the uniform practice of Charles—a practice equally impolitic and ungenerous—to refuse all compliance with the desires of his people till those desires were expressed in a menacing tone. As soon as the Commons showed a disposition to take into consideration the grievances under which the country had suffered during eleven years, the king dissolved the Parliament with every mark of displeasure.

Between the dissolution of this short-lived assembly and the meeting of that ever-memorable body, known by the name of the Long Parliament, intervened a few months, during which the yoke was pressed down more severely than ever on the nation, while the spirit of the nation rose up more angrily than ever against the yoke. Members of the House of Commons were questioned by the privy council touching their parliamentary conduct, and thrown into prison for refusing to reply. Ship-money was levied with increased rigor. The lord-mayor and the sheriffs of London were threatened with imprisonment for remissness in collecting the payments. Soldiers were enlisted by force. Money for their support was exacted from their counties. Torture, which had always been illegal, and which had recently been declared illegal even by the servile judges of that age, was inflicted for the last time in England in the month of May, 1640.

Every thing now depended on the event of the king's military operations against the Scots. Among his troops there was little of that feeling which separates professional soldiers from the mass of a nation, and attaches them to their leaders. His army, composed for the most part of recruits who regretted the plow from which they had been violently taken, and who were imbued with the religious and political sentiments then prevalent throughout the country, were more formidable to their chiefs than to the enemy. The Scots, encouraged by the heads of the English opposition, and feebly resisted by the

\* See his letter to the Earl of Northumberland, dated July 30, 1638.

English troops, marched across the Tweed and the Tyne, and encamped on the borders of Yorkshire. And now the murmurs of discontent swelled into an uproar, by which all spirits save one were overawed. But the voice of Strafford was still for Thorough; and he, even in this extremity, showed a nature so cruel and despotic that his own soldiers were ready to tear him in pieces.

There was yet one last expedient which, as the king flattered himself, might save him from the misery of facing another House of Commons. To the House of Lords he was less averse. The bishops were devoted to him; and, though the temporal peers were generally dissatisfied with his administration, they were, as a class, so deeply interested in the maintenance of order, and in the stability of ancient institutions, that they were not likely to call for extensive reforms. Departing from the uninterrupted practice of centuries, he called a great council consisting of peers alone. But the lords were too prudent to assume the unconstitutional functions with which he wished to invest them. Without money, without credit, without authority even in his own camp, he yielded to the pressure of necessity. The houses were convoked, and the elections proved that, since the spring, the distrust and hatred with which the government was regarded had made fearful progress.

In November, 1640, met that renowned Parliament which, in spite of many errors and disasters, is justly entitled to the reverence and gratitude of all who, in any part of the world, enjoy the blessings of constitutional government.

During the year which followed, no very important division of opinion appeared in the houses. The civil and ecclesiastical administration had, through a period of nearly twelve years, been so oppressive and so unconstitutional, that even those classes of which the inclinations are generally on the side of order and authority were eager to promote popular reforms, and to bring the instruments of tyranny to justice. It was enacted that no interval of more than three years should ever elapse between Parliament and Parliament, and that, if writs under the great seal were not issued at the proper time, the returning officers should, without such writs, call the constituent bodies together for the choice of representatives. The Star Chamber, the High Commission, the Council of York were swept away. Men who, after suffering cruel mutilations, had been confined in remote dungeons, regained their liberty. On the chief ministers of the crown the vengeance of the nation was unsparingly wreaked. The lord-keeper,

the primate, the lord-licutenant were impeached. Finch saved himself by flight. Laud was flung into the Tower. Strafford was impeached, and at length put to death by act of attainder. On the same day on which this act passed, the king gave his assent to a law by which he bound himself not to adjourn, prorogue, or dissolve the existing Parliament without its own consent.

After ten months of assiduous toil, the houses, in September, 1641, adjourned for a short vacation, and the king visited Scotland. He with difficulty pacified that kingdom by consenting not only to relinquish his plans of ecclesiastical reform, but even to pass, with a very bad grace, an act declaring that episcopacy was contrary to the word of God.

The recess of the English Parliament lasted six weeks. The day on which the houses met again is one of the most remarkable epochs in our history. From that day dates the corporate existence of the two great parties which have ever since alternately governed the country. In one sense, indeed, the distinction which then became obvious had always existed, and always must exist; for it has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found until the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science, in surgery and mechanics, in navigation and agriculture, nay, even in mathematics, we find this distinction. Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find also everywhere another class of men sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve, but of both the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme section of one class consists of bigoted dotards, the extreme section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics.

There can be no doubt that in our very first Parliaments might have been discerned a body of members anxious to preserve and a body eager to reform; but, while the sessions of the Legislature were short, these bodies did not take definite and permanent forms, array themselves under recognized leaders, or

assume distinguishing names, badges, and war-cries. During the first months of the Long Parliament, the indignation excited by many years of lawless oppression was so strong and general that the House of Commons acted as one man. Abuse after abuse disappeared without a struggle. If a small minority of the representative body wished to retain the Star Chamber and the High Commission, that minority, overawed by the enthusiasm and by the numerical superiority of the Reformers, contented itself with secretly regretting institutions which could not, with any hope of success, be openly defended. At a later period the Royalists found it convenient to antedate the separation between themselves and their opponents, and to attribute the act which restrained the king from dissolving or proroguing the Parliament, the Triennial Act, the impeachment of the ministers, and the attainder of Strafford, to the faction which afterward made war on the king. But no artifice could be more disingenuous. Every one of those strong measures was actively promoted by the men who were afterward foremost among the Cavaliers. No Republican spoke of the long misgovernment of Charles more severely than Colepepper. The most remarkable speech in favor of the Triennial Bill was made by Digby. The impeachment of the lord-keeper was moved by Falkland. The demand that the lord-lieutenant should be kept close prisoner was made at the bar of the Lords by Hyde. Not until the law attainting Strafford was proposed did the signs of disunion become visible. Even against that law, a law which nothing but extreme necessity could justify, only about sixty members of the House of Commons voted. It is certain that Hyde was not in the minority, and that Falkland not only voted with the majority, but spoke strongly for the bill. Even the few who entertained a scruple about inflicting death by a retrospective enactment thought it necessary to express the utmost abhorrence of Strafford's character and administration.

But under this apparent concord a great schism was latent; and when, in October, 1641, the Parliament reassembled after a short recess, two hostile parties, essentially the same with those which, under different names, have ever since contended, and are still contending, for the direction of public affairs, appeared confronting each other. During some years they were designated as Cavaliers and Roundheads. They were subsequently called Tories and Whigs; nor does it seem that these appellations are likely soon to become obsolete.

It would not be difficult to compose a lampoon or a panegyric on either of these re-

nowned factions; for no man not utterly destitute of judgment and candor will deny that there are many deep stains on the fame of the party to which he belongs, or that the party to which he is opposed may justly boast of many illustrious names, of many heroic actions, and of many great services rendered to the state. The truth is, that though both parties have often seriously erred, England could have spared neither. If, in her institutions, freedom and order, the advantages arising from innovation and the advantages arising from prescription, have been combined to an extent elsewhere unknown, we may attribute this happy peculiarity to the strenuous conflicts and alternate victories of two rival confederacies of statesmen, a confederacy zealous for authority and antiquity, and a confederacy zealous for liberty and progress.

It ought to be remembered that the difference between the two great sections of English politicians has always been a difference rather of degree than of principle. There were certain limits on the right and on the left which were very rarely overstepped. A few enthusiasts on one side were ready to lay all our laws and franchises at the feet of our kings. A few enthusiasts on the other side were bent on pursuing, through endless civil troubles, their darling phantom of a republic. But the great majority of those who fought for the crown were averse to despotism, and the great majority of the champions of popular rights were averse to anarchy. Twice in the course of the seventeenth century the two parties suspended their dissensions and united their strength in a common cause. Their first coalition restored hereditary monarchy, their second coalition rescued constitutional freedom.

It is also to be noted that these two parties have never been the whole nation, nay, that they have never, taken together, made up a majority of the nation. Between them has always been a great mass, which has not steadfastly adhered to either, which has sometimes remained inertly neutral, and has sometimes oscillated to and fro. That mass has more than once passed in a few years from one extreme to the other, and back again. Sometimes it has changed sides merely because it was tired of supporting the same men, sometimes because it was dismayed by its own excesses, sometimes because it had expected impossibilities and had been disappointed. But, whenever it has leaned with its whole weight in either direction, resistance has, for the time, been impossible.

When the rival parties first appeared in a distinct form, they seemed to be not unequally matched. On the side of the government was a large majority of the nobles, and of those

opulent and well-descended gentlemen to whom nothing was wanting of nobility but the name. These, with the dependents whose support they could command, were no small power in the state. On the same side were the great body of the clergy, both the universities, and all those laymen who were strongly attached to episcopal government and to the Anglican ritual. These respectable classes found themselves in the company of some allies much less decorous than themselves. The Puritan austerity drove to the king's faction all who made pleasure their business, who affected gallantry, splendor of dress, or taste in the lighter arts. With these went all who live by amusing the leisure of others, from the painter and comic poet down to the rope-dancer and the Merry Andrew; for these artists well knew that they might thrive under a superb and luxurious despotism, but must starve under the rigid rule of the precisians. In the same interest were the Roman Catholics to a man. The queen, a daughter of France, was of their own faith. Her husband was known to be strongly attached to her, and not a little in awe of her. Though undoubtedly a Protestant on conviction, he regarded the professors of the old religion with no ill will, and would gladly have granted them a much larger toleration than he was disposed to concede to the Presbyterians. If the Opposition obtained the mastery, it was probable that the sanguinary laws enacted against papists in the reign of Elizabeth would be severely enforced. The Roman Catholics were therefore induced by the strongest motives to espouse the cause of the court. They in general acted with a caution which brought on them the reproach of cowardice and lukewarmness; but it is probable that, in maintaining great reserve, they consulted the king's interest as well as their own. It was not for his service that they should be conspicuous among his friends.

The main strength of the Opposition lay among the small freeholders in the country, and among the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns. But these were headed by a formidable minority of the aristocracy; a minority which included the rich and powerful Earls of Northumberland, Bedford, Warwick, Stamford, and Essex, and several other lords of great wealth and influence. In the same ranks was found the whole body of Protestant Non-conformists, and most of those members of the Established Church who still adhered to the Calvinistic opinions, which, forty years before, had been generally held by the prelates and clergy. The municipal corporations took, with few exceptions, the same side. In the House of Commons the Opposition preponderated, but not very decidedly.

Neither party wanted strong arguments for the measures which it was disposed to adopt. The reasonings of the most enlightened Royalists may be summed up thus: "It is true that great abuses have existed, but they have been redressed; it is true that precious rights have been invaded, but they have been vindicated and surrounded with new securities. The sittings of the estates of the realm have been, in defiance of all precedent and of the spirit of the Constitution, intermitted during eleven years, but it has now been provided that henceforth three years shall never elapse without a Parliament; the Star Chamber, the High Commission, the Council of York, oppressed and plundered us, but those hateful courts have now ceased to exist; the lord-lieutenant aimed at establishing military despotism, but he has answered for his treason with his head; the primate tainted our worship with popish rites, and punished our scruples with popish cruelty, but he is awaiting in the Tower the judgment of his peers, the lord-keeper sanctioned a plan by which the property of every man in England was placed at the mercy of the crown, but he has been disgraced, ruined, and compelled to take refuge in a foreign land; the ministers of tyranny have expiated their crimes, the victims of tyranny have been compensated for their sufferings. Under such circumstances, it would be most unwise to persevere in that course which was justifiable and necessary when we first met, after a long interval, and found the whole administration one mass of abuses. It is time to take heed that we do not so pursue our victory over despotism as to run into anarchy. It was not in our power to overturn the bad institutions which lately afflicted our country without shocks which have loosened the foundations of government; now that those institutions have fallen, we must hasten to prop the edifice which it was lately our duty to batter. Henceforth it will be our wisdom to look with jealousy on schemes of innovation, and to guard from encroachment all the prerogatives with which the law has, for the public good, armed the sovereign."

Such were the views of those men of whom the excellent Falkland may be regarded as the leader. It was contended on the other side with not less force, by men of not less ability and virtue that the safety which the liberties of the English people enjoyed was rather apparent than real, and that the arbitrary projects of the court would be resumed as soon as the vigilance of the Commons was relaxed. True it was—such as the reasoning of Pym, of Hollis, and of Hampden—that many good laws had been passed; but, if good laws had

been sufficient to restrain the king, his subjects would have had little reason ever to complain of his administration. The recent statutes were surely not of more authority than the Great Charter or the Petition of Right; yet neither the Great Charter, hallowed by the veneration of four centuries, nor the Petition of Right, sanctioned, after mature reflection and for valuable consideration, by Charles himself, had been found effectual for the protection of the people. If once the check of fear were withdrawn, if once the spirit of opposition were suffered to slumber, all the securities for English freedom resolved themselves into a single one, the royal word; and it had been proved by a long and severe experience that the royal word could not be trusted.

The two parties were still regarding each other with cautious hostility, and had not yet measured their strength, when news arrived which inflamed the passions and confirmed the opinions of both. The great chieftains of Ulster, who, at the time of the accession of James, had, after a long struggle, submitted to the royal authority, had not long brooked the humiliation of dependence. They had conspired against the English government, and had been attainted of treason. Their immense domains had been forfeited to the crown, and had soon been peopled by thousands of English and Scotch emigrants. The new settlers were, in civilization and intelligence, far superior to the native population, and sometimes abused their superiority. The animosity produced by difference of race, was increased by difference of religion. Under the iron rule of Wentworth scarcely a murmur was heard; but when that strong pressure was withdrawn, when Scotland had set the example of successful resistance, when England was distracted by internal quarrels, the smothered rage of the Irish broke forth into acts of fearful violence. On a sudden, the aboriginal population rose on the colonists. A war, to which national and theological hatred gave a character of peculiar ferocity, desolated Ulster, and spread to the neighboring provinces. The Castle of Dublin was scarcely thought secure. Every post brought to London exaggerated accounts of outrages which, without any exaggeration, were sufficient to move pity and horror. These evil tidings roused to the height the zeal of both the great parties which were marshaled against each other at Westminster. The Royalists maintained that it was the first duty of every good Englishman and Protestant, at such a crisis, to strengthen the hands of the sovereign. To the Opposition it seemed that there were now stronger reasons than ever for thwarting and restraining him. That the Commonwealth was in danger was undoubted-

ly a good reason for giving large powers to a trustworthy magistrate, but it was a good reason for taking away powers from a magistrate who was at heart a public enemy. To raise a great army had always been the king's first object. A great army must now be raised. It was to be feared that, unless some new securities were devised, the forces levied for the reduction of Ireland would be employed against the liberties of England. Nor was this all. A horrible suspicion, unjust indeed, but not altogether unnatural, had arisen in many minds. The queen was an avowed Roman Catholic; the king was not regarded by the Puritans, whom he had mercilessly persecuted, as a sincere Protestant; and so notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not, with some show of reason, believe him capable. It was soon whispered that the rebellion of the Roman Catholics of Ulster was part of a vast work of darkness which had been planned at Whitehall.

After some weeks of prelude, the first great parliamentary conflict between the parties which have ever since contended, and are still contending, for the government of the nation, took place on the twenty-second of November, 1641. It was moved by the Opposition that the House of Commons should present to the king a remonstrance, enumerating the faults of his administration from the time of his accession, and expressing the distrust with which his policy was still regarded by his people. That assembly, which a few months before had been unanimous in calling for the reform of abuses, was now divided into two fierce and eager factions of nearly equal strength. After a hot debate of many hours, the remonstrance was carried by only eleven votes.

The result of this struggle was highly favorable to the Conservative party. It could not be doubted that only some great indiscretion could prevent them from shortly obtaining the predominance in the Lower House. The Upper House was already their own. Nothing was wanting to insure their success but that the king should, in all his conduct, show respect for the laws and scrupulous good faith toward his subjects.

His first measures promised well. He had, it seemed, at last discovered that an entire change of system was necessary, and had wisely made up his mind to what could no longer be avoided. He declared his determination to govern in harmony with the Commons, and, for that end, to call to his counsels men in whose talents and character the Commons might place confidence. Nor was the selection ill made. Falkland, Hyde, and Colepepper, all three distinguished by the part

which they had taken in reforming abuses and in punishing evil ministers, were invited to become the confidential advisers of the crown, and were solemnly assured by Charles that he would take no step in any way affecting the Lower House of Parliament without their privacy.

Had he kept this promise, it cannot be doubted that the reaction which was already in progress would very soon have become quite as strong as the most respectable Royalist would have desired. Already the violent members of the Opposition had begun to despair of the fortunes of their party, to tremble for their own safety, and to talk of selling their estates and emigrating to America. That the fair prospects which had begun to open before the king were suddenly overcast, that his life was darkened by adversity, and at length shortened by violence, is to be attributed to his own faithlessness and contempt of law.

The truth seems to be, that he detested both the parties into which the House of Commons was divided. Nor is this strange; for in both those parties the love of liberty and the love of order were mingled, though in different proportions. The advisers whom necessity had compelled Charles to call round him were by no means men after his own heart. They had joined in condemning his tyranny, in abridging his power, and in punishing his instruments. They were now, indeed, prepared to defend by strictly legal means his strictly legal prerogatives, but they would have recoiled with horror from the thought of reviving Wentworth's projects of Thorough. They were, therefore, in the king's opinion, traitors who differed only in the degree of their seditious malignity from Pym and Hampden.

He accordingly, a few days after he had promised the chiefs of the Constitutional Royalists that no step of importance should be taken without their knowledge, formed a resolution the most momentous of his whole life, carefully concealed that resolution from them, and executed it in a manner which overwhelmed them with shame and dismay. He sent the attorney-general to impeach Pym, Hollis, Hampden, and other members of the House of Commons of high treason at the bar of the House of Lords. Not content with this flagrant violation of the Great Charter and of the uninterrupted practice of centuries, he went in person, accompanied by armed men, to seize the leaders of the Opposition within the walls of Parliament.

The attempt failed. The accused members had left the house a short time before Charles entered it. A sudden and violent revulsion

of feeling, both in the Parliament and in the country, followed. The most favorable view that has ever been taken of the king's conduct on this occasion by his most partial advocates is, that he had weakly suffered himself to be hurried into a gross indiscretion by the evil counsels of his wife and of his courtiers. But the general voice loudly charged him with far deeper guilt. At the very moment at which his subjects, after a long estrangement produced by his maladministration, were returning to him with feelings of confidence and affection, he had aimed a deadly blow at all their dearest rights, at the privileges of Parliament, at the very principle of trial by jury. He had shown that he considered opposition to his arbitrary designs as a crime to be expiated only by blood. He had broken faith, not only with his great council and with his people, but with his own adherents. He had done what, but for an unforeseen accident, would probably have produced a bloody conflict round the speaker's chair. Those who had the chief sway in the Lower House now felt that not only their power and popularity, but their lands and their necks, were staked on the event of the struggle in which they were engaged. The flagging zeal of the party opposed to the court revived in an instant. During the night which followed the outrage the whole city of London was in arms. In a few hours the roads leading to the capital were covered with multitudes of yeomen, spurring hard to Westminster, with the badges of the Parliamentary cause in their hats. In the House of Commons the Opposition became at once irresistible, and carried, by more than two votes to one, resolutions of unprecedented violence. Strong bodies of the train-bands, regularly relieved, mounted guard round Westminster Hall. The gates of the king's palace were daily besieged by a furious multitude, whose taunts and execrations were heard even in the presence chamber, and who could scarcely be kept out of the royal apartments by the gentlemen of the household. Had Charles remained much longer in his stormy capital, it is probable that the Commons would have found a plea for making him, under outward forms of respect, a state prisoner.

He quitted London, never to return until the day of a terrible and memorable reckoning had arrived. A negotiation began which occupied many months. Accusations and recriminations passed backward and forward between the contending parties. All accommodation had become impossible. The sure punishment which waits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the king. It was to no purpose that he now pawned his royal word, and invoked Heaven to witness the



sincerity of his professions. The distrust with which his adversaries regarded him was not to be removed by oaths or treaties. They were convinced that they could be safe only when he was utterly helpless. Their demand, therefore, was, that he should surrender, not only those prerogatives which he had usurped in violation of ancient laws and of his own recent promises, but also other prerogatives which the English kings had possessed from time immemorial, and continue to possess at the present day. No minister must be appointed, no peer created without the consent of the houses. Above all, the sovereign must resign that supreme military authority which, from time beyond all memory, had appertained to the regal office.

That Charles would comply with such demands while he had any means of resistance was not to be expected; yet it will be difficult to show that the houses could safely have exacted less. They were truly in a most embarrassing position. The great majority of the nation was firmly attached to hereditary monarchy. Those who held republican opinions were as yet few, and did not venture to speak out. It was therefore impossible to abolish kingly government; yet it was plain that no confidence could be placed in the king. It would have been absurd in those who knew, by recent proof, that he was bent on destroying them, to content themselves with presenting to him another Petition of Right, and receiving from him fresh promises similar to those which he had repeatedly made and broken. Nothing but the want of an army had prevented him from entirely subverting the old Constitution of the realm. It was now necessary to levy a great regular army for the conquest of Ireland, and it would therefore have been mere insanity to leave him in possession of that plenitude of military authority which his ancestors had enjoyed.

When a country is in the situation in which England then was, when the kingly office is regarded with love and veneration, but the person who fills that office is hated and distrusted, it should seem that the course which ought to be taken is obvious. The dignity of the office should be preserved; the person should be discarded. Thus our ancestors acted in 1399 and in 1689. Had there been, in 1642, any man occupying a position similar to that which Henry of Lancaster occupied at the time of the deposition of Richard the Second, and which the Prince of Orange occupied at the time of the deposition of James the Second, it is probable that the houses would have changed the dynasty, and would have made no formal change in the

Constitution. The new king, called to the throne by their choice, and dependent on their support, would have been under the necessity of governing in conformity with their wishes and opinions. But there was no prince of the blood royal in the Parliamentary party; and, though that party contained many men of high rank and many men of eminent ability, there was none who towered so conspicuously above the rest that he could be proposed as a candidate for the crown. As there was to be a king, and as no new king was to be found, it was necessary to leave the regal title to Charles. Only one course, therefore, was left, and that was to disjoin the regal title from the regal prerogatives.

The change which the houses proposed to make in our institutions, though it seems exorbitant when distinctly set forth and digested into articles of capitulation, really amounts to little more than the change which, in the next generation, was effected by the Revolution. It is true that at the Revolution the sovereign was not deprived by law of the power of naming his ministers, but it is equally true that since the Revolution no ministry has been able to remain in office six months in opposition to the sense of the House of Commons. It is true that the sovereign still possesses the power of creating peers, and the more important power of the sword, but it is equally true that in the exercise of these powers the sovereign has, ever since the Revolution, been guided by advisers who possess the confidence of the representatives of the nation. In fact, the leaders of the Roundhead party in 1642, and the statesmen who, about half a century later, effected the Revolution, had exactly the same object in view. That object was to terminate the contest between the crown and the Parliament, by giving to the Parliament a supreme control over the executive administration. The statesmen of the Revolution effected this indirectly by changing the dynasty. The Roundheads of 1642, being unable to change the dynasty, were compelled to take a direct course toward their end.

We can not, however, wonder that the demands of the Opposition, importing, as they did, a complete and formal transfer to the Parliament of powers which had always belonged to the crown, should have shocked that great party of which the characteristics are respect for constituted authority and dread of violent innovation. That party had recently been in the hope of obtaining by peaceable means the ascendancy in the House of Commons; but that hope had been blighted. The duplicity of Charles had made his old

enemies irreconcilable, had driven back into the ranks of the disaffected a crowd of moderate men who were in the very act of coming over to his side, and had so cruelly mortified his best friends that they had for a time stood aloof in silent shame and resentment. Now, however, the Constitutional Royalists were forced to make their choice between two dangers, and they thought it their duty rather to rally round a prince whose past conduct they condemned, and whose word inspired them with little confidence, than to suffer the regal office to be degraded, and the polity of the realm to be entirely remodeled. With such feelings, many men, whose virtues and abilities would have done honor to any cause, ranged themselves on the side of the king.

In August, 1642, the sword was at length drawn, and soon, in almost every shire of the kingdom, two hostile factions appeared in arms against each other. It is not easy to say which of the contending parties was at first the more formidable. The houses commanded London and the counties round London, the fleet, the navigation of the Thames, and most of the large towns and sea-ports. They had at their disposal almost all the military stores of the kingdom, and were able to raise duties, both on goods imported from foreign countries, and on some important products of domestic industry. The king was ill provided with artillery and ammunition. The taxes which he laid on the rural districts occupied by his troops produced, it is probable, a sum far less than that which the Parliament drew from the city of London alone. He relied, indeed, chiefly, for pecuniary aid, on the munificence of his opulent adherents. Many of these mortgaged their land, pawned their jewels, and broke up their silver chargers and christening bowls in order to assist him. But experience has fully proved that the voluntary liberality of individuals, even in times of the greatest excitement, is a poor financial resource when compared with severe and methodical taxation, which presses on the willing and unwilling alike.

Charles, however, had one advantage, which, if he had used it well, would have more than compensated for the want of stores and money, and which, notwithstanding his mismanagement, gave him, during some months, a superiority in the war. His troops at first fought much better than those of the Parliament. Both armies, it is true, were almost entirely composed of men who had never seen a field of battle. Nevertheless, the difference was great. The Parliamentary ranks were filled with hirelings whom want and idleness had

induced to enlist. Hampden's regiment was regarded as one of the best; and even Hampden's regiment was described by Cromwell as a mere rabble of tapsters and serving-men out of place. The royal army, on the other hand, consisted in great part of gentlemen, high spirited, ardent, accustomed to consider dishonor as more terrible than death, accustomed to fencing, to the use of fire-arms, to bold riding, and to manly and perilous sport, which has been well called the image of war. Such gentlemen, mounted on their favorite horses, and commanding little bands, composed of their younger brothers, grooms, game-keepers, and huntsmen, were, from the very first day on which they took the field, qualified to play their part with credit in a skirmish. The steadiness, the prompt obedience, the mechanical precision of movement, which are characteristic of the regular soldier, these gallant volunteers never attained. But they were at first opposed to enemies as undisciplined as themselves, and far less active, athletic, and daring. For a time, therefore, the Cavaliers were successful in almost every encounter.

The houses had also been unfortunate in the choice of a general. The rank and wealth of the Earl of Essex made him one of the most important members of the Parliamentary party. He had borne arms on the Continent with credit, and, when the war began, had as high a military reputation as any man in the country. But it soon appeared that he was unfit for the post of commander-in-chief. He had little energy and no originality. The methodical tactics which he had learned in the war of the Palatinate did not save him from the disgrace of being surprised and baffled by such a captain as Rupert, who could claim no higher fame than that of an enterprising partisan.

Nor were the officers who held the chief commissions under Essex qualified to supply what was wanting in him. For this, indeed, the houses are scarcely to be blamed. In a country which had not, within the memory of the oldest person living, made war on a great scale by land, generals of tried skill and valor were not to be found. It was necessary, therefore, in the first instance, to trust untried men, and the preference was naturally given to men distinguished either by their station, or by the abilities which they had displayed in Parliament. In scarcely a single instance, however, was the selection fortunate. Neither the grandees nor the orators proved good soldiers. The Earl of Stamford, one of the greatest nobles of England, was routed by the Royalists at Stratton. Nathaniel Fiennes, inferior to none of his cotemporaries

in talents for civil business, disgraced himself by the pusillanimous surrender of Bristol. Indeed, of all the statesmen who at this juncture accepted high military commands, Hampden alone appears to have carried into the camp the capacity and strength of mind which had made him eminent in politics.

When the war had lasted a year, the advantage was decidedly with the Royalists. They were victorious both in the western and in the northern counties. They had wrested Bristol, the second city in the kingdom, from the Parliament. They had won several battles, and had not sustained a single serious or ignominious defeat. Among the Roundheads adversity had begun to produce dissension and discontent. The Parliament was kept in alarm, sometimes by plots, and sometimes by riots. It was thought necessary to fortify London against the royal army, and to hang some disaffected citizens at their own doors. Several of the most distinguished peers, who had hitherto remained at Westminster, fled to the court at Oxford; nor can it be doubted that, if the operations of the Cavaliers had, at this season, been directed by a sagacious and powerful mind, Charles would soon have marched in triumph to Whitehall.

But the king suffered the auspicious moment to pass away, and it never returned. In August, 1643, he sat down before the city of Gloucester. That city was defended by the inhabitants and by the garrison with a determination such as had not, since the commencement of the war, been shown by the adherents of the Parliament. The emulation of London was excited. The train-bands of the city volunteered to march wherever their services might be required. A great force was speedily collected, and began to move westward. The siege of Gloucester was raised. The Royalists in every part of the kingdom were disheartened; the spirit of the Parliamentary party revived; and the apostate lords, who had lately fled from Westminster to Oxford, hastened back from Oxford to Westminster.

And now a new and alarming class of symptoms began to appear in the distempered body politic. There had been, from the first, in the Parliamentary party, some men whose minds were set on objects from which the majority of that party would have shrunk with horror. These men were, in religion, Independents. They conceived that every Christian congregation had, under Christ, supreme jurisdiction in things spiritual; that appeals to provincial and national synods were scarcely less unscriptural than appeals to the Court of Arches or to the Vatican; and that popery, prelaey, and Presbyterianism were

merely three forms of one great apostasy. In politics they were, to use the phrase of their time, Root and Branch men, or, to use the kindred phrase of our own time, Radicals. Not content with limiting the power of the monarch, they were desirous to erect a commonwealth on the ruins of the old English polity. At first they had been inconsiderable both in numbers and in weight; but, before the war had lasted two years, they became, not, indeed, the largest, but the most powerful faction in the country. Some of the old Parliamentary leaders had been removed by death, and others had forfeited the public confidence. Pym had been borne, with princely honors, to a grave among the Plantagenets. Hampden had fallen, as became him, while vainly endeavoring, by his heroic example, to inspire his followers with courage to face the fiery cavalry of Rupert. Bedford had been untrue to the cause. Northumberland was known to be lukewarm. Essex and his lieutenants had shown little vigor and ability in the conduct of military operations. At such a conjuncture it was that the Independent party, ardent, resolute, and uncompromising, began to raise its head both in the camp and in the Parliament.

The soul of that party was Oliver Cromwell. Bred to peaceful occupations, he had, at more than forty years of age, accepted a commission in the Parliamentary army. No sooner had he become a soldier, than he discerned, with the keen glance of genius, what Essex and men like Essex, with all their experience, were unable to perceive. He saw precisely where the strength of the Royalists lay, and by what means alone that strength could be overpowered. He saw that it was necessary to reconstruct the army of the Parliament. He saw, also, that there were abundant and excellent materials for the purpose; materials less showy, indeed, but more solid, than those of which the gallant squadrons of the king were composed. It was necessary to look for recruits who were not mere mercenaries; for recruits of decent station and grave character, fearing God and zealous for public liberty. With such men he filled his own regiment, and, while he subjected them to a discipline more rigid than had ever before been known in England, he administered to their intellectual and moral nature stimulants of fearful potency.

The events of the year 1644 fully prove the superiority of his abilities. In the south, where Essex held the command, the Parliamentary forces underwent a succession of shameful disasters, but in the north the victory of Marston Moor fully compensated for all that had been lost elsewhere. That victory

was not a more serious blow to the Royalists than to the party which had hitherto been dominant at Westminster; for it was notorious that the day, disgracefully lost by the Presbyterians, had been retrieved by the energy of Cromwell, and by the steady valor of the warriors whom he had trained.

These events produced the Self-denying Ordinance and the new model of the army. Under decorous pretexts, and with every mark of respect, Essex and most of those who had held high posts under him were removed, and the conduct of the war was intrusted to very different hands. Fairfax, a brave soldier, but of mean understanding and irresolute temper, was the nominal lord-general of the forces, but Cromwell was their real head.

Cromwell made haste to organize the whole army on the same principles on which he had organized his own regiment. As soon as this process was complete, the event of the war was decided. The Cavaliers had now to encounter natural courage equal to their own, enthusiasm stronger than their own, and discipline such as was utterly wanting to them. It soon became a proverb that the soldiers of Fairfax and Cromwell were men of a different breed from the soldiers of Essex. At Naseby took place the first great encounter between the Royalists and the remodeled army of the houses. The victory of the Roundheads was complete and decisive. It was followed by other triumphs in rapid succession. In a few months the authority of the Parliament was fully established over the whole kingdom. Charles fled to the Scots, and was by them, in a manner which did not much exalt their national character, delivered up to his English subjects.

While the event of the war was still doubtful, the houses had put the primate to death, had interdicted, within the sphere of their authority, the use of the Liturgy, and had required all men to subscribe that renowned instrument known by the name of the Solemn League and Covenant. When the struggle was over, the work of innovation and revenge was pushed on with still greater ardor. The ecclesiastical polity of the kingdom was remodeled. Most of the old clergy were ejected from their benefices. Fines, often of ruinous amount, were laid on the Royalists, already impoverished by large aids furnished to the king. Many estates were confiscated. Many proscribed Cavaliers found it expedient to purchase, at an enormous cost, the protection of eminent members of the victorious party. Large domains belonging to the crown, to the bishops, and to the chapters, were seized, and either granted away or put up to auction. In consequence of these spoliations, a great part

of the soil of England was at once offered for sale. As money was scarce, as the market was glutted, as the title was insecure, and as the awe inspired by powerful bidders prevented free competition, the prices were often merely nominal. Thus many old and honorable families disappeared and were heard of no more, and many new men rose rapidly to affluence.

But, while the houses were employing their authority thus, it suddenly passed out of their hands. It had been obtained by calling into existence a power which could not be controlled. In the summer of 1647, about twelve months after the last fortress of the Cavaliers had submitted to the Parliament, the Parliament was compelled to submit to its own soldiers.

Thirteen years followed, during which England was, under various names and forms, really governed by the sword. Never before that time or since that time was the civil power in our country subjected to military dictation.

The army which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as can seduce any but the humblest class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre; that they were no janissaries, but freeborn Englishmen, who had, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and

whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties which, if allowed to any other troops, would have proved subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal versed in Scripture should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organization and a religious organization could exist without destroying military organization. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field-preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage characteristic of the English people was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have maintained order as strict; other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent; but in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was remodeled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British islands or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride

when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a countescarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous Royalists that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that, during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant-girl complained of the rough gallantry of the red-coats; not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths; but a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to restrain his pikemen and dragoons from invading by main force the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory; and too many of our cathedrals still bear the marks of the hatred with which those stern spirits regarded every vestige of popery.

To keep down the English people was no light task even for that army. No sooner was the first pressure of military tyranny felt, than the nation, unbroken to such servitude, began to struggle fiercely. Insurrections broke out even in those counties which, during the recent war, had been the most submissive to the Parliament. Indeed, the Parliament itself abhorred its old defenders more than its old enemies, and was desirous to come to terms of accommodation with Charles at the expense of the troops. In Scotland, at the same time, a coalition was formed between the Royalists and a large body of Presbyterians who regarded the doctrines of the Independents with detestation. At length the storm burst. There were risings in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Wales. The fleet in the Thames suddenly hoisted the royal colors, stood out to sea, and menaced the southern coast. A great Scottish force crossed the frontier and advanced into Lancashire. It might well be suspected that these movements were contemplated with secret complacency by a majority both of the Lords and of the Commons.

But the yoke of the army was not to be

so shaken off. While Fairfax suppressed the risings in the neighborhood of the capital, Oliver routed the Welsh insurgents, and, leaving their castles in ruins, marched against the Scots. His troops were few when compared with the invaders; but he was little in the habit of counting his enemies. The Scottish army was utterly destroyed. A change in the Scottish government followed. An administration, hostile to the king, was formed at Edinburgh; and Cromwell, more than ever the darling of his soldiers, returned in triumph to London.

And now a design, to which, at the commencement of the civil war, no man would have dared to allude, and which was not less inconsistent with the Solemn League and Covenant than with the old law of England, began to take a distinct form. The austere warriors who ruled the nation had, during some months, meditated a fearful vengeance on the captive king. When and how the scheme originated; whether it spread from the general to the ranks, or from the ranks to the general; whether it is to be ascribed to policy using fanaticism as a tool, or to fanaticism bearing down policy with headlong impulse, are questions which, even at this day, can not be answered with perfect confidence. It seems, however, on the whole, probable that he who seemed to lead was really forced to follow, and that, on this occasion, as on another great occasion a few years later, he sacrificed his own judgment and his own inclinations to the wishes of the army; for the power which he had called into existence was a power which even he could not always control; and, that he might ordinarily command, it was necessary that he should sometimes obey. He publicly protested that he was no mover in the matter; that the first steps had been taken without his privity; that he could not advise the Parliament to strike the blow, but that he submitted his own feelings to the force of circumstances which seemed to him to indicate the purposes of Providence. It has been the fashion to consider these professions as instances of the hypocrisy which is vulgarly imputed to him. But even those who pronounce him a hypocrite will scarcely venture to call him a fool. They are, therefore, bound to show that he had some purpose to serve by secretly stimulating the army to take that course which he did not venture openly to recommend. It would be absurd to suppose that he, who was never, by his respectable enemies, represented as wantonly cruel or implacably vindictive, would have taken the most important step of his life under the influence of mere malevolence. He was far too wise a man not to know, when he consented to shed that au-

gust blood, that he was doing a deed which was inexpiable, and which would move the grief and horror, not only of the Royalists, but of nine tenths of those who had stood by the Parliament. Whatever visions may have deluded others, he was assuredly dreaming neither of a republic on the antique pattern, nor of the millennial reign of the saints. If he already aspired to be himself the founder of a new dynasty, it was plain that Charles the First was a less formidable competitor than Charles the Second would be. At the moment of the death of Charles the first, the loyalty of every Cavalier would be transferred, unimpaired, to Charles the Second. Charles the First was a captive; Charles the Second would be at liberty. Charles the First was an object of suspicion and dislike to a large proportion of those who yet shuddered at the thought of slaying him; Charles the Second would excite all the interest which belongs to distressed youth and innocence. It is impossible to believe that considerations so obvious and so important escaped the most profound politician of that age. The truth is, that Cromwell had, at one time, meant to mediate between the throne and the Parliament, and to reorganize the distracted state by the power of the sword, under the sanction of the royal name. In this design he persisted till he was compelled to abandon it by the refractory temper of his soldiers and by the incurable duplicity of the king. A party in the camp began to clamor for the head of the traitor, who was for treating with Agag. Conspiracies were formed. Threats of impeachment were loudly uttered. A mutiny broke out, which all the vigor and resolution of Oliver could hardly quell; and though, by a judicious mixture of severity and kindness, he succeeded in restoring order, he saw that it would be in the highest degree difficult and perilous to contend against the rage of warriors who regarded the fallen tyrant as their foe and as the foe of their God.

At the same time, it became more evident than ever that the king could not be trusted. The vices of Charles had grown upon him. They were, indeed, vices which difficulties and perplexities generally bring out in the strongest light. Cunning is the natural defense of the weak. A prince, therefore, who is habitually a deceiver when at the height of power, is not likely to learn frankness in the midst of embarrassments and distresses. Charles was not only a most unscrupulous, but a most unlucky dissembler. There never was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence. He publicly recognized the houses at Westminster as a legal Parliament, and, at the

same time, made a private minute in council declaring the recognition null. He publicly disclaimed all thought of calling in foreign aid against his people: he privately solicited aid from France, from Denmark, from Lorraine. He publicly denied that he employed papists: at the same time, he privately sent to his generals directions to employ every papist that would serve. He publicly took the sacrament at Oxford as a pledge that he never would even connive at popery: he privately assured his wife that he intended to tolerate popery in England, and he authorized Lord Glamorgan to promise that popery should be established in Ireland. Then he attempted to clear himself at his agent's expense. Glamorgan received, in the royal hand-writing, reprimands intended to be read by others, and eulogies which were to be seen only by himself. To such an extent, indeed, had insincerity now tainted the king's whole nature, that his most devoted friends could not refrain from complaining to each other, with bitter grief and shame, of his crooked politics. His defeats, they said, gave them less pain than his intrigues. Since he had been a prisoner, there was no section of the victorious party which had not been the object both of his flatteries and of his machinations; but never was he more unfortunate than when he attempted at once to cajole and to undermine Cromwell, a man not easily to be either cajoled or undermined.

Cromwell had to determine whether he would put to hazard the attachment of his party, the attachment of his army, his own greatness, nay, his own life, in an attempt, which would probably have been vain, to save a prince whom no engagement could bind. With many struggles and misgivings, and probably not without many prayers, the decision was made. Charles was left to his fate. The military saints resolved that, in defiance of the old laws of the realm, and of the almost universal sentiment of the nation, the king should expiate his crimes with his blood. He for a time expected a death like that of his unhappy predecessors, Edward the Second and Richard the Second. But he was in no danger of such treason. Those who had him in their gripe were not midnight stabbers. What they did they did in order that it might be a spectacle to heaven and earth, and that it might be held in everlasting remembrance. They enjoyed keenly the very scandal which they gave. That the ancient Constitution and the public opinion of England were directly opposed to regicide, made regicide seem strangely fascinating to a party bent on effecting a complete political and social revolution. In order to accomplish their purpose,

it was necessary that they should first break in pieces every part of the machinery of the government; and this necessity was rather agreeable than painful to them. The Commons passed a vote tending to accommodation with the king. The soldiers excluded the majority by force. The Lords unanimously rejected the proposition that the king should be brought to trial. Their house was instantly closed. No court, known to the law, would take on itself the office of judging the fountain of justice. A revolutionary tribunal was created. That tribunal pronounced Charles a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy, and his head was severed from his shoulders before thousands of spectators, in front of the banqueting-hall of his own palace.

In no long time it became manifest that those political and religious zealots, to whom this deed is to be ascribed, had committed, not only a crime, but an error. They had given to a prince, hitherto known to his people chiefly by his faults, an opportunity of displaying, on a great theater, before the eyes of all nations and all ages, some qualities which irresistibly call forth the admiration and love of mankind, the high spirit of a gallant gentleman, the patience and meekness of a penitent Christian; nay, they had so contrived their revenge, that the very man whose whole life had been a series of attacks on the liberties of England, now seemed to die a martyr in the cause of those very liberties. No demagogue ever produced such an impression on the public mind as the captive king, who, retaining in that extremity all his regal dignity, and confronting death with dauntless courage, gave utterance to the feelings of his oppressed people, manfully refused to plead before a court unknown to the law, appealed from military violence to the principles of the Constitution, asked by what right the House of Commons had been purged of its most respectable members, and the House of Lords deprived of its legislative functions, and told his weeping hearers that he was defending not only his own cause, but theirs. His long misgovernment, his innumerable perfidies, were forgotten. His memory was in the minds of the great majority of his subjects associated with those free institutions which he had, during many years, labored to destroy; for those free institutions had perished with him, and, amid the mournful silence of a community kept down by arms, had been defended by his voice alone. From that day began a reaction in favor of monarchy and of the exiled house, a reaction which never ceased until the throne had again been set up in all its old dignity.

At first, however, the slayers of the king

seemed to have derived new energy from that sacrament of blood by which they had bound themselves closely together, and separated themselves forever from the great body of their countrymen. England was declared a commonwealth. The House of Commons, reduced to a small number of members, was nominally the supreme power in the state. In fact, the army and its great chief governed everything. Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, and had broken with almost every other class of his fellow-citizens. Beyond the limits of his camps and fortresses he could scarcely be said to have a party. Those elements of force which, when the civil war broke out, had appeared arrayed against each other, were combined against him; all the Cavaliers, the great majority of the Roundheads, the Anglican Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Roman Catholic Church, England, Scotland, Ireland. Yet such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overpower and crush everything that crossed his path, to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate kings had been, and to make his country more dreaded and respected than she had been during many generations under the rule of her legitimate kings.

England had already ceased to struggle; but the two other kingdoms which had been governed by the Stuarts were hostile to the new republic. The Independent party was equally odious to the Roman Catholics of Ireland and to the Presbyterians of Scotland. Both these countries, lately in rebellion against Charles the First, now acknowledged the authority of Charles the Second.

But everything yielded to the vigor and ability of Cromwell. In a few months he subjugated Ireland as Ireland had never been subjugated during the five centuries of slaughter which had elapsed since the landing of the first Norman settlers. He resolved to put an end to that conflict of races and religions which had so long distracted the island, by making the English and Protestant population decidedly predominant. For this end he gave the rein to the fierce enthusiasm of his followers, waged war resembling that which Israel waged on the Canaanites, smote the idolaters with the edge of the sword, so that great cities were left without inhabitants, drove many thousands to the Continent, shipped off many thousands to the West Indies, and supplied the void thus made by pouring in numerous colonists of the Anglo-Saxon blood and of the Calvinistic faith. Strange to say, under that iron rule, the conquered country began to wear an outward face of prosperity. Districts which had recently been

as wild as those where the first white settlers of Connecticut were contending with the red men, were in a few years transformed into the likeness of Kent and Norfolk. New buildings, roads, and plantations were everywhere seen. The rent of estates rose fast; and soon the English land-owners began to complain that they were met in every market by the products of Ireland, and to clamor for protecting laws.

From Ireland the victorious chief, who was now in name, as he had long been in reality, lord general of the armies of the Commonwealth, turned to Scotland. The young king was there. He had consented to profess himself a Presbyterian, and to subscribe the Covenant; and, in return for these concessions, the austere Puritans who bore sway at Edinburgh had permitted him to hold, under their inspection and control, a solemn and melancholy court in the long-deserted halls of Holyrood. This mock royalty was of short duration. In two great battles Cromwell annihilated the military force of Scotland. Charles fled for his life, and, with extreme difficulty, escaped the fate of his father. The ancient kingdom of the Stuarts was reduced, for the first time, to profound submission. Of that independence, so manfully defended against the mightiest and ablest of the Plantagenets, no vestige was left. The English Parliament made laws for Scotland. The English judges held assizes in Scotland. Even that stubborn Church, which has held its own against so many governments, scarce dared to utter an audible murmur.

\* Thus far there had been at least the semblance of harmony between the warriors who subjugated Ireland and Scotland, and the politicians who sat at Westminster; but the alliance which had been cemented by danger was dissolved by victory. The Parliament forgot that it was but the creature of the army. The army was less disposed than ever to submit to the dictation of the Parliament. Indeed, the few members who made up what was contemptuously called the Rump of the House of Commons had no more claim than the military chiefs to be esteemed the representatives of the nation. The dispute was soon brought to a decisive issue. Cromwell filled the house with armed men. The speaker was pulled out of his chair, the mace taken from the table, the room cleared, and the door locked. The nation, which loved neither of the contending parties, but which was forced, in its own despite, to respect the capacity and resolution of the general, looked on with patience, if not with complacency.

King, Lords, and Commons had now, in turn, been vanquished and destroyed, and



Cromwell seemed to be left the sole heir of the powers of all three. Yet were certain limitations still imposed on him by the very army to which he owed his immense authority. That singular body of men was, for the most part, composed of zealous Republicans. In the act of enslaving their country, they had deceived themselves into the belief that they were emancipating her. The book which they most venerated furnished them with a precedent which was frequently in their mouths. It was true that the ignorant and ungrateful nation murmured against its deliverers: even so had another chosen nation murmured against the leader who brought it, by painful and dreary paths, from the house of bondage to the land flowing with milk and honey. Yet had that leader rescued his brethren in spite of themselves; nor had he shrunk from making terrible examples of those who contemned the proffered freedom, and pined for the flesh-pots, the task-masters, and the idolatries of Egypt. The object of the warlike saints who surrounded Cromwell was the settlement of a free and pious commonwealth. For that end they were ready to employ, without scruple, any means, however violent and lawless. It was not impossible, therefore, to establish by their aid a monarchy absolute in effect; but it was probable that their aid would be at once withdrawn from a ruler who, even under strict constitutional restraints, should venture to assume the regal name and dignity.

The sentiments of Cromwell were widely different. He was not what he had been; nor would it be just to consider the change which his views had undergone as the effect merely of selfish ambition. When he came up to the Long Parliament, he brought with him from his rural retreat little knowledge of books, no experience of great affairs, and a temper galled by the long tyranny of the government and of the hierarchy. He had, during the thirteen years which followed, gone through a political education of no common kind. He had been a chief actor in a succession of revolutions. He had been long the soul, and at last the head of a party. He had commanded armies, won battles, negotiated treaties, subdued, pacified, and regulated kingdoms. It would have been strange indeed if his notions had been still the same as in the days when his mind was principally occupied by his fields and his religion, and when the greatest events which diversified the course of his life were a cattle fair, or a prayer-meeting at Huntingdon. He saw that some schemes of innovation for which he had once been zealous, whether good or bad in themselves, were opposed to the general feeling of the country, and that, if he persevered in those schemes, he

had nothing before him but constant troubles, which must be suppressed by the constant use of the sword. He therefore wished to restore, in all essentials, that ancient Constitution which the majority of the people had always loved, and for which they now pined. The course afterward taken by Monk was not open to Cromwell. The memory of one terrible day separated the great regicide forever from the house of Stuart. What remained was that he should mount the ancient English throne, and reign according to the ancient English polity. If he could effect this, he might hope that the wounds of the lacerated state would heal fast. Great numbers of honest and quiet men would speedily rally round him. Those Royalists whose attachment was rather to institutions than to persons, to the kingly office than to King Charles the First or King Charles the Second, would soon kiss the hand of King Oliver. The peers, who now remained sullenly at their country houses, and refused to take any part in public affairs, would, when summoned to their house by the writ of a king in possession, gladly resume their ancient functions. Northumberland and Bedford, Manchester and Pembroke, would be proud to bear the crown and the spurs, the scepter and the globe, before the restorer of aristocracy. A sentiment of loyalty would gradually bind the people to the new dynasty; and, on the decease of the founder of that dynasty, the royal dignity might descend with general acquiescence to his posterity.

The ablest Royalists were of opinion that these views were correct, and that if Cromwell had been permitted to follow his own judgment, the exiled line would never have been restored. But his plan was directly opposed to the feelings of the only class which he dared not offend. The name of king was hateful to the soldiers. Some of them were, indeed, unwilling to see the administration in the hands of any single person. The great majority, however, were disposed to support their general, as elective first magistrate of a commonwealth, against all factions which might resist his authority; but they would not consent that he should assume the regal title, or that the dignity, which was the just reward of his personal merit, should be declared hereditary in his family. All that was left to him was to give to the new republic a constitution as like the Constitution of the old monarchy as the army would bear. That his elevation to power might not seem to be his own mere act, he convoked a council, composed partly of persons on whose support he could depend, and partly of persons whose opposition he might safely defy. This assembly, which he called a Parliament, and which

the populace nicknamed, from one of the most conspicuous members, Barebones's Parliament, after exposing itself during a short time to the public contempt, surrendered back to the general the powers which it had received from him, and left him at liberty to frame a plan of government.

His plan bore, from the first, a considerable resemblance to the old English Constitution; but, in a few years, he thought it safe to proceed further, and to restore almost every part of the ancient system under new names and forms. The title of king was not revived, but the kingly prerogatives were intrusted to a lord high protector. The sovereign was called, not His Majesty, but His Highness. He was not crowned and anointed in Westminster Abbey, but was solemnly enthroned, girt with a sword of state, clad in a robe of purple, and presented with a rich Bible, in Westminster Hall. His office was not declared hereditary, but he was permitted to name his successor, and none could doubt that he would name his son.

A House of Commons was a necessary part of the new polity. In constituting this body, the Protector showed a wisdom and a public spirit which were not duly appreciated by his cotemporaries. The vices of the old representative system, though by no means so serious as they afterward became, had already been remarked by far-sighted men. Cromwell reformed that system on the same principle on which Mr. Pitt, a hundred and thirty years later, attempted to reform it, and on which it was at length reformed in our own times. Small boroughs were disfranchised even more unsparingly than in 1832, and the number of county members was greatly increased. Very few unrepresented towns had yet grown into importance. Of those towns the most considerable were Manchester, Leeds, and Halifax. Representatives were given to all three. An addition was made to the number of the members for the capital. The elective franchise was placed on such a footing, that every man of substance, whether possessed of freehold estates in land or not, had a vote for the county in which he resided. A few Scotchmen, and a few of the English colonists settled in Ireland, were summoned to the assembly which was to legislate, at Westminster, for every part of the British Isles.

To create a House of Lords was a less easy task. Democracy does not require the support of prescription. Monarchy has often stood without that support. But a patrician order is the work of time. Oliver found already existing a nobility, opulent, highly considered, and as popular with the commonalty

as any nobility has ever been. Had he, as King of England, commanded the peers to meet him in Parliament according to the old usage of the realm, many of them would undoubtedly have obeyed the call. This he could not do; and it was to no purpose that he offered to the chiefs of illustrious families seats in his new senate. They conceived that they could not accept a nomination to an upstart assembly without renouncing their birthright and betraying their order. The Protector was, therefore, under the necessity of filling the Upper House with new men, who, during the late stirring times, had made themselves conspicuous. This was the least happy of his contrivances, and displeased all parties. The Levelers were angry with him for instituting a privileged class. The multitude, who felt respect and fondness for the great historical names of the land, laughed without restraint at a House of Lords in which lucky draymen and shoemakers were seated, to which few of the old nobles were invited, and from which almost all those old nobles who were invited turned disdainfully away.

How Oliver's Parliaments were constituted, however, was practically of little moment; for he possessed the means of conducting the administration without their support, and in defiance of their opposition. His wish seems to have been to govern constitutionally, and to substitute the empire of the laws for that of the sword; but he soon found that, hated as he was both by Royalists and Presbyterians, he could be safe only by being absolute. The first House of Commons which the people elected by his command questioned his authority, and was dissolved without having passed a single act. His second House of Commons, though it recognized him as Protector, and would gladly have made him king, obstinately refused to acknowledge his new lords. He had no course left but to dissolve the Parliament. "God," he exclaimed, at parting, "be judge between you and me!"

Yet was the energy of the Protector's administration in nowise relaxed by these dissensions. Those soldiers who would not suffer him to assume the kingly title stood by him when he ventured on acts of power as high as any English king has ever attempted. The government, therefore, though in form a republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity of the despot. The country was divided into military districts; those districts were placed under the command of major generals. Every insurrectionary movement was promptly put down and punished. The fear inspired by the power of the sword in so strong, steady, and expert a hand, quelled

the spirit both of Cavaliers and Levelers. The loyal gentry declared that they were still as ready as ever to risk their lives for the old government and the old dynasty, if there were the slightest hope of success; but to rush at the head of their serving-men and tenants on the pikes of their brigades victorious in a hundred battles and sieges would be a frantic waste of innocent and honorable blood. Both Royalists and Republicans, having no hope in open resistance, began to revolve dark schemes of assassination; but the Protector's intelligence was good; his vigilance was unremitting; and, whenever he moved beyond the walls of his palace, the drawn swords and cuirasses of his trusty body-guards encompassed him thick on every side.

Had he been a cruel, licentious, and rapacious prince, the nation might have found courage in despair, and might have made a convulsive effort to free itself from military domination; but the grievances which the country suffered, though such as excited serious discontent, were by no means such as impel great masses of men to stake their lives, their fortunes, and the welfare of their families against fearful odds. The taxation, though heavier than it had been under the Stuarts, was not heavy when compared with that of the neighboring states and with the resources of England. Property was secure. Even the Cavalier, who refrained from giving disturbance to the new settlement, enjoyed in peace whatever the civil troubles had left him. The laws were violated only in cases where the safety of the Protector's person and government were concerned. Justice was administered between man and man with an exactness and purity not before known. Under no English government since the Reformation had there been so little religious persecution. The unfortunate Roman Catholics, indeed, were held to be scarcely within the pale of Christian charity; but the clergy of the fallen Anglican Church were suffered to celebrate their worship on condition that they would abstain from preaching about politics. Even the Jews, whose public worship had, ever since the thirteenth century, been interdicted, were, in spite of the strong opposition of jealous traders and fanatical theologians, permitted to build a synagogue in London.

The Protector's foreign policy at the same time extorted the ungracious approbation of those who most detested him. The Cavaliers could scarcely refrain from wishing that one who had done so much to raise the fame of the nation had been a legitimate king; and the Republicans were forced to own that the tyrant suffered none but himself to wrong his country, and that, if he had robbed her of

liberty, he had at least given her glory in exchange. After half a century, during which England had been of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, she at once became the most formidable power in the world, dictated terms of peace to the United Provinces, avenged the common injuries of Christendom on the pirates of Barbary, vanquished the Spaniards by land and sea, seized one of the finest West India islands, and acquired on the Flemish coast a fortress which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais. She was supreme on the ocean. She was the head of the Protestant interest. All the Reformed churches scattered over Roman Catholic kingdoms acknowledged Cromwell as their guardian. The Huguenots of Languedoc—the shepherds who, in the hamlets of the Alps, professed a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg, were secured from oppression by the mere terror of that great name. The pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to popish princes; for a voice which seldom threatened in vain had declared that, unless favor were shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the Castle of Saint Angelo. In truth, there was nothing which Cromwell had, for his own sake and that of his family, so much reason to desire as a general religious war in Europe. In such a war he must have been the captain of the Protestant armies. The heart of England would have been with him. His victories would have been hailed with a unanimous enthusiasm unknown in the country since the rout of the Armada, and would have effaced the stain which one act, condemned by the general voice of the nation, has left on his splendid fame. Unhappily for him, he had no opportunity of displaying his admirable military talents except against the inhabitants of the British Isles.

While he lived his power stood firm, an object of mingled aversion, admiration, and dread to his subjects. Few, indeed, loved his government; but those who hated it most hated it less than they feared it. Had it been a worse government, it might, perhaps, have been overthrown in spite of all its strength. Had it been a weaker government, it would certainly have been overthrown in spite of all its merits. But it had moderation enough to abstain from those oppressions which drive men mad; and it had a force and energy which none but men driven mad by oppression would venture to encounter.

It has often been affirmed, but apparently with little reason, that Oliver died at a time fortunate for his renown, and that, if his life

had been prolonged, it would probably have closed amid disgraces and disasters. It is certain that he was, to the last, honored by his soldiers, obeyed by the whole population of the British islands, and dreaded by all foreign powers; that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp such as London had never before seen, and that he was succeeded by his son Richard as quietly as any king had ever been succeeded by any prince of Wales.

During five months the administration of Richard Cromwell went on so tranquilly and regularly that all Europe believed him to be firmly established on the chair of state. In truth, his situation was in some respects much more advantageous than that of his father. The young man had made no enemy. His hands were unstained by civil blood. The Cavaliers themselves allowed him to be an honest, good-natured gentleman. The Presbyterian party, powerful both in numbers and in wealth, had been at deadly feud with the late Protector, but was disposed to regard the present Protector with favor. That party had always been desirous to see the old civil polity of the realm restored with some clearer definitions and some stronger safeguards for public liberty, but had many reasons for dreading the restoration of the old family. Richard was the very man for politicians of this description. His humanity, ingenuousness, and modesty, the mediocrity of his abilities, and the docility with which he submitted to the guidance of persons wiser than himself, admirably qualified him to be the head of a limited monarchy.

For a time it seemed highly probable that he would, under the direction of able advisers, effect what his father had attempted in vain. A Parliament was called, and the writs were directed after the old fashion. The small boroughs which had recently been disfranchised regained their lost privilege; Manchester, Leeds, and Halifax ceased to return members; and the county of York was again limited to two knights. It may seem strange to a generation which has been excited almost to madness by the question of parliamentary reform, that great shires and towns should have submitted with patience, and even with complacency, to this change; but though reflecting men could, even in that age, discern the vices of the old representative system, and foresee that those vices would, sooner or later, produce serious practical evil, the practical evil had not yet been much felt. Oliver's representative system, on the other hand, though constructed on the soundest principles, was not popular. Both the events in which it originated, and the effects which it had pro-

duced, prejudiced men against it. It had sprung from military violence. It had been fruitful of nothing but disputes. The whole nation was sick of government by the sword, and pined for government by the law. The restoration, therefore, even of anomalies and abuses, which were in strict conformity with the law, and which had been destroyed by the sword, gave general satisfaction.

Among the Commons there was a strong opposition, consisting partly of avowed Republicans and partly of concealed Royalists; but a large and steady majority appeared to be favorable to the plan of reviving the old civil Constitution under a new dynasty. Richard was solemnly recognized as first magistrate. The Commons not only consented to transact business with Oliver's lords, but passed a vote acknowledging the right of those nobles, who had in the late troubles taken the side of public liberty, to sit in the Upper House of Parliament without any new creation.

Thus far the statesmen by whose advice Richard acted had been successful. Almost all the parts of the government were now constituted as they had been constituted at the commencement of the civil war. Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterward established under the house of Hanover would have been established under the house of Cromwell. But there was in the state a power more than sufficient to deal with Protector and Parliament together. Over the soldiers Richard had no authority except that which he derived from the great name which he had inherited. He had never led them to victory. He had never even borne arms. All his tastes and habits were pacific. Nor were his opinions and feelings on religious subjects approved by the military saints. That he was a good man he evinced by proofs more satisfactory than deep groans or long sermons, by humility and suavity when he was at the height of human greatness, by cheerful resignation under cruel wrongs and misfortunes; but the cant then common in every guard-room gave him a disgust which he had not always the prudence to conceal. The officers who had the principal influence among the troops stationed near London were not his friends. They were men distinguished by valor and conduct in the field, but destitute of the wisdom and civil courage which had been conspicuous in their deceased leader. Some of them were honest, but fanatical Independents and Republicans. Of this class Fleetwood was the representative. Others were impatient to be what Oliver had been.

His rapid elevation, his prosperity and glory, his inauguration in the Hall, and his gorgeous obsequies in the Abbey, had inflamed their imagination. They were as well born as he, and as well educated: they could not understand why they were not as worthy to wear the purple robe, and to wield the sword of state; and they pursued the objects of their wild ambition, not, like him, with patience, vigilance, sagacity, and determination, but with the restlessness and irresolution characteristic of aspiring mediocrity. Among these feeble copies of a great original the most conspicuous was Lambert.

On the very day of Richard's accession the officers began to conspire against their new master. The good understanding which existed between him and his Parliament hastened the crisis. Alarm and resentment spread through the camp. Both the religious and the professional feelings of the army were deeply wounded. It seemed that the Independents were to be subjected to the Presbyterians, and that the men of the sword were to be subjected to the men of the gown. A coalition was formed between the military malcontents and the Republican minority of the House of Commons. It may well be doubted whether Richard could have triumphed over that coalition, even if he had inherited his father's clear judgment and iron courage. It is certain that simplicity and meekness like his were not the qualities which the conjuncture required. He fell ingloriously, and without a struggle. He was used by the army as an instrument for the purpose of dissolving the Parliament, and was then contemptuously thrown aside. The officers gratified their Republican allies by declaring that the expulsion of the Rump had been illegal, and by inviting that assembly to resume its functions. The old speaker and a quorum of the old members came together, and were proclaimed, amid the scarcely stifled derision and execration of the whole nation, the supreme power in the state. It was at the same time expressly declared that there should be no first magistrate, and no House of Lords.

But this state of things could not last. On the day on which the Long Parliament revived, revived also its old quarrel with the army. Again the Rump forgot that it owed its existence to the pleasure of the soldiers, and began to treat them as subjects. Again the doors of the House of Commons were closed by military violence, and a provisional government, named by the officers, assumed the direction of affairs.

Meanwhile the sense of great evils and the strong apprehension of still greater evils close at hand, had at length produced an alliance

between the Cavaliers and the Presbyterians. Some Presbyterians had, indeed, been disposed to such an alliance even before the death of Charles the First, but it was not until after the fall of Richard Cromwell that the whole party became eager for the restoration of the royal house. There was no longer any reasonable hope that the old Constitution could be re-established under a new dynasty. One choice only was left, the Stuarts or the army. The banished family had committed great faults, but it had dearly expiated those faults, and had undergone a long, and, it might be hoped, a salutary training in the school of adversity. It was probable that Charles the Second would take warning by the fate of Charles the First. But, be this as it might, the dangers which threatened the country were such that, in order to avert them, some opinions might well be compromised, and some risks might well be incurred. It seemed but too likely that England would fall under the most odious and degrading of all kinds of government, under a government uniting all the evils of despotism to all the evils of anarchy. Anything was preferable to the yoke of a succession of incapable and inglorious tyrants, raised to power, like the deys of Barbary, by military revolutions recurring at short intervals. Lambert seemed likely to be the first of these rulers; but within a year Lambert might give place to Desborough, and Desborough to Harrison. As often as the truncheon was transferred from one feeble hand to another, the nation would be pillaged for the purpose of bestowing a fresh donative on the troops. If the Presbyterians obstinately stood aloof from the Royalists, the state was lost; and men might well doubt whether, by the combined exertions of Presbyterians and Royalists, it could be saved; for the dread of that invincible army was on all the inhabitants of the island; and the Cavaliers, taught by a hundred disastrous fields how little numbers can effect against discipline, were even more completely cowed than the Roundheads.

While the soldiers remained united, all the plots and risings of the malcontents were ineffectual. But a few days after the second expulsion of the Rump came tidings which gladdened the hearts of all who were attached either to monarchy or to liberty. That mighty force which had, during many years, acted as one man, and which, while so acting, had been found irresistible, was at length divided against itself. The army of Scotland had done good service to the Commonwealth, and was in the highest state of efficiency. It had borne no part in the late revolutions, and had seen them with indigna-

tion resembling the indignation which the Roman legions posted on the Danube and the Euphrates felt when they learned that the empire had been put up to sale by the prætorian guards. It was intolerable that certain regiments should, merely because they happened to be quartered near Westminster, take on themselves to make and unmake several governments in the course of half a year. If it were fit that the state should be regulated by the soldiers, those soldiers who upheld the English ascendancy on the north of the Tweed were as well entitled to a voice as those who garrisoned the Tower of London. There appears to have been less fanaticism among the troops stationed in Scotland than in any other part of the army; and their general, George Monk, was himself the very opposite of a zealot. He had, at the commencement of the civil war, borne arms for the king, had been made prisoner by the Roundheads, had then accepted a commission from the Parliament, and, with very slender pretensions to saintship, had raised himself to high commands by his courage and professional skill. He had been a useful servant to both the Protectors, had quietly acquiesced when the officers at Westminster pulled down Richard and restored the Long Parliament, and would perhaps have acquiesced as quietly in the second expulsion of the Long Parliament, if the provisional government had abstained from giving him cause of offense and apprehension; for his nature was cautious and somewhat sluggish; nor was he at all disposed to hazard sure and moderate advantages for the chance of obtaining even the most splendid success. He seems to have been impelled to attack the new rulers of the Commonwealth less by the hope that, if he overthrew them, he should become great, than by the fear that, if he submitted to them, he should not even be secure. Whatever were his motives, he declared himself the champion of the oppressed civil power, refused to acknowledge the usurped authority of the provisional government, and, at the head of seven thousand veterans, marched into England.

This step was the signal for a general explosion. The people everywhere refused to pay taxes. The apprentices of the city assembled by thousands and clamored for a free Parliament. The fleet sailed up the Thames, and declared against the tyranny of the soldiers. The soldiers, no longer under the control of one commanding mind, separated into factions. Every regiment, afraid lest it should be left alone a mark for the vengeance of the oppressed nation, hastened to make a separate peace. Lambert, who had hastened

northward to encounter the army of Scotland, was abandoned by his troops, and became a prisoner. During thirteen years the civil power had, in every conflict, been compelled to yield to the military power. The military power now humbled itself before the civil power. The Rump, generally hated and despised, but still the only body in the country which had any show of legal authority, returned again to the house from which it had been twice ignominiously expelled.

In the meantime Monk was advancing toward London. Wherever he came, the gentry flocked around him, imploring him to use his power for the purpose of restoring peace and liberty to the distracted nation. The general, cold blooded, taciturn, zealous for no polity and for no religion, maintained an impenetrable reserve. What were at this time his plans, and whether he had any plan, may well be doubted. His great object, apparently, was to keep himself, as long as possible, free to choose between several lines of action. Such, indeed, is commonly the policy of men who are, like him, distinguished rather by wariness than by far-sightedness. It was probably not until he had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free Parliament; and there could be no doubt that a Parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family. The Rump and the soldiers were still hostile to the house of Stuart; but the Rump was universally detested and despised. The power of the soldiers was indeed still formidable, but had been greatly diminished by discord. They had no head. They had recently been, in many parts of the country, arrayed against each other. On the very day before Monk reached London, there was a fight in the Strand between the cavalry and the infantry. A united army had long kept down a divided nation; but the nation was now united, and the army was divided.

During a short time, the dissimulation or irresolution of Monk kept all parties in a state of painful suspense. At length he broke silence, and declared for a free Parliament.

As soon as his declaration was known, the whole nation was wild with delight. Wherever he appeared, thousands thronged round him, shouting and blessing his name. The bells of all England rang joyously; the gutters ran with ale; and, night after night, the sky five miles round London was reddened by innumerable bonfires. Those Presbyterian members of the House of Commons who had many years before been expelled by the army, returned to their seats, and were hailed with acclamations by great multitudes, which filled Westminster Hall and Palace Yard. The In-

dependent leaders no longer dared to show their faces in the streets, and were scarcely safe within their own dwellings. Temporary provision was made for the government; writs were issued for a general election; and then that memorable Parliament which had, during twenty eventful years, experienced every variety of fortune, which had triumphed over its sovereign, which had been enslaved and degraded by its servants, which had been twice ejected and twice restored, solemnly decreed its own dissolution.

The result of the elections was such as might have been expected from the temper of the nation. The new House of Commons consisted, with few exceptions, of persons friendly to the royal family. The Presbyterians formed the majority.

That there would be a restoration now seemed almost certain, but whether there would be a peaceable restoration was matter of painful doubt. The soldiers were in a gloomy and savage mood. They hated the title of king. They hated the name of Stuart. They hated Presbyterianism much, and prelacy more. They saw with bitter indignation that the close of their long domination was approaching, and that a life of inglorious toil and penury was before them. They attributed their ill fortune to the weakness of some generals, and to the treason of others. One hour of their beloved Oliver might even now restore the glory which had departed. Betrayed, disunited, and left without any chief in whom they could confide, they were yet to be dreaded. It was no light thing to encounter the rage and despair of fifty thousand fighting men, whose backs no enemy had ever seen. Monk, and those with whom he acted, were well aware that the crisis was most perilous. They employed every art to soothe and to divide the discontented warriors. At the same time, vigorous preparation was made for a conflict. The army of Scotland, now quartered in London, was kept in good humor by bribes, praises, and promises. The wealthy citizens grudged nothing to a red-coat, and were, indeed, so liberal of their best wine, that warlike saints were sometimes seen in a condition not very honorable either to their religious or to their military character. Some refractory regiments Monk ventured to disband. In the meantime, the greatest exertions were made by the provisional government with the strenuous aid of the whole body of the gentry and magistracy, to organize the militia. In every county the train-bands were held ready to march; and this force cannot be estimated at less than a hundred and twenty thousand men. In Hyde Park twenty thousand citizens, well armed and ac-

countered, passed in review, and showed a spirit which justified the hope that, in case of need, they would fight manfully for their shops and firesides. The fleet was heartily with the nation. It was a stirring time—a time of anxiety, yet of hope. The prevailing opinion was that England would be delivered, but not without a desperate and bloody struggle, and that the class which had so long ruled by the sword would perish by the sword.

Happily, the dangers of a conflict were averted. There was, indeed, one moment of extreme peril. Lambert escaped from his confinement, and called his comrades to arms. The flame of civil war was actually rekindled, but by prompt and vigorous exertion it was trodden out before it had time to spread. The luckless imitator of Cromwell was again a prisoner. The failure of his enterprise damped the spirits of the soldiers, and they sullenly resigned themselves to their fate.

The new Parliament, which, having been called without the royal writ, is more accurately described as a Convention, met at Westminster. The lords repaired to the hall from which they had, during more than eleven years, been excluded by force. Both houses instantly invited the king to return to his country. He was proclaimed with pomp never before known. A gallant fleet convoyed him from Holland to the coast of Kent. When he landed, the Cliffs of Dover were covered by thousands of gazers, among whom scarcely one could be found who was not weeping with delight. The journey to London was a continued triumph. The whole road from Rochester was bordered by booths and tents, and looked like an interminable fair. Everywhere flags were flying, bells and music sounding, wine and ale flowing in rivers to the health of him whose return was the return of peace, of law, and of freedom. But, in the midst of the general joy, one spot presented a dark and threatening aspect. On Blackheath the army was drawn up to welcome the sovereign. He smiled, bowed, and extended his hand graciously to the lips of the colonels and majors. But all his courtesy was vain. The countenances of the soldiers were sad and lowering; and, had they given way to their feelings, the festive pageant of which they reluctantly made a part would have had a mournful and bloody end. But there was no concert among them. Discord and defection had left them no confidence in their chiefs or in each other. The whole array of the city of London was under arms. Numerous companies of militia had assembled from various parts of the realm, under the command of loyal noblemen and gentlemen, to welcome the king. That great day closed in peace,

and the restored wanderer reposed safe in the palace of his ancestors.

## CHAPTER II.

THE history of England during the seventeenth century is the history of the transformation of a limited monarchy, constituted after the fashion of the Middle Ages, into a limited monarchy suited to that more advanced state of society in which the public charges can no longer be borne by the estates of the crown, and in which the public defense can no longer be intrusted to a feudal militia. We have seen that the politicians who were at the head of the Long Parliament made, in 1642, a great effort to accomplish this change by transferring, directly and formally, to the estates of the realm, the choice of ministers, the command of the army, and the superintendence of the whole executive administration. This scheme was, perhaps, the best that could then be contrived, but it was completely disconcerted by the course which the civil war took. The houses triumphed, it is true, but not until after such a struggle as made it necessary for them to call into existence a power which they could not control, and which soon began to domineer over all orders and all parties. For a time, the evils inseparable from military government were, in some degree, mitigated by the wisdom and magnanimity of the great man who held the supreme command; but when the sword which he had wielded, with energy indeed, but with energy always guided by good sense and generally tempered by good nature, had passed to captains who possessed neither his abilities nor his virtues, it seemed too probable that order and liberty would perish in one ignominious ruin.

That ruin was happily averted. It has been too much the practice of writers zealous for freedom to represent the Restoration as a disastrous event, and to condemn the folly or baseness of that Convention which recalled the royal family without exacting new securities against maladministration. Those who hold this language do not comprehend the real nature of the crisis which followed the deposition of Richard Cromwell. England was in imminent danger of sinking under the tyranny of a succession of small men raised up and pulled down by military caprice. To deliver the country from the domination of the soldiers was the first object of every enlightened patriot; but it was an object which, while the soldiers were united, the most sanguine could scarcely expect to attain. On a sudden a gleam of hope appeared. General was op-

posed to general, army to army. On the use which might be made of one auspicious moment depended the future destiny of the nation. Our ancestors used that moment well. They forgot old injuries, waved petty scruples, adjourned to a more convenient season all dispute about the reforms which our institutions needed, and stood together, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Episcopals and Presbyterians, in firm union, for the old laws of the land against military despotism. The exact partition of power among king, lords, and commons might well be postponed until it had been decided whether England should be governed by king, lords, and commons, or by cuirassiers and pikemen. Had the statesmen of the Convention taken a different course; had they held long debates on the principles of government; had they drawn up a new Constitution and sent it to Charles; had conferences been opened; had couriers been passing and re-passing during some weeks between Westminster and the Netherlands, with projects and counter-projects, replies by Hyde and rejoinders by Prynne, the coalition on which the public safety depended would have been dissolved; the Presbyterians and Royalists would certainly have quarreled; the military factions might possibly have been reconciled, and the misjudging friends of liberty might long have regretted, under a rule worse than that of the worst Stuart, the golden opportunity which had been suffered to escape.

The old civil polity was, therefore, by the general consent of both the great parties, re-established. It was again exactly what it had been when Charles the First, eighteen years before, withdrew from his capital. All those acts of the Long Parliament which had received the royal assent were admitted to be still in full force. One fresh concession—a concession in which the Cavaliers were even more deeply interested than the Roundheads—was easily obtained from the restored king. The military tenure of land had been originally created as a means of national defense; but, in the course of ages, whatever was useful in the institution had disappeared, and nothing was left but ceremonies and grievances. A landed proprietor who held an estate under the crown by knight service—and it was thus that most of the soil of England was held—had to pay a large fine on coming to his property. He could not alienate one acre without purchasing a license. When he died, if his domains descended to an infant, the sovereign was guardian, and was not only entitled to great part of the rents during the minority, but could require the ward, under heavy penalties, to marry any person of suitable rank. The chief bait which attracted a needy syco-



phant to the court was the hope of obtaining, as the reward of servility and flattery, a royal letter to an heiress. These abuses had perished with the monarchy. That they should not revive with it was the wish of every landed gentleman in the kingdom. They were, therefore, solemnly abolished by statute; and no relic of the ancient tenures in chivalry was suffered to remain, except those honorary services which are still, at a coronation, rendered to the person of the sovereign by some lords of manors.

The troops were now to be disbanded. Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men; that none was charged with any theft or robbery; that none was heard to ask an alms; and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers.

The military tyranny had passed away, but it had left deep and enduring traces in the public mind. The name of a standing army was long held in abhorrence; and it is remarkable that this feeling was even stronger among the Cavaliers than among the Roundheads. It ought to be considered as a most fortunate circumstance that, when our country was, for the first and last time, ruled by the sword, the sword was in the hands, not of her legitimate princes, but of those rebels who slew the king and demolished the Church. Had a prince, with a title as good as that of Charles, commanded an army as good as that of Cromwell, there would have been little hope indeed for the liberties of England. Happily, that instrument, by which alone the monarchy could be made absolute, became an object of peculiar horror and disgust to the monarchial party, and long continued to be inseparably associated in the imagination of Royalists and prelatists with regicide and field-preaching. A century after the death of Cromwell, the Tories still continued to clamor against every augmentation of the regular soldiery, and to sound the praise of a national militia. So late as the year 1786, a minister who enjoyed no common measure of their confidence found it impossible to overcome their aversion

to his scheme of fortifying the coast; nor did they ever look with entire complacency on the standing army, until the French Revolution gave a new direction to their apprehensions.

The coalition which had restored the king terminated with the danger from which it had sprung, and two hostile parties again appeared ready for conflict. Both, indeed, were agreed as to the propriety of inflicting punishment on some unhappy men who were, at that moment, objects of almost universal hatred. Cromwell was no more; and those who had fled before him were forced to content themselves with the miserable satisfaction of digging up, hanging, quartering, and burning the remains of the greatest prince that has ever ruled England. Other objects of vengeance—few indeed, yet too many—were found among the Republican chiefs. Soon, however, the conquerors, glutted with the blood of the regicides, turned against each other. The Roundheads, while admitting the virtues of the late king, and while condemning the sentence passed upon him by an illegal tribunal, yet maintained that his administration had been, in many things, unconstitutional, and that the houses had taken arms against him from good motives and on strong grounds. The monarchy, these politicians conceived, had no worse enemy than the flatterer who exalted the prerogative above the law, who condemned all opposition to regal encroachments, and who reviled, not only Cromwell and Harrison, but Pym and Hampden, as traitors. If the king wished for a quiet and prosperous reign, he must confide in those who, though they had drawn the sword in defense of the invaded privileges of Parliament, had yet exposed themselves to the rage of the soldiers in order to save his father, and had taken the chief part in bringing back the royal family.

The feeling of the Cavaliers was widely different. During eighteen years they had, through all vicissitudes, been faithful to the crown. Having shared the distress of their prince, were they not to share his triumph? Was no distinction to be made between them and the disloyal subject who had fought against his rightful sovereign, who had adhered to Richard Cromwell, and who had never concurred in the restoration of the Stuarts until it appeared that nothing else could save the nation from the tyranny of the army? Grant that such a man had, by his recent services, fairly earned his pardon; yet were his services, rendered at the eleventh hour, to be put in comparison with the toils and sufferings of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day? Was he to be ranked with men who had no need of the royal clemency? with

men who had, in every part of their lives, merited the royal gratitude? Above all, was he to be suffered to retain a fortune raised out of the substance of the ruined defenders of the throne? Was it not enough that his head and his patrimonial estate, a hundred times forfeited to justice, were secure, and that he shared with the rest of the nation in the blessings of that mild government of which he had long been the foe? Was it necessary that he should be rewarded for his treason at the expense of men whose only crime was the fidelity with which they had observed their oath of allegiance? And what interest had the king in gorging his old enemies with prey torn from his old friends? What confidence could be placed in men who had oppressed their sovereign, made war on him, imprisoned him, and who, even now, instead of hanging down their heads in shame and contrition, vindicated all that they had done, and seemed to think that they had given an illustrious proof of loyalty by just stopping short of regicide? It was true that they had lately assisted to set up the throne, but it was not less true that they had previously pulled it down, and that they still avowed principles which might impel them to pull it down again. Undoubtedly it might be fit that marks of royal approbation should be bestowed on some converts who had been eminently useful; but policy, as well as justice and gratitude, enjoined the king to give the highest place in his regard to those who, from first to last, through good and evil, had stood by his house. On these grounds the Cavaliers very naturally demanded indemnity for all that they had suffered, and preference in the distribution of the favors of the crown. Some violent members of the party went further, and clamored for large categories of proscription.

The political feud was, as usual, exasperated by a religious feud. The king found the Church in a singular state. A short time before the commencement of the civil war, his father had given a reluctant assent to a bill, strongly supported by Falkland, which deprived the bishops of their seats in the House of Lords; but episcopacy and the Liturgy had never been abolished by law. The Long Parliament, however, had passed ordinances which had made a complete revolution in Church government and in public worship. The new system was, in principle, scarcely less Erastian than that which it displaced. The houses, guided chiefly by the counsels of the accomplished Selden, had determined to keep the spiritual power strictly subordinate to the temporal power. They had refused to declare that any form of ecclesiastical polity was of

divine origin; and they had provided that, from all the Church courts, an appeal should lie in the last resort to Parliament. With this highly important reservation, it had been resolved to set up in England a hierarchy closely resembling that which now exists in Scotland. The authority of councils, rising one above another, in regular gradation, was substituted for the authority of bishops and archbishops. The Liturgy gave place to the Presbyterian Directory. But scarcely had the new regulations been framed, when the Independents rose to supreme influence in the state. The Independents had no disposition to enforce the ordinances touching classical, provincial, and national synods. Those ordinances, therefore, were never carried into full execution. The Presbyterian system was fully established nowhere but in Middlesex and Lancashire. In the other fifty counties, almost every parish seems to have been unconnected with the neighboring parishes. In some districts, indeed, the ministers formed themselves into voluntary associations, for the purpose of mutual help and counsel; but these associations had no coercive power. The patrons of livings, being now checked by neither bishop nor presbytery, would have been at liberty to confide the cure of souls to the most scandalous of mankind, but for the arbitrary intervention of Oliver. He established, by his own authority, a board of commissioners, called triers. Most of these persons were Independent divines; but a few Presbyterian ministers and a few laymen had seats. The certificate of the triers stood in the place both of institution and of induction, and without such a certificate no person could hold a benefice. This was undoubtedly one of the most despotic acts ever done by any English ruler; yet, as it was generally felt that, without some such precaution, the country would be overrun by ignorant and drunken reprobates, bearing the name and receiving the pay of ministers, some highly respectable persons, who were not, in general, friendly to Cromwell, allowed that, on this occasion, he had been a public benefactor. The presentees whom the triers had approved took possession of the rectories, cultivated the glebe lands, collected the tithes, prayed without book or surplice, and administered the Eucharist to communicants seated at long tables.

Thus the ecclesiastical polity of the realm was in inextricable confusion. Episcopacy was the form of government prescribed by the old law of the land, which was still unrepealed. The form of government prescribed by parliamentary ordinance was Presbyterian. But neither the old law nor the parliamentary ordinance was practically in force. The

Church actually established may be described as an irregular body made up of a few presbyteries and of many independent congregations, which were all held down and held together by the authority of the government.

Of those who had been active in bringing back the king, many were zealous for synods and for the Directory, and many were desirous to terminate by a compromise the religious dissensions which had long agitated England. Between the bigoted followers of Laud and the bigoted followers of Calvin there could be neither peace nor truce; but it did not seem impossible to effect an accommodation between the moderate Episcopalians of the school of Usher and the moderate Presbyterians of the school of Baxter. The moderate Episcopalians would admit that a bishop might lawfully be assisted by a council. The moderate Presbyterians would not deny that each provincial assembly might lawfully have a permanent president, and that this president might lawfully be called a bishop. There might be a revised Liturgy which should not exclude extemporaneous prayer, a baptismal service in which the sign of the cross might be used or omitted at discretion, a communion service at which the faithful might sit if their consciences forbade them to kneel. But to no such plan could the great body of Cavaliers listen with patience. The religious members of that party were conscientiously attached to the whole system of their Church. She had been dear to their murdered king. She had consoled them in defeat and penury. Her service, so often whispered in an inner chamber during the season of trial, had such a charm for them that they were unwilling to part with a single response. Other Royalists, who made little pretense to piety, yet loved the Episcopal Church because she was the foe of their foes. They valued a prayer or a ceremony, not on account of the comfort which it conveyed to themselves, but on account of the vexation which it gave to the Roundheads, and were so far from being disposed to purchase union by concession, that they objected to concession chiefly because it tended to produce union.

Such feelings, though blamable, were natural, and not wholly inexcusable. The Puritans, in the day of their power, had undoubtedly given cruel provocation. They ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men in conformity with his own system of

theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchers, fine works of art and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The Parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanor. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great down to the wrestling matches and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the May-poles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The play-houses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye; but bear-bating, then a favorite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the Legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear.\*

\* How little compassion for the bear had to do with the matter is sufficiently proved by the following extract from a paper entitled "A perfect Diurnal of some Passages of Parliament,

Perhaps no single circumstance more strongly illustrates the temper of the precians than their conduct respecting Christmas Day. Christmas had been, from time immemorial, the season of joy and domestic affection, the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens, and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable on account of the shortness of the days and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the twenty-fifth of December should be strictly observed as a fast, and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and drinking ale flavored with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more. On the next anniversary of the festival formidable riots broke out in many places. The constables were resisted, the magistrates insulted, the houses of noted zealots attacked, and the proscribed service of the day openly read in the churches.

Such was the spirit of the extreme Puritans, both Presbyterian and Independent. Oliver, indeed, was little disposed to be either a persecutor or a meddler; but Oliver, the head of a party, and consequently, to a great extent, the

slave of a party, could not govern altogether according to his own inclinations. Even under his administration many magistrates, within their own jurisdiction, made themselves as odious as Sir Hudibras, interfered with all the pleasures of the neighborhood, dispersed festive meetings, and put fiddlers in the stocks. Still more formidable was the zeal of the soldiers. In every village where they appeared there was an end of dancing, bell-ringing, and hockey. In London they several times interrupted theatrical performances, at which the Protector had the judgment and good nature to connive.

With the fear and hatred inspired by such a tyranny contempt was largely mingled. The peculiarities of the Puritan, his look, his dress, his dialect, his strange scruples, had been, ever since the time of Elizabeth, favorite subjects with mockers. But these peculiarities appeared far more grotesque in a faction which ruled a great empire than in obscure and persecuted congregations. The cant which had moved laughter when it was heard on the stage from Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, was still more laughable when it proceeded from the lips of generals and counselors of state. It is also to be noted, that during the civil troubles several sects had sprung into existence, whose eccentricities surpassed anything that had before been seen in England. A mad tailor, named Ludowick Muggleton, wandered from pot-house to pot-house, tipping ale, and denouncing eternal torments against those who refused to believe, on his testimony, that the Supreme Being was only six feet high, and that the sun was just four miles from the earth.\* George Fox had raised a tempest of derision by proclaiming that it was a violation of Christian sincerity to designate a single person by a plural pronoun, and that it was an idolatrous homage to Janus and Woden to talk about January and Wednesday. His doctrine, a few years later, was embraced by some eminent men, and rose greatly in the public estimation; but, at the time of the Restoration, the Quakers were popularly regarded as the most despicable of fanatics. By the Puritans they were treated with severity here, and were persecuted to the death in New England. Nevertheless, the public, which seldom makes nice distinctions, often confounded the Puritan with the Quaker. Both were schismatics. Both hated episcopacy and the Liturgy. Both had what seemed extravagant whimsies about dress, diversions, and postures. Widely as the two differed in opinion, they were popularly classed together as ranting schismatics;

and from other Parts of the Kingdom, from Monday, July 24th, to Monday, July 31st, 1643." "Upon the queen's coming from Holland, she brought with her, besides a company of savage-like ruffians, a company of savage bears, to what purpose you may judge by the sequel. Those bears were left about Newark, and were brought into country towns constantly on the Lord's Day to be baited, such is the religion that those here related would settle among us; and, if any went about to hinder or but speak against their damnable profanations, they were presently noted as Roundheads and Puritans, and sure to be plundered for it. But some of Colonel Cromwell's forces coming by accident into Uppingham town, in Rutland, on the Lord's Day, found these bears playing there in the usual manner, and, in the height of their sport, caused them to be seized upon, tied to a tree, and shot." This was by no means a solitary instance. Colonel Pride, when Sheriff of Surrey, ordered the beasts in the bear garden of Southwark to be killed. He is represented by a loyal satirist as defending the act thus: "The first thing that is upon my spirits is the killing of the bears, for which the people hate me, and call me all the names in the rainbow. But did not David kill a bear? Did not the Lord-deputy Ireton kill a bear? Did not another lord of ours kill five bears?"—LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF THOMAS PRIDE.

\* See Penn's New Witnesses proved Old Heretics, and Muggleton's works, passim.

and whatever was ridiculous or odious in either, increased the scorn and aversion which the multitude felt for both.

Before the civil wars, even those who most disliked the opinions and manners of the Puritans were forced to admit that his moral conduct was generally, in essentials, blameless; but this praise was now no longer bestowed, and, unfortunately, no longer deserved. The general fate of sects is to obtain a high reputation for sanctity while they are oppressed, and to lose it as soon as they become powerful; and the reason is obvious. It is seldom that a man enrolls himself in a proscribed body from any but conscientious motives. Such a body, therefore, is composed, with scarcely an exception, of sincere persons. The most rigid discipline that can be enforced within a religious society is a very feeble instrument of purification when compared with a little sharp persecution from without. We may be certain that very few persons, not seriously impressed by religious convictions, applied for baptism while Diocletian was vexing the Church, or joined themselves to Protestant congregations at the risk of being burned by Bonner. But when a sect becomes powerful, when its favor is the road to riches and dignities, worldly and ambitious men crowd into it, talk its language, conform strictly to its ritual, mimic its peculiarities, and frequently go beyond its honest members in all the outward indications of zeal. No discernment, no watchfulness on the part of ecclesiastical rulers, can prevent the intrusion of such false brethren. The tares and the wheat must grow together. Soon the world begins to find out that the godly are not better than other men, and argues, with some justice, that, if not better, they must be much worse. In no long time all those signs which were formerly regarded as characteristic of a saint are regarded as characteristic of a knave.

Thus it was with the English Nonconformists. They had been oppressed, and oppression had kept them a pure body. They became supreme in the state. No man could hope to rise to eminence and command but by their favor. Their favor was to be gained only by exchanging with them the signs and pass-words of spiritual fraternity. One of the first resolutions adopted by Barebone's Parliament, the most intensely Puritanical of all our political assemblies, was that no person should be admitted into the public service until the House should be satisfied of his real godliness. What were then considered as the signs of real godliness, the sad-colored dress, the sour look, the straight hair, the nasal whine, the speech interspersed with quaint texts, the abhorrence of comedies, cards, and hawking,

were easily counterfeited by men to whom all religions were the same. The sincere Puritans soon found themselves lost in a multitude, not merely of men of the world, but of the very worst sort of men of the world; for the most notorious libertine who had fought under the royal standard might justly be thought virtuous when compared with some of those who, while they talked about sweet experiences and comfortable scriptures, lived in the constant practice of fraud, rapacity, and secret debauchery. The nation, with a rashness which we may justly regret, but at which we can not wonder, formed its estimate of the whole party from these hypocrites. The theology, the manners, the dialect of the Puritan, were thus associated in the public mind with the darkest and meanest vices. As soon as the Restoration had made it safe to avow enmity to the party which had so long been predominant in the state, a general outcry against Puritanism rose from every corner of the kingdom, and was often swollen by the voices of those very dissemblers whose villainy had brought disgrace on the Puritan name.

Thus the two great parties which, after a long contest, had for a moment concurred in restoring the royal house, were, both in politics and in religion, again opposed to each other. The great body of the nation leaned to the Royalists. The crimes of Strafford and Laud, the excesses of the Star Chamber and of the High Commission, the great services which the Long Parliament had, during the first year of its existence, rendered to the state, had faded from the minds of men. The execution of Charles the First, the sullen tyranny of the Rump, the violence of the army, were remembered with loathing; and the multitude was inclined to hold all who had withstood the late king responsible for his death and for the subsequent disasters.

The House of Commons, having been elected while the Presbyterians were dominant, by no means represented the general sense of the people, and showed a strong disposition to check the intolerant loyalty of the Cavaliers. One member, who ventured to declare that all who had drawn the sword against Charles the First were as much traitors as those who cut off his head, was called to order, placed at the bar, and reprimanded by the speaker. The general wish of the House undoubtedly was to settle the ecclesiastical disputes in a manner satisfactory to the moderate Puritans; but to such a settlement both the court and the nation were averse.

The restored king was at this time more loved by the people than any of his predecessors had ever been. The calamities of his house, the heroic death of his father, his own

long sufferings and romantic adventures, made him an object of tender interest. His return had delivered the country from an intolerable bondage. Recalled by the voice of both the contending factions, he was the very man to arbitrate between them; and in some respects he was well qualified for the task. He had received from nature excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him, when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving-men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought. But some people haggled more about their price than others; and when this haggling was very obstinate and very skillful, it was called by some fine name. The chief trick by which clever men kept up the price of their abilities was called integrity. The chief trick by which handsome women kept up the price of their beauty was called modesty. The love of God, the love of country, the love of family, the love of friends, were phrases of the same sort, delicate and convenient synonyms for the love of self. Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honor and shame

were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

It is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in men but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them; nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. This, however, is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. More than one well-disposed ruler has given up whole provinces to rapine and oppression merely from a wish to see none but happy faces round his own board and in his own walks. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see. The facility of Charles was such as has, perhaps, never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience.

The motives which governed the political conduct of Charles the Second differed widely from those by which his predecessor and his successor were actuated. He was not a man to be imposed upon by the patriarchal theory of government and the doctrine of divine right. He was utterly without ambition. He detested business, and would sooner have abdicated his crown than have undergone the trouble of really directing the administration. Such was his aversion to toil, and such his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerks who attended him when he sat in council could not refrain from sneering at his frivolous remarks and at his childish impatience. Neither grati-

tude nor revenge had any share in determining his course, for never was there a mind on which both services and injuries left such faint and transitory impressions. He wished merely to be a king such as Louis the Fifteenth of France afterward was; a king who could draw without limit on the treasury for the gratification of his private tastes, who could hire with wealth and honors persons capable of assisting him to kill the time, and who, even when the state was brought by maladministration to the depths of humiliation and to the brink of ruin, could still exclude unwelcome truth from the purlieus of his own seraglio, and refuse to see and hear whatever might disturb his luxurious repose. For these ends, and for these ends alone, he wished to obtain arbitrary power, if it could be obtained without risk or trouble. In the religious disputes which divided his Protestant subjects his conscience was not at all interested, for his opinions oscillated in a state of contented suspense between infidelity and popery. But, though his conscience was neutral in the quarrel between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians, his taste was by no means so. His favorite vices were precisely those to which the Puritans were least indulgent. He could not get through one day without the help of diversions which the Puritans regarded as sinful. As a man eminently well bred, and keenly sensible of the ridiculous, he was moved to contemptuous mirth by the Puritan oddities. He had, indeed, some reason to dislike the rigid sect. He had, at the age when the passions are most impetuous, and when levity is most pardonable, spent some months in Scotland, a king in name, but in fact a state prisoner in the hands of austere Presbyterians. Not content with requiring him to conform to their worship and to subscribe their Covenant, they had watched all his motions, and lectured him on all his youthful follies. He had been compelled to give reluctant attendance at endless prayers and sermons, and might think himself fortunate when he was not insolently reminded from the pulpit of his own frailties, of his father's tyranny, and of his mother's idolatry. Indeed, he had been so miserable during this part of his life, that the defeat which made him again a wanderer might be regarded as a deliverance rather than as a calamity. Under the influence of such feelings as these, Charles was desirous to depress the party which had resisted his father.

The king's brother, James, duke of York, took the same side. Though a libertine, James was diligent, methodical, and fond of authority and business. His understanding

was singularly slow and narrow, and his temper obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving. That such a prince should have looked with no good will on the free institutions of England, and on the party which was peculiarly zealous for those institutions, can excite no surprise. As yet the duke professed himself a member of the Anglican Church; but he had already shown inclinations which had seriously alarmed good Protestants.

The person on whom devolved at this time the greatest part of the labor of governing was Edward Hyde, chancellor of the realm, who was soon created Earl of Clarendon. The respect which we justly feel for Clarendon as a writer must not blind us to the faults which he committed as a statesman. Some of those faults, however, are explained and excused by the unfortunate position in which he stood. He had, during the first year of the Long Parliament, been honorably distinguished among the senators who labored to redress the grievances of the nation. One of the most odious of those grievances, the Council of York, had been removed in consequence chiefly of his exertions. When the great schism took place, when the reforming party and the conservative party first appeared marshaled against each other, he, with many wise and good men, took the conservative side. He thenceforward followed the fortunes of the court, enjoyed as large a share of the confidence of Charles the First as the reserved nature and tortuous policy of that prince allowed to any minister, and subsequently shared the exile and directed the political conduct of Charles the Second. At the Restoration Hyde became chief minister. In a few months it was announced that he was closely related by affinity to the royal house. His daughter had become, by a secret marriage, Duchess of York. His grandchildren might perhaps wear the crown. He was raised by this illustrious connection over the heads of the old nobility of the land, and was, for a time, supposed to be all powerful. In some respects he was well fitted for this great place. No man wrote abler state papers. No man spoke with more weight and dignity in council and in Parliament. No man was better acquainted with general maxims of statecraft. No man observed the varieties of character with a more discriminating eye. It must be added that he had a strong sense of moral and religious obligation, a sincere reverence for the laws of his country, and a conscientious regard for the honor and interest of the crown. But his temper was sour, arrogant, and impatient of opposition. Above all, he had been long an exile; and this circumstance alone would have completely disqualified him for the su-

preme direction of affairs. It is scarcely possible that a politician who has been compelled by civil troubles to go into banishment, and to pass many of the best years of his life abroad, can be fit, on the day on which he returns to his native land, to be at the head of the government. Clarendon was no exception to this rule. He had left England with a mind heated by a fierce conflict which had ended in the downfall of his party and of his own fortunes. From 1646 to 1660 he had lived beyond sea, looking on all that passed at home from a great distance, and through a false medium. His notions of public affairs were necessarily derived from the reports of plotters, many of whom were ruined and desperate men. Events naturally seemed to him auspicious, not in proportion as they increased the prosperity and glory of the nation, but in proportion as they tended to hasten the hour of his own return. His wish—a wish which he has not disguised—was, that, until his countrymen brought back the old line, they might never enjoy quiet or freedom. At length he returned; and, without having a single week to look about him, to mix with society, to note the changes which fourteen eventful years had produced in the national character and feelings, he was at once set to rule the state. In such circumstances, a minister of the greatest tact and docility would probably have fallen into serious errors. But tact and docility made no part of the character of Clarendon. To him England was still the England of his youth; and he sternly frowned down every theory and every practice which had sprung up during his own exile. Though he was far from meditating any attack on the ancient and undoubted power of the House of Commons, he saw with extreme uneasiness the growth of that power. The royal prerogative, for which he had long suffered, and by which he had at length been raised to wealth and dignity, was sacred in his eyes. The Roundheads he regarded both with political and with personal aversion. To the Anglican Church he had always been strongly attached, and had repeatedly, where her interests were concerned, separated himself with regret from his dearest friends. His zeal for episcopacy and for the Book of Common Prayer was now more ardent than ever, and was mingled with a vindictive hatred of the Puritans, which did him little honor either as a statesman or as a Christian.

While the House of Commons which had recalled the royal family was sitting, it was impossible to effect the re-establishment of the old ecclesiastical system. Not only were the intentions of the court strictly concealed, but assurances which quieted the minds of the

moderate Presbyterians were given by the king in the most solemn manner. He had promised, before his restoration, that he would grant liberty of conscience to his subjects. He now repeated that promise, and added a promise to use his best endeavors for the purpose of effecting a compromise between the contending sects. He wished, he said, to see the spiritual jurisdiction divided between bishops and synods. The Liturgy should be revised by a body of learned divines, one half of whom should be Presbyterians. The questions respecting the surplice, the posture at the Eucharist, and the sign of the cross in baptism, should be settled in a way which would set tender consciences at ease. When the king had thus laid asleep the vigilance of those whom he most feared, he dissolved the Parliament. He had already given his assent to an act by which an amnesty was granted, with few exceptions, to all who, during the late troubles, had been guilty of political offenses; and he had obtained from the Commons a grant for life of taxes, the annual produce of which was estimated at twelve hundred thousand pounds. This sum, together with the hereditary revenue of the crown, was then amply sufficient to defray the expenses of the government in time of peace. Nothing was allowed for a standing army. The nation was sick of the very name; and the least mention of such a force would have incensed and alarmed all parties.

Early in 1661 took place a general election. The people were mad with loyal enthusiasm. The capital was excited by preparations for the most splendid coronation that had ever been known. The result was, that a body of representatives was returned such as England had never yet seen. A large proportion of the successful candidates were men who had fought for the crown and the Church, and whose minds had been exasperated by many injuries and insults suffered at the hands of the Roundheads. When the members met, the passions which animated each individually acquired new strength from sympathy. The House of Commons was, during some years, more zealous for royalty than the king, more zealous for episcopacy than the bishops. Charles and Clarendon were almost terrified at the completeness of their own success. They found themselves in a situation not unlike that in which Louis the Eighteenth and the Duke of Richelieu were placed while the Chamber of 1815 was sitting. Even if the king had been desirous to fulfill the promises which he had made to the Presbyterians, it would have been out of his power to do so. It was, indeed, only by



the strong exertion of his influence that he could prevent the victorious Cavaliers from rescinding the Act of Indemnity, and retaliating without mercy all that they had suffered.

The Commons began by resolving that every member should, on pain of expulsion, take the sacrament according to the form prescribed by the old Liturgy, and that the Covenant should be burned by the hangman in Palace Yard. An act was passed, which not only acknowledged the power of the sword to be solely in the king, but declared that in no extremity whatever could the two houses be justified in withstanding him by force. Another act was passed which required every officer of a corporation to swear that he held resistance to the king's authority to be in all cases unlawful. A few hot-headed men wished to bring in a bill which should at once annul all the statutes passed by the Long Parliament, and should restore the Star Chamber and the High Commission; but the reaction, violent as it was, did not proceed quite to this length. It still continued to be the law that a Parliament should be held every three years; but the stringent clauses which directed the returning officers to proceed to election at the proper time, even without the royal writ, were repealed. The bishops were restored to their seats in the Upper House. The old ecclesiastical polity and the old Liturgy were revived without any modification which had any tendency to conciliate even the most reasonable Presbyterians. Episcopal ordination was now, for the first time, made an indispensable qualification for Church preferment. About two thousand ministers of religion, whose conscience did not suffer them to conform, were driven from their benefices in one day. The dominant party exultingly reminded the sufferers that the Long Parliament, when at the height of power, had turned out a still greater number of Royalist divines. The reproach was but too well founded; but the Long Parliament had at least allowed to the divines whom it ejected a provision sufficient to keep them from starving; and this example the Cavaliers, intoxicated with animosity, had not the justice and humanity to follow.

Then came penal statutes against Nonconformists; statutes for which precedents might too easily be found in the Puritan legislation, but to which the king could not give his assent without a breach of promises publicly made, in the most important crisis of his life, to those on whom his fate depended. The Presbyterians, in extreme distress and terror, fled to the foot of the throne, and pleaded their recent services

and the royal faith solemnly and repeatedly plighted. The king wavered. He could not but deny his own hand and seal. He could not but be conscious that he owed much to the petitioners. He was little in the habit of resisting importunate solicitation. His temper was not that of a persecutor. He disliked the Puritans indeed; but in him dislike was a languid feeling, very little resembling the energetic hatred which had burned in the heart of Laud. He was, moreover, partial to the Roman Catholic religion; and he knew that it would be impossible to grant liberty of worship to the professors of that religion without extending the same indulgence to Protestant Dissenters. He therefore made a feeble attempt to restrain the intolerant zeal of the House of Commons; but that house was under the influence of far deeper convictions and far stronger passions than his own. After a faint struggle he yielded, and passed, with the show of alacrity, a series of odious acts against the separatists. It was made a crime to attend a dissenting place of worship. A single justice of the peace might convict without a jury, and might, for the third offense, pass sentence of transportation beyond sea for seven years. With refined cruelty it was provided that the offender should not be transported to New England, where he was likely to find sympathizing friends. If he returned to his own country before the expiration of his term of exile, he was liable to capital punishment. A new and most unreasonable test was imposed on divines who had been deprived of their benefices for nonconformity, and all who refused to take it were prohibited from coming within five miles of any town which was governed by a corporation, of any town which was represented in Parliament, or of any town where they had themselves resided as ministers. The magistrates by whom these rigorous statutes were to be enforced were in general men inflamed by party spirit and by the remembrance of wrongs which they had themselves suffered in the time of the Commonwealth. The jails were therefore soon crowded with Dissenters, and among the sufferers were some of whose genius and virtue any Christian society might well be proud.

The Church of England was not ungrateful for the protection which she received from the government. From the first day of her existence she had been attached to monarchy; but, during the quarter of a century which followed the Restoration, her zeal for royal authority and hereditary right passed all bounds. She had suffered with the house of Stuart. She had been restored with that house. She was connected with it by com-

mon interests, friendships, and enmities. It seemed impossible that a day could ever come when the ties which bound her to the children of her august martyr would be sundered, and when the loyalty in which she gloried would cease to be a pleasing and profitable duty. She accordingly magnified in fulsome praise that prerogative which was constantly employed to defend and to aggrandize her, and reprobated, much at her ease, the depravity of those whom oppression, from which she was exempt, had goaded to rebellion. Her favorite theme was the doctrine of non-resistance. That doctrine she taught without any qualification, and followed out to all its extreme consequences. Her disciples were never weary of repeating that in no conceivable case, not even if England were cursed with a king resembling Busiris or Phalaris, who, in defiance of law, and without the pretense of justice, should daily doom hundreds of innocent victims to torture and death, would all the estates of the realm united be justified in withstanding his tyranny by physical force. Happily, the principles of human nature afford abundant security that such theories will never be more than theories. The day of trial came; and the very men who had most loudly and most sincerely professed this extravagant loyalty were, in almost every county of England, arrayed in arms against the throne.

Property all over the kingdom was now again changing hands. The national sales, not having been confirmed by Parliament, were regarded by the tribunals as nullities. The sovereign, the bishops, the deans, the chapters, the Royalist nobility and gentry, reentered on their confiscated estates, and ejected even purchasers who had given fair prices. The losses which the Cavaliers had sustained during the ascendancy of their opponents were thus in part repaired, but in part only. All actions for mesne profits were effectually barred by the general amnesty; and the numerous Royalists who, in order to discharge fines imposed by the Parliament, or in order to purchase the favor of powerful Roundheads, had sold land for much less than the real value, were not relieved from the legal consequences of their own acts.

While these changes were in progress, a change still more important took place in the morals and manners of the community. Those passions and tastes which, under the rule of the Puritans, had been sternly repressed, and, if gratified at all, had been gratified by stealth, broke forth with ungovernable violence as soon as the check was withdrawn. Men flew to frivolous amusements and to criminal pleasures with the greediness which long and enforced

abstinence naturally produces. Little restraint was imposed by public opinion; for the nation, nauseated with cant, suspicious of all pretensions to sanctity, and still smarting from the recent tyranny of rulers austere in life and powerful in prayer, looked for a time with complacency on the softer and gayer vices. Still less restraint was imposed by the government. Indeed, there was no excess which was not encouraged by the ostentatious profligacy of the king and of his favorite courtiers. A few counselors of Charles the First, who were now no longer young, retained the decorous gravity which had been thirty years before in fashion at Whitehall. Such were Clarendon himself, and his friends, Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, lord treasurer, and James Butler, duke of Ormond, who, having through many vicissitudes struggled gallantly for the royal cause in Ireland, now governed that kingdom as lord lieutenant; but neither the memory of the services of these men, nor their great power in the state, could protect them from the sarcasms which modish vice loves to dart at obsolete virtue. The praise of politeness and vivacity could now scarcely be obtained except by some violation of decorum. Talents great and various assisted to spread the contagion. Ethical philosophy had recently taken a form well suited to please a generation equally devoted to monarchy and to vice. Thomas Hobbes had, in language more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer, maintained that the will of the prince was the standard of right and wrong, and that every subject ought to be ready to profess popery, Mohammedanism, or paganism, at the royal command. Thousands who were incompetent to appreciate what was really valuable in his metaphysical speculations, eagerly welcomed a theory which, while it exalted the kingly office, relaxed the obligations of morality, and degraded religion into a mere affair of state. Hobbism soon became an almost essential part of the character of the fine gentleman. All the lighter kinds of literature were deeply tainted by the prevailing licentiousness. Poetry stooped to be the pander of every low desire. Ridicule, instead of putting guilt and error to the blush, turned her formidable shafts against innocence and truth. The restored Church contended indeed against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children; but her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her whole soul was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of

teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's. She had been pillaged and oppressed by the party which preached an austere morality. She had been restored to opulence and honor by libertines. Little as the men of mirth and fashion were disposed to shape their lives according to her precepts, they were yet ready to fight knee-deep in blood for her cathedrals and palaces, for every line of her rubric and every thread of her vestments. If the debauched Cavalier haunted brothels and gambling-houses, he at least avoided conventicles. If he never spoke without uttering ribaldry and blasphemy, he made some amends by his eagerness to send Baxter and Howe to jail for preaching and praying. Thus the clergy, for a time, made war on schism with so much vigor that they had little leisure to make war on vice. The ribaldry of Etherege and Wycherley was, in the presence and under the special sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by female lips in female ears, while the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the Gospel to the poor. It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith, were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point.

Scarcely any rank or profession escaped the infection of the prevailing immorality; but those persons who made politics their business were perhaps the most corrupt part of the corrupt society; for they were exposed not only to the same noxious influences which affected the nation generally, but also to a taint of a peculiar and of a most malignant kind. Their character had been formed amid frequent and violent revolutions and counter-revolutions. In the course of a few years they had seen the ecclesiastical and civil polity of their country repeatedly changed. They had seen an Episcopal Church persecuting Puritans, a Puritan Church persecuting Episcopalians, and an Episcopal Church persecuting Puritans again. They had seen hereditary monarchy abolished and restored. They had seen the Long Parliament thrice supreme in the state and thrice dissolved amid the curses and laughter of millions. They had seen a new dynasty rapidly rising to the height of power and glory, and then, on a sudden, hurled down from the chair of state without a struggle. They had seen a new representative system devised, tried, and abandoned. They had seen a new House of Lords created and scattered. They had seen great masses of property violently transferred from Cavaliers to Roundheads, and from Round-

heads back to Cavaliers. During these events, no man could be a stirring and thriving politician who was not prepared to change with every change of fortune. It was only in retirement that any person could long keep the character either of a steady Royalist or of a steady Republican. One who, in such an age, is determined to attain civil greatness, must renounce all thought of consistency. Instead of affecting immutability in the midst of endless mutation, he must be always on the watch for the indications of a coming reaction. He must seize the exact moment for deserting a falling cause. Having gone all lengths with a faction while it was uppermost, he must suddenly extricate himself from it when its difficulties begin; must assail it, must persecute it, must enter on a new career of power and prosperity in company with new associates. His situation naturally develops in him to the highest degree a peculiar class of abilities and a peculiar class of vices. He becomes quick of observation and fertile of resource. He catches without effort the tone of any sect or party with which he chances to mingle. He discerns the signs of the times with a sagacity which to the multitude appears miraculous; with a sagacity resembling that with which a veteran police officer pursues the faintest indications of crime, or with which a Mohawk warrior follows a track through the woods. But we shall seldom find, in a statesman so trained, integrity, constancy, or any of the virtues of the noble family of Truth. He has no faith in any doctrine, no zeal for any cause. He has seen so many old institutions swept away, that he has no reverence for prescription. He has seen so many new institutions from which much had been expected produce mere disappointment, that he has no hope of improvement. He sneers alike at those who are anxious to preserve and at those who are eager to reform. There is nothing in the state which he could not, without a scruple or a blush, join in defending or in destroying. Fidelity to opinions and to friends seems to him mere dullness and wrong-headedness. Politics he regards, not as a science of which the object is the happiness of mankind, but as an exciting game of mixed chance and skill, at which a dexterous and lucky player may win an estate, a coronet, perhaps a crown, and at which one rash move may lead to the loss of fortune and of life. Ambition, which, in good times and in good minds, is half a virtue, now, disjoined from every elevated and philanthropic sentiment, becomes a selfish cupidity scarcely less ignoble than avarice. Among those politicians who, from the Restoration to the accession of the house of Hanover, were at

the head of the great parties in the state, very few can be named whose reputation is not stained by what, in our age, would be called gross perfidy and corruption. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the most unprincipled public men who have taken part in affairs within our memory would, if tried by the standard which was in fashion during the latter part of the seventeenth century, deserve to be regarded as scrupulous and disinterested.

While these political, religious, and moral changes were taking place in England, the royal authority had been without difficulty re-established in every other part of the British islands. In Scotland the restoration of the Stuarts had been hailed with delight, for it was regarded as the restoration of national independence; and true it was that the yoke which Cromwell had imposed was, in appearance, taken away; that the estates again met in their old hall at Edinburgh; and that the senators of the College of Justice administered the Scottish law according to the old forms. Yet was the independence of the little kingdom necessarily rather nominal than real; for, as long as the king had England on his side, he had nothing to apprehend from disaffection in his other dominions. He was now in such a situation that he could renew the attempt which had proved destructive to his father without any danger of his father's fate. Charles the First had tried to force his own religion by his regal power on the Scots at a moment when both his religion and his regal power were unpopular in England, and he had not only failed, but had raised troubles which had ultimately cost him his crown and his head. Times had now changed: England was zealous for monarchy and prelacy; and therefore the scheme which in the preceding generation had been in the highest degree imprudent, might be resumed with little risk to the throne. The government resolved to set up a prelatical church in Scotland. The design was disapproved by every Scotchman whose judgment was entitled to respect. Some Scottish statesmen who were zealous for the king's prerogative had been bred Presbyterians. Though little troubled with scruples, they retained a preference for the religion of their childhood; and they well knew how strong a hold that religion had on the hearts of their countrymen. They remonstrated strongly; but when they found that they remonstrated in vain, they had not virtue enough to persist in an opposition which would have given offense to their master, and several of them stooped to the wickedness and baseness of persecuting what in their consciences they believed to be the purest form of Christianity.

The Scottish Parliament was so constituted that it had scarcely ever offered any serious opposition even to kings much weaker than Charles then was. Episcopacy, therefore, was established by law. As to the form of worship, a large discretion was left to the clergy. In some churches the English Liturgy was used; in others the ministers selected from that Liturgy such prayers and thanksgivings as were likely to be least offensive to the people; but, in general, the Doxology was sung at the close of public worship, and the Apostles' Creed was recited when baptism was administered. By the great body of the Scottish nation the new church was detested both as superstitious and as foreign; as tainted with the corruptions of Rome, and as a mark of the predominance of England. There was, however, no general insurrection. The country was not what it had been twenty-two years before. Disastrous war and alien domination had tamed the spirit of the people. The aristocracy, which was held in great honor by the middle class and by the populace, had put itself at the head of the movement against Charles the First, but proved obsequious to Charles the Second. From the English Puritans no aid was now to be expected. They were a feeble party, proscribed both by law and by public opinion. The bulk of the Scottish nation, therefore, sullenly submitted, and, with many misgivings of conscience, attended the ministrations of the Episcopal clergy, or of Presbyterian divines who had consented to accept from the government a half toleration, known by the name of the Indulgence. But there were, particularly in the western lowlands, many fierce and resolute men, who held that the obligation to observe the Covenant was paramount to the obligation to obey the magistrate. These people, in defiance of the law, persisted in meeting to worship God after their own fashion. The Indulgence they regarded, not as a partial reparation of the wrongs inflicted by the magistrate on the Church, but as a new wrong, the more odious because it was disguised under the appearance of a benefit. Persecution, they said, could only kill the body, but the black Indulgence was deadly to the soul. Driven from the towns, they assembled on heaths and mountains. Attacked by the civil power, they without scruple repelled force by force. At every conventicle they mustered in arms. They repeatedly broke out into open rebellion. They were easily defeated, and mercilessly punished; but neither defeat nor punishment could subdue their spirit. Hunted down like wild beasts, tortured until their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the license

of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders from the Highlands, they still stood at bay in a mood so savage that the boldest and mightiest oppressor could not but dread the audacity of their despair.

Such was, during the reign of Charles the Second, the state of Scotland. Ireland was not less distracted. In that island existed feuds, compared with which the hottest animosities of English politicians were lukewarm. The enmity between the Irish Cavaliers and the Irish Roundheads was almost forgotten in the fiercer enmity which raged between the English and the Celtic races. The interval between the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian seemed to vanish when compared with the interval which separated both from the papist. During the late civil troubles one half of the Irish soil had been transferred from the vanquished nation to the victors. To the favor of the crown few either of the old or of the new occupants had any pretensions. The despoilers and the despoiled had, for the most part, been rebels alike. The government was soon perplexed and wearied by the conflicting claims and mutual accusations of the two incensed factions. Those colonists among whom Cromwell had portioned out the conquered territory, and whose descendants are still called Cromwellians, represented that the aboriginal inhabitants were deadly enemies of the English nation under every dynasty, and of the Protestant religion in every form. They described and exaggerated the atrocities which had disgraced the insurrection of Ulster; they urged the king to follow up with resolution the policy of the Protector; and they were not ashamed to hint that there would never be peace in Ireland till the old Irish race should be extirpated. The Roman Catholics extenuated their offense as they best might, and expatiated in piteous language on the severity of their punishment, which, in truth, had not been lenient. They implored Charles not to confound the innocent with the guilty, and reminded him that many of the guilty had atoned for their fault by returning to their allegiance, and by defending his rights against the murderers of his father. The court, sick of the importunities of two parties, neither of which it had any reason to love, at length relieved itself from trouble by dictating a compromise. That cruel, but most complete and energetic system, by which Oliver had proposed to make the island thoroughly English, was abandoned. The Cromwellians were induced to relinquish a third part of their acquisitions. The land thus surrendered was capri-

ciously divided among claimants whom the government chose to favor. But great numbers who protested that they were innocent of all disloyalty, and some persons who boasted that their loyalty had been signally displayed, obtained neither restitution nor compensation, and filled France and Spain with outcries against the injustice and ingratitude of the house of Stuart.

Meantime the government had, even in England, ceased to be popular. The Royalists had begun to quarrel with the court and with each other; and the party which had been vanquished, trampled down, and, as it seemed, annihilated, but which had still retained a strong principle of life, again raised its head, and renewed the interminable war.

Had the administration been faultless, the enthusiasm with which the return of the king and the termination of the military tyranny had been hailed could not have been permanent; for it is the law of our nature that such fits of excitement shall always be followed by remissions. The manner in which the court abused its victory made the remission speedy and complete. Every moderate man was shocked by the insolence, cruelty, and perfidy with which the Nonconformists were treated. The penal laws had effectually purged the oppressed party of those insincere members whose vices had disgraced it, and had made it again an honest and pious body of men. The Puritan, a conqueror, a ruler, a persecutor, a sequestrator, had been detested. The Puritan, betrayed and evil entreated, deserted by all the time-servers who, in his prosperity, had claimed brotherhood with him, hunted from his home, forbidden under severe penalties to pray or receive the sacrament according to his conscience, yet still firm in his resolution to obey God rather than man, was, in spite of some unpleasant recollections, an object of pity and respect to well-constituted minds. These feelings became stronger when it was noised abroad that the court was not disposed to treat papists with the same rigor which had been shown to Presbyterians. A vague suspicion that the king and the duke were not sincere Protestants sprung up in many minds. Many, too, who had been disgusted by the austerity and hypocrisy of the Pharisees of the Commonwealth, began to be still more disgusted by the open profligacy of the court and of the Cavaliers, and were disposed to doubt whether the sullen preciseness of Praise God Barebones might not be preferable to the outrageous profaneness and licentiousness of the Buckinghamians and Sedleys. Even immoral men, who were not utterly destitute of sense and public spirit, complained that the gov-

ernment treated the most serious matters as trifles, and made trifles its serious business. A king might be pardoned for amusing his leisure with wine, wit, and beauty, but it was intolerable that he should sink into a mere saunterer and voluptuary; that the gravest affairs of state should be neglected, and that the public service should be starved and the finances deranged in order that harlots and parasites might grow rich.

A large body of Royalists joined in these complaints, and added many sharp reflections on the king's ingratitude. His whole revenue, indeed, would not have sufficed to reward them all in proportion to their own conscientiousness of desert; for to every distressed gentleman who had fought under Rupert or Derby, his own services seemed eminently meritorious, and his own sufferings eminently severe. Every one had flattered himself that, whatever became of the rest, he should be largely recompensed for all that he had lost during the civil troubles, and that the restoration of the monarchy would be followed by the restoration of his own dilapidated fortunes. None of these expectants could restrain his indignation when he found that he was as poor under the king as he had been under the Rump or the Protector. The negligence and extravagance of the court excited the bitter indignation of these loyal veterans. They justly said that one half of what the king squandered on concubines and buffoons would gladden the hearts of hundreds of old Cavaliers, who, after cutting down their oaks and melting their plate to help his father, now wandered about in threadbare suits, and did not know where to turn for a meal.

At the same time, a sudden fall of rents took place. The income of every landed proprietor was diminished by five shillings in the pound. The cry of agricultural distress rose from every shire in the kingdom; and for that distress the government was, as usual, held accountable. The gentry, compelled to retrench their expenses for a period, saw with indignation the increasing splendor and profusion of Whitehall, and were immovably fixed in the belief that the money which ought to have supported their households had, by some inexplicable process, gone to the favorites of the king.

The minds of men were now in such a temper that every public act excited discontent. Charles had taken to wife Catharine, princess of Portugal. The marriage was generally disliked, and the murmurs became loud when it appeared that the king was not likely to have any legitimate posterity. Dunkirk, won by Oliver from Spain, was sold

to Louis the Fourteenth, king of France. This excited general indignation. Englishmen were already beginning to observe with uneasiness the progress of the French power, and to regard the house of Bourbon with the same feelings with which their grandfathers had regarded the house of Austria. Was it wise, men asked, at such a time, to make any addition to the strength of a monarchy already too formidable? Dunkirk was, moreover, prized by the people, not merely as a place of arms, and as a key to the Low Countries, but also as a trophy of English valor. It was to the subjects of Charles what Calais had been to an earlier generation, and what the rock of Gibraltar, so manfully defended, through disastrous and perilous years, against the fleets and armies of a mighty coalition, is to ourselves. The plea of economy might have had some weight, if it had been urged by an economical government. But it was notorious that the charges of Dunkirk fell far short of the sums which were wasted at court in vice and folly. It seemed insupportable that a sovereign, profuse beyond example in all that regarded his own pleasures, should be niggardly in all that regarded the safety and honor of the state.

The public discontent was heightened when it was found that, while Dunkirk was abandoned on the plea of economy, the fortress of Tangier, which was part of the dower of Queen Catharine, was repaired and kept up at an enormous charge. That place was associated with no recollections gratifying to the national pride. It could in no way promote the national interest. It involved the country in an inglorious, unprofitable, and interminable war with tribes of half-savage Mussulmans, and it was situated in a climate singularly unfavorable to the health and vigor of the English race.

But the murmurs excited by these errors were faint when compared with the clamors which soon broke forth. The government engaged in war with the United Provinces. The House of Commons readily voted sums unexampled in our history; sums exceeding those which had supported the fleets and armies of Cromwell at the time when his power was the terror of all the world. But such was the extravagance, dishonesty, and incapacity of those who had succeeded to his authority, that this liberality proved worse than useless. The sycophants of the court, ill qualified to contend against the great men who then directed the arms of Holland, against such a statesman as De Witt, and such a commander as De Ruyter, made fortunes rapidly, while the sailors mutinied from very hunger, while the dock-yards were un-

guarded, while the ships were leaky and without rigging. It was at length determined to abandon all schemes of offensive war; and it soon appeared that even a defensive war was a task too hard for that administration. The Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, and burned the ships of war which lay at Chatham. It was said that, on the very day of that great humiliation, the king feasted with the ladies of his seraglio, and amused himself with hunting a moth about the supper-room. Then, at length, tardy justice was done to the memory of Oliver. Everywhere men magnified his valor, genius, and patriotism. Everywhere it was remembered how, when he ruled, all foreign powers had trembled at the name of England; how the States-General, now so haughty, had crouched at his feet; and how, when it was known that he was no more, Amsterdam was lighted up as for a great deliverance, and children ran along the canals shouting for joy that the Devil was dead. Even Royalists exclaimed that the state could be saved only by calling the old soldiers of the Commonwealth to arms. Soon the capital began to feel the miseries of a blockade. Fuel was scarcely to be procured. Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had, with manly spirit, hurled foul scorn, at Parma and Spain, was insulted by the invaders. The roar of foreign guns was heard, for the first and last time, by the citizens of London. In the council it was seriously proposed that, if the enemy advanced, the Tower should be abandoned. Great multitudes of people assembled in the streets, crying out that England was bought and sold. The houses and carriages of the ministers were attacked by the populace; and it seemed likely that the government would have to deal at once with an invasion and with an insurrection. The extreme danger, it is true, soon passed by. A treaty was concluded, very different from those which Oliver had been in the habit of signing; and the nation was once more at peace, but was in a mood scarcely less fierce and sullen than in the days of ship-money.

The discontent engendered by maladministration was heightened by calamities which the best administration could not have averted. While the ignominious war with Holland was raging, London suffered two great disasters, such as never, in so short a space of time, befell one city. A pestilence, surpassing in horror any that during three centuries had visited the island, swept away, in six months, more than a hundred thousand human beings; and scarcely had the dead cart ceased to go its rounds, when a fire, such as had not been known in Europe since

the conflagration of Rome under Nero, laid in ruins the whole city, from the Tower to the Temple, and from the river to the purlieus of Smithfield.

Had there been a general election while the nation was smarting under so many disgraces and misfortunes, it is probable that the Roundheads would have regained ascendancy in the state; but the Parliament was still the Cavalier Parliament, chosen in the transport of loyalty which had followed the Restoration. Nevertheless, it soon became evident that no English Legislature, however loyal, would now consent to be merely what the Legislature had been under the Tudors. From the death of Elizabeth to the eve of the civil war, the Puritans, who predominated in the representative body, had been constantly, by a dexterous use of the power of the purse, encroaching on the province of the executive government. The gentlemen who, after the Restoration, filled the Lower House, though they abhorred the Puritan name, were well pleased to inherit the fruits of the Puritan policy. They were, indeed, most willing to employ the power which they possessed in the state for the purpose of making their king mighty and honored, both at home and abroad; but with the power itself they were resolved not to part. The great English Revolution of the seventeenth century, that is to say, the transfer of the supreme control of the executive administration from the crown to the House of Commons, was, through the whole long existence of this Parliament, proceeding noiselessly, but rapidly and steadily. Charles, kept poor by his follies and vices, wanted money. The Commons alone could legally grant him money. They could not be prevented from putting their own price on their grants. The price which they put on their grants was this, that they should be allowed to interfere with every one of the king's prerogatives, to wring from him his consent to laws which he disliked, to break up cabinets, to dictate the course of foreign policy, and even to direct the administration of war. To the royal office and the royal person they loudly and sincerely professed the strongest attachment. But to Clarendon they owed no allegiance, and they fell on him as furiously as their predecessors had fallen on Strafford. The minister's virtues and vices alike contributed to his ruin. He was the ostensible head of the administration, and was therefore held responsible even for those acts which he had strongly, but vainly, opposed in council. He was regarded by the Puritans, and by all who pitied them, as an implacable bigot, a second Laud, with much more than Laud's understanding. He

had on all occasions maintained that the Act of Indemnity ought to be strictly observed; and this part of his conduct, though highly honorable to him, made him hateful to all those Royalists who wished to repair their ruined fortunes by suing the Roundheads for damages and mesne profits. The Presbyterians of Scotland attributed to him the downfall of their Church. The papists of Ireland attributed to him the loss of their lands. As father of the Duchess of York, he had an obvious motive for wishing that there might be a barren queen, and he was therefore suspected of having purposely recommended one. The sale of Dunkirk was justly imputed to him. For the war with Holland he was, with less justice, held accountable. His hot temper; his arrogant deportment; the indelicate eagerness with which he grasped at riches; the ostentation with which he squandered them; his picture gallery, filled with master-pieces of Vandyke, which had once been the property of ruined Cavaliers; his palace, which reared its long and stately front right opposite to the humbler residence of our kings, drew on him much deserved, and some undeserved, censure. When the Dutch fleet was in the Thames, it was against the chancellor that the rage of the populace was chiefly directed. His windows were broken, the trees of his garden cut down, and a gibbet set up before his door. But nowhere was he more detested than in the House of Commons. He was unable to perceive that the time was fast approaching when that house, if it continued to exist at all, must be supreme in the state; when the management of that house would be the most important department of politics; and when, without the help of men possessing the ear of that house, it would be impossible to carry on the government. He obstinately persisted in considering the Parliament as a body in no respect differing from the Parliament which had been sitting when, forty years before, he first began to study law at the Temple. He did not wish to deprive the Legislature of those powers which were inherent in it by the old Constitution of the realm; but the new development of those powers, though a development natural, inevitable, and to be prevented only by utterly destroying the powers themselves, disgusted and alarmed him. Nothing would have induced him to put the great seal to a writ for raising ship-money, or to give his voice in council for committing a member of Parliament to the Tower on account of words spoken in debate; but when the Commons began to inquire in what manner the money voted for the war had been wasted, and to examine into the maladministration of the navy, he flamed with

indignation. Such inquiry, according to him, was out of their province. He admitted that the House was a most loyal assembly; that it had done good service to the crown; and that its intentions were excellent; but, both in public and in the closet, he on every occasion expressed his concern that gentlemen so sincerely attached to monarchy should unadvisedly encroach on the prerogative of the monarch. Widely as they differed in spirit from the members of the Long Parliament, they yet, he said, imitated that Parliament in meddling with matters which lay beyond the sphere of the estates of the realm, and which were subject to the authority of the crown alone. The country, he maintained, would never be well governed until the knights of shires and the burgesses were content to be what their predecessors had been in the days of Elizabeth. All the plans which men more observant than himself of the signs of that time proposed, for the purpose of maintaining a good understanding between the court and the Commons, he disdainfully rejected as crude projects, inconsistent with the old polity of England. Toward the young orators, who were rising to distinction and authority in the Lower House, his deportment was ungracious; and he succeeded in making them, with scarcely an exception, his deadly enemies. Indeed, one of his most serious faults was an inordinate contempt for youth, and this contempt was the more unjustifiable, because his own experience in English politics was by no means proportioned to his age; for so great a part of his life had been passed abroad, that he knew less of the world in which he found himself on his return than many who might have been his sons.

For these reasons he was disliked by the Commons; for very different reasons he was equally disliked by the court. His morals as well as his politics were those of an earlier generation. Even when he was a young law student, living much with men of wit and pleasure, his natural gravity and his religious principles had to a great extent preserved him from the contagion of fashionable debauchery; and he was by no means likely, in advanced years and in declining health, to turn libertine. On the vices of the young and gay he looked with an aversion almost as bitter and contemptuous as that which he felt for the theological errors of the sectaries. He missed no opportunity of showing his scorn of the mimics, revelers, and courtesans who crowded the palace; and the admonitions which he addressed to the king himself were very sharp, and, what Charles disliked still more, very long. Scarcely any voice was raised in favor of a minister loaded with the



double odium of faults which roused the fury of the people, and of virtues which annoyed and importuned the sovereign. Southampton was no more. Ormond performed the duties of friendship manfully and faithfully, but in vain. The chancellor fell with a great ruin. The king took the seal from him; the Commons impeached him; his head was not safe; he fled from the country; an act was passed which doomed him to perpetual exile; and those who had assailed and undermined him began to struggle for the fragments of his power.

The sacrifice of Clarendon in some degree took off the edge of the public appetite for revenge; yet was the anger excited by the profusion and negligence of the government, and by the miscarriages of the late war, by no means extinguished. The counselors of Charles, with the fate of the chancellor before their eyes, were anxious for their own safety. They accordingly advised their master to soothe the irritation which prevailed both in the Parliament and throughout the country, and, for that end, to take a step which has no parallel in the history of the house of Stuart, and which was worthy of the prudence and magnanimity of Oliver.

We have now reached a point at which the history of the great English Revolution begins to be complicated with the history of foreign politics. The power of Spain had, during many years, been declining. She still, it is true, held in Europe the Milanese and the two Sicilies, Belgium and Franche Comté. In America her dominions still spread, on both sides of the equator, far beyond the limits of the torrid zone. But this great body had been smitten with palsy, and was not only incapable of giving molestation to other states, but could not, without assistance, repel aggression. France was now, beyond all doubt, the greatest power in Europe. Her resources have, since those days, absolutely increased, but have not increased so fast as the resources of England. It must also be remembered that, a hundred and eighty years ago, the empire of Russia, now a monarchy of the first class, was as entirely out of the system of European politics as Abyssinia or Siam; that the house of Brandenburg was then hardly more powerful than the house of Saxony; and that the republic of the United States had not then begun to exist. The weight of France, therefore, though still very considerable, has relatively diminished. Her territory was not, in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, quite so extensive as at present, but it was large, compact, fertile, well placed both for attack and for defense, situated in a happy climate, and inhabited by a brave, active, and ingenious peo-

ple. The state implicitly obeyed the direction of a single mind. The great fiefs which, three hundred years before, had been, in all but name, independent principalities, had been annexed to the crown. Only a few old men could remember the last meeting of the States-General. The resistance which the Huguenots, the nobles, and the Parliaments had offered to the kingly power, had been put down by the two great cardinals who had ruled the nation during forty years. The government was now a despotism, but, at least in its dealings with the upper classes, a mild and generous despotism, tempered by courteous manners and chivalrous sentiments. The means at the disposal of the sovereign were, for that age, truly formidable. His revenue, raised, it is true, by a severe and unequal taxation which pressed heavily on the cultivators of the soil, far exceeded that of any other potentate. His army, excellently disciplined, and commanded by the greatest generals then living, already consisted of more than a hundred and twenty thousand men. Such an array of regular troops had not been seen in Europe since the downfall of the Roman empire. Of maritime powers France was not the first; but, though she had rivals on the sea, she had not yet a superior. Such was her strength during the last forty years of the seventeenth century, that no enemy could singly withstand her, and that two great coalitions, in which half Christendom was united against her, failed of success.

The personal qualities of the French king added to the respect inspired by the power and importance of his kingdom. No sovereign has ever represented the majesty of a great state with more dignity and grace. He was his own prime minister, and performed the duties of that arduous situation with an ability and an industry which could not be reasonably expected from one who had in infancy succeeded to a crown, and who had been surrounded by flatterers before he could speak. He had shown, in an eminent degree, two talents invaluable to a prince: the talent of choosing his servants well, and the talent of appropriating to himself the chief part of the credit of their acts. In his dealings with foreign powers he had some generosity, but no justice. To unhappy allies who threw themselves at his feet, and had no hope but in his compassion, he extended his protection with a romantic disinterestedness, which seemed better suited to a knight-errant than to a statesman; but he broke through the most sacred ties of public faith without scruple or shame, whenever they interfered with his interest, or with what he called his glory. His perfidy and violence, however, excited less enmity than the

insolence with which he constantly reminded his neighbors of his own greatness and of their littleness. He did not at this time profess the austere devotion which, at a later period, gave to his court the aspect of a monastery. On the contrary, he was as licentious, though by no means as frivolous and indolent, as his brother of England. But he was a sincere Roman Catholic; and both his conscience and his vanity impelled him to use his power for the defense and propagation of the true faith, after the example of his renowned predecessors, Clovis, Charlemagne, and St. Louis.

Our ancestors naturally looked with serious alarm on the growing power of France. This feeling, in itself perfectly reasonable, was mingled with other feelings less praiseworthy. France was our old enemy. It was against France that the most glorious battles recorded in our annals had been fought. The conquest of France had been twice effected by the Plantagenets. The loss of France had been long remembered as a great national disaster. The title of King of France was still borne by our sovereigns. The lilies of France still appeared mingled with our own lions, on the shield of the house of Stuart. In the sixteenth century, the dread inspired by Spain had suspended the animosity of which France had anciently been the object; but the dread inspired by Spain had given place to contemptuous compassion, and France was again regarded as our national foe. The sale of Dunkirk to France had been the most generally unpopular act of the restored king. Attachment to France had been prominent among the crimes imputed by the Commons to Clarendon. Even in trifles the public feeling showed itself. When a brawl took place in the streets of Westminster between the retinues of the French and Spanish embassies, the populace, though forcibly prevented from interfering, had given unequivocal proofs that the old antipathy was not extinct.

France and Spain were now engaged in a more serious contest. One of the chief objects of the policy of Louis throughout his life was to extend his dominions toward the Rhine. For this end he had engaged in war with Spain, and he was now in the full career of conquest. The United Provinces saw with anxiety the progress of his arms. That renowned federation had reached the height of power, prosperity, and glory. The Batavian territory, conquered from the waves, and defended against them by human art, was in extent little superior to the principality of Wales. But all that narrow space was a busy and populous hive, in which new wealth was every day created, and in which vast masses of old wealth were hoarded. The

aspect of Holland, the rich cultivation, the innumerable canals, the ever-whirling mills, the endless fleets of barges, the quick succession of great towns, the ports bristling with thousands of masts, the large and stately mansions, the trim villas, the richly-furnished apartments, the picture galleries, the summer houses, the tulip beds, produced on English travelers in that age an effect similar to the effect which the first sight of England now produces on a Norwegian or a Canadian. The States-General had been compelled to humble themselves before Cromwell; but after the Restoration they had taken their revenge, and had concluded peace on honorable terms. Rich, however, as the republic was, and highly considered in Europe, she was no match for the power of Louis. She apprehended, not without good cause, that his kingdom might soon be extended to her frontiers; and she might well dread the immediate vicinity of a monarch so great, so ambitious, and so unscrupulous. Yet it was not easy to devise any expedient which might avert the danger. The Dutch alone could not turn the scale against France. On the side of the Rhine no help was to be expected. Several German princes had been gained by Louis, and the emperor himself was embarrassed by the discontents of Hungary. England was separated from the United Provinces by the recollection of cruel injuries recently inflicted and endured; and her policy had, since the Restoration, been so devoid of wisdom and spirit, that it was scarcely possible to expect from her any valuable assistance.

But the fate of Clarendon and the growing ill-humor of the Parliament determined the advisers of Charles to adopt on a sudden a policy which amazed and delighted the nation.

The English resident at Brussels, Sir William Temple, one of the most expert diplomatists and most pleasing writers of the age, had already represented to his court that it was both desirable and practicable to enter into engagements with the States-General for the purpose of checking the progress of France. For a time his suggestions had been slighted, but it was now thought expedient to act on them. He was commissioned to negotiate with the States-General. He proceeded to the Hague, and soon came to an understanding with John De Witt, then the chief minister of Holland. Sweden, small as her resources were, had, forty years before, been raised by the genius of Gustavus Adolphus to a high rank among European powers, and had not yet descended to her natural position. She was induced to join

on this occasion with England and the States. Thus was formed that coalition known as the Triple Alliance. Louis showed signs of vexation and resentment, but did not think it politic to draw on himself the hostility of such a confederacy in addition to that of Spain. He consented, therefore, to relinquish a large part of the territory which his armies had occupied. Peace was restored to Europe; and the English government, lately an object of general contempt, was, during a few months, regarded by foreign powers with respect scarcely less than that which the Protector had inspired.

At home the Triple Alliance was popular in the highest degree. It gratified alike national animosity and national pride. It put a limit to the encroachments of a powerful and ambitious neighbor. It bound the leading Protestant states together in close union. Cavaliers and Roundheads rejoiced in common; but the joy of the Roundhead was even greater than that of the Cavalier, for England had now allied herself strictly with a country republican in government and Presbyterian in religion, against a country ruled by an arbitrary prince and attached to the Roman Catholic Church. The House of Commons loudly applauded the treaty, and some uncourtly grumblers described it as the only good thing that had been done since the king came in.

The king, however, cared little for the approbation of his Parliament or of his people. The Triple Alliance he regarded merely as a temporary expedient for quieting discontents which had seemed likely to become serious. The independence, the safety, the dignity of the nation over which he presided were nothing to him. He had begun to find constitutional restraints galling. Already had been formed in the Parliament a strong connection known by the name of the country party. That party included all the public men who leaned toward Puritanism and Republicanism, and many who, though attached to the Established Church and to hereditary monarchy, had been driven into opposition by dread of popery, by dread of France, and by disgust at the extravagance, dissoluteness, and faithlessness of the court. The power of this band of politicians was constantly growing. Every year some of those members who had been returned to Parliament during the loyal excitement of 1661 dropped off, and the vacant seats were generally filled by persons less tractable. Charles did not think himself a king while an assembly of subjects could call for his accounts before paying his debts, and could insist on knowing which of his mistresses or boon companions

had intercepted the money destined for the equipping and manning of the fleet. Though not very studious of fame, he was galled by the taunts which were sometimes uttered in the discussions of the Commons, and on one occasion attempted to restrain the freedom of speech by disgraceful means. Sir John Coventry, a country gentleman, had, in debate, sneered at the profligacy of the court. In any former reign he would probably have been called before the Privy Council and committed to the Tower. A different course was now taken. A gang of bullies was secretly sent to slit the nose of the offender. This ignoble revenge, instead of quelling the spirit of opposition, raised such a tempest, that the king was compelled to submit to the cruel humiliation of passing an act which attained the instruments of his revenge, and which took from him the power of pardoning them.

But, impatient as he was of constitutional restraints, how was he to emancipate himself from them? He could make himself despotic only by the help of a great standing army, and such an army was not in existence. His revenues did indeed enable him to keep up some regular troops; but these troops, though numerous enough to excite great jealousy and apprehension in the House of Commons and in the country, were scarcely numerous enough to protect Whitehall and the Tower against a rising of the mob of London. Such risings were, indeed, to be dreaded, for it was calculated that in the capital and its suburbs dwelt not less than twenty thousand of Oliver's old troops.

Since the king was bent on emancipating himself from the control of Parliament, and since, in such an enterprise, he could not hope for effectual aid at home, it followed that he must look for aid abroad. The power and wealth of the King of France might be equal to the arduous task of establishing absolute monarchy in England. Such an ally would undoubtedly expect substantial proofs of gratitude for such a service. Charles must descend to the rank of a great vassal, and must make peace and war according to the directions of the government which protected him. His relation to Louis would closely resemble that in which the Rajah of Nagpore and the King of Oude now stand to the British government. Those princes are bound to aid the East India Company in all hostilities, defensive and offensive, and to have no diplomatic relations but such as the East India Company shall sanction. The Company, in return, guaranties them against insurrection. As long as they faithfully discharge their obligations to the paramount

power, they are permitted to dispose of large revenues, to fill their palaces with beautiful women, to besot themselves in the company of their favorite revelers, and to oppress with impunity any subject who may incur their displeasure. Such a life would be insupportable to a man of high spirit and powerful understanding; but to Charles, sensual, indolent, unequal to any strong intellectual exertion, and destitute alike of all patriotism and of all sense of personal dignity, the prospect had nothing displeasing.

That the Duke of York should have concurred in the design of degrading that crown which it was probable that he would himself one day wear, may seem more extraordinary; for his nature was haughty and imperious, and, indeed, he continued to the very last to show, by occasional starts and struggles, his impatience of the French yoke. But he was almost as much debased by superstition as his brother by indolence and vice. James was now a Roman Catholic. Religious bigotry had become the dominant sentiment of his narrow and stubborn mind, and had so mingled itself with his love of rule, that the two passions could hardly be distinguished from each other. It seemed highly improbable that, without foreign aid, he would obtain ascendancy or even toleration for his own faith; and he was in a temper to see nothing humiliating in any step, however unprincely or unmanly, which might promote the interests of the true Church.

A negotiation was opened which lasted during several months. The chief agent between the English and French courts was the beautiful, graceful, and intelligent Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles, sister-in-law of Louis, and a favorite with both. The King of England offered to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to join with France against Holland, if France would engage to lend him such military and pecuniary aid as might make him independent of his Parliament. Louis at first affected to receive these propositions coolly, and at length agreed to them with the air of a man who is conferring a great favor; but, in truth, the course which he had resolved to take was one by which he might gain and could not lose.

It seems certain that he never seriously thought of establishing despotism and popery in England by force of arms. He must have been aware that such an enterprise would be in the highest degree arduous and hazardous; that it would task to the utmost all the energies of France during many years, and that it would be altogether incompatible with more promising schemes of aggrandizement, which

were dear to his heart. He would, indeed, willingly have acquired the merit and the glory of doing a great service on reasonable terms to the Church of which he was a member. But he was little disposed to imitate his ancestors, who, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had led the flower of French chivalry to die in Syria and Egypt; and he well knew that a crusade against Protestantism in Great Britain would not be less perilous than the expeditions in which the armies of Louis the Seventh and of Louis the Ninth had perished. He had no motive for wishing the Stuarts to be absolute. He did not regard the English Constitution with feelings at all resembling those which have in later times induced princes to make war on the free institutions of neighboring nations. At present, a great party zealous for popular government has ramifications in every civilized country. Any important advantage gained anywhere by that party is almost certain to be the signal for general commotion. It is not wonderful that governments threatened by a common danger should combine for the purpose of mutual insurance; but in the seventeenth century no such danger existed. Between the public mind of England and the public mind of France there was a great gulf. Our institutions and our factions were as little understood at Paris as at Constantinople. It may be doubted whether any one of the forty members of the French Academy had an English volume in his library, or knew Shakspeare, Jonson, or Butler even by name. A few Huguenots, who had inherited the mutinous spirit of their ancestors, might perhaps have a fellow feeling with their brethren in the faith, the English Roundheads; but the Huguenots had ceased to be formidable. The French, as a body, attached to the Church of Rome, and proud of the greatness of their king and of their own loyalty, looked on our struggles against popery and arbitrary power not only without admiration or sympathy, but with strong disapprobation and disgust. It would, therefore, be a great error to ascribe the conduct of Louis to apprehensions at all resembling those which, in our age, induced the Holy Alliance to interfere in the internal government of Naples and Spain.

Nevertheless, the propositions made by the court of Whitehall were most welcome to him. He already meditated gigantic designs, which were destined to keep Europe in constant fermentation during more than forty years. He wished to humble the United Provinces, and to annex Belgium, Franche Comté, and Lorraine to his dominions. Nor was this all. The King of Spain was a sickly child. It was likely that he would die without issue.

His eldest sister was Queen of France. A day would almost certainly come, and might come very soon, when the house of Bourbon might lay claim to that vast empire on which the sun never set. The union of two great monarchies under one head would doubtless be opposed by a Continental coalition; but for any Continental coalition France, single handed, was a match. England could turn the scale. On the course which, in such a crisis, England might pursue, the destinies of the world would depend; and it was notorious that the English Parliament and nation were strongly attached to the policy which had dictated the Triplo Alliance. Nothing, therefore, could be more gratifying to Louis than to learn that the princes of the house of Stuart needed his help, and were willing to purchase that help by unbounded subserviency. He determined to profit by the opportunity, and laid down for himself a plan to which, without deviation, he adhered, until the Revolution of 1688 disconcerted all his politics. He professed himself desirous to promote the designs of the English court. He promised large aid. He from time to time doled out such aid as might serve to keep hope alive, and as he could without risk or inconvenience spare. In this way, at an expense very much less than that which he incurred in building and decorating Versailles or Marli, he succeeded in making England, during nearly twenty years, almost as insignificant a member of the political system of Europe as the republic of San Marino.

His object was not to destroy our Constitution, but to keep the various elements of which it was composed in a perpetual state of conflict, and to set irreconcilable enmity between those who had the power of the purse and those who had the power of the sword. With this view he bribed and stimulated both parties in turn. pensioned at once the ministers of the crown and the chiefs of the Opposition, encouraged the court to withstand the seditious encroachments of the Parliament, and conveyed to the Parliament intimations of the arbitrary designs of the court.

One of the devices to which he resorted for the purpose of obtaining an ascendancy in the English counsels deserves especial notice. Charles, though incapable of love in the highest sense of the word, was the slave of any woman whose person excited his desires, and whose airs and prattle amused his leisure. Indeed, a husband would be justly derided who should bear from a wife of exalted rank and spotless virtue one half of what the King of England bore from concubines who, while they courted everything to his bounty, caressed his courtiers almost before his face. He had patiently endured the termagant passions of

Barbara Palmer and the pert vivacity of Eleanor Gwynn. Louis thought that the most useful envoy who could be sent to London would be a handsome, licentious, and crafty Frenchwoman. Such a woman was Louisa, a lady of the house of Querouaille, whom our rude ancestors called Madam Carwell. She was soon triumphant over all her rivals, was created Duchess of Portsmouth, was loaded with wealth, and obtained a dominion which ended only with the life of Charles.

The most important conditions of the alliance between the crowns were digested into a secret treaty, which was signed at Dover in May, 1670, just ten years after the day on which Charles had landed at that very port amid the acclamations and joyful tears of a too confiding people.

By this treaty Charles bound himself to make public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, to join his arms to those of Louis for the purpose of destroying the power of the United Provinces, and to employ the whole strength of England, by land and sea, in support of the rights of the House of Bourbon to the vast monarchy of Spain. Louis, on the other hand, engaged to pay a large subsidy, and promised that, if any insurrection should break out in England, he would send an army at his own charge to support his ally.

This compact was made with gloomy auspices. Six weeks after it had been signed and sealed, the charming princess, whose influence over her brother and brother-in-law had been so pernicious to her country, was no more. Her death gave rise to horrible suspicions, which for a moment seemed likely to interrupt the newly-formed friendship between the houses of Stuart and Bourbon; but in a short time fresh assurances of undiminished good-will were exchanged between the confederates.

The Duke of York, too dull to apprehend danger, or too fanatical to care about it, was impatient to see the article touching the Roman Catholic religion carried into immediate execution; but Louis had the wisdom to perceive that, if this course were taken, there would be such an explosion in England as would probably frustrate those parts of the plan which he had most at heart. It was therefore determined that Charles should still call himself a Protestant, and should still, at high festivals, receive the sacrament according to the ritual of the Church of England. His more scrupulous brother ceased to appear in the royal chapel.

About this time died the Duchess of York, daughter of the banished Earl of Clarendon.

She had been, during some years, a concealed Roman Catholic. She left two daughters, Mary and Anne, afterward successively queens of Great Britain. They were bred Protestants by the positive command of the king, who knew that it would be vain for him to profess himself a member of the Church of England, if children who seemed likely to inherit his crown were, by his permission, brought up as members of the Church of Rome.

The principal servants of the crown at this time were men whose names have justly acquired an unenviable notoriety. We must take heed, however, that we do not load their memory with infamy which of right belongs to their master. For the treaty of Dover the king himself is chiefly answerable. He held conferences on it with the French agents; he wrote many letters concerning it with his own hand; he was the person who first suggested the most disgraceful articles which it contained; and he carefully concealed some of those articles from the majority of his cabinet, or, as it was popularly called, his cabal.

Few things in our history are more curious than the origin and growth of the power now possessed by the cabinet. From an early period the kings of England had been assisted by a privy council, to which the law assigned many important functions and duties. During several centuries this body deliberated on the gravest and most delicate affairs of state; but by degrees its character changed. It became too large for dispatch and secrecy. The rank of privy counselor was often bestowed as an honorary distinction on persons to whom nothing was confided, and whose opinion was never asked. The sovereign, on the most important occasions, resorted for advice to a small knot of leading ministers. The advantages and disadvantages of this course were early pointed out by Bacon, with his usual judgment and sagacity, but it was not until after the Restoration that the interior council began to attract general notice. During many years old-fashioned politicians continued to regard the cabinet as an unconstitutional and dangerous board. Nevertheless, it constantly became more and more important. It at length drew to itself the chief executive power, and has now been regarded, during several generations, as an essential part of our polity. Yet, strange to say, it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public. No record is kept of its meetings and resolutions, nor has its existence ever been recognized by any act of Parliament.

It happened by a whimsical coincidence that

in 1671, the cabinet consisted of five persons, the initial letters of whose names made up the word Cabal: Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale.

Sir Thomas Clifford was a Commissioner of the Treasury, and had greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons. Of the members of the Cabal he was the most respectable; for, with a fiery and imperious temper, he had a strong though a lamentably perverted sense of duty and honor.

Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, then Secretary of State, had, since he came to manhood, resided principally on the Continent, and had learned that cosmopolitan indifference to constitutions and religions which is often observable in persons whose life has been passed in vagrant diplomacy. If there was any form of government which he liked, it was that of France; if there was any church for which he felt a preference, it was that of Rome. He had some talent for conversation, and some talent, also, for transacting the ordinary business of office. He had learned, during a life passed in traveling and negotiating, the art of accommodating his language and deportment to the society in which he found himself. His vivacity in the closet amused the king; his gravity in debates and conferences imposed on the public; and he had succeeded in attaching to himself, partly by services and partly by hopes, a considerable number of personal retainers.

Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale were men in whom the immorality which was epidemic among the politicians of that age appeared in its most malignant type, but variously modified by great diversities of temper and understanding. Buckingham was a satiated man of pleasure, who had turned to ambition as to a pastime. As he had tried to amuse himself with architecture and music, with writing farces and with seeking for the philosopher's stone, so he now tried to amuse himself with a secret negotiation and a Dutch war. He had already, rather from fickleness and love of novelty than from any deep design, been faithless to every party. At one time he had ranked among the Cavaliers. At another time warrants had been out against him for maintaining a treasonable correspondence with the remains of the Republican party in the city. He was now again a courtier, and was eager to win the favor of the king by services from which the most illustrious of those who had fought and suffered for the royal house would have recoiled with horror.

Ashley, with a far stronger head, and with a far fiercer and more earnest ambition, had been equally versatile; but Ashley's versatility was the effect, not of levity, but of delib-

erate selfishness. He had served and betrayed a succession of governments; but he had timed all his treacheries so well that, through all revolutions, his fortunes had constantly been rising. The multitude, struck with admiration by a prosperity which, while everything else was constantly changing, remained unchangeable, attributed to him a prescience almost miraculous, and likened him to the Hebrew statesman of whom it is written that his counsel was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God.

Lauderdale, loud and coarse both in mirth and anger, was perhaps, under the outward show of boisterous frankness, the most dishonest man in the whole cabal. He had been conspicuous among the Scotch insurgents of 1638, and zealous for the Covenant. He was accused of having been deeply concerned in the sale of Charles the First to the English Parliament, and was therefore, in the estimation of good Cavaliers, a traitor, if possible, of a worse description than those who had sat in the High Court of Justice. He often talked with noisy jocularity of the days when he was a canter and a rebel. He was now the chief instrument employed by the court in the work of forcing episcopacy on his reluctant countrymen; nor did he, in that cause, shrink from the unsparing use of the sword, the halter, and the boot. Yet those who knew him knew that thirty years had made no change in his real sentiments; that he still hated the memory of Charles the First, and that he still preferred the Presbyterian form of church government to every other.

Unscrupulous as Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale were, it was not thought safe to intrust to them the king's intention of declaring himself a Roman Catholic. A false treaty, in which the article concerning religion was omitted, was shown to them. The names and seals of Clifford and Arlington are affixed to the genuine treaty. Both these statesmen had a partiality for the old Church, a partiality which the brave and vehement Clifford in no long time manfully avowed, but which the colder and meaner Arlington concealed, until the near approach of death scared him into sincerity. The three other cabinet ministers, however, were not men to be easily kept in the dark, and probably suspected more than was distinctly avowed to them. They were certainly privy to all the political engagements contracted with France, and were not ashamed to receive large gratifications from Louis.

The first object of Charles was to obtain from the Commons supplies which might be employed in executing the secret treaty. The

Cabal, holding power at a time when our government was in a state of transition, united in itself two different kinds of vices, belonging to two different ages and to two different systems. As those five evil counselors were among the last English statesmen who seriously thought of destroying the Parliament, so they were the first English statesmen who attempted extensively to corrupt it. We find in their policy at once the latest trace of the Thorough of Strafford, and the earliest trace of the methodical bribery which was afterward practiced by Walpole. They soon perceived, however, that, though the House of Commons was chiefly composed of Cavaliers, and though places and French gold had been lavished on the members, there was no chance that even the least odious part of the scheme arranged at Dover would be supported by a majority. It was necessary to have recourse to fraud. The king accordingly professed great zeal for the principles of the Triple Alliance, and pretended that, in order to hold the ambition of France in check, it would be necessary to augment the fleet. The Commons fell into the snare, and voted a grant of eight hundred thousand pounds. The Parliament was instantly prorogued; and the court, thus emancipated from control, proceeded to the execution of the great design.

The financial difficulties were serious. A war with Holland could be carried on only at enormous cost. The ordinary revenue was not more than sufficient to support the government in time of peace. The eight hundred thousand pounds out of which the Commons had just been tricked would not defray the naval and military charge of a single year of hostilities. After the terrible lesson given by the Long Parliament, even the Cabal did not venture to recommend benevolences or ship-money. In this perplexity Ashley and Clifford proposed a flagitious breach of public faith. The goldsmiths of London were then not only dealers in the precious metals, but also bankers, and were in the habit of advancing large sums of money to the government. In return for these advances they received assignments on the revenue, and were repaid with interest as the taxes came in. About thirteen hundred thousand pounds had been in this way intrusted to the honor of the state. On a sudden it was announced that it was not convenient to pay the principal, and that the lenders must content themselves with interest. They were consequently unable to meet their own engagements. The Exchange was in an uproar; several great mercantile houses broke; and dismay and distress spread through all

society. Meanwhile, rapid strides were made toward despotism. Proclamations, dispensing with acts of Parliament, or enjoining what only Parliament could lawfully enjoin, appeared in rapid succession. Of these edicts the most important was the Declaration of Indulgence. By this instrument the penal laws against Roman Catholics were at once set aside by royal authority; and, that the real object of the measure might not be perceived, the laws against Protestant Nonconformists were also suspended.

A few days after the appearance of the Declaration of Indulgence, war was proclaimed against the United Provinces. By sea the Dutch maintained the struggle with honor, but on land they were at first borne down by irresistible force. A great French army passed the Rhine. Fortress after fortress opened its gates. Three of the seven provinces of the federation were occupied by the invaders. The fires of the hostile camp were seen from the top of the Stadthouse of Amsterdam. The republic, thus fiercely assailed from without, was torn at the same time by internal dissensions. The government was in the hands of a close oligarchy of powerful burghers. There were numerous self-elected town councils, each of which exercised, within its own sphere, many of the rights of sovereignty. These councils sent delegates to the provincial states, and the provincial states again sent delegates to the States-General. A hereditary first magistrate was no essential part of this polity. Nevertheless, one family, singularly fertile of great men, had gradually obtained a large and somewhat indefinite authority. William, first of the name, prince of Orange Nassau, and stadtholder of Holland, had headed the memorable insurrection against Spain. His son Maurice had been captain-general and first minister of the States; had, by eminent abilities and public services, and by some treacherous and cruel actions, raised himself to kingly power, and had bequeathed a great part of that power to his family. The influence of the stadtholders was an object of extreme jealousy to the municipal oligarchy. But the army, and that great body of citizens which was excluded from all share in the government, looked on the burgomasters and deputies with a dislike resembling the dislike with which the legions and the common people of Rome regarded the senate, and were as zealous for the house of Orange as the legions and the common people of Rome for the house of Cæsar. The stadtholder commanded the forces of the Commonwealth, disposed of all military commands, had a large share of the civil

patronage, and was surrounded by pomp almost regal.

Prince William the Second had been strongly opposed by the oligarchical party. His life had terminated in the year 1650, amid great civil troubles. He died childless; the adherents of his house were left for a short time without a head, and the powers which he had exercised were divided between the town councils, the provincial states, and the States-General.

But, a few days after William's death, his widow Mary, daughter of Charles the First, king of Great Britain, gave birth to a son, destined to raise the glory and authority of the house of Nassau to the highest point, to save the United Provinces from slavery, to curb the power of France, and to establish the English Constitution on a lasting foundation.

This prince, named William Henry, was from his birth an object of serious apprehension to the party now supreme in Holland, and of loyal attachment to the old friends of his line. He enjoyed high consideration as the possessor of a splendid fortune, as the chief of one of the most illustrious houses in Europe, as a sovereign prince of the German empire, as a prince of the blood royal of England, and, above all, as the descendant of the founders of Batavian liberty; but the high office which had once been considered as hereditary in his family remained in abeyance, and the intention of the aristocratical party was that there should never be another stadtholder. The want of a first magistrate was, to a great extent, supplied by the Grand Pensionary of the Province of Holland, John De Witt, whose abilities, firmness, and integrity had raised him to unrivaled authority in the councils of the municipal oligarchy.

The French invasion produced a complete change. The suffering and terrified people raged fiercely against the government. In their madness they attacked the bravest captains and the ablest statesmen of the distressed Commonwealth. De Ruyter was insulted by the rabble. De Witt was torn in pieces before the gate of the palace of the States-General at the Hague. The Prince of Orange, who had no share in the guilt of the murder, but who, on this occasion, as on another lamentable occasion twenty years later, extended to crimes perpetrated in his cause an indulgence which has left a stain on his glory, became chief of the government without a rival. Young as he was, his ardent and unconquerable spirit, though disguised by a cold and sullen manner, soon roused the courage of his dismayed countrymen. It was in vain that both his uncle and the French king attempted by splendid offers to seduce him from the



cause of the republic. To the States-General he spoke a high and inspiring language. He even ventured to suggest a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been accomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the whole compass of modern history. He told the deputies that, even if their natal soil and the marvels with which human industry had covered it were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. The Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty and pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from Europe, might take refuge in the farthest isles of Asia. The shipping in the ports of the republic would suffice to carry two hundred thousand emigrants to the Indian Archipelago. There the Dutch Commonwealth might commence a new and more glorious existence, and might rear, under the Southern Cross, amid the sugar-canes and nutmeg trees, the Exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden. The national spirit swelled and rose high. The terms offered by the allies were firmly rejected. The dikes were opened. The whole country was one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands. The invaders were forced to save themselves from destruction by a precipitate retreat. Louis, who, though he sometimes thought it necessary to appear at the head of his troops, greatly preferred a palace to a camp, had already returned to enjoy the adulation of poets and the smiles of ladies in the newly-planted alleys of Versailles.

And now the tide turned fast. The event of the maritime war had been doubtful; by land the United Provinces had obtained a respite; and a respite, though short, was of infinite importance. Alarmed by the vast designs of Louis, both the branches of the great house of Austria sprang to arms. Spain and Holland, divided by the memory of ancient wrongs and humiliations, were reconciled by the nearness of the common danger. From every part of Germany troops poured toward the Rhine. The English government had already expended all the funds which had been obtained by pillaging the public creditor. No loan could be expected from the city. An attempt to raise taxes by the royal authority would have at once produced a rebellion; and Louis, who had now to maintain a contest against half Europe, was in no condition to furnish the means of coercing the people of England. It was necessary to convoke the Parliament.

In the spring of 1673, therefore, the houses reassembled after a recess of near two years. Clifford, now a peer and Lord Treasurer, and

Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Chancellor, were the persons on whom the king chiefly relied as parliamentary managers. The country party instantly began to attack the policy of the Cabal; but the attack was made, not in the way of storm, but by slow and scientific approaches. The Commons at first held out hopes that they would give support to the king's foreign policy, but insisted that he should purchase that support by abandoning his whole system of domestic policy. Their first object was to obtain the revocation of the Declaration of Indulgence. Of all the many unpopular steps taken by the government, the most unpopular was the publishing of this declaration. The most opposite sentiments had been shocked by an act so liberal, done in a manner so despotic. All the enemies of religious freedom, and all the friends of civil freedom, found themselves on the same side, and those two classes made up nineteen twentieths of the nation. The zealous churchman exclaimed against the favor which had been shown both to the papist and to the Puritan. The Puritan, though he might rejoice in the suspension of the persecution by which he had been harassed, felt little gratitude for a toleration which he was to share with anti-Christ. And all Englishmen who valued liberty and law, saw with uneasiness the deep inroad which the prerogative had made into the province of the Legislature.

It must in candor be admitted that the constitutional question was then not quite free from obscurity. Our ancient kings had undoubtedly claimed and exercised the right of suspending the operation of penal laws. The tribunals had recognized that right. Parliaments had suffered it to pass unchallenged. That some such right was inherent in the crown, few even of the country party ventured, in the face of precedent and authority, to deny; yet it was clear that, if this prerogative were without limit, the English government could scarcely be distinguished from a pure despotism. That there was a limit was fully admitted by the king and his ministers. Whether the Declaration of Indulgence lay within or without the limit was the question, and neither party could succeed in tracing any line which would bear examination. Some opponents of the government complained that the Declaration suspended not less than forty statutes. But why not forty as well as one? There was an orator who gave it as his opinion that the king might constitutionally dispense with bad laws, but not with good laws. The absurdity of such a distinction it is needless to expose. The doctrine which seems to have been

generally received in the House of Commons was, that the dispensing power was confined to secular matters, and did not extend to laws enacted for the security of the established religion. Yet, as the king was supreme head of the Church, it should seem that, if he possessed the dispensing power at all, he might well possess that power where the Church was concerned. When the courtiers on the other side attempted to point out the bounds of this prerogative, they were not more successful than the Opposition had been.\*

The truth is, that the dispensing power was a great anomaly in politics. It was utterly inconsistent in theory with the principles of mixed government, but it had grown up in times when people troubled themselves little about theories. It had not been very grossly abused in practice. It had therefore been tolerated, and had gradually acquired a kind of prescription. At length it was employed, after a long interval, in an enlightened age, and at an important conjuncture, to an extent never before known, and for a purpose generally abhorred. It was instantly subjected to a severe scrutiny. Men did not indeed, at first, venture to pronounce it altogether unconstitutional; but they began to perceive that it was at direct variance with the spirit of the Constitution, and would, if left unchecked, turn the English government from a limited into an absolute monarchy.

Under the influence of such apprehensions, the Commons denied the king's right to dispense, not, indeed, with all penal statutes, but with penal statutes in matters ecclesiastical, and gave him plainly to understand that, unless he renounced that right, they would grant no supply for the Dutch war. He for a moment showed some inclination to put everything to hazard; but he was strongly advised by Louis to submit to necessity, and to wait for better times, when the French armies, now employed in an arduous struggle on the Continent, might be available for the purpose of suppressing discontent in England. In the Cabal itself the signs of disunion and treachery began to appear. Shaftesbury, with his proverbial sagacity, saw that a violent reaction was at hand, and that all things were tending toward a crisis resembling that of 1640. He was determined that such a crisis should not find him in the situation of Strafford. He therefore turned suddenly round, and acknowledged, in the House of Lords, that the Declaration was illegal. The

king, thus deserted by his ally and by his chancellor, yielded, canceled the Declaration, and solemnly promised that it should never be drawn into precedent.

Even this concession was insufficient. The Commons, not content with having forced their sovereign to annul the Indulgence, next extorted his unwilling consent to a celebrated law, which continued in force down to the reign of George the Fourth. This law, known as the Test Act, provided that all persons holding any office, civil or military, should take the Oath of Supremacy, should subscribe a declaration against transubstantiation, and should publicly receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The preamble expressed hostility only to the papists, but the enacting clauses were scarcely more unfavorable to the papists than to the most rigid class of Puritans. The Puritans, however, terrified at the evident leaning of the court toward popery, and encouraged by some churchmen to hope that, as soon as the Roman Catholics should have been effectually disarmed, relief would be extended to Protestant Nonconformists, made little opposition; nor could the king, who was in extreme want of money, venture to withhold his assent. The act was passed, and the Duke of York was consequently under the necessity of resigning the great place of lord high admiral.

Hitherto the Commons had not declared against the Dutch war; but, when the king had, in return for money cautiously doled out, relinquished his whole plan of domestic policy, they fell impetuously on his foreign policy. They requested him to dismiss Buckingham and Lauderdale from his councils forever, and appointed a committee to consider the propriety of impeaching Arlington. In a short time the Cabal was no more. Clifford, who, alone of the five, had any claim to be regarded as an honest man, refused to take the new test, laid down his white staff, and retired to his country seat. Arlington quitted the post of secretary of state for a quiet and dignified employment in the royal household. Shaftesbury and Buckingham made their peace with the Opposition, and appeared at the head of the stormy democracy of the city. Lauderdale, however, still continued to be minister for Scotch affairs, with which the English Parliament could not interfere.

And now the Commons urged the king to make peace with Holland, and expressly declared that no more supplies should be granted for the war, unless it should appear that the enemy obstinately refused to consent to reasonable terms. Charles found it necessary to postpone to a more convenient season all

\* The most sensible thing said in the House of Commons, on this subject, came from Sir William Coventry: "Our ancestors never did draw a line to circumscribe prerogative and liberty."

thought of executing the treaty of Dover, and to cajole the nation by pretending to return to the policy of the Triple Alliance. Temple, who, during the ascendancy of the Cabal, had lived in seclusion among his books and flower-beds, was called forth from his hermitage. By his instrumentality, a separate peace was concluded with the United Provinces; and he again became ambassador at the Hague, where his presence was regarded as a sure pledge for the sincerity of his court.

The chief direction of affairs was now intrusted to Sir Thomas Osborn, a Yorkshire baronet, who had, in the House of Commons, shown eminent talents for business and debate. Osborn became Lord Treasurer, and was soon created Earl of Danby. He was not a man whose character, if tried by any high standard of morality, would appear to merit approbation. He was greedy of wealth and honors, corrupt himself, and a corrupter of others. The Cabal had bequeathed to him the art of bribing Parliaments, an art still rude, and giving little promise of the rare perfection to which it was brought in the following century. He improved greatly on the plan of the first inventors. They had merely purchased orators; but every man who had a vote might sell himself to Danby. Yet the new minister must not be confounded with the negotiators of Dover. He was not without the feelings of an Englishman and a Protestant; nor did he, in his solicitude for his own interests, ever wholly forget the interests of his country and of his religion. He was desirous, indeed, to exalt the prerogative, but the means by which he proposed to exalt it were widely different from those which had been contemplated by Arlington and Clifford. The thought of establishing arbitrary power, by calling in the aid of foreign arms, and by reducing the kingdom to the rank of a dependent principality, never entered into his mind. His plan was to rally round the monarchy those classes which had been the firm allies of the monarchy during the troubles of the preceding generation, and which had been disgusted by the recent crimes and errors of the court. With the help of the old Cavalier interest, of the nobles, of the country gentlemen, of the clergy, and of the universities, it might, he conceived, be possible to make Charles, not, indeed, an absolute sovereign, but a sovereign scarcely less powerful than Elizabeth had been.

Prompted by these feelings, Danby formed the design of securing to the Cavalier party the exclusive possession of all political power, both executive and legislative. In the year 1675, accordingly, a bill was offered to the Lords, which provided that no person should hold any office, or should sit in either House

of Parliament, without first declaring on oath that he considered resistance to the kingly power as in all cases criminal, and that he would never endeavor to alter the government either in Church or State. During several weeks, the debates, divisions, and protests caused by this proposition kept the country in a state of excitement. The opposition in the House of Lords, headed by two members of the Cabal who were desirous to make their peace with the nation, Buckingham and Shaftesbury, was beyond all precedent vehement and pertinacious, and at length proved successful. The bill was not indeed rejected, but was retarded, mutilated, and at length suffered to drop.

So arbitrary and so exclusive was Danby's scheme of domestic policy. His opinions touching foreign policy did him more honor. They were, in truth, directly opposed to those of the Cabal, and differed little from those of the country party. He bitterly lamented the degraded situation to which England was reduced, and vehemently declared that his dearest wish was to cudgel the French into a proper respect for her. So little did he disguise his feelings, that, at a great banquet where the most illustrious dignitaries of the State and of the Church were assembled, he not very decorously filled his glass to the confusion of all who were against a war with France. He would, indeed, most gladly have seen his country united with the powers which were then combined against Louis, and was for that end bent on placing Temple, the author of the Triple Alliance, at the head of the department which directed foreign affairs. But the power of the prime minister was limited. In his most confidential letters he complained that the infatuation of his master prevented England from taking her proper place among European nations. Charles was insatiably greedy of French gold; he had by no means relinquished the hope that he might, at some future day, be able to establish absolute monarchy by the help of the French arms; and for both reasons he wished to maintain a good understanding with the court of Versailles.

Thus the sovereign leaned toward one system of foreign politics, and the minister toward a system diametrically opposite. Neither the sovereign nor the minister, indeed, was of a temper to pursue any object with undeviating constancy. Each occasionally yielded to the importunity of the other, and their jarring inclinations and mutual concessions gave to the whole administration a strangely capricious character. Charles sometimes, from levity and indolence, suffered Danby to take steps which Louis resented as mortal injuries. Danby, on the other hand,

rather than relinquish his great place, sometimes stooped to compliances which caused him bitter pain and shame. The king was brought to consent to a marriage between the Lady Mary, eldest daughter and presumptive heiress of the Duke of York, and William of Orange, the deadly enemy of France, and the hereditary champion of the Reformation; nay, the brave Earl of Ossory, son of Ormond, was sent to assist the Dutch with some British troops, who, on the most bloody day of the whole war, signally vindicated the national reputation for stubborn courage. The treasurer, on the other hand, was induced, not only to connive at some scandalous pecuniary transactions which took place between his master and the court of Versailles, but to become—unwillingly, indeed, and ungraciously—an agent in those transactions.

Meanwhile, the country party was driven by two strong feelings in two opposite directions. The popular leaders were afraid of the greatness of Louis, who was not only making head against the whole strength of the Continental alliance, but was even gaining ground. Yet they were afraid to intrust their own king with the means of curbing France, lest those means should be used to destroy the liberties of England. The conflict between these apprehensions, both of which were perfectly legitimate, made the policy of the Opposition seem as eccentric and fickle as that of the court. The Commons called for a war with France, until the king, pressed by Danby to comply with their wish, seemed disposed to yield, and began to raise an army; but as soon as they saw that the recruiting had commenced, their dread of Louis gave place to a nearer dread. They began to fear that the new levies might be employed on a service in which Charles took much more interest than in the defense of Flanders. They therefore refused supplies, and clamored for disbanding as loudly as they had just before clamored for arming. Those historians who have severely reprehended this inconsistency do not appear to have made sufficient allowance for the embarrassing situation of subjects who have reason to believe that their prince is conspiring with a foreign and hostile power against their liberties. To refuse him military resources is to leave the state defenseless; yet to give him military resources may be only to arm him against the state. Under such circumstances, vacillation can not be considered as a proof of dishonesty or even of weakness.

These jealousies were studiously fomented by the French king. He had long kept England passive by promising to support the throne against the Parliament. He now,

alarmed at finding that the patriotic councils of Danby seemed likely to prevail in the closet, began to inflame the Parliament against the throne. Between Louis and the country party there was one thing, and one only, in common, profound distrust of Charles. Could the country party have been certain that their sovereign meant only to make war on France, they would have been eager to support him. Could Louis have been certain that the new levies were intended only to make war on the Constitution of England, he would have made no attempt to stop them. But the unsteadiness and faithlessness of Charles were such that the French government and the English opposition, agreeing in nothing else, agreed in disbelieving his protestations, and were equally desirous to keep him poor and without an army. Communications were opened between Barillon, the ambassador of Louis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who, indeed, sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. This was the whole extent of Russell's offense. His principles and his fortune alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind; but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country. On the contrary, they meant to serve her; but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and indelicate enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who can not be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France; yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sidney.

The effect of these intrigues was, that England, though she occasionally took a menacing attitude, remained inactive until the Continental war, having lasted nearly seven years, was terminated, in 1678, by the treaty of Nimeguen. The United Provinces, which in 1672 had seemed to be on the verge of utter ruin, obtained honorable and advanta-

geous terms. This narrow escape was generally ascribed to the ability and courage of the young stadtholder. His fame was great throughout Europe, and especially among the English, who regarded him as one of their own princes, and rejoiced to see him the husband of their future queen. France retained many important towns in the Low Countries and the great province of Franche Comté. Almost the whole loss was borne by the decaying monarchy of Spain.

A few months after the termination of hostilities on the Continent came a great crisis in English politics. Toward such a crisis things had been tending during eighteen years. The whole stock of popularity, great as it was, with which the king had commenced his administration, had long been expended. To loyal enthusiasm had succeeded profound disaffection. The public mind had now measured back again the space over which it had passed between 1640 and 1660, and was once more in the state in which it had been when the Long Parliament met.

The prevailing discontent was compounded of many feelings. One of these was wounded national pride. That generation had seen England, during a few years, allied on equal terms with France, victorious over Holland and Spain, the mistress of the sea, the terror of Rome, the head of the Protestant interest. Her resources had not diminished; and it might have been expected that she would have been at least as highly considered in Europe under a legitimate king, strong in the affection and willing obedience of his subjects, as she had been under a usurper whose utmost vigilance and energy were required to keep down a mutinous people; yet she had, in consequence of the imbecility and meanness of her rulers, sunk so low that any German or Italian principality which brought five thousand men into the field was a more important member of the commonwealth of nations.

With the bitter sense of national humiliation was mingled anxiety for civil liberty. Rumors, indistinct indeed, but perhaps the more alarming by reason of their indistinctness, imputed to the court a deliberate design against all the constitutional rights of Englishmen. It had even been whispered that this design was to be carried into effect by the intervention of foreign arms. The thought of such intervention made the blood, even of the Cavaliers, boil in their veins. Some, who had always professed the doctrine of non-resistance in its full extent, were now heard to mutter that there was one limitation to that doctrine. If a foreign force were

brought over to coerce the nation, they would not answer for their own patience.

But neither national pride nor anxiety for public liberty had so great an influence on the popular mind as hatred of the Roman Catholic religion. That hatred had become one of the ruling passions of the community, and was as strong in the ignorant and profane as in those who were Protestants from conviction.

The cruelties of Mary's reign—cruelties which, even in the most accurate and sober narrative, excite just detestation, and which were neither accurately nor soberly related in the popular martyrologies—the conspiracies against Elizabeth, and, above all, the Gunpowder Plot, had left in the minds of the vulgar a deep and bitter feeling, which was kept up by annual commemorations, prayers, bonfires, and processions. It should be added that those classes which were peculiarly distinguished by attachment to the throne, the clergy and the landed gentry, had peculiar reasons for regarding the Church of Rome with aversion. The clergy trembled for their benefices, the landed gentry for their abbey and great tithes. While the memory of the reign of the saints was still recent, hatred of popery had in some degree given place to hatred of Puritanism; but, during the eighteen years which had elapsed since the Restoration, the hatred of Puritanism had abated, and the hatred of popery had increased. The stipulations of the treaty of Dover were accurately known to very few; but some hints had got abroad. The general impression was, that a great blow was about to be aimed at the Protestant religion. The king was suspected by many of a leaning toward Rome. His brother and heir presumptive was known to be a bigoted Roman Catholic. The first Duchess of York had died a Roman Catholic. James had then, in defiance of the remonstrances of the House of Commons, taken to wife the Princess Mary of Modena, another Roman Catholic. If there should be sons by this marriage, there was reason to fear that they might be bred Roman Catholics, and that a long succession of princes, hostile to the established faith, might sit on the English throne. The Constitution had recently been violated for the purpose of protecting the Roman Catholics from the penal laws. The ally by whom the policy of England had, during many years, been chiefly governed, was not only a Roman Catholic, but a persecutor of the Reformed churches. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the common people should have been inclined to apprehend a return of the times of her whom they called Bloody Mary.

Thus the nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture, fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter, and in a moment the whole was in a blaze.

The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Louis, by the instrumentality of Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man, who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the House of Commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of Parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwilling and unserviceable accomplice. But of the circumstances which have, in the judgment of posterity, greatly extenuated his fault, his cotemporaries were ignorant. In their view he was the broker who had sold England to France. It seemed clear that his greatness was at an end, and doubtful whether his head could be saved.

Yet was the ferment excited by this discovery slight when compared with the commotion which arose when it was noised abroad that a great popish plot had been detected. One Titus Oates, a clergyman of the Church of England, had, by his disorderly life and heterodox doctrine, drawn on him the censure of his spiritual superiors, had been compelled to quit his benefice, and had ever since led an infamous and vagrant life. He had once professed himself a Roman Catholic, and had passed some time on the Continent in English colleges of the order of Jesus. In those seminaries he had heard much wild talk about the best means of bringing England back to the true Church. From hints thus furnished he constructed a hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick man than any transaction which ever took place in the real world. The pope, he said, had intrusted the government of England to the Jesuits. The Jesuits had, by commissions under the great seal of their society, appointed Catholic clergymen, noblemen, and gentlemen to all the highest offices in Church and State. The papists had burned down London once. They had tried to burn it down again. They were at that moment planning a scheme for setting fire to all the shipping in the Thames. They were to rise at a signal and massacre all their Protestant neighbors. A French army was at the same time to land in Ireland. All the

leading statesmen and divines of England were to be murdered. Three or four schemes had been formed for assassinating the king. He was to be stabbed. He was to be poisoned in his medicine. He was to be shot with silver bullets. The public mind was so sore and excitable that these lies readily found credit with the vulgar; and two events which speedily took place led even some reflecting men to suspect that the tale, though evidently distorted and exaggerated, might have some foundation.

Edward Coleman, a very busy and not very honest Roman Catholic intriguer, had been among the persons accused. Search was made for his papers. It was found that he had just destroyed the greater part of them; but a few which had escaped contained some passages which, to minds strongly prepossessed, might seem to confirm the evidence of Oates. Those passages indeed, when candidly construed, appear to express little more than the hopes which the posture of affairs, the predilections of Charles, the still stronger predilections of James, and the relations existing between the French and English courts, might naturally excite in the mind of a Roman Catholic strongly attached to the interests of his Church. But the country was not then inclined to construe the letters of papists candidly; and it was urged, with some show of reason, that if papers which had been passed over as unimportant were filled with matter so suspicious, some great mystery of iniquity must have been contained in those documents which had been carefully committed to the flames.

A few days later it was known that Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, an eminent justice of the peace, who had taken the depositions of Oates against Coleman, had disappeared. Search was made, and Godfrey's corpse was found in a field near London. It was clear that he had died by violence. It was equally clear that he had not been set upon by robbers. His fate is to this day a secret. Some think that he perished by his own hand; some, that he was slain by a private enemy. The most improbable supposition is, that he was murdered by the party hostile to the court, in order to give color to the story of the plot. The most probable supposition seems, on the whole, to be that some hot-headed Roman Catholic, driven to frenzy by the lies of Oates and by the insults of the multitude, and not nicely distinguishing between the perjured accuser and the innocent magistrate, had taken a revenge of which the history of persecuted sects furnishes but too many examples. If this were so, the assassin must have afterward bitterly execrated his own wickedness

and folly. The capital and the whole nation went mad with hatred and fear. The penal laws, which had begun to lose something of their edge, were sharpened anew. Everywhere justices were busied in searching houses and seizing papers. All the jails were filled with papists. London had the aspect of a city in a state of siege. The train-bands were under arms all night. Preparations were made for barrieking the great thoroughfares. Patrols marched up and down the streets. Cannon were planted round Whitehall. No citizen thought himself safe unless he carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain the popish assassins. The corpse of the murdered magistrate was exhibited during several days to the gaze of great multitudes, and was then committed to the grave with strange and terrible ceremonies, which indicated rather fear and the thirst of vengeance than sorrow or religious hope. The houses insisted that a guard should be placed in the vaults over which they sat, in order to secure them against a second gunpowder plot. All their proceedings were of a piece with this demand. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth the Oath of Supremacy had been exacted from members of the House of Commons. Some Roman Catholics, however, had contrived so to interpret that oath that they could take it without scruple. A more stringent test was now added, and the Roman Catholic lords were for the first time excluded from their seats in Parliament. The Duke of York was driven from the Privy Council. Strong resolutions were adopted against the queen. The Commons threw one of the secretaries of state into prison for having countersigned commissions directed to gentlemen who were not good Protestants. They impeached the lord treasurer of high treason; nay, they so far forgot the doctrine which, while the memory of the civil war was still recent, they had loudly professed, that they even attempted to wrest the command of the militia out of the king's hands. To such a temper had eighteen years of misgovernment brought the most loyal Parliament that had ever met in England.

Yet it may seem strange that, even in that extremity, the king should have ventured to appeal to the people, for the people were more excited than their representatives. The Lower House, disoriented as it was, contained a larger number of Cavaliers than were likely to find seats again. But it was thought that a dissolution would put a stop to the prosecution of the lord treasurer; a prosecution which might probably bring to light all the guilty mysteries of the French alliance, and might thus cause extreme personal annoyance

and embarrassment to Charles. Accordingly, in January, 1679, the Parliament, which had been in existence ever since the beginning of the year 1661, was dissolved, and writs were issued for a general election.

During some weeks the contention over the whole country was fierce and obstinate beyond example. Unprecedented sums were expended. New tactics were employed. It was remarked by the pamphleteers of that time as something extraordinary, that horses were hired at a great charge for the conveyance of electors. The practice of splitting freeholds for the purpose of multiplying votes dates from this memorable struggle. Dissenting preachers, who had long hidden themselves in quiet nooks from persecution, now emerged from their retreats, and rode from village to village for the purpose of rekindling the zeal of the scattered people of God. The tide ran strong against the government. Most of the new members came up to Westminster in a mood little differing from that of their predecessors who had sent Strafford and Laud to the Tower.

Meanwhile the courts of justice, which ought to be, in the midst of political commotions, sure places of refuge for the innocent of every party, were disgraced by wilder passions and fouler corruptions than were to be found even on the hustings. The tale of Oates, though it had sufficed to convulse the whole realm, would not, until confirmed by other evidence, suffice to destroy the humblest of those whom he had accused; for, by the old law of England, two witnesses are necessary to establish a charge of treason. But the success of the first impostor produced its natural consequences. In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence, to power which made him the dread of princes and nobles, and to notoriety such as has for low and bad minds all the attractions of glory. He was not long without coadjutors and rivals. A wretch named Carstairs, who had earned a living in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles and then informing against the preachers, led the way. Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed; and soon, from all the brothels, gambling-houses, and sponging-houses of London, false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Catholics. One came with a story about an army of thirty thousand men who were to muster in the disguise of pilgrims at Corunna, and to sail thence to Wales. Another had been promised canonization and five hundred pounds to murder the king. A third had stepped into an eating-house in Covent Garden, and had there heard a great Roman Catholic banker vow, in the hearing

of all the guests and drawers, to kill the heretical tyrant. Oates, that he might not be eclipsed by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. He had the portentous impudence to affirm, among other things, that he had once stood behind a door which was ajar, and had there overheard the queen declare that she had resolved to give her consent to the assassination of her husband. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief judges of the realm were corrupt, cruel, and timid. The leaders of the country party encouraged the prevailing delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were themselves so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of the plot to be true. Such men as Shaftesbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance; but it was a romance which served their turn, and to their seared consciences the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a parturient. The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates and his confederates, hooted and pelted the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced. It was in vain that the sufferers appealed to the respectability of their past lives; for the public mind was possessed with a belief that the more conscientious a papist was, the more likely he must be to plot against a Protestant government. It was in vain that, just before the cart passed from under their feet, they resolutely affirmed their innocence; for the general opinion was, that a good papist considered all lies which were serviceable to his Church as not only excusable, but meritorious.

While innocent blood was shedding under the forms of justice, the new Parliament met; and such was the violence of the predominant party, that even men whose youth had been passed amid revolutions—men who remembered the attainder of Strafford, the attempt on the five members, the abolition of the House of Lords, the execution of the king—stood aghast at the aspect of public affairs. The impeachment of Danby was resumed. He pleaded the royal pardon; but the Commons treated the plea with contempt, and insisted that the trial should proceed. Danby, however, was not their chief object. They were convinced that the only effectual way of securing the liberties and religion of the nation was to exclude the Duke of York from the throne.

The king was in great perplexity. He had insisted that his brother, the sight of whom inflamed the populace to madness, should retire for a time to Brussels; but this concession did not seem to have produced any favorable effect. The Roundhead party was now decidedly preponderant. Toward that party leaned millions who had, at the time of the Restoration, leaned toward the side of prerogative. Of the old Cavaliers, many participated in the prevailing fear of popery, and many, bitterly resenting the ingratitude of the prince for whom they had sacrificed so much, looked on his distress as carelessly as he had looked on theirs. Even the Anglican clergy, mortified and alarmed by the apostasy of the Duke of York, so far countenanced the Opposition as to join cordially in the outcry against the Roman Catholics.

The king, in this extremity, had recourse to Sir William Temple. Of all the official men of that age, Temple had preserved the fairest character. The Triple Alliance had been his work. He had refused to take any part in the politics of the Cabal, and had, while that administration directed affairs, lived in strict privacy. He had quitted his retreat at the call of Danby, had made peace between England and Holland, and had borne a chief part in bringing about the marriage of the Lady Mary to her cousin the Prince of Orange. Thus he had the credit of every one of the few good things which had been done by the government since the Restoration. Of the numerous crimes and blunders of the last eighteen years, none could be imputed to him. His private life, though not austere, was decorous; his manners were popular; and he was not to be corrupted either by titles or by money. Something, however, was wanting to the character of this respectable statesman. The temperature of his patriotism was lukewarm. He prized his ease and his personal dignity too much, and shrank from responsibility with a pusillanimous fear. Nor, indeed, had his habits fitted him to bear a part in the conflicts of our domestic factions. He had reached his fiftieth year without having sat in the English Parliament; and his official experience had been almost entirely acquired at foreign courts. He was justly esteemed one of the first diplomatists in Europe; but the talents and accomplishments of a diplomatist are widely different from those which qualify a politician to lead the House of Commons in agitated times.

The scheme which he proposed showed considerable ingenuity. Though not a profound philosopher, he had thought more than most busy men of the world on the general principles of government, and his mind had been enlarged by historical studies and foreign



travel. He seems to have discerned more clearly than most of his cotemporaries one cause of the difficulties by which the government was beset. The character of the English polity was gradually changing. The Parliament was slowly, but constantly, gaining ground on the prerogative. The line between the legislative and executive powers was in theory as strongly marked as ever, but in practice was daily becoming fainter and fainter. The theory of the Constitution was, that the king might name his own ministers; but the House of Commons had driven Clarendon, the Cabal, and Danby successively from the direction of affairs. The theory of the Constitution was, that the king alone had the power of making peace and war; but the House of Commons had forced him to make peace with Holland, and had all but forced him to make war with France. The theory of the Constitution was, that the king was the sole judge of the cases in which it might be proper to pardon offenders; yet he was so much in dread of the House of Commons, that, at that moment, he could not venture to rescue from the gallows men whom he well knew to be the innocent victims of perjury.

Temple, it should seem, was desirous to secure to the Legislature its undoubted constitutional powers, and yet to prevent it, if possible, from encroaching further on the province of the executive administration. With this view, he determined to interpose between the sovereign and the Parliament a body which might break the shock of their collision. There was a body, ancient, highly honorable, and recognized by the law, which, he thought, might be so remodeled as to serve this purpose. He determined to give to the Privy Council a new character and office in the government. The number of counselors he fixed at thirty. Fifteen of them were to be the chief ministers of state, of law, and of religion. The other fifteen were to be unplaced noblemen and gentlemen of ample fortune and high character. There was to be no interior cabinet. All the thirty were to be intrusted with every political secret, and summoned to every meeting; and the king was to declare that he would, on every occasion, be guided by their advice.

Temple seems to have thought that, by this contrivance, he could at once secure the nation against the tyranny of the crown, and the crown against the encroachments of the Parliament. It was, on one hand, highly improbable that schemes such as had been formed by the Cabal would be even propounded for discussion in an assembly consisting of thirty eminent men, fifteen of whom were bound by no tie of interest to the court. On

the other hand, it might be hoped that the Commons, content with the guarantee against misgovernment which such a council furnished, would confine themselves more than they had of late done to their strictly legislative functions, and would no longer think it necessary to pry into every part of the executive administration.

This plan, though in some respects not unworthy of the abilities of its author, was in principle vicious. The new board was half a cabinet and half a Parliament, and, like almost every other contrivance, whether mechanical or political, which is meant to serve two purposes altogether different, failed of accomplishing either. It was too large and too divided to be a good administrative body. It was too closely connected with the crown to be a good checking body. It contained just enough of popular ingredients to make it a bad council of state, unfit for the keeping of secrets, for the conducting of delicate negotiations, and for the administration of war; yet were these popular ingredients by no means sufficient to secure the nation against misgovernment. The plan, therefore, even if it had been fairly tried, could scarcely have succeeded; and it was not fairly tried. The king was fickle and perfidious; the Parliament was excited and unreasonable; and the materials out of which the new council was made, though perhaps the best which that age afforded, were still bad.

The commencement of the new system was, however, hailed with general delight, for the people were in a temper to think any change an improvement. They were also pleased by some of the new nominations. Shaftesbury, now their favorite, was appointed Lord President. Russell and some other distinguished members of the country party were sworn of the council. But in a few days all was again in confusion. The inconveniences of having so numerous a cabinet were such that Temple himself consented to infringe one of the fundamental rules which he had laid down, and to become one of a small knot which really directed everything. With him were joined three other ministers, Arthur Capel, earl of Essex, George Savile, viscount Halifax, and Robert Spencer, earl of Sunderland.

Of the Earl of Essex, then first Commissioner of the Treasury, it is sufficient to say that he was a man of solid though not brilliant parts, and of grave and melancholy character; that he had been connected with the country party, and that he was at this time honestly desirous to effect, on terms beneficial to the state, a reconciliation between that party and the throne.

Among the statesmen of that age, Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life; for he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind, he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the state, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasoned clamors of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative. In theory he was a Republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a privy counselor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot that he was called by the uncharitable an atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions.

He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead of quarreling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honor, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. Everything good, he

said, trims between extremes. The temperate zone trims between the climate in which men are roasted and the climate in which they are frozen. The English Church trims between the Anabaptist madness and the papist lethargy. The English Constitution trims between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Virtue is nothing but a just temper between propensities, any one of which, if indulged to excess, becomes vice; nay, the perfection of the Supreme Being himself consists in the exact equilibrium of attributes, none of which could preponderate without disturbing the whole moral and physical order of the world.\* Thus Halifax was a trimmer on principle. He was also a trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, skeptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. He must not, however, be confounded with the vulgar crowd of renegades; for though, like them, he passed from side to side, his transition was always in the direction opposite to theirs. He had nothing in common with those who fly from extreme to extreme, and who regard the party which they have deserted with an animosity far exceeding that of consistent enemies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either. The party to which he at any moment belonged was the party which, at that moment, he liked best, because it was the party of which, at that moment, he had the nearest view. He was, therefore, always severe upon his violent associates, and was always in friendly relations with his moderate opponents. Every faction, in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph, incurred his censure, and every faction, when vanquished and persecuted, found in him a protector. To his lasting honor it must be mentioned that he attempted to save those victims whose fate has left the deepest stain both on the Whig and on the Tory name.

He had greatly distinguished himself in opposition, and had thus drawn on himself the royal displeasure, which was indeed so strong that he was not admitted into the council of the thirty without much difficulty and long altercation. As soon, however, as he had obtained a footing at court, the charms

\* It will be seen that I believe Halifax to have been the author, or at least one of the authors, of the "Character of a Trimmer," which, for a time, went under the name of his kinsman, Sir William Coventry.

of his manner and of his conversation made him a favorite. He was seriously alarmed by the violence of the public discontent. He thought that liberty was for the present safe, and that order and legitimate authority were in danger. He, therefore, as was his fashion, joined himself to the weaker side. Perhaps his conversion was not wholly disinterested; for study and reflection, though they had emancipated him from many vulgar prejudices, had left him a slave to vulgar desires. Money he did not want, and there is no evidence that he ever obtained it by any means which, in that age, even severe censors considered as dishonorable; but rank and power had strong attractions for him. He pretended, indeed, that he considered titles and great offices as baits which could allure none but fools, that he hated business, pomp, and pageantry, and that his dearest wish was to escape from the bustle and glitter of Whitehall to the quiet woods which surrounded his ancient hall at Rufford; but his conduct was not a little at variance with his professions. In truth, he wished to command the respect at once of courtiers and of philosophers, to be admired for attaining high dignities, and to be at the same time admired for despising them.

Sunderland was Secretary of State. In this man the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner. Nature had given him a keen understanding, a restless and mischievous temper, a cold heart, and an abject spirit. His mind had undergone a training by which all his vices had been nursed up to the roughest maturity. At his entrance into public life, he had passed several years in diplomatic posts abroad, and had been, during some time, minister in France. Every calling has its peculiar temptations. There is no injustice in saying that diplomatists, as a class, have always been more distinguished by their address, by the art with which they win the confidence of those with whom they have to deal, and by the ease with which they catch the tone of every society into which they are admitted, than by generous enthusiasm or austere rectitude; and the relations between Charles and Louis were such that no English nobleman could long reside in France as envoy, and retain any patriotic or honorable sentiment. Sunderland came forth from the bad school in which he had been brought up, cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principles. He was, by hereditary connection, a Cavalier; but with the Cavaliers he had nothing in common. They were zealous for monarchy, and condemned in theory all resistance; yet they had

sturdy English hearts, which would never have endured real despotism. He, on the contrary, had a languid, speculative liking for Republican institutions, which was compatible with perfect readiness to be in practice the most servile instrument of arbitrary power. Like many other accomplished flatterers and negotiators, he was far more skillful in the art of reading the characters and practicing on the weaknesses of individuals, than in the art of discerning the feelings of great masses and of foreseeing the approach of great revolutions. He was adroit in intrigue; and it was difficult even for shrewd and experienced men, who had been amply forewarned of his perfidy, to withstand the fascination of his manner, and to refuse credit to his professions of attachment; but he was so intent on observing and courting particular persons, that he forgot to study the temper of the nation. He therefore miscalculated grossly with respect to all the most momentous events of his time. Every important movement and rebound of the public mind took him by surprise; and the world, unable to understand how so clever a man could be blind to what was clearly discerned by the politicians of the coffee-houses, sometimes attributed to deep design what were, in truth, mere blunders.

It was only in private conference that his eminent abilities displayed themselves. In the royal closet or in a very small circle he exercised great influence, but at the council board he was taciturn, and in the House of Lords he never opened his lips.

The four confidential advisers of the crown soon found that their position was embarrassing and invidious. The other members of the council murmured at a distinction inconsistent with the king's promises; and some of them, with Shaftesbury at their head, again betook themselves to strenuous opposition in Parliament. The agitation, which had been suspended by the late changes, speedily became more violent than ever. It was in vain that Charles offered to grant to the Commons any security for the Protestant religion which they could devise, provided only that they would not touch the order of succession. They would hear of no compromise. They would have the Exclusion Bill, and nothing but the Exclusion Bill. The king, therefore, a few weeks after he had publicly promised to take no step without the advice of his new council, went down to the House of Lords without mentioning his intention in council, and prorogued the Parliament.

The day of that prorogation, the twenty-sixth of May, 1679, is a great era in our history, for on that day the Habeas Corpus

Act received the royal assent. From the time of the Great Charter, the substantive law respecting the personal liberty of Englishmen had been nearly the same as at present, but it had been inefficacious for want of a stringent system of procedure. What was needed was not a new right, but a prompt and searching remedy; and such a remedy the Habeas Corpus Act supplied. The king would gladly have refused his consent to that measure, but he was about to appeal from his Parliament to his people on the question of the succession, and he could not venture, at so critical a moment, to reject a bill which was in the highest degree popular.

On the same day, the press of England became for a short time free. In old times printers had been strictly controlled by the Court of Star Chamber. The Long Parliament had abolished the Star Chamber, but had, in spite of the philosophical and eloquent expostulation of Milton, established and maintained a censorship. Soon after the Restoration, an act had been passed which prohibited the printing of unlicensed books; and it had been provided that this act should continue in force until the end of the first session of the next Parliament. That moment had now arrived; and the king, in the very act of dismissing the houses, emancipated the press.

Shortly after the prorogation came a dissolution and another general election. The zeal and strength of the Opposition were at the height. The cry for the Exclusion Bill was louder than ever; and with this cry was mingled another cry, which fired the blood of the multitude, but which was heard with regret and alarm by all judicious friends of freedom. Not only the rights of the Duke of York, an avowed papist, but those of his two daughters, sincere and zealous Protestants, were assailed. It was confidently affirmed that the eldest natural son of the king had been born in wedlock, and was lawful heir to the crown.

Charles, while a wanderer on the Continent, had fallen in at the Hague with Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding and dissolute manners. She became his mistress, and presented him with a son. A suspicious lover might have had his doubts; for the lady had several admirers, and was not supposed to be cruel to any. Charles, however, readily took her word, and poured forth on little James Crofts, as the boy was then called, an overflowing fondness, such as seemed hardly to belong to that easy, but cool and careless nature. Soon after the Restoration, the young favorite, who had learned in France the ex-

ercises then considered necessary to a fine gentleman, made his appearance at Whitehall. He was lodged in the palace, attended by pages, and permitted to enjoy several distinctions which had until then been confined to princes of the blood royal. He was married, while still in tender youth, to Anne Scott, heiress of the noble house of Buccleuch. He took her name, and received with her hand possession of her ample domains. The estate which he acquired by this match was popularly estimated at not less than ten thousand pounds a year. Titles, and favors more substantial than titles, were lavished on him. He was made Duke of Monmouth in England, Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland, a Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Commander of the first troop of Life Guards, Chief Justice of Eyre south of Trent, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Nor did he appear to the public unworthy of his high fortunes. His countenance was eminently handsome and engaging, his temper sweet, his manners polite and affable. Though a libertine, he won the hearts of the Puritans. Though he was known to have been privy to the shameful attack on Sir John Coventry, he easily obtained the forgiveness of the country party. Even austere moralists owned that, in such a court, strict conjugal fidelity was scarcely to be expected from one who, while a child, had been married to another child. Even patriots were willing to excuse a headstrong boy for visiting with immoderate vengeance an insult offered to his father; and soon the stain left by loose amours and midnight brawls was effaced by honorable exploits. When Charles and Louis united their forces against Holland, Monmouth commanded the English auxiliaries who were sent to the Continent, and approved himself a gallant soldier and a not unintelligent officer. On his return he found himself the most popular man in the kingdom. Nothing was withheld from him but the crown; nor did even the crown seem to be absolutely beyond his reach. The distinction which had most injudiciously been made between him and the highest nobles had produced evil consequences. When a boy, he had been invited to put on his hat in the presence chamber, while Howards and Seymours stood uncovered round him. When foreign princes died, he had mourned for them in the long purple cloak, which no other subject, except the Duke of York and Prince Rupert, was permitted to wear. It was natural that these things should lead him to regard himself as a legitimate prince of the house of Stuart. Charles, even at a ripe age, was devoted to his pleasures and regardless of his dignity.

It could hardly be thought incredible that he should at twenty have gone through the form of espousing a lady whose beauty had fascinated him, and who was not to be won on easier terms. While Monmouth was still a child, and while the Duke of York still passed for a Protestant, it was rumored throughout the country, and even in circles which ought to have been well informed, that the king had made Lucy Walters his wife, and that, if every one had his right, her son would be Prince of Wales. Much was said of a certain black box, which, according to the vulgar belief, contained the contract of marriage. When Monmouth had returned from the Low Countries with a high character for valor and conduct, and when the Duke of York was known to be a member of a Church detested by the great majority of the nation, this idle story became important. For it there was not the slightest evidence. Against it there was the solemn asseveration of the king, made before his council, and by his order communicated to his people: but the multitude, always fond of romantic adventures, drank in eagerly the tale of the secret espousals and the black box. Some chiefs of the Opposition acted on this occasion as they acted with respect to the more odious fable of Oates, and countenanced a story which they must have despised. The interest which the populace took in him whom they regarded as the champion of the true religion, and the rightful heir of the British throne, was kept up by every artifice. When Monmouth arrived in London at midnight, the watchmen were ordered by the magistrates to proclaim the joyful event through the streets of the city; the people left their beds; bonfires were lighted; the windows were illuminated; the churches were opened; and a merry peal rose from all the steeples. When he traveled, he was everywhere received with not less pomp, and with far more enthusiasm, than had been displayed when kings had made progresses through the realm. He was escorted from mansion to mansion by long cavalcades of armed gentlemen and yeomen. Cities poured forth their whole population to receive him. Electors thronged round him, to assure him that their votes were at his disposal. To such a height were his pretensions carried, that he not only exhibited on his escutcheon the lions of England and the lilies of France without the baton sinister under which, according to the laws of heraldry, they were debruised in token of his illegitimate birth, but ventured to touch for the king's evil. At the same time, he neglected no art of condescension by which the love of the multitude could be conciliated. He stood godfather to the children of the peasant-

try, mingled in every rustic sport, wrestled, played at quarter-staff, and won foot-races in his boots against fleet runners in shoes.

It is a curious circumstance that, at two of the greatest conjunctures in our history, the chiefs of the Protestant party should have committed the same error, and should by that error have greatly endangered their country and their religion. At the death of Edward the Sixth they set up the Lady Jane, without any show of birthright, in opposition, not only to their enemy Mary, but also to Elizabeth, the true hope of England and of the Reformation. Thus the most respectable Protestants, with Elizabeth at their head, were forced to make common cause with the papists. In the same manner, a hundred and thirty years later, a part of the Opposition, by setting up Monmouth as a claimant of the crown, attacked the rights, not only of James, whom they justly regarded as an implacable enemy of their faith and their liberties, but also of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who were eminently marked out, both by situation and by personal qualities, as the defenders of all free governments and of all Reformed churches.

In a few years the folly of this course became manifest. At present the popularity of Monmouth constituted a great part of the strength of the Opposition. The elections went against the court; the day fixed for the meeting of the houses drew near; and it was necessary that the king should determine on some line of conduct. Those who advised him discerned the first faint signs of a change of public feeling, and hoped that, by merely postponing the conflict, he would be able to secure the victory. He therefore, without even asking the advice of the council of the thirty, resolved to prorogue the new Parliament before it entered on business. At the same time, the Duke of York, who had returned from Brussels, was ordered to retire to Scotland, and was placed at the head of the administration of that kingdom.

Temple's plan of government was now avowedly abandoned and very soon forgotten. The Privy Council again became what it had been. Shaftesbury and those who were connected with him in politics resigned their seats. Temple himself, as was his wont in unquiet times, retired to his garden and his library. Essex quitted the board of Treasury, and cast in his lot with the Opposition; but Halifax, disgusted and alarmed by the violence of his old associates, and Sunderland, who never quitted place while he could hold it, remained in the king's service.

In consequence of the resignations which took place at this conjuncture, the way to greatness was left clear to a new set of aspi-

rants. Two statesmen, who subsequently rose to the highest eminence which a British subject can reach, soon began to attract a large share of the public attention. These were Lawrence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin.

Lawrence Hyde was the second son of the Chancellor Clarendon, and was brother of the first Duchess of York. He had excellent parts, which had been improved by parliamentary and diplomatic experience; but the infirmities of his temper detracted much from the effective strength of his abilities. Negotiator and courtier as he was, he never learned the art of governing or of concealing his emotions. When prosperous, he was insolent and boastful; when he sustained a check, his undisguised mortification doubled the triumph of his enemies; very slight provocations sufficed to kindle his anger; and when he was angry, he said bitter things which he forgot as soon as he was pacified, but which others remembered many years. His quickness and penetration would have made him a consummate man of business but for his self-sufficiency and impatience. His writings prove that he had many of the qualities of an orator, but his irritability prevented him from doing himself justice in debate; for nothing was easier than to goad him into a passion; and, from the moment when he went into a passion, he was at the mercy of opponents far inferior to him in capacity.

Unlike most of the leading politicians of that generation, he was a consistent, dogged, and rancorous party man, a Cavalier of the old school, a zealous champion of the crown and of the Church, and a hater of Republicans and Nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The clergy especially looked on him as their own man, and extended to his foibles an indulgence of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need; for he drank deep; and when he was in a rage—and he very often was in a rage—he swore like a porter.

He now succeeded Essex at the Treasury. It is to be observed that the place of first lord of the Treasury had not then the importance and dignity which now belong to it. When there was a lord treasurer, that great officer was generally prime minister; but when the white staff was in commission, the chief commissioner did not rank so high as a secretary of state. It was not until the time of Walpole that the first lord of the Treasury was considered as the head of the executive government.

Godolphin had been bred a page at Whitehall, and had early acquired all the flexibility and the self-possession of a veteran courtier. He was laborious, clear-headed, and pro-

foundly versed in the details of finance. Every government, therefore, found him a useful servant; and there was nothing in his opinions or in his character which could prevent him from serving any government. "Sidney Godolphin," said Charles, "is never in the way, and never out of the way." This pointed remark goes far to explain Godolphin's extraordinary success in life.

He acted at different times with both the great political parties, but he never shared in the passions of either. Like most men of cautious tempers and prosperous fortunes, he had a strong disposition to support whatever existed. He disliked revolutions; and, for the same reason for which he disliked revolutions, he disliked counter-revolutions. His deportment was remarkably grave and reserved, but his personal tastes were low and frivolous; and most of the time which he could save from public business was spent in racing, card-playing, and cock-fighting. He now sat below Rochester at the Board of Treasury, and distinguished himself there by assiduity and intelligence.

Before the new Parliament was suffered to meet for dispatch of business, a whole year elapsed; an eventful year, which has left lasting traces in our manners and language. Never before had political controversy been carried on with so much freedom; never before had political clubs existed with so elaborate an organization or so formidable an influence. The one question of the exclusion occupied the public mind. All the presses and pulpits of the realm took part in the conflict. On one side it was maintained that the Constitution and religion of the state would never be secure under a popish king; on the other, that the right of James to wear the crown in his turn was derived from God, and could not be annulled, even by the consent of all the branches of the Legislature. Every county, every town, every family, was in agitation. The civilities and hospitalities of neighborhood were interrupted. The dearest ties of friendship and of blood were sundered. Even schoolboys were divided into angry parties; and the Duke of York and the Earl of Shaftesbury had zealous adherents on all the forms of Westminster and Eton. The theaters shook with the roar of the contending factions. Pope Joan was brought on the stage by the zealous Protestants. Pensioned poets filled their prologues and epilogues with eulogies on the king and the duke. The malecontents besieged the throne with petitions, demanding that Parliament might be forthwith convened. The Loyalists sent up addresses, expressing the utmost abhorrence of all who presumed to

dietate to the sovereign. The citizens of London assembled by tens of thousands to burn the pope in effigy. The government posted cavalry at Temple Bar, and placed ordnance round Whitehall. In that year our tongue was enriched with two words, Mob and Sham, remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture.\* Opponents of the court were called Birmingham, petitioners, and exclusionists. Those who took the king's side were Anti-Birmingham, abhorers, and tantivies. These appellations soon became obsolete; but at this time were first heard two nicknames, which, though originally given in insult, were soon assumed with pride, which are still in daily use, which have spread as widely as the English race, and which will last as long as the English literature. It is a curious circumstance, that one of these nicknames was of Scotch, and the other of Irish origin. Both in Scotland and in Ireland, misgovernment had called into existence bands of desperate men, whose ferocity was heightened by religious enthusiasm. In Scotland, some of the persecuted Covenanters, driven mad by oppression, had lately murdered the primate, had taken arms against the government, had obtained some advantages against the king's forces, and had not been put down until Monmouth, at the head of some troops from England, had routed them at Bothwell Bridge. These zealots were most numerous among the rustics of the western lowlands, who were vulgarly called Whigs. Thus the appellation of Whig was fastened on the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland, and was transferred to those English politicians who showed a disposition to oppose the court, and to treat Protestant Nonconformists with indulgence. The bogs of Ireland, at the same time, afforded a refuge to popish outlaws, much resembling those who were afterward known as Whiteboys. These men were then called Tories. The name of Tory was therefore given to Englishmen who refused to concur in excluding a Roman Catholic prince from the throne.

The rage of the hostile factions would have been sufficiently violent if it had been left to itself; but it was studiously exasperated by the common enemy of both. Louis still continued to bribe and flatter both court and Opposition. He exhorted Charles to be firm; he exhorted James to raise a civil war in Scotland; he exhorted the Whigs not to flinch, and to rely with confidence on the protection of France.

Through all this agitation, a discerning eye might have perceived that the public opinion

was gradually changing. The persecution of the Roman Catholics went on, but convictions were no longer matters of course. A new brood of false witnesses, among whom a villain named Dangerfield was the most conspicuous, infested the courts; but the stories of these men, though better constructed than that of Oates, found less credit. Juries were no longer so easy of belief as during the panic which had followed the murder of Godfrey; and judges who, while the popular frenzy was at the height, had been its most obsequious instruments, now ventured to express some part of what they had from the first thought.

At length, in October, 1680, the Parliament met. The Whigs had so great a majority in the Commons that the Exclusion Bill went through all its stages there without difficulty. The king scarcely knew on what members of his own cabinet he could reckon. Hyde had been true to his Tory opinions, and had steadily supported the cause of hereditary monarchy; but Godolphin, anxious for quiet, and believing that quiet could be restored only by concession, wished the bill to pass. Sunderland, ever false and ever short-sighted, unable to discern the signs of approaching reaction, and anxious to conciliate the party which he believed to be irresistible, determined to vote against the court. The Duchess of Portsmouth implored her royal lover not to rush headlong to destruction. If there were any point on which he had a scruple of conscience or of honor, it was the question of the succession; but during some days it seemed that he would submit. He wavered, asked what sum the Commons would give him if he yielded, and suffered a negotiation to be opened with the leading Whigs; but a deep mutual distrust, which had been many years growing, and which had been carefully nursed by the arts of France, made a treaty impossible. Neither side would place confidence in the other. The whole nation now looked with breathless anxiety to the House of Lords. The assemblage of peers was large. The king himself was present. The debate was long, earnest, and occasionally furious. Some hands were laid on the pommels of swords, in a manner which revived the recollection of the stormy Parliaments of Henry the Third and Richard the Second. Shaftesbury and Essex were joined by the treacherous Sunderland; but the genius of Halifax bore down all opposition. Deserted by his most important colleagues, and opposed to a crowd of able antagonists, he defended the cause of the Duke of York in a succession of speeches, which, many years later, were remembered as master-pieces of reasoning, of wit, and of eloquence. It is seldom that oratory changes votes; yet the attes-

\* North's Examen, 231, 574.

tation of cotemporaries leaves no doubt that, on this occasion, votes were changed by the oratory of Halifax. The bishops, true to their doctrines, supported the principle of hereditary right, and the bill was rejected by a great majority.\*

The party which preponderated in the House of Commons, bitterly mortified by this defeat, found some consolation in shedding the blood of Roman Catholics. William Howard, viscount Stafford, one of the unhappy men who had been accused of a share in the plot, was brought before the bar of his peers, and on the testimony of Oates and of two other false witnesses, Dugdale and Turberville, was found guilty of high treason, and suffered death. But the circumstances of his trial and execution ought to have given a useful warning to the Whig leaders. A large and respectable minority of the House of Lords pronounced the prisoner not guilty. The multitude, which a few months before had received the dying declarations of Oates's victims with mockery and execrations, now loudly expressed a belief that Stafford was a murdered man. When he with his last breath protested his innocence, the cry was, "God bless you, my lord! We believe you, my lord." A judicious observer might easily have predicted that the blood then shed would shortly have blood.

The king determined to try once more the experiment of a dissolution. A new Parliament was summoned to meet at Oxford in March, 1681. Since the days of the Plantagenets the houses had constantly sat at Westminster, except when the plague was raging in the capital; but so extraordinary a conjuncture seemed to require extraordinary precautions. If the Parliament were held in its usual place of assembling, the House of Commons might declare itself permanent, and might call for aid on the magistrates and citizens of London. The train-bands might rise to defend Shaftesbury as they had risen forty years before to defend Pym and Hampden. The guards might be overpowered, the palace

forced, the king a prisoner in the hands of his mutinous subjects. At Oxford there was no such danger. The University was devoted to the crown, and the gentry of the neighborhood were generally Tories. Here, therefore, the Opposition had more reason than the king to apprehend violence.

The elections were sharply contested. The Whigs still composed a majority of the House of Commons; but it was plain that the Tory spirit was fast rising throughout the country. It should seem that the sagacious and versatile Shaftesbury ought to have foreseen the coming change, and to have consented to the compromise which the court offered; but he appears to have utterly forgotten his old tactics. Instead of making dispositions which, in the worst event, would have secured his retreat, he took up a position in which it was necessary that he should either conquer or perish. Perhaps his head, strong as it was, had been turned by popularity, by success, and by the excitement of conflict. Perhaps he had spurred his party until he could no longer curb it, and was really hurried on headlong by those whom he seemed to guide.

The eventful day arrived. The meeting at Oxford resembled rather that of a Polish Diet than that of an English Parliament. The Whig members were escorted by great numbers of their armed and mounted tenants and serving-men, who exchanged looks of defiance with the royal guards. The slightest provocation might, under such circumstances, have produced a civil war; but neither side dared to strike the first blow. The king again offered to consent to anything but the Exclusion Bill: the Commons were determined to accept nothing but the Exclusion Bill. In a few days the Parliament was again dissolved.

The king had triumphed. The reaction, which had begun some months before the meeting of the houses at Oxford, now went rapidly on. The nation, indeed, was still hostile to popery; but, when men reviewed the whole history of the plot, they felt that their Protestant zeal had hurried them into folly and crime, and could scarcely believe that they had been induced by nursery tales to clamor for the blood of fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians. The most loyal, indeed, could not deny that the administration of Charles had often been highly blamable; but men who had not the full information which we possess touching his dealings with France, and who were disgusted by the violence of the Whigs, enumerated the large concessions which, during the last few years, he had made to his Parliaments, and the still larger concessions which he had declared himself willing to make. He had consented

\* A peer who was present has described the effect of Halifax's oratory in words which I will quote, because, though they have been long in print, they are probably known to few even of the most curious and diligent readers of history.

"Of powerful eloquence and great parts were the duke's enemies who did assert the bill; but a noble lord appeared against it, who, that day, in all the force of speech, in reason, in arguments of what should concern the public or the private interests of men, in honor, in conscience, in estate, did out-do himself and every other man; and, in fine, his conduct and his parts were both victorious, and, by him all the wit and malice of that party were overthrown."

This passage is taken from a memoir of Henry, earl of Peterborough, in a volume entitled "Succinct Genealogies, by Robert Halstead," fol., 1685. The name of Halstead is fictitious. The real authors were the Earl of Peterborough himself and his chaplain. The book is extremely rare. Only twenty-four copies were printed, two of which are now in the British Museum. Of these two, one belonged to George the Fourth, and the other to Mr. Grenville.



to the laws which excluded Roman Catholics from the House of Lords, from the Privy Council, and from all civil and military offices. He had passed the Habeas Corpus Act. If securities yet stronger had not been provided against the dangers to which the Constitution and the Church might be exposed under a Roman Catholic sovereign, the fault lay not with Charles, who had invited the Parliament to propose such securities, but with those Whigs who had refused to hear of any substitute for the Exclusion Bill. One thing only had the king denied to his people. He had refused to take away his brother's birth-right. And was there not good reason to believe that this refusal was prompted by laudable feelings? What selfish motive could faction itself impute to the royal mind? The Exclusion Bill did not curtail the reigning king's prerogatives, or diminish his income. Indeed, by passing it, he might easily have obtained an ample addition to his own revenue. And what was it to him who ruled after him? Nay, if he had personal predilections, they were known to be rather in favor of the Duke of Monmouth than of the Duke of York. The most natural explanation of the king's conduct, therefore, seemed to be, that, careless as was his temper, and loose as were his morals, he had, on this occasion, acted from a sense of duty and honor. And, if so, would the nation compel him to do what he thought criminal and disgraceful? To apply, even by strictly constitutional means, a violent pressure to his conscience, seemed to zealous Royalists ungenerous and unutilful. But strictly constitutional means were not the only means which the Whigs were disposed to employ. Signs were already discernible which portended the approach of civil war. Men who in the time of the civil war and of the Commonwealth had acquired an odious notoriety, had emerged from the obscurity in which, after the Restoration, they had hidden themselves from the general hatred, showed their confident and busy faces everywhere, and appeared to anticipate a second reign of the saints. Another Naseby, another High Court of Justice, another Commonwealth, another usurper on the throne, the Lords again ejected from their hall by violence, the universities again purged, the Church again robbed and persecuted, the Puritans again dominant—to such results did the desperate policy of the Opposition seem to tend.

Animated by such feelings, the majority of the upper and middle classes hastened to rally round the throne. The situation of the king bore, at this time, a great resemblance to that in which his father stood just after

the grand remonstrance had been voted. But the reaction of 1641 had not been suffered to run its course. Charles the First, at the very moment when his people, long estranged, were returning to him with hearts disposed to reconciliation, had, by a perfidious violation of the fundamental laws of the realm, forfeited their confidence forever. Had Charles the Second taken a similar course, had he arrested the Whig leaders in an irregular manner, and impeached them of high treason before a tribunal which had no legal jurisdiction over them, it is highly probable that they would speedily have regained the ascendancy which they had lost. Fortunately for himself, he was induced, at this crisis, to adopt a policy which, for his ends, was singularly judicious. He determined to conform to the law, but, at the same time, to make vigorous and unsparing use of the law against his adversaries. He was not bound to convoke a Parliament until three years should have elapsed. He was not much distressed for money. The produce of the taxes which had been settled on him for life exceeded the estimate. He was at peace with all the world. He could retrench his expenses by giving up the costly and useless settlement of Tangier; and he might hope for pecuniary aid from France. He had, therefore, ample time and means for a systematic attack on the Opposition under the forms of the Constitution. The judges were removable at his pleasure; the juries were nominated by the sheriffs; and, in almost all the counties of England, the sheriffs were nominated by himself. Witnesses, of the same class with those who had recently sworn away the lives of papists, were ready to swear away the lives of Whigs.

The first victim was Colledge, a noisy and violent demagogue of mean birth and education. He was by trade a joiner, and was celebrated as the inventor of the Protestant flail.\* He had been at Oxford when the Parliament sat there, and was accused of having planned a rising and an attack on the king's guards. Evidence was given against him by Dugdale and Turberville, the same infamous men who had, a few months earlier, borne false witness against Stafford. In the sight of a jury of country squires no exclusionist was likely to find favor. Colledge was convicted. The verdict was received by the crowd which filled the court-house of Oxford with a roar of exultation, as barbarous as that which he and his friends had been in the habit of raising when innocent papists were

\* This is mentioned in the curious work entitled "Ragguaglio della solenne Comparsa fatta in Roma gli otto di Gennaio, 1687, dall' illustrissimo et eccellentissimo signor Conte di Castelmaine."

doomed to the gallows. His execution was the beginning of a new judicial massacre, not less atrocious than that in which he had himself borne a share.

The government, emboldened by this first victory, now aimed a blow at an enemy of a very different class. It was resolved that Shaftesbury should be brought to trial for his life. Evidence was collected which, it was thought, would support a charge of treason; but the facts which it was necessary to prove were alleged to have been committed in London. The sheriffs of London, chosen by the citizens, were zealous Whigs. They named a Whig grand jury, which threw out the bill. This defeat, far from discouraging those who advised the king, suggested to them a new and daring scheme. Since the charter of the capital was in their way, that charter must be annulled. It was pretended, therefore, that the city of London had by some irregularities forfeited its municipal privileges; and proceedings were instituted against the corporation in the Court of King's Bench. At the same time, those laws which had, soon after the Restoration, been enacted against Nonconformists, and which had remained dormant during the ascendancy of the Whigs, were enforced all over the kingdom with extreme rigor.

Yet the spirit of the Whigs was not subdued. Though in evil plight, they were still a numerous and powerful party; and, as they mustered strong in the large towns, and especially in the capital, they made a noise and a show more than proportioned to their real force. Animated by the recollection of past triumphs, and by the sense of present oppression, they overrated both their strength and their wrongs. It was not in their power to make out that clear and overwhelming case which can alone justify so violent a remedy as resistance to an established government. Whatever they might suspect, they could not prove that their sovereign had entered into a treaty with France against the religion and liberties of England. What was apparent was not sufficient to warrant an appeal to the sword. If the Exclusion Bill had been thrown out, it had been thrown out by the Lords in the exercise of a right coeval with the Constitution. If the king had dissolved the Oxford Parliament, he had done so by virtue of a prerogative which had never been questioned. If the court had, since the dissolution, taken some harsh measures, still those measures were in strict conformity with the letter of the law, and with the recent practice of the malecontents themselves. If the king had prosecuted his opponents, he had prosecuted them according to the proper

forms and before the proper tribunals. The evidence now produced for the crown was at least as worthy of credit as the evidence on which the noblest blood of England had lately been shed by the Opposition. The treatment which an accused Whig had now to expect from judges, advocates, sheriffs, juries, and spectators, was no worse than the treatment which had lately been thought by the Whigs good enough for an accused papist. If the privileges of the city of London were attacked, they were attacked, not by military violence or by any disputable exercise of prerogative, but according to the regular practice of Westminster Hall. No law was suspended. No tax was imposed by royal authority. The Habeas Corpus Act was respected. Even the Test Act was enforced. The Opposition, therefore, could not bring home to the king that species of misgovernment which alone could justify insurrection; and, even had his misgovernment been more flagrant than it was, insurrection would still have been criminal, because it was almost certain to be unsuccessful. The situation of the Whigs in 1682 differed widely from that of the Roundheads forty years before. Those who took up arms against Charles the First acted under the authority of a Parliament which had been legally assembled, and which could not, without its own consent, be legally dissolved. The opponents of Charles the Second were private men. Almost all the military and naval resources of the kingdom had been at the disposal of those who resisted Charles the First. All the military and naval resources of the kingdom were at the disposal of Charles the Second. The House of Commons had been supported by at least half the nation against Charles the First. But those who were disposed to levy war against Charles the Second were certainly a minority. It could not reasonably be doubted, therefore, that, if they attempted a rising, they would fail. Still less could it be doubted that their failure would aggravate every evil of which they complained. The true policy of the Whigs was to submit with patience to adversity which was the natural consequence and the just punishment of their errors; to wait patiently for that turn of public feeling which must inevitably come; to observe the law, and to avail themselves of the protection, imperfect indeed, but by no means nugatory, which the law afforded to innocence. Unhappily, they took a very different course. Unscrupulous and hot-headed chiefs of the party formed and discussed schemes of resistance, and were heard, if not with approbation, yet with the show of acquiescence, by much better men than them-

selves. It was proposed that there should be simultaneous insurrections in London, in Cheshire, at Bristol, and at Newcastle. Communications were opened with the discontented Presbyterians of Scotland, who were suffering under a tyranny such as England, in the worst times, had never known. While the leaders of the Opposition thus revolved plans of open rebellion, but were still restrained by fears or scruples from taking any decisive step, a design of a very different kind was meditated by some of their accomplices. To fierce spirits, unrestrained by principle, or maddened by fanaticism, it seemed that to waylay and murder the king and his brother was the shortest and surest way of vindicating the Protestant religion and the liberties of England. A place and time were named; and the details of the butchery were frequently discussed, if not definitively arranged. This scheme was known but to few, and was concealed with especial care from the upright and humane Russell, and from Monmouth, who, though not a man of delicate conscience, would have recoiled with horror from the guilt of parricide. Thus there were two plots, one within the other. The object of the great Whig plot was to raise the nation in arms against the government. The lesser plot, commonly called the Rye House Plot, in which only a few desperate men were concerned, had for its object the assassination of the king and of the heir presumptive.

Both plots were soon discovered. Cowardly traitors hastened to save themselves by divulging all, and more than all, that had passed in the deliberations of the party. That only a small minority of those who meditated resistance had admitted into their minds the thought of assassination, is fully established; but, as the two conspiracies ran into each other, it was not difficult for the government to confound them together. The just indignation excited by the Rye House Plot was extended for a time to the whole Whig body. The king was now at liberty to exact full vengeance for years of restraint and humiliation. Shaftesbury, indeed, had escaped the fate which his manifold perfidy had well deserved. He had seen that the ruin of his party was at hand, had in vain endeavored to make his peace with the royal brothers, had fled to Holland, and had died there, under the generous protection of a government which he had cruelly wronged. Monmouth threw himself at his father's feet and found mercy, but soon gave new offense, and thought it prudent to go into voluntary exile. Essex perished by his own hand in the Tower. Russell, who appears to have been guilty of no offense falling

within the definition of high treason, and Sidney, of whose guilt no legal evidence could be produced, were beheaded in defiance of law and justice. Russell died with the fortitude of a Christian, Sidney with the fortitude of a Stoic. Some active politicians of meaner rank were sent to the gallows. Many quitted the country. Numerous prosecutions for misprision of treason, for libel, and for conspiracy, were instituted. Convictions were obtained without difficulty from Tory juries, and rigorous punishments were inflicted by courtly judges. With these criminal proceedings were joined civil proceedings scarcely less formidable. Actions were brought against persons who had defamed the Duke of York, and damages tantamount to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment were demanded by the plaintiff, and without difficulty obtained. The Court of King's Bench pronounced that the franchises of the city of London were forfeited to the crown. Flushed with this great victory, the government proceeded to attack the constitutions of other corporations which were governed by Whig officers, and which had been in the habit of returning Whig members to Parliament. Borough after borough was compelled to surrender its privileges, and new charters were granted which gave the ascendancy everywhere to the Tories.

These proceedings, however reprehensible, had yet the semblance of legality. They were also accompanied by an act intending to quiet the uneasiness with which many loyal men looked forward to the accession of a popish sovereign. The Lady Anne, younger daughter of the Duke of York by his first wife, was married to George, a prince of the orthodox house of Denmark. The Tory gentry and clergy might now flatter themselves that the Church of England had been effectually secured without any violation of the order of succession. The king and his heir were nearly of the same age. Both were approaching the decline of life. The king's health was good. It was therefore probable that James, if he ever came to the throne, would have but a short reign. Beyond his reign there was the gratifying prospect of a long series of Protestant sovereigns.

The liberty of unlicensed printing was of little or no use to the vanquished party, for the temper of judges and juries was such that no writer whom the government prosecuted for a libel had any chance of escaping. The dread of punishment, therefore, did all that a censorship could have done. Meanwhile, the pulpits resounded with harangues against the sin of rebellion. The treatises in which Filmer maintained that hereditary des-

potism was the form of government ordained by God, and that limited monarchy was a pernicious absurdity, had recently appeared, and had been favorably received by a large section of the Tory party. The University of Oxford, on the very day on which Russell was put to death, adopted by a solemn public act these strange doctrines, and ordered the political works of Buchanan, Milton, and Baxter to be publicly burned in the court of the schools.

Thus emboldened, the king at length ventured to overstep the bounds which he had during some years observed, and to violate the plain letter of the law. The law was, that not more than three years should pass between the dissolving of one Parliament and the convoking of another; but, when three years had elapsed after the dissolution of the Parliament which sat at Oxford, no writs were issued for an election. This infraction of the Constitution was the more reprehensible, because the king had little reason to fear a meeting with a new House of Commons. The counties were generally on his side; and many boroughs in which the Whigs had lately held sway had been so remodeled that they were certain to return none but courtiers.

In a short time the law was again violated in order to gratify the Duke of York. That prince was, partly on account of his religion, and partly on account of the sternness and harshness of his nature, so unpopular, that it had been thought necessary to keep him out of sight while the Exclusion Bill was before Parliament, lest his public appearance should give an advantage to the party which was struggling to deprive him of his birthright. He had, therefore, been sent to govern Scotland, where the savage old tyrant Lauderdale was sinking into the grave. Even Lauderdale was now outdone. The administration of James was marked by odious laws, by barbarous punishments, and by judgments to the iniquity of which even that age furnished no parallel. The Scottish Privy Council had power to put state prisoners to the question; but the sight was so dreadful, that, as soon as the boots appeared, even the most servile and hard-hearted courtiers hastened out of the chamber. The board was sometimes quite deserted; and it was at length found necessary to make an order that the members should keep their seats on such occasions. The Duke of York, it was remarked, seemed to take pleasure in the spectacle which some of the worst men then living were unable to contemplate without pity and horror. He not only came to council when the torture was to be inflicted, but watched the agonies of the sufferers with that sort of interest and complacency with which men

observe a curious experiment in science. Thus he employed himself at Edinburgh until the event of the conflict between the court and the Whigs was no longer doubtful. He then returned to England; but he was still excluded by the Test Act from all public employment; nor did the king at first think it safe to violate a statute which the great majority of his most loyal subjects regarded as one of the chief securities of their religion and of their civil rights. When, however, it appeared, from a succession of trials, that the nation had patience to endure almost anything that the government had courage to do, Charles ventured to dispense with the law in his brother's favor. The duke again took his seat in the council, and resumed the direction of naval affairs.

These breaches of the Constitution excited, it is true, some murmurs among the moderate Tories, and were not unanimously approved even by the king's ministers. Halifax in particular, now a marquess and Lord Privy Seal, had, from the very day on which the Tories had by his help gained the ascendancy, begun to turn Whig. As soon as the Exclusion Bill had been thrown out, he had pressed the House of Lords to make provision against the danger to which, in the next reign, the liberties and religion of the nation might be exposed. He now saw with alarm the violence of that reaction which was, in no small measure, his own work. He did not try to conceal the scorn which he felt for the servile doctrines of the University of Oxford. He detested the French alliance. He disapproved of the long intermission of Parliaments. He regretted the severity with which the vanquished party was treated. He who, when the Whigs were predominant, had ventured to pronounce Stafford not guilty, ventured, when they were vanquished and helpless, to intercede for Russell. At one of the last councils which Charles held a remarkable scene took place. The charter of Massachusetts had been forfeited. A question arose how, for the future, the colony should be governed. The general opinion of the board was that the whole power, legislative as well as executive, should abide in the crown. Halifax took the opposite side, and argued with great energy against absolute monarchy, and in favor of representative government. It was in vain, he said, to think that a population, sprung from the English stock, and animated by English feelings, would long bear to be deprived of English institutions. Life, he exclaimed, would not be worth having in a country where liberty and property were at the mercy of one despotic master. The Duke of York was greatly

incensed by this language, and represented to his brother the danger of retaining in office a man who appeared to be infected with all the worst notions of Marvell and Sidney.

Some modern writers have blamed Halifax for continuing in the ministry while he disapproved of the manner in which both domestic and foreign affairs were conducted. But this censure is unjust. Indeed, it is to be remarked, that the word ministry, in the sense in which we use it, was then unknown.\* The thing itself did not exist, for it belongs to an age in which parliamentary government is fully established. At present the chief servants of the crown form one body. They are understood to be on terms of friendly confidence with each other, and to agree as to the main principles on which the executive administration ought to be conducted. If a slight difference of opinion arises among them, it is easily compromised; but if one of them differs from the rest on a vital point, it is his duty to resign. While he retains his office, he is held responsible even for steps which he has tried to dissuade his colleagues from taking. In the seventeenth century, the heads of the various branches of the administration were bound together in no such partnership. Each of them was accountable for his own acts, for the use which he made of his own official seal, for the documents which he signed, for the counsel which he gave to the king. No statesman was held answerable for what he had not himself done, or induced others to do. If he took care not to be the agent in what was wrong, and if, when consulted, he recommended what was right, he was blameless. It would have been thought strange scrupulosity in him to quit his post because his advice as to matters not strictly within his own department was not taken by his master; to leave the Board of Admiralty, for example, because the finances were in disorder, or the Board of Treasury because the foreign relations of the kingdom were in an unsatisfactory state. It was, therefore, by no means unusual to see in high office, at the same time, men who avowedly differed from one another as widely as ever Pulteney differed from Walpole, or Fox from Pitt.

The moderate and constitutional councils of Halifax were timidly and feebly seconded by Francis North, Lord Guildford, who had lately been made keeper of the great seal. The character of Guildford has been drawn at full length by his brother, Roger North, a most intolerant Tory, a most affected and pedantic writer, but a vigilant observer of all those minute circumstances which throw light on the

dispositions of men. It is remarkable that the biographer, though he was under the influence of the strongest fraternal partiality, and though he was evidently anxious to produce a most flattering likeness, was yet unable to portray the lord keeper otherwise than as the most ignoble of mankind; yet the intellect of Guildford was clear, his industry great, his proficiency in letters and science respectable, and his legal learning more than respectable. His faults were selfishness, cowardice, and meanness. He was not insensible to the power of female beauty, nor averse from excess in wine; yet neither wine nor beauty could ever seduce the cautious and frugal libertine, even in his earliest youth, into one fit of indiscreet generosity. Though of noble descent, he rose in his profession by paying ignominious homage to all who possessed influence in the courts. He became chief justice of the Common Pleas, and, as such, was party to some of the foulest judicial murders recorded in our history. He had sense enough to perceive from the first that Oates and Bedloe were impostors; but the Parliament and the country were greatly excited; the government had yielded to the pressure; and North was a man not to risk a good place for the sake of justice and humanity. Accordingly, while he was in secret drawing up a refutation of the whole romance of the Popish Plot, he declared in public that the truth of the story was as plain as the sun in heaven, and was not ashamed to browbeat, from the seat of judgment, the unfortunate Roman Catholics who were arraigned before him for their lives. He had at length reached the highest post in the law; but a lawyer who, after many years devoted to professional labor, engages in politics for the first time at an advanced period of life, seldom distinguishes himself as a statesman, and Guildford was no exception to the general rule. He was, indeed, so sensible of his deficiencies, that he never attended the meetings of his colleagues on foreign affairs. Even on questions relating to his own profession, his opinion had less weight at the council board than that of any man who has ever held the great seal. Such as his influence was, however, he used it, as far as he dared, on the side of the laws.

The chief opponent of Halifax was Lawrence Hyde, who had recently been created Earl of Rochester. Of all Tories, Rochester was the most intolerant and uncompromising. The moderate members of his party complained that the whole patronage of the Treasury, while he was first commissioner there, went to noisy zealots, whose only claim to promotion was that they were always drink-

ing confusion to Whiggery, and lighting bonfires to burn the Exclusion Bill. The Duke of York, pleased with a spirit which so much resembled his own, supported his brother-in-law passionately and obstinately.

The attempts of the rival ministers to surmount and supplant each other kept the court in incessant agitation. Halifax pressed the king to summon a Parliament, to grant a general amnesty, to deprive the Duke of York of all share in the government, to recall Monmouth from banishment, to break with Louis, and to form a close union with Holland on the principles of the Triple Alliance. The Duke of York, on the other hand, dreaded the meeting of a Parliament, regarded the vanquished Whigs with undiminished hatred, still flattered himself that the design formed nearly fifteen years before at Dover might be accomplished, daily represented to his brother the impropriety of suffering one who was at heart a Republican to hold the privy seal, and strongly recommended Rochester for the great place of lord treasurer.

While the two factions were struggling, Godolphin, cautious, silent, and laborious, observed a neutrality between them. Sunderland, with his usual restless perfidy, intrigued against them both. He had been turned out of office in disgrace for having voted in favor of the Exclusion Bill, but had made his peace by employing the good offices of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and by eringing to the Duke of York, and was once more secretary of state.

Nor was Louis negligent or inactive. Everything at that moment favored his designs. He had nothing to apprehend from the German empire, which was then contending against the Turks on the Danube. Holland could not, unsupported, venture to oppose him. He was therefore at liberty to indulge his ambition and insolence without restraint. He seized Dixmude and Courtray. He bombarded Luxemburg. He exacted from the republic of Genoa the most humiliating submissions. The power of France at that time reached a higher point than it ever before or ever after attained, during the ten centuries which separated the reign of Charlemagne and the reign of Napoleon. It was not easy to say where her acquisitions would stop, if only England could be kept in a state of vassalage. The first object of the court of Versailles was therefore to prevent the calling of a Parliament and the reconciliation of English parties. For this end, bribes, promises, and menaces were unsparingly employed. Charles was sometimes allured by the hope of a subsidy, and sometimes frightened by being told that, if he convoked the houses,

the secret articles of the treaty of Dover should be published. Several privy counsellors were bought; and attempts were made to buy Halifax, but in vain. When he had been found incorruptible, all the art and influence of the French embassy were employed to drive him from office; but his polished wit and his various accomplishments had made him so agreeable to his master, that the design failed.\*

Halifax was not content with standing on the defensive. He openly accused Rochester of malversation. An inquiry took place. It appeared that forty thousand pounds had been lost to the public by the mismanagement of the first lord of the Treasury. In consequence of this discovery, he was not only forced to relinquish his hopes of the white staff, but was removed from the direction of the finances to the more dignified but less lucrative and important post of lord president. "I have seen people kicked down stairs before," said Halifax, "but my Lord Rochester is the first person that I ever saw kicked up stairs." Godolphin, now a peer, became first commissioner of the Treasury.

Still, however, the contest continued. The event depended wholly on the will of Charles; and Charles could not come to a decision. In his perplexity, he promised everything to everybody. He would stand by France; he would break with France; he would never meet another Parliament; he would order writs for a Parliament to be issued without delay. He assured the Duke of York that Halifax should be dismissed from office, and Halifax that the duke should be sent to Scotland. In public he affected implacable resentment against Monmouth, and in private conveyed to Monmouth assurances of unalterable affection. How long, if the king's life had been protracted, his hesitation might have lasted, and what would have been his resolve, can only be conjectured. Early in the year 1685, while hostile parties were anxiously awaiting his determination, he died, and a new scene opened. In a few months the excesses of the government obliterated the impression which had been made on the public mind by the excesses of the Opposition. The violent reaction which had laid the Whig party prostrate was followed by a still more violent reaction in the opposite direction, and signs

\* Lord Preston, who was envoy at Paris, wrote thence to Halifax as follows: "I find that your lordship lies still under the same misfortune of being no favorite to this court; and Monsieur Barillon dare not do you the honor to shine upon you, since his master frowneth. They know very well your lordship's qualifications, which make them fear, and, consequently, hate you; and be assured, my lord, if all their strength can send you to Rufford, it shall be employed for that end. Two things, I hear, they particularly object against you, your secrecy, and your being incapable of being corrupted. Against these two things I know they have declared." The date of the letter is October 5, N. S., 1683.

not to be mistaken indicated that the great conflict between the prerogatives of the crown and the privileges of the Parliament was about to be brought to a final issue.

### CHAPTER III.

I INTEND, in this chapter, to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the Second to his brother. Such a description, composed from scanty and dispersed materials, must necessarily be very imperfect. Yet it may, perhaps, correct some false notions which would render the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninstrucive.

If we would study with profit the history of our ancestors, we must be constantly on our guard against that delusion which the well-known names of families, places, and offices naturally produce, and must never forget that the country of which we read was a very different country from that in which we live. In every experimental science there is a tendency toward perfection. In every human being there is a wish to ameliorate his own condition. These two principles have often sufficed, even when counteracted by great public calamities and by bad institutions, to carry civilization rapidly forward. No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched, as the constant progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. It has often been found that profuse expenditure, heavy taxation, absurd commercial restrictions, corrupt tribunals, disastrous wars, seditions, persecutions, conflagrations, inundations, have not been able to destroy capital so fast as the exertions of private citizens have been able to create it. It can easily be proved that, in our own land, the national wealth has, during at least six centuries, been almost uninterruptedly increasing; that it was greater under the Tudors than under the Plantagenets; that it was greater under the Stuarts than under the Tudors; that, in spite of battles, sieges, and confiscations, it was greater on the day of the Restoration than on the day when the Long Parliament met; that, in spite of maladministration, of extravagance, of public bankruptey, of two costly and unsuccessful wars, of the pestilence and of the fire, it was greater on the day of the death of Charles the Second than on the day of his restoration. This progress, having continued during many ages, became at length, about the middle of the eighteenth century, portentously rapid, and has proceeded, during the nine-

teenth, with accelerated velocity. In consequence, partly of our geographical and partly of our moral position, we have, during several generations, been exempt from evils which have elsewhere impeded the efforts and destroyed the fruits of industry. While every part of the continent, from Moscow to Lisbon, has been the theater of bloody and devastating wars, no hostile standard has been seen here but as a trophy. While revolutions have taken place all around us, our government has never once been subverted by violence. During a hundred years there has been in our island no tumult of sufficient importance to be called an insurrection. The law has never been borne down either by popular fury or by regal tyranny. Public credit has been held sacred. The administration of justice has been pure. Even in times which might by Englishmen be justly called evil times, we have enjoyed what almost every other nation in the world would have considered as an ample measure of civil and religious freedom. Every man has felt entire confidence that the state would protect him in the possession of what had been earned by his diligence and hoarded by his self-denial. Under the benignant influence of peace and liberty, science has flourished, and has been applied to practical purposes on a scale never before known. The consequence is, that a change to which the history of the Old World furnishes no parallel has taken place in our country. Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Everything has been changed but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find out Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the wars of the Roses; but, with such rare exceptions, everything would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles, which are now rich corn land and meadow, intersected by green hedge-rows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch where we now see manufacturing towns and sea-ports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture

and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be at least as well entitled to the notice of a historian as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry.

One of the first objects of an inquirer who wishes to form a correct notion of the state of a community at a given time must be to ascertain of how many persons that community then consisted. Unfortunately, the population of England in 1685 can not be ascertained with perfect accuracy; for no great state had then adopted the wise course of periodically numbering the people. All men were left to conjecture for themselves; and, as they generally conjectured without examining facts, and under the influence of strong passions and prejudices, their guesses were often ludicrously absurd. Even intelligent Londoners ordinarily talked of London as containing several millions of souls. It was confidently asserted by many that, during the thirty-five years which had elapsed between the accession of Charles the First and the Restoration, the population of the city had increased by two millions.\* Even while the ravages of the plague and fire were recent, it was the fashion to say that the capital still had a million and a half of inhabitants.† Some persons, disgusted by these exaggerations, ran violently into the opposite extreme. Thus Isaac Vossius, a man of undoubted parts and learning, strenuously maintained that there were only two millions of human beings in England, Scotland, and Ireland taken together.‡

We are not, however, left without the means of correcting the wild blunders into which some minds were hurried by national vanity, and others by a morbid love of paradox. There are extant three computations which seem to be entitled to peculiar attention. They are entirely independent of each other; they proceed on different principles; and yet there is little difference in the results.

One of these computations was made in the year 1696 by Gregory King, Lancaster herald, a political arithmetician of great acuteness and judgment. The basis of his calculations was the number of houses returned in 1690 by the officers who made the last collection of the hearth money. The conclusion at which he arrived was, that the

population of England was nearly five millions and a half.\*

About the same time, King William the Third was desirous to ascertain the comparative strength of the religious sects into which the community was divided. An inquiry was instituted, and reports were laid before him from all the dioceses of the realm. According to these reports, the number of his English subjects must have been about five million two hundred thousand.†

Lastly, in our own days, Mr. Finlaison, an actuary of eminent skill, subjected the ancient parochial registers to all the tests which the modern improvements in statistical science enabled him to apply. His opinion was, that, at the close of the seventeenth century, the population of England was a little under five million two hundred thousand souls.‡

Of these three estimates, framed without concert by different persons from different sets of materials, the highest, which is that of King, does not exceed the lowest, which is that of Finlaison, by one twelfth. We may, therefore, with confidence pronounce that, when James the Second reigned, England contained between five million and five million five hundred thousand inhabitants. On the very highest supposition, she then had less than one third of her present population, and less than three times the population which is now collected in her gigantic capital.

The increase of the people has been great in every part of the kingdom, but generally much greater in the northern than in the southern shires. In truth, a large part of the country beyond Trent was, down to the eighteenth century, in a state of barbarism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement; the soil was generally such as required skillful and industrious cultivation; and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was often the theater of war, and which, even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by bands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to

\* Observations on the Bills of Mortality, by Captain John Graunt, (Sir William Petty), chap. ix.

† "She doth comprehend Full fifteen hundred thousand which do spend Their days within."—GREAT BRITAIN'S BEAUTY, 1671.

‡ Isaac Vossius, De Magnitudine Urbium Sinarum, 1635. Vossius, as we learn from St. Evremont, talked on this subject oftener and longer than fashionable circles cared to listen.

\* King's Natural and Political Observations, 1696. This valuable treatise, which ought to be read as the author wrote it, and not as garbled by Davenant, will be found in some editions of Chalmers's Estimate.

† Dalrymple's Appendix to Part II, Book I. The practice of reckoning the population by sects was long fashionable. Gulliver says of the King of Brobdingnag, "He laughed at my odd arithmetic, as he was pleased to call it, in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics."

‡ Preface to the Population Returns of 1831.



the west of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifle and the dagger. In the reign of Charles the Second, the traces left by ages of slaughter and pillage were still distinctly perceptible, many miles south of the Tweed, in the face of the country and in the lawless manners of the people. There was still a large class of moss-troopers, whose calling was to plunder dwellings and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary, soon after the Restoration, to enact laws of great severity for the prevention of these outrages. The magistrates of Northumberland and Cumberland were authorized to raise bands of armed men for the defense of property and order; and provision was made for meeting the expense of these levies by local taxation.\* The parishes were required to keep blood-hounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century could well remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common; † yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses, for the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglas was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably, in their youth, escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. ‡ The seats of the gentry and the larger farm-houses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence, which was known by the name of the Peel. The inmates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and seald the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveler ventured into that country without making his will. The judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks, and serving men, rode on horseback from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed and escorted by a strong guard under the command of the sheriffs. It was necessary to carry provisions; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies. The spot where the cavalcade halted to dine, under an immense oak, is not yet forgotten. The irregular vigor with which criminal justice was administered shocked observers whose life had been passed in more tranquil districts. Juries, animated by hatred and by a sense of common danger, convicted house-breakers and cattle-stealers with the

promptitude of a court-martial in a mutiny; and the convicts were hurried by scores to the gallows.\* Within the memory of some who are still living, the sportsman who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne, found the heaths round Keeldar Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chanting a wild measure, while the men with brandished dirks danced a war-dance. †

Slowly and with difficulty peace was established on the border. In the train of peace came industry and all the arts of life. Meanwhile it was discovered that the regions north of the Trent possessed in their coal-beds a source of wealth far more precious than the gold-mines of Peru. It was found that, in the neighborhood of these beds, almost every manufacture might be most profitably carried on. A constant stream of emigrants began to roll northward. It appeared by the returns of 1841 that the ancient archiepiscopal province of York contained two sevenths of the population of England. At the time of the Revolution, that province was believed to contain only one seventh of the population. ‡ In Lancashire the number of inhabitants appears to have increased ninefold, while in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Northamptonshire it has hardly doubled. §

Of the taxation we can speak with more confidence and precision than of the population. The revenue of England under Charles the Second was small when compared with the resources which she even then possessed, or with the sums which were raised by the governments of the neighboring countries. It was little more than three fourths of the revenue of the United Provinces, and was hardly one fifth of the revenue of France.

The most important head of receipt was the excise, which, in the last year of the reign of Charles, produced five hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds, clear of all deductions. The net proceeds of the customs amounted in the same year to five hundred and thirty thousand pounds. These burdens did not lie very heavy on the nation. The tax on chimneys, though less productive, raised far louder murmurs. The discontent excited by

\* North's Life of Guildford. Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, parish of Brampton.

† See Sir Walter Scott's Journal, Oct. 7, 1827, in his Life by Mr. Lockhart.

‡ Dalrymple, Appendix to Part II, Book I. The returns of the hearth money lead to nearly the same conclusion. The hearths in the province of York were not a sixth of the hearths of England.

§ I do not, of course, pretend to strict accuracy here; but I believe that whoever will take the trouble to compare the last returns of hearth money in the reign of William the Third with the census of 1841, will come to a conclusion not very different from mine.

\* Statutes 14 Car. II, c. 22; 18 & 19 Car. II, c. 3; 29 & 30 Car. II, c. 2.

† Nicolson and Bourne, Discourse on the Ancient State of the Border, 1777.

‡ Gray's Journal of a Tour in the Lakes, Oct. 3, 1769.

direct imposts is, indeed, almost always out of proportion to the quantity of money which they bring into the Exchequer; and the tax on chimneys was, even among direct imposts, peculiarly odious, for it could be levied only by means of domiciliary visits, and of such visits the English have always been impatient to a degree which the people of other countries can but faintly conceive. The poorer householders were frequently unable to pay their hearth money to the day. When this happened, their furniture was distrained without mercy; for the tax was farmed; and a farmer of taxes is, of all creditors, proverbially the most rapacious. The collectors were loudly accused of performing their unpopular duty with harshness and insolence. It was said that, as soon as they appeared at the threshold of a cottage, the children began to wail, and the old women ran to hide their earthen-ware. Nay, the single bed of a poor family had sometimes been carried away and sold. The net annual receipt from this tax was two hundred thousand pounds.\*

When to the three great sources of income which have been mentioned we add the royal domains, then far more extensive than at present, the first fruits and tenths, which had not yet been surrendered to the Church, the duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, the forfeitures and the fines, we shall find that the whole annual revenue of the crown may be fairly estimated at about fourteen hundred thousand pounds. Of the Post-Office, more will hereafter be said. The profits of that establishment had been appropriated by Parliament to the Duke of York.

The king's revenue was, or rather ought to have been, charged with the payment of about eighty thousand pounds a year, the interest of the sum fraudulently detained in the Exchequer by the Cabal. While Danby was at the head of the finances, the creditors had received their dividends, though not with

the strict punctuality of modern times; but those who had succeeded him at the Treasury had been less expert, or less solicitous to maintain public faith. Since the victory won by the court over the Whigs, not a farthing had been paid, and no redress was granted to the sufferers until a new dynasty had established a new system. There can be no greater error than to imagine that the device of meeting the exigencies of the state by loans was imported into our island by William the Third. From a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English government to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.\*

By plundering the public creditor, it was possible to make an income of about fourteen hundred thousand pounds, with some occasional help from France, support the necessary charges of the government and the wasteful expenditure of the court; for that load which pressed most heavily on the finances of the great continental states was here scarcely felt. In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, armies, such as Henry the Fourth and Philip the Second had never employed in time of war, were kept up in the midst of peace. Bastions and ravelins were everywhere rising, constructed on principles unknown to Parma or Spinola. Stores of artillery and ammunition were accumulated, such as even Richelieu, whom the preceding generation had regarded as a worker of prodigies, would have pronounced fabulous. No man could journey many leagues in those countries without hearing the drums of a regiment on march, or being challenged by the sentinels on the draw-bridge of a fortress. In our island, on the contrary, it was possible to live long and to travel far without being once reminded, by any martial sight or sound, that the defense of nations had become a science and a calling. The majority of Englishmen who were under twenty-five years of age had probably never seen a company of regular soldiers. Of the cities which, in the civil war, had valiantly repelled hostile armies, scarce one was now capable of sustaining a siege. The gates stood open night and day. The ditches were dry. The ramparts had been suffered to fall into decay, or were repaired only that the townsfolk might have a pleasant walk on summer evenings. Of the old baronial keeps many had been shattered by the cannon of Fairfax and Cromwell, and lay in heaps of ruin, overgrown with ivy. Those which remained had lost their martial character, and

\* There are in the Pepysian Library, some ballads of that age on the chimney money. I will give a specimen or two:

"The good old dame, whenever they the chimney man espied,  
Unto their nooks they haste away, their pots and pipkins  
hide.

There is not one old dame in ten, and search the nation  
through,

But if you talk of chimney men, will spare a curse or two."

Again:

"Like plundering soldiers they'd enter the door,  
And make a distress on the goods of the poor,  
While the frightened poor children distractedly cried:  
This nothing abated their insolent pride."

In the British Museum there are doggerel verses composed on the same subject and in the same spirit:

"Or if, through poverty, it be not paid,  
For cruelty to tear away the single bed,  
On which the poor man rests his weary head,  
At once deprives him of his rest and bread."

I take this opportunity, the first which occurs, of acknowledging most gratefully the kind and liberal manner in which the Master and Vice-master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, gave me access to the valuable collections of Pepys.

\* My chief authorities for this financial statement will be found in the Commons' Journals, March 1 and March 20, 1688-9.

were now rural palaces of the aristocracy. The moats were turned into preserves of carp and pike. The mounds were planted with fragrant shrubs, through which spiral walks ran up to summer-houses adorned with mirrors and paintings.\* There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast, and on many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once these barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger; and, within a few hours after a Spanish sail had been discovered in the Channel, or after a thousand Scottish moss-troopers had crossed the Tweed, the signal fires were blazing fifty miles off, and whole counties were rising in arms. But many years had now elapsed since the beacons had been lighted, and they were regarded rather as curious relics of ancient manners than as parts of a machinery necessary to the safety of the state.†

The only army which the law recognized was the militia. That force had been remodeled by two acts of Parliament passed shortly after the Restoration. Every man who possessed five hundred pounds a year derived from land, or six thousand pounds of personal estate, was bound to provide, equip, and pay, at his own charge, one horseman. Every man who had fifty pounds a year derived from land, or six hundred pounds of personal estate, was charged, in like manner, with one pikeman or musketeer. Smaller proprietors were joined together in a kind of society, for which our language does not afford a special name, but which an Athenian would have called a Synteleia; and each society was required to furnish, according to its means, a horse soldier or a foot soldier. The whole number of cavalry and infantry thus maintained was popularly estimated at a hundred and thirty thousand men.‡

The king was, by the ancient Constitution of the realm, and by the recent and solemn acknowledgment of both houses of Parliament, the sole captain general of this large force. The lords lieutenant and their deputies held the command under him, and appointed meetings for drilling and inspection. The time occupied by such meetings, however, was not to exceed fourteen days in one year. The justices of the peace were authorized to inflict slight penalties for breaches of discipline. Of the ordinary cost no part was paid by the crown; but when the train-bands were called out against an enemy, their subsistence became a charge on the general re-

venue of the state, and they were subject to the utmost rigor of martial law.

There were those who looked on the militia with no friendly eye. Men who had traveled much on the Continent, who had marveled at the stern precision with which every sentinel moved and spoke in the citadels built by Vauban, who had seen the mighty armies which poured along all the roads of Germany to chase the Ottoman from the gates of Vienna, and who had been dazzled by the well-ordered pomp of the household troops of Louis, sneered much at the way in which the peasants of Devonshire and Yorkshire marched and wheeled, shouldered muskets and ported pikes. The enemies of the liberties and religion of England looked with aversion on a force which could not, without extreme risk, be employed against those liberties and that religion, and missed no opportunity of throwing ridicule on the rustic soldiery.\* Enlightened patriots, when they contrasted these rude levies with the battalions which, in time of war, a few hours might bring to the coast of Kent or Sussex, were forced to acknowledge that, dangerous as it might be to keep up a permanent military establishment, it might be more dangerous still to stake the honor and independence of the country on the result of a contest between plowmen officered by justices of the peace, and veteran warriors led by marshals of France. In Parliament, however, it was necessary to express such opinions with some reserve, for the militia was an institution eminently popular. Every reflection thrown on it excited the indignation of both the great parties in the state, and especially of that party which was distinguished by peculiar zeal for monarchy and for the Anglican Church. The array of the counties was commanded almost exclusively by Tory noblemen and gentlemen. They were proud of their military rank, and considered an insult offered to the service to which they belonged as offered to themselves. They were also perfectly aware that whatever was said against a militia was said in favor of a standing army, and the name of standing army was hateful to them. One such army had held dominion in England, and under that dominion the king had been murdered, the nobility degraded, the

\* Dryden, in his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, expressed, with his usual keenness and energy, the sentiments which had been fashionable among the sycophants of James the Second:

“The country rings around with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands, maintained at vast expense,  
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense.  
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever, but in time of need, at hand.  
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepared  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.”

\* See, for example, the picture of the mound at Marlborough, in *Stukeley's Itinerarium Curiosum*.

† Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684.

‡ 13 & 14 Car. II, c. 3; 15 Car. II, c. 4. Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684.

landed gentry plundered, the Church persecuted. There was scarce a rural grandee who could not tell a story of wrongs and insults suffered by himself or by his father at the hands of the Parliamentary soldiers. One old Cavalier had seen half his manor-house blown up. The hereditary elms of another had been hewn down. A third could never go into his parish church without being reminded, by the defaced scuteheons and headless statues of his ancestry, that Oliver's red-coats had once stabled their horses there. The consequence was, that those very Royalists who were most ready to fight for the king themselves, were the last persons whom he could venture to ask for the means of hiring regular troops.

Charles, however, had, a few months after his restoration, begun to form a small standing army. He felt that, without some better protection than that of the train-bands and beef-eaters, his palace and person would hardly be secure, in the vicinity of a great city swarming with warlike Fifth Monarchy men who had just been disbanded. He therefore, careless and profuse as he was, contrived to spare from his pleasures a sum sufficient to keep up a body of guards. With the increase of trade and of public wealth his revenues increased, and he was thus enabled, in spite of the occasional murmurs and remonstrances of the Commons, to make gradual additions to his regular forces. One considerable addition was made a few months before the close of his reign. The costly, useless, and pestilential settlement of Tangier was abandoned to the barbarians who dwelt around it, and the garrison, consisting of one regiment of horse and two regiments of foot, was brought to England.

The little army thus formed by Charles the Second was the germ of that great and renowned army which has, in the present century, marched triumphant into Madrid and Paris, into Canton and Candahar. The Life Guards, who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three troops, each of which consisted of two hundred carabineers, exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the king and royal family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as gentlemen of the guard. Many of them were of good families, and had held commissions in the civil war. Their pay was far higher than that of the most favored regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country gentleman. Their fine horses, their rich housings, their cuirasses, and their buff coats adorned with ribands, velvet, and gold lace, made a splendid appearance in St. James's Park. A small body of grenadier dragoons, who came

from a lower class and received lower pay, was attached to each troop. Another body of household cavalry, distinguished by blue coats and cloaks, and still called the Blues, was generally quartered in the neighborhood of the capital. Near the capital lay also the corps which is now designated as the first regiment of dragoons, but which was then the only regiment of dragoons on the English establishment. It had recently been formed out of the cavalry who had returned from Tangier. A single troop of dragoons, which did not form part of any regiment, was stationed near Berwick, for the purpose of keeping the peace among the moss-troopers of the border. For this species of service the dragoon was then thought to be peculiarly qualified. He has since become a mere horse soldier. But in the seventeenth century he was accurately described by Montecuculi as a foot soldier, who used a horse only in order to arrive with more speed at the place where military service was to be performed.

The household infantry consisted of two regiments, which were then, as now, called the first regiment of Foot Guards, and the Coldstream Guards. They generally did duty near Whitehall and St. James's Palace. As there were then no barracks, and as, by the Petition of Right, they could not be quartered on private families, they filled all the ale-houses of Westminster and the Strand.

There were five other regiments of foot. One of these, the Admiral's Regiment, was especially destined to service on board of the fleet. The remaining four still rank as the first four regiments of the line. Two of these represented two bands which had long sustained on the Continent the fame of English valor. The first, or Royal Regiment, had, under the great Gustavus, borne a conspicuous part in the deliverance of Germany. The third regiment, distinguished by flesh-colored facings, from which it derived the well-known name of the Buffs, had, under Maurice of Nassau, fought not less bravely for the deliverance of the Netherlands. Both these gallant brigades had at length, after many vicissitudes, been recalled from foreign service by Charles the Second, and had been placed on the English establishment.

The regiments which now rank as the second and fourth of the line had, in 1685, just returned from Tangier, bringing with them cruel and licentious habits, contracted in a long course of warfare with the Moors. A few companies of infantry which had not been regimented lay in garrison at Tilbury Fort, at Portsmouth, at Plymouth, and at some other important stations on or near the coast.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century a great change had taken place in the arms of the infantry. The pike had been gradually giving place to the musket, and, at the close of the reign of Charles the Second, most of his foot were musketeers. Still, however, there was a large intermixture of pikemen. Each class of troops was occasionally instructed in the use of the weapon which peculiarly belonged to the other class. Every foot soldier had at his side a sword for close fight. The dragoon was armed like a musketeer, and was also provided with a weapon which had, during many years, been gradually coming into use, and which the English then called a dagger, but which, from the time of our Revolution, has been known among us by the French name of bayonet. The bayonet seems not to have been so formidable an instrument of destruction as it has since become, for it was inserted in the muzzle of the gun, and in action much time was lost while the soldier unfixed his bayonet in order to fire, and fixed it again in order to charge.

The regular army which was kept up in England at the beginning of the year 1685 consisted, all ranks included, of about seven thousand foot, and about seventeen hundred cavalry and dragoons. The whole charge amounted to about two hundred and ninety thousand pounds a year, less than a tenth part of what the military establishment of France then cost in time of peace. The daily pay of a private in the Life Guards was four shillings, in the Blues two shillings and sixpence, in the Dragoons eighteen pence, in the Foot Guards tenpence, and in the line eightpence. The discipline was lax, and, indeed, could not be otherwise. The common law of England knew nothing of courts-martial, and made no distinction, in time of peace, between a soldier and any other subject; nor could the government then venture to ask even the most loyal Parliament for a mutiny bill. A soldier, therefore, by knocking down his colonel, incurred only the ordinary penalties of assault and battery, and, by refusing to obey orders, by sleeping on guard, or by deserting his colors, incurred no legal penalty at all. Military punishments were doubtless inflicted during the reign of Charles the Second, but they were inflicted very sparingly, and in such a manner as not to attract public notice, or to produce an appeal to the courts of Westminster Hall.

Such an army as has been described was not very likely to enslave five millions of Englishmen. It would, indeed, have been hardly able to suppress an insurrection in London if the train-bands of the city had joined the in-

surgers; nor could the king expect that, if a rising took place in England, he would be able to obtain help from his other dominions; for, though both Scotland and Ireland supported separate military establishments, those establishments were not more than enough to keep down the Puritan malecontents of the former kingdom, and the popish malecontents of the latter. The government had, however, an important military resource which must not be left unnoticed. There were in the pay of the United Provinces six fine regiments, formerly commanded by the brave Ossory. Of these regiments three had been raised in England and three in Scotland. Their native prince had reserved to himself the power of recalling them, if he needed their help against a foreign or domestic enemy. In the meantime they were maintained without any charge to him, and were kept under an excellent discipline, to which he could not have ventured to subject them.\*

If the jealousy of the Parliament and of the nation made it impossible for the king to maintain a formidable standing army, no similar impediment prevented him from making England the first of maritime powers. Both Whigs and Tories were ready to applaud every step tending to increase the efficiency of that force which, while it was the best protection of the island against foreign enemies, was powerless against civil liberty. All the greatest exploits achieved within the memory of that generation by English soldiers had been achieved in war against English princes. The victories of our sailors had been won over foreign foes, and had averted havoc and rapine from our own soil. By at least half the nation the battle of Naseby was remembered with horror, and the battle of Dunbar with pride checked by many painful feelings; but the defeat of the Armada, and the encounters of Blake with the Hollanders and Spaniards, were recollected with unmixed exultation by all parties. Ever since the Restoration, the Commons, even when most discontented and most parsimonious, had always been bountiful even to profusion where the interest of the navy was concerned. It had been represented to them, while Danby was minister, that many of the vessels in the royal fleet were old and unfit for sea; and, although the House was, at that time, in no giving mood, an aid of near six hundred thousand pounds had been granted for the building of thirty new men-of-war.

But the liberality of the nation had been

\* Most of the materials which I have used for this account of the regular army will be found in the Historical Records of Regiments, published by command of King William the Fourth, and under the direction of the adjutant-general. See, also, Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684; Abridgment of the English Military Discipline, printed by especial command, 1685; Exercise of Foot, by their Majesties' command, 1690.

made fruitless by the vices of the government. The list of the king's ships, it is true, looked well. There were nine first rates, fourteen second rates, thirty nine third rates, and many smaller vessels. The first rates, indeed, were less than the third rates of our time; and the third rates would not now rank as very large frigates. This foree, however, if it had been efficient, would in those days have been regarded by the greatest potentate as formidable. But it existed only on paper. When the reign of Charles terminated, his navy had sunk into degradation and decay, such as would be almost incredible if it were not certified to us by the independent and concurring evidence of witnesses whose authority is beyond exception. Pepys, the ablest man in the English Admiralty, drew up, in the year 1684, a memorial on the state of his department for the information of Charles. A few months later, Bonrepaux, the ablest man in the French Admiralty, having visited England for the especial purpose of ascertaining her maritime strength, laid the result of his inquiries before Louis. The two reports are to the same effect. Bonrepaux declared that he found everything in disorder and in miserable condition; that the superiority of the French marine was acknowledged with shame and envy at Whitehall; and that the state of our shipping and dockyards was of itself a sufficient guarantee that we should not meddle in the disputes of Europe.\* Pepys informed his master that the naval administration was a prodigy of wastefulness, corruption, ignorance, and indolence; that no estimate could be trusted; that no contract was performed; that no check was enforced. The vessels which the recent liberality of Parliament had enabled the government to build, and which had never been out of harbor, had been made of such wretched timber that they were more unfit to go to sea than the old hulls which had been battered thirty years before by Dutch and Spanish broadsides. Some of the new men-of-war, indeed, were so rotten, that, unless speedily repaired, they would go down at their moorings. The sailors were paid with so little punctuality that they were glad to find some usurer who would purchase their tickets at forty per cent. discount. The commanders who had not powerful friends at court were even worse treated. Some officers, to whom large arrears were due, after vainly importuning the government during

many years, had died for want of a morsel of bread.

Most of the ships which were afloat were commanded by men who had not been bred to the sea. This, it is true, was not an abuse introduced by the government of Charles. No state, ancient or modern, had, before that time, made a complete separation between the naval and military services. In the great civilized nations of the Old World, Cimon and Lysander, Pompey and Agrippa, had fought battles by sea as well as by land. Nor had the impulse which nautical science received at the close of the fifteenth century produced any material improvement in the division of labor. At Flodden the right wing of the victorious army was led by the Admiral of England. At Jarnac and Moneontour the Huguenot ranks were marshaled by the Admiral of France. Neither John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, nor Lord Howard of Effingham, to whose direction the marine of England was intrusted when the Spanish invaders were approaching our shores, had received the education of a sailor. Raleigh, highly celebrated as a naval commander, had served during many years as a soldier in France, the Netherlands, and Ireland. Blake had distinguished himself by his skillful and valiant defense of an inland town before he humbled the pride of Holland and of Castile on the ocean. Since the Restoration the same system had been followed. Great fleets had been intrusted to the direction of Rupert and Monk; Rupert, who was renowned chiefly as a hot and daring cavalry officer, and Monk, who, when he wanted his ship to tack to larboard, moved the mirth of his crew by calling out, "Wheel to the left!"

But about this time wise men began to perceive that the rapid improvement, both of the art of war and of the art of navigation, made it necessary to draw a line between two professions which had hitherto been confounded. Either the command of a regiment or the command of a ship was now a matter quite sufficient to occupy the attention of a single mind. In the year 1672, the French government determined to educate young men of good family from a very early age specially for the sea service; but the English government, instead of following this excellent example, not only continued to distribute high naval commands among landmen, but selected for such commands landmen who, even on land, could not safely have been put in any important trust. Any lad of noble birth, any dissolute courtier for whom one of the king's mistresses would speak a word, might hope that a ship of the line, and with it the honor of the country and the lives of hundreds of

\* I refer to a dispatch of Bonrepaux to Seignelay, dated Feb. 8-13, 1686. It was transcribed for Mr. Fox from the French archives during the peace of Amiens, and with the other materials brought together by that great man, was intrusted to me by the kindness of the late Lady Holland and of the present Lord Holland. I ought to add that, even in the midst of the troubles which have lately agitated Paris, I have found no difficulty in obtaining, from the liberality of the functionaries there, extracts supplying some chasms in Mr. Fox's collection.

brave men, would be committed to his care. It mattered not that he had never in his life taken a voyage except on the Thames; that he could not keep his feet in a breeze; that he did not know the difference between latitude and longitude. No previous training was thought necessary; or, at most, he was sent to make a short trip in a man-of-war, where he was subjected to no discipline, where he was treated with marked respect, and where he lived in a round of revels and amusements. If, in the intervals of feasting, drinking, and gambling, he succeeded in learning the meaning of a few technical phrases and the names of the points of the compass, he was fully qualified to take charge of a three-decker. This is no imaginary description. In 1666, John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, at seventeen years of age, volunteered to serve at sea against the Dutch. He passed six weeks on board, diverting himself, as well as he could, in the society of some young libertines of rank, and then returned home to take the command of a troop of horse. After this he was never on the water until the year 1672, when he again joined the fleet, and was almost immediately appointed captain of a ship of eighty-four guns, reputed the finest in the navy. He was then twenty-three years old, and had not, in the whole course of his life, been three months afloat. As soon as he came back from sea he was made colonel of a regiment of foot. This is a specimen of the manner in which naval commands of the highest importance were then given, and a favorable specimen; for Mulgrave, though he wanted experience, wanted neither parts nor courage. Others were promoted in the same way who not only were not good officers, but who were intellectually and morally incapable of ever becoming good officers, and whose only recommendation was that they had been ruined by folly and vice. The chief bait which allured these men into the service was the profit of conveying bullion and other valuable commodities from port to port; for both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean were then so much infested by pirates from Barbary, that merchants were not willing to trust precious cargoes to any custody but that of a man-of-war. A captain in this way sometimes cleared several thousands of pounds by a short voyage; and for this lucrative business he too often neglected the interests of his country and the honor of his flag, made mean submissions to foreign powers, disobeyed the most direct injunctions of his superiors, lay in port when he was ordered to chase a Sallee rover, or ran with dollars to Leghorn when his instructions directed him to repair to Lisbon: and all this he did with impunity.

The same interest which had placed him in a post for which he was unfit, maintained him there. No admiral, bearded by these corrupt and dissolute minions of the palace, dared to do more than mutter something about a court-martial. If any officer showed a higher sense of duty than his fellows, he soon found that he lost money without acquiring honor. One captain, who, by strictly obeying the orders of the Admiralty, missed a cargo which would have been worth four thousand pounds to him, was told by Charles, with ignoble levity, that he was a great fool for his pains.

The discipline of the navy was of a piece throughout. As the courtly captain despised the Admiralty, he was, in turn, despised by his crew. It could not be concealed that he was inferior in seamanship to every foremast man on board. It was idle to expect that old sailors, familiar with the hurricanes of the tropics and with the icebergs of the Arctic circle, would pay prompt and respectful obedience to a chief who knew no more of winds and waves than could be learned in a gilded barge between Whitehall Stairs and Hampton Court. To trust such a novice with the working of a ship was evidently impossible. The direction of the navigation was therefore taken from the captain and given to the master; but this partition of authority produced innumerable inconveniences. The line of demarcation was not, and perhaps could not be, drawn with precision. There was, therefore, constant wrangling. The captain, confident in proportion to his ignorance, treated the master with lordly contempt. The master, well aware of the danger of disobliging the powerful, too often, after a struggle, yielded against his better judgment; and it was well if the loss of the ship and crew was not the consequence. In general, the least mischievous of the aristocratical captains were those who completely abandoned to others the direction of their vessels, and thought only of making money and spending it. The way in which these men lived was so ostentatious and voluptuous, that, greedy as they were of gain, they seldom became rich. They dressed as if for a gala at Versailles, ate off plate, drank the richest wines, and kept harems on board, while hunger and scurvy raged among the crews, and while corpses were daily flung out of the port-holes.

Such was the ordinary character of those who were then called gentlemen captains. Mingled with them were to be found, happily for our country, naval commanders of a very different description; men whose whole life had been passed on the deep, and who had worked and fought their way from the lowest

offices of the fore-castle to rank and distinction. One of the most eminent of these officers was Sir Christopher Mings, who entered the service as a cabin-boy, who fell fighting bravely against the Dutch, and whom his crew, weeping and vowing vengeance, carried to the grave. From him sprang, by a singular kind of descent, a line of valiant and expert sailors. His cabin-boy was Sir John Narborough, and the cabin-boy of Sir John Narborough was Sir Cloudesley Shovel. To the strong natural sense and dauntless courage of this class of men England owes a debt never to be forgotten. It was by such resolute hearts that, in spite of much maladministration, and in spite of the blunders of more courtly admirals, our coasts were protected and the reputation of our flag upheld during many gloomy and perilous years; but to a landsman these tarpaulins, as they were called, seemed a strange and half-savage race. All their knowledge was professional, and their professional knowledge was practical rather than scientific. Off their own element they were as simple as children. Their department was uncouth. There was roughness in their very good nature; and their talk, where it was not made up of nautical phrases, was too commonly made up of oaths and curses. Such were the chiefs in whose rude school were formed those sturdy warriors from whom Smollett, in the next age, drew Lieutenant Bowling and Commodore Trunton. But it does not appear that there was in the service of any of the Stuarts a single naval officer such as, according to the notions of our times, a naval officer ought to be; that is to say, a man versed in the theory and practice of his calling, and steeled against all the dangers of battle and tempest, yet of cultivated mind and polished manners. There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen.

The English navy at that time might, according to the most exact estimates which have come down to us, have been kept in an efficient state for three hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year. Four hundred thousand pounds a year was the sum actually expended, but expended, as we have seen, to very little purpose. The cost of the French marine was nearly the same; the cost of the Dutch marine considerably more.\*

The charge of the English ordnance in the seventeenth century was, as compared with other military and naval charges, much smaller than at present. At most of the garrisons there were gunners, and here and there, at an important post, an engineer was to be found. But there was no regiment of artillery, no brigade of sappers and miners, no college in which young soldiers could learn the scientific part of war. The difficulty of moving field-pieces was extreme. When, a few years later, William marched from Devonshire to London, the apparatus which he brought with him, though such as had long been in constant use on the Continent, and such as would now be regarded at Woolwich as rude and cumbrous, excited in our ancestors an admiration resembling that which the Indians of America felt for the Castilian arquebuses. The stock of gunpowder kept in the English forts and arsenals was boastfully mentioned by patriotic writers as something which might well impress neighboring nations with awe. It amounted to fourteen or fifteen thousand barrels, about a twelfth of the quantity which it is now thought necessary to have always in store. The expenditure under the head of Ordnance was on an average a little above sixty thousand pounds a year.\*

The whole effective charge of the army, navy, and ordnance was about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The non-effective charge, which is now a heavy part of our public burdens, can hardly be said to have existed. A very small number of naval officers, who were not employed in the public service, drew half pay. No lieutenant was on the list, nor any captain who had not commanded a ship of the first or second rate. As the country then possessed only seventeen ships of the first and second rate that had ever been at sea, and as a large proportion of the persons who had commanded such ships had good posts on shore, the expenditure under this head must have been small indeed.† In the army, half pay was given merely as a special and temporary allowance to a small number of officers belonging to two regiments, which were peculiarly situated.‡ Greenwich Hospital had not been founded. Chelsea Hospital was building; but the cost of that

gier, are in print. I have made large use of them. See, also, Sheffield's *Memoirs*, Teonge's *Diary*, Aubrey's *Life of Monk*, the *Life of Sir Cloudesley Shovel*, 1708, *Commons' Journals*, March 1 and March 20, 1688-9.

\* Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684. *Commons' Journals*, March 1 and March 20, 1688-9. In 1833 it was determined, after full inquiry, that a hundred and seventy thousand barrels of gunpowder should constantly be kept in store; and this rule is still observed.

† It appears, from the records of the Admiralty, that flag officers were allowed half pay in 1668, captains of first and second rates not until 1674.

‡ Warrant in the War Office Records, dated March 26, 1678.

\* My information respecting the condition of the navy at this time is chiefly derived from Pepys. His report, presented to Charles the Second in May, 1684, has never, I believe, been printed. The manuscript is at Magdalene College, Cambridge. At Magdalene College is also a valuable manuscript containing a detailed account of the maritime establishments of the country in December, 1684. Pepys's "Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy for Ten Years, determined December, 1688," and his diary and correspondence during his mission to Tan-



institution was defrayed partly by a deduction from the pay of the troops, and partly by private subscription. The king promised to contribute only twenty thousand pounds for architectural expenses, and five thousand a year for the maintenance of the invalids.\* It was no part of the plan that there should be out-pensioners. The whole non-effective charge, military and naval, can scarcely have exceeded ten thousand pounds a year. It now exceeds ten thousand pounds a day.

Of the expense of civil government only a small portion was defrayed by the crown. The great majority of the functionaries whose business was to administer justice and preserve order either gave their services to the public gratuitously, or were remunerated in a manner which caused no drain on the revenue of the state. The sheriffs, mayors, and aldermen of the towns, the country gentlemen who were in the commission of the peace, the headboroughs, bailiffs, and petty constables, cost the king nothing. The superior courts of law were chiefly supported by fees.

Our relations with foreign courts had been put on the most economical footing. The only diplomatic agent who had the title of ambassador resided at Constantinople, and was partly supported by the Turkey Company. Even at the court of Versailles England had only an envoy; and she had not even an envoy at the Spanish, Swedish, and Danish courts. The whole expense under this head can not, in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, have much exceeded twenty thousand pounds.†

In this frugality there was nothing laudable. Charles was, as usual, niggardly in the wrong place, and munificent in the wrong place. The public service was starved that courtiers might be pampered. The expense of the navy, of the ordnance, of pensions to needy old officers, of missions to foreign courts, must seem small indeed to the present generation; but the personal favorites of the sovereign, his ministers, and the creatures of those ministers, were gorged with public money. Their salaries and pensions, when compared with the incomes of the nobility, the gentry, the commercial and professional men of that age, will appear enormous. The greatest estates in the kingdom then very little exceeded twenty thousand a year. The Duke of Ormond had twenty-two thousand a year.‡ The Duke of Buckingham, before

his extravagance had impaired his great property, had nineteen thousand six hundred a year\* George Monk, duke of Albemarle, who had been rewarded for his eminent services with immense grants of crown land, and who had been notorious both for covetousness and for parsimony, left fifteen thousand a year of real estate, and sixty thousand pounds in money, which probably yielded seven per cent.† These three dukes were supposed to be three of the richest subjects in England. The Archbishop of Canterbury can hardly have had five thousand a year.‡ The average income of a temporal peer was estimated, by the best-informed persons, at about three thousand a year, the average income of a baronet at nine hundred a year, the average income of a member of Parliament at less than eight hundred a year.§ A thousand a year was thought a large revenue for a barrister. Two thousand a year was hardly to be made in the Court of King's Bench, except by the crown lawyers.|| It is evident, therefore, that an official man would have been well paid if he had received a fourth or fifth part of what would now be an adequate stipend. In fact, however, the stipends of the higher class of official men were as large as at present, and not seldom larger. The lord treasurer, for example, had eight thousand a year, and when the Treasury was in commission, the junior lords had sixteen hundred a year each. The paymaster of the forces had a poundage, amounting to about five thousand a year, on all the money which passed through his hands. The groom of the stole had five thousand a year, the commissioners of the customs twelve hundred a year each. The lords of the bed chamber a thousand a year each.¶ The regular salary, however, was the smallest part of the gains of an official man of that age. From the nobleman who held the white staff and the great seal, down to the humblest tide-waiter and gauger, what would now be called gross corruption was practiced without disguise and without reproach. Titles, places, commissions, pardons, were daily sold in market overt by the great dignitaries of the realm, and every clerk in every department imitated, to the best of his power, the evil example.

\* Pepys's Diary, Feb. 14, 1668-9.

† See the report of the Bath and Montague case, which was decided by Lord-keeper Somers in December, 1693.

‡ During three quarters of a year, beginning from Christmas, 1689, the revenues of the see of Canterbury were received by an officer appointed by the crown. That officer's accounts are now in the British Museum. (Lansdowne MSS., 85.) The gross revenue for the three quarters was not quite four thousand pounds, and the difference between the gross and the net revenue was evidently something considerable.

§ King's Natural and Political Conclusions. Davenant on the Balance of Trade. Sir W. Temple says, "The revenues of a House of Commons have seldom exceeded four hundred thousand pounds."—MEMOIRS, THIRD PART.

|| Langton's Conversations with Chief Justice Hale, 1672.

¶ Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.

\* Evelyn's Diary, January 27, 1682. I have seen a privy seal, dated May 17, 1693, which confirms Evelyn's testimony.

† James the Second sent envoys to Spain, Sweden, and Denmark, yet in his reign the diplomatic expenditure was little more than £30,000 a year. See the Commons' Journals, March 20, 1688-9. Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684, 1686.

‡ Carte's Life of Ormond.

During the last century, no prime minister, however powerful, has become rich in office, and several prime ministers have impaired their private fortune in sustaining their public character. In the seventeenth century, a statesman who was at the head of affairs might easily, and without giving scandal, accumulate in no long time an estate amply sufficient to support a dukedom. It is probable that the income of the prime minister, during his tenure of power, far exceeded that of any other subject. The place of Lord-lieutenant of Ireland was supposed to be worth forty thousand pounds a year.\* The gains of the Chancellor Clarendon, of Arlington, of Lauderdale, and of Danby, were enormous. The sumptuous palace to which the populace of London gave the name of Dunkirk House, the stately pavilions, the fishponds, the deer-park, and the orangery of Euston, the more than Italian luxury of Ham, with its busts, fountains, and aviaries, were among the many signs which indicated what was the shortest road to boundless wealth. This is the true explanation of the unscrupulous violence with which the statesmen of that day struggled for office, of the tenacity with which, in spite of vexations, humiliations, and dangers, they clung to it, and of the scandalous compliances to which they stooped in order to retain it. Even in our own age, great as is the power of opinion, and high as is the standard of integrity, there would be great risk of a lamentable change in the character of our public men, if the place of first Lord of the Treasury or Secretary of state were worth a hundred thousand pounds a year. Happily for our country, the emoluments of the highest class of functionaries have not only not grown in proportion to the general growth of our opulence, but have positively diminished.

The fact that the sum raised in England by taxation has, in a time not exceeding two long lives, been multiplied thirty-fold, is strange, and may at first sight seem appalling. But those who are alarmed by the increase of the public burdens may perhaps be reassured when they have considered the increase of the public resources. In the year 1685, the value of the produce of the soil far exceeded the value of all the other fruits of human industry; yet agriculture was in what would now be considered as a very rude and imperfect state. The arable land and pasture land were not supposed by the best political arithmeticians of that age to amount to much more than half the area of the kingdom.†

The remainder was believed to consist of moor, forest, and fen. These computations are strongly confirmed by the road-books and maps of the seventeenth century. From those books and maps, it is clear that many routes which now pass through an endless succession of orchards, hay-fields, and bean-fields, then ran through nothing but heath, swamp, and warren.\* In the drawings of English landscapes made in that age for the Grand-duke Cosmo, scarce a hedge-row is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain.† At Enfield, hardly out of sight of the smoke of the capital, was a region of five-and-twenty miles in circumference, which contained only three houses and scarcely any inclosed fields. Deer, as free as in an American forest, wandered there by thousands.‡ It is to be remarked, that wild animals of large size were then far more numerous than at present. The last wild boars, indeed, which had been preserved for the royal diversion, and had been allowed to ravage the cultivated land with their tusks, had been slaughtered by the exasperated rustics during the license of the civil war. The last wolf that has roamed our island had been slain in Scotland a short time before the close of the reign of Charles the Second. But many breeds, now extinct or rare, both of quadrupeds and birds, were still common. The fox, whose life is, in many counties, held almost as sacred as that of a human being, was considered as a mere nuisance. Oliver St. John told the Long Parliament that Strafford was to be regarded, not as a stag or a hare, to whom some law was to be given, but as a fox, who was to be snared by any means, and knocked on the head without pity. This illustration would be by no means a happy one, if addressed to country gentlemen of our time; but in St. John's days there were not seldom great massacres of foxes, to which the peasantry thronged with all the dogs that could be mustered: traps were set; nets were spread; no quarter was given; and to shoot a female with cub was considered as a feat which merited the gratitude of the neighborhood. The red deer were then as common in Gloucestershire and Hampshire as they now are among the Grampian Hills. On one oc-

\* See the *Itinerarium Angliæ*, 1675, by John Ogilby, Cosmographer Royal. In some of his maps the roads through inclosed country are marked by lines, and the roads through uninclosed country by dots. The proportion of uninclosed country seems to have been very great. From Abingdon to Gloucester, for example, a distance of forty or fifty miles, there was not a single inclosure, and scarcely one inclosure between Biggleswade and Lincoln.

† Large copies of these highly interesting drawings are in the noble collection bequeathed by Mr. Grenville to the British Museum.

‡ Evelyn's Diary, June 2, 1675.

\* See the *Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo*.

† King's Nat. and Polit. Conclusions. Davenant on the Balance of Trade.

casion, Queen Anne, on her way to Portsmouth, saw a herd of no less than five hundred. The wild bull with his white mane was still to be found wandering in a few of the southern forests. The badger made his dark and tortuous hole on the side of every hill where the copsewood grew thick. The wild-cats were frequently heard by night wailing round the lodges of the rangers of Whittlebury and Needwood. The yellow-breasted martin was still pursued in Cranbourne Chase for his fur, reputed inferior only to that of the sable. Fen eagles, measuring more than nine feet between the extremities of the wings, preyed on fish along the coast of Norfolk. On all the downs, from the British Channel to Yorkshire, huge bustards strayed in troops of fifty or sixty, and were often hunted with greyhounds. The marshes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire were covered during some months of every year by immense clouds of cranes. Some of these races the progress of cultivation has extirpated. Of others, the numbers are so much diminished that men crowd to gaze at a specimen as at a Bengal tiger or a Polar bear.\*

The progress of this great change can nowhere be more clearly traced than in the Statute Book. The number of inclosure acts passed since King George the Second came to the throne exceeds four thousand. The area inclosed under the authority of those acts exceeds, on a moderate calculation, ten thousand square miles. How many square miles which formerly lay waste have, during the same period, been fenced and carefully tilled by the proprietors, without any application to the Legislature, can only be conjectured. But it seems highly probable that a fourth part of England has been, in the course of little more than a century, turned from a wild into a garden.

Even in those parts of the kingdom which at the close of the reign of Charles the Second were the best cultivated, the farming, though greatly improved since the civil war, was not such as would now be thought skillful. To this day no effectual steps have been taken by public authority for the purpose of obtaining accurate accounts of the produce of the English soil. The historian must therefore follow, with some misgivings, the guidance of those writers on statistics whose reputation for diligence and fidelity stands highest. At present an average crop of wheat, rye, barley, oats and beans is supposed considerably to exceed

thirty millions of quarters. The crop of wheat would be thought poor if it did not exceed twelve millions of quarters. According to the computation made in the year 1696 by Gregory King, the whole quantity of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and beans then annually grown in the kingdom was somewhat less than ten millions of quarters. The wheat, which was then cultivated only on the strongest clay, and consumed only by those who were in easy circumstances, he estimated at less than two millions of quarters. Charles Davenant, an acute and well-informed, though most unprincipled and rancorous politician, differed from King as to some of the items of the account, but came to nearly the same general conclusions.\*

The rotation of crops was very imperfectly understood. It was known, indeed, that some vegetables lately introduced into our island, particularly the turnip, afforded excellent nutriment in winter to sheep and oxen; but it was not yet the practice to feed cattle in this manner. It was, therefore, by no means easy to keep them alive during the season when the grass is scanty. They were killed in great numbers, and salted at the beginning of the cold weather; and, during several months, even the gentry tasted scarcely any fresh animal food, except game and river fish, which were consequently much more important articles in housekeeping than at present. It appears from the Northumberland Household Book that, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, fresh meat was never eaten even by the gentlemen attendant on a great earl, except during the short interval between Midsummer and Michaelmas. But in the course of two centuries an improvement had taken place; and under Charles the Second it was not until the beginning of November that families laid in their stock of salt provisions, then called Martinmas beef.†

The sheep and the ox of that time were diminutive when compared with the sheep and oxen which are now driven to our markets.‡ Our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices. They were valued, one with another, by the ablest of those who computed the national wealth, at not more than fifty shillings each. Foreign breeds were greatly preferred. Spanish jennets were regarded as the finest chargers, and were imported for purposes of pageantry and war. The coaches of the aristocracy were drawn by gray Flemish mares,

\* See White's *Selborne*; Bell's *History of British Quadrupeds*; *Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686; Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*, 1685; Morton's *History of Northamptonshire*, 1712; Willoughby's *Ornithology*, by Ray, 1678; Latham's *General Synopsis of Birds*; and Sir Thomas Browne's *Account of Birds found in Norfolk*.

\* King's *Natural and Political Conclusions*; Davenant on the *Balance of Trade*.

† See the *Almanacs of 1684 and 1685*.

‡ See Mr. McCulloch's *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, Part iii, chap. i, sec. 6.

which trotted, as it was thought, with a peculiar grace, and endured better than any cattle reared in our island the work of dragging a ponderous equipage over the rugged pavement of London. Neither the modern dray-horse nor the modern race-horse was then known. At a much later period, the ancestors of the gigantic quadrupeds, which all foreigners now class among the chief wonders of London, were brought from the marshes of Walcheren; the ancestors of Childers and Eclipse from the sands of Arabia. Already, however, there was among our nobility and gentry a passion for the amusements of the turf. The importance of improving our studs by an infusion of new blood was strongly felt; and, with this view, a considerable number of barbs had lately been brought into the country. Two men whose authority on such subjects was held in great esteem, the Duke of Newcastle and Sir John Fenwick, pronounced that the meanest hack ever imported from Tangier would produce a finer progeny than could be expected from the best sire of our native breed. They would not readily have believed that a time would come when the princes and nobles of neighboring lands would be as eager to obtain horses from England as ever the English had been to obtain horses from Barbary.\*

The increase of vegetable and animal produce, though great, seems small when compared with the increase of our mineral wealth. In 1685, the tin of Cornwall, which had, more than two thousand years before, attracted the Tyrian sails beyond the Pillars of Hercules, was still one of the most valuable subterranean productions of the island. The quantity annually extracted from the earth was found to be, some years later, sixteen hundred tons, probably about a third of what it now is.† But the veins of copper which lie in the same region were, in the time of Charles the Second, altogether neglected, nor did any land-owner take them into the account in estimating the value of his property. Cornwall and Wales at present yield annually near fifteen thousand tons of copper, worth near a million and a half sterling, that is to say, worth about twice as much as the annual produce of all English mines of all descriptions in the seventeenth century.‡

\* King and Davenant as before; The Duke of Newcastle on Horsemanship; Gentleman's Recreation, 1636. The "dappled Flanders mares" were marks of greatness in the time of Pope, and even later.

† The vulgar proverb, that the gray mare is the better horse, originated, I suspect, in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England.

‡ See a curious note by Tonkin, in Lord De Dunstanville's edition of Carew's Survey of Cornwall.

§ Borlase's Natural History of Cornwall, 1758. The quantity of copper now produced I have taken from parliamentary re-

The first bed of rock salt had been discovered not long after the Restoration in Cheshire, but does not appear to have been worked in that age. The salt which was obtained by a rude process from brine-pits was held in no high estimation. The pans in which the manufacture was carried on exhaled a sulphurous stench; and, when the evaporation was complete, the substance which was left was scarcely fit to be used with food. Physicians attributed the scorbutic and pulmonary complaints which were common among the English to this unwholesome condiment. It was, therefore, seldom used by the upper and middle classes; and there was a regular and considerable importation from France. At present our springs and mines not only supply our own immense demand, but send annually seven hundred millions of pounds of excellent salt to foreign countries.\*

Far more important has been the improvement of our iron works. Such works had long existed in our island, but had not prospered, and had been regarded with no favorable eye by the government and by the public. It was not then the practice to employ coal for smelting the ore; and the rapid consumption of wood excited the alarm of politicians. As early as the reign of Elizabeth there had been loud complaints that whole forests were cut down for the purpose of feeding the furnaces, and the Parliament had interfered to prohibit the manufacturers from burning timber. The manufacture consequently languished. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, great part of the iron which was used in the country was imported from abroad; and the whole quantity cast here annually seems not to have exceeded ten thousand tons. At present the trade is thought to be in a depressed state if less than eight hundred thousand tons are produced in a year.†

One mineral, perhaps more important than iron itself, remains to be mentioned. Coal, though very little used in any species of manufacture, was already the ordinary fuel in some districts which were fortunate enough to possess large beds, and in the capital, which could easily be supplied by water carriage. It seems reasonable to believe that at least one half of the quantity then extracted from the pits was consumed in London. The consumption of London seemed to the writers of that age enormous, and was often mentioned by them

turns. Davenant, in 1700, estimated the annual produce of all the mines of England between seven and eight hundred thousand pounds.

\* Philosophical Transactions, No. 53, Nov. 1669; No. 66, Dec. 1670; No. 103, May, 1674; No. 156, Feb., 1683-4.

† Yarranton, England's Improvement by Sea and Land, 1677; Porter's Progress of the Nation. See, also, a remarkably perspicuous history, in small compass, of the English iron works, in Mr. McCulloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire.

as a proof of the greatness of the imperial city. They scarcely hoped to be believed when they affirmed that two hundred and eighty thousand chaldrons, that is to say, about three hundred and fifty thousand tons, were, in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, brought to the Thames. At present near three millions and a half of tons are required yearly by the metropolis; and the whole annual produce can not, on the most moderate computation, be estimated at less than twenty millions of tons.\*

While these great changes have been in progress, the rent of land has, as might be expected, been almost constantly rising. In some districts it has multiplied more than ten-fold. In some it has not more than doubled. It has probably, on the average, quadrupled.

Of the rent, a large proportion was divided among the country gentlemen, a class of persons whose position and character it is most important that we should clearly understand, for by their influence and by their passions the fate of the nation was, at several important conjunctures, determined.

We should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the squires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is, perhaps, no class of dwellings so pleasing as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure grounds, Nature, dressed, yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the Conti-

nent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed, that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and there, unless his mind was very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcomed to it; but, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses or on great occasions that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged until the revelers were laid under the table.

\* See Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684, 1686; Angliae Metropolis, 1691. In 1845, the quantity of coal brought into London appeared, by the parliamentary returns, to be 3,460,000 tons.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Toward London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in tastes and acquirements below a house-keeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some most important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grand-sons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbors. Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which

he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house until Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian; yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners, to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honor of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported, with strange fidelity, the interest of his descendants.

The gross, uneducated, untraveled country gentleman was commonly a Tory; but, though devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, he had no partiality for courtiers and ministers. He thought, not without reason, that Whitehall was filled with the most corrupt of mankind; that of the great sums which the House of Commons had voted to the crown since the Restoration, part had been embezzled by cunning politicians, and part squandered on buffoons and foreign courtesans. His stout English heart swelled with indignation at the thought that the government of his country should be subject to French dictation. Being himself generally an old Cavalier, or the son of an old Cavalier, he reflected with bitter resentment on the ingratitude with which the Stuarts had requited their best friends. Those who heard him grumble at the neglect with

which he was treated, and at the profusion with which wealth was lavished on the bastards of Nell Gwynn and Madam Carwell, would have supposed him ripe for rebellion. But all this ill humor lasted only until the throne was really in danger. It was precisely when those whom the sovereign had loaded with wealth and honors shrunk from his side that the country gentlemen, so surly and mutinous in the season of his prosperity, rallied round him in a body. Thus, after murmuring twenty years at the misgovernment of Charles the Second, they came to his rescue in his extremity, when his own secretaries of state and lords of the Treasury had deserted him, and enabled him to gain a complete victory over the Opposition; nor can there be any doubt that they would have shown equal loyalty to his brother James, if James would, even at the moment, have refrained from outraging their strongest feeling; for there was one institution, and one only, which they prized even more than hereditary monarchy, and that institution was the Church of England. Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey.\*

The rural clergy were even more vehement in Toryism than the rural gentry, and were a class scarcely less important. It is to be observed, however, that the individual clergyman, as compared with the individual gentleman, then ranked much lower than in these days. The main support of the Church was derived from the tithes, and the tithes bore to the rent a much smaller ratio than at present. King estimated the whole income of the parochial and collegiate clergy at only four hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year; Davenant at only five hundred and forty-four thousand a year. It is certainly now more than seven times as great as the larger of these two sums. It follows that rectors and vicars must have been, as compared with the neighboring knights and squires, much poorer in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century.

\* My notion of the country gentlemen of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age.

The place of the clergyman in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Before that event, ecclesiastics had formed the majority of the House of Lords; had, in wealth and splendor, equaled, and sometimes outshone, the greatest of the temporal barons, and had generally held the highest civil offices. The lord treasurer was often a bishop. The lord chancellor was almost always so. The Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and the Master of the Rolls were ordinarily churchmen. Churchmen transacted the most important diplomatic business. Indeed, almost all that large portion of the administration which rude and warlike nobles were incompetent to conduct, was considered as especially belonging to divines. Men, therefore, who were averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure. Among them were sons of all the most illustrious families, and near kinsmen of the throne, Scroops and Nevilles, Bourehiers, Staffords, and Poles. To the religious houses belonged the rents of immense domains, and all that large portion of the tithes which is now in the hands of laymen. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry the Eighth, therefore, no line of life bore so inviting an aspect to ambitious and covetous natures as the priesthood. Then came a violent revolution. The abolition of the monasteries deprived the Church at once of the greater part of her wealth, and of her predominance in the Upper House of Parliament. There was no longer an abbot of Glastonbury or an abbot of Reading seated among the peers, and possessed of revenues equal to those of a powerful earl. The princely splendor of William of Wykeham and of William of Waynflete had disappeared. The scarlet hat of the cardinal, the silver cross of the legate, were no more. The clergy had also lost the ascendancy which is the natural reward of superior mental cultivation. Once the circumstance that a man could read had raised a presumption that he was in orders; but in an age which produced such laymen as William Cecil and Nicholas Bacon, Roger Ascham and Thomas Smith, Walter Mildmay and Francis Walsingham, there was no reason for calling away prelates from their dioceses to negotiate treaties, to superintend the finances, or to administer justice. The spiritual character not only ceased to be a qualification for high civil office, but began to be regarded as a disqualification. These worldly motives, therefore, which had formerly induced so many able, aspiring, and high-born youths to assume the ecclesiastical habit, ceased to exist. Not one parish in

two hundred then afforded what a man of family considered as a maintenance. There were still, indeed, prizes in the Church, but they were few, and even the highest were mean when compared with the glory which had once surrounded the princes of the hierarchy. The state kept by Parker and Grindal seemed beggarly to those who remembered the imperial pomp of Wolsey, his palaces, which had become the favorite abodes of royalty, Whitehall and Hampton Court, the three sumptuous tables daily spread in his hall, the forty-four gorgeous copes in his chapel, his running footmen in rich liveries, and his body-guards with gilded pole-axes. Thus the sacerdotal office lost its attraction for the higher classes. During the century which followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, two sons of peers were bishops; four or five sons of peers were priests, and held valuable preferment; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the body. The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class; and, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Laud had exerted himself to effect a change; and Charles the First had repeatedly issued positive orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains.\* But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the domination of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England could obtain bread and shelter only by attaching themselves to the households of Royalist gentlemen; and the habits which had been formed in those times of trouble continued long after the re-establishment of monarchy and episcopacy. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with econo-

my. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof until he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.\*

Perhaps after some years of service he was presented to a living sufficient to support him; but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of pleasantry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favor. Indeed, the nature of the matrimonial connections which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles the Second, complained bitterly, not only that the country attorney and country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honorable family was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders, and that, if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour.† Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the Great Rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines.‡ A waiting-woman

\* Eachard, Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy; Oldham, Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University; Tatler, 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low-born class, is remarked in the Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo.

† “A caudideo, medicastro, ipsaque artificum farragine, ecclesiam rector aut vicarius contemnitur et fit ludibrio. Gentis et familiae nitor sacris ordinibus pollutus censetur: feminisque natalitio insignibus unicum inculcatur sapientis praeceptum, ne modestiam naufragium faciant, aut (quod idem auribus tam delicatulis sonat), ne clerico se nuptas dari patiantur.”—Angliae Notitia, by T. Wood, of New College, Oxford, 1686.

‡ Clarendon's Life, ii, 21.

\* See Heylin's Cyprianus Anglicus.



was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or mistress.\* During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and hand-maidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook.† Even so late as the time of George the Second, the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward.‡

In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-earts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his ink-stand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plow, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the adownson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation.

Assuredly there was at that time no lack in the English Church of ministers distinguished by abilities and learning. But it is to be observed that these ministers were not scat-

tered among the rural population. They were brought together at a few places where the means of acquiring knowledge were abundant, and where the opportunities of vigorous intellectual exercise were frequent.\* At such places were to be found divines qualified by parts, by eloquence, by wide knowledge of literature, of science, and of life, to defend their Church victoriously against heretics and skeptics, to command the attention of frivolous and worldly congregations, to guide the deliberations of senates, and to make religion respectable, even in the most dissolute of courts. Some of them labored to fathom the abysses of metaphysical theology; some were deeply versed in biblical criticism; and some threw light on the darkest parts of ecclesiastical history. Some proved themselves consummate masters of logic. Some cultivated rhetoric with such assiduity and success, that their discourses are still justly valued as models of style. These eminent men were to be found, with scarce a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital. Barrow had lately died at Cambridge; and Pearson had gone thence to the episcopal bench. Cudworth and Henry More were still living there. South and Picoe, Jane and Aldrich, were at Oxford. Prideaux was in the close of Norwich, and Whitby in the close of Salisbury. But it was chiefly by the London clergy, who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence was upheld. The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom was selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennison at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops. Meanwhile, almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage were those of George Bull, afterward Bishop of St. David's; and Bull never would have produced those works had he not inherited an estate, by the sale of which he was enabled to collect a library such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed.†

\* See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection. Jeremy Collier, in his *Essay on Pride*, speaks of this injunction with a bitterness which proves that his own pride had not been effectually tamed.

† Roger and Abigail in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Bull and the Nurse in *Vanbrugh's Relapse*, Smirk and Susan in *Shadwell's Lancashire Witches*, are instances.

‡ Swift's *Directions to Servants*.

\* This distinction between country clergy and town clergy is strongly marked by Eachard, and can not but be observed by every person who has studied the ecclesiastical history of that age.

† Nelson's *Life of Bull*.

Thus the Anglican priesthood was divided into two sections, which, in acquirements, in manners, and in social position, differed widely from each other. One section, trained for cities and courts, comprised men familiar with all ancient and modern learning; men able to encounter Hobbes or Bossuet at all the weapons of controversy; men who could, in their sermons, set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer; men whose address, politeness, and knowledge of the world qualified them to manage the consciences of the wealthy and noble; men with whom Halifax loved to discuss the interests of empires, and from whom Dryden was not ashamed to own that he had learned to write.\* The other section was destined to ruder and humbler service. It was dispersed over the country, and consisted chiefly of persons not at all wealthier, and not much more refined than small farmers or upper servants; yet it was in these rustic priests, who derived but a scanty subsistence from their tithe sheaves and tithe pigs, and who had not the smallest chance of ever attaining high professional honors, that the professional spirit was strongest. Among those divines who were the boast of the universities and the delight of the capital, and who had attained, or might reasonably expect to attain, opulence and lordly rank, a party, respectable in numbers, and more respectable in character, leaned toward constitutional principles of government, lived on friendly terms with Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, would gladly have seen a full toleration granted to all Protestant sects, and would even have consented to make alterations in the Liturgy for the purpose of conciliating honest and candid Nonconformists. But such latitudinarianism was held in horror by the country parson. He was, indeed, prouder of his ragged gown than his superiors of their lawn and of their scarlet hoods. The very consciousness that there was little in his worldly circumstances to distinguish him from the villagers to whom he preached, led him to hold immoderately high the dignity of that sacerdotal office which was his single title to reverence. Having lived in seclusion, and having had little opportunity of correcting his opinions by reading or conversation, he held and taught the doctrines of indefeasible hereditary right, of passive obedience, and of

non-resistance in all their crude absurdity. Having been long engaged in a petty war against the neighboring dissenters, he too often hated them for the wrongs which he had done them, and found no fault with the Five Mile Act and the Conventicle Act, except that those odious laws had not a sharper edge. Whatever influence his office gave him was exerted with passionate zeal on the Tory side; and that influence was immense. It would be a great error to imagine, because the country rector was in general not regarded as a gentleman, because he could not dare to aspire to the hand of one of the young ladies at the manor house, because he was not asked into the parlors of the great, but was left to drink and smoke with grooms and butlers, that the power of the clerical body was smaller than at present. The influence of a class is by no means proportioned to the consideration which the members of that class enjoy in their individual capacity. A cardinal is a much more exalted personage than a begging friar; but it would be a grievous mistake to suppose that the College of Cardinals has exercised a greater dominion over the public mind of Europe than the order of Saint Francis. In Ireland, at present, a peer holds a far higher station in society than a Roman Catholic priest; yet there are in Munster and Connaught few counties where a combination of priests would not carry an election against a combination of peers. In the seventeenth century the pulpit was to a large portion of the population what the periodical press now is. Scarce any of the clowns who came to the parish church ever saw a gazette or a political pamphlet. Ill informed as their spiritual pastor might be, he was yet better informed than themselves: he had every week an opportunity of haranguing them; and his harangues were never answered. At every important conjuncture, invectives against the Whigs and exhortations to obey the Lord's Anointed resounded at once from many thousands of pulpits; and the effect was formidable indeed. Of all the causes which, after the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, produced the violent reaction against the Exclusionists, the most potent seems to have been the oratory of the country clergy.

The power which the country gentlemen and the country clergymen exercised in the rural districts was in some measure counterbalanced by the power of the yeomanry, an eminently manly and true-hearted race. The petty proprietors who cultivated their own fields and enjoyed a modest competence, without affecting to have scutcheons and crests, or aspiring to sit on the bench of justice, then formed a much more important part of the

\* "I have frequently heard him (Dryden) own with pleasure that, if he had any talent for English prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson."—CONGREVE'S DEDICATION OF DRYDEN'S PLAYS.

nation than at present. If we may trust the best statistical writers of that age, not less than a hundred and sixty thousand proprietors, who, with their families, must have made up more than a seventh of the whole population, derived their subsistence from little freehold estates. The average income of these small land-owners was estimated at between sixty and seventy pounds a year. It was computed that the number of persons who occupied their own land was greater than the number of those who farmed the land of others.\* A large portion of the yeomanry had, from the time of the Reformation, leaned toward Puritanism; had, in the civil war, taken the side of the Parliament; had, after the Restoration, persisted in hearing Presbyterian and Independent preachers; had, at elections, strenuously supported the Exclusionists; and had continued, even after the discovery of the Rye House Plot and the proscription of the Whig leaders, to regard popery and arbitrary power with unmitigated hostility.

Great as has been the change in the rural life of England since the Revolution, the change which has come to pass in the cities is still more amazing. At present a sixth part of the nation is crowded into provincial towns of more than thirty thousand inhabitants. In the reign of Charles the Second no provincial town in the kingdom contained thirty thousand inhabitants, and only four provincial towns contained so many as ten thousand inhabitants.

Next to the capital, but next at an immense distance, stood Bristol, then the first English sea-port, and Norwich, then the first English manufacturing town. Both have since that time been far outstripped by younger rivals, yet both have made great positive advances. The population of Bristol has quadrupled; the population of Norwich has more than doubled.

Pepys, who visited Bristol eight years after the Restoration, was struck by the splendor of the city; but his standard was not high, for he noted down as a wonder the circumstance that, in Bristol, a man might look round him and see nothing but houses. It seems that, in no other place with which he was acquainted, except London, did the buildings completely shut out the woods and fields. Large as Bristol might then appear, it occupied but a very small portion of the area on which it now stands. A few churches of eminent beauty rose out of a labyrinth of narrow lanes built upon vaults of no great solidity. If a coach or a cart entered those

alleys, there was danger that it would be wedged between the houses, and danger also that it would break in the cellars. Goods were therefore conveyed about the town almost exclusively in trucks drawn by dogs; and the richest inhabitants exhibited their wealth, not by riding in gilded carriages, but by walking the streets with trains of servants in rich liveries, and by keeping tables loaded with good cheer. The pomp of the christenings and burials far exceeded what was seen at any other place in England. The hospitality of the city was widely renowned, and especially the collations with which the sugar refiners regaled their visitors. The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich brewage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as Bristol milk. This luxury was supported by a thriving trade with the North American plantations and with the West Indies. The passion for colonial traffic was so strong that there was scarce a small shop-keeper in Bristol who had not a venture on board of some ship bound for Virginia or the Antilles. Some of these ventures, indeed, were not of the most honorable kind. There was, in the transatlantic possessions of the crown, a great demand for labor, and this demand was partly supplied by a system of crimping and kidnapping at the principal English sea-ports. Nowhere was this system found in such active and extensive operation as at Bristol. Even the first magistrates of that city were not ashamed to enrich themselves by so odious a commerce. The number of houses in the city appears, from the returns of the hearth money, to have been, in the year 1685, just five thousand three hundred. We can hardly suppose the number of persons in a house to have been greater than in the city of London; and in the city of London we learn from the best authority that there were then fifty-five persons to ten houses. The population of Bristol must therefore have been twenty-nine thousand souls.\*

Norwich was the capital of a large and fruitful province. It was the residence of a bishop and of a chapter. It was the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm. Some men distinguished by learning and science had recently dwelt there; and no place

\* I have taken Davenant's estimate, which is a little lower than King's.

\* Evelyn's Diary, June 27, 1654; Pepys's Diary, June 13, 1668; Roger North's Lives of Lord-keeper Guildford and of Sir Dudley North; Petty's Political Arithmetic. I have taken Petty's facts, but in drawing inferences from them I have been guided by King and Davenant, who, though not abler men than he, had the advantage of coming after him. As to the kidnapping for which Bristol was infamous, see North's Life of Guildford, 121, 216, and the harangue of Jeffreys on the subject, in the Impartial History of his Life and Death, printed with the Bloody Assizes. His style was, as usual, coarse; but I cannot reckon the reprimand which he gave to the magistrates of Bristol among his crimes.

in the kingdom, except the capital and the universities, had more attractions for the curious. The library, the museum, the aviary, and the botanical garden of Sir Thomas Browne, were thought by Fellows of the Royal Society well worthy of a long pilgrimage. Norwich had also a court in miniature. In the heart of the city stood an old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, said to be the largest town-house in the kingdom out of London. In this mansion, to which were annexed a tennis-court, a bowling green, and a wilderness, stretching along the bank of the Wansum, the noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereigns. Drink was served to guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures by Italian masters adorned the walls. The cabinets were filled with a fine collection of gems purchased by that Earl of Arundel whose marbles are now among the ornaments of Oxford. Here, in the year 1671, Charles and his court were sumptuously entertained. Here, too, all comers were annually welcomed from Christmas to Twelfth Night. Ale flowed in oceans for the populace. Three coaches, one of which had been built at a cost of five hundred pounds to contain fourteen persons, were sent every afternoon round the city to bring ladies to the festivities; and the dances were always followed by a luxurious banquet. When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich, he was greeted like a king returning to his capital. The bells of the Cathedral and of Saint Peter Maneroft were rung; the guns of the castle were fired; and the mayor and aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow-citizen with complimentary addresses. In the year 1693 the population of Norwich was found, by actual enumeration, to be between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand souls.\*

Far below Norwich, but still high in dignity and importance, were some other ancient capitals of shires. In that age it was seldom that a country gentleman went up with his family to London. The county town was his metropolis. He sometimes made it his residence during part of the year. At all events, he was often attracted thither by business and pleasure, by assizes, quarter sessions, elections, musters of militia, festivals, and races. There were the halls where the judges, robed in scarlet and escorted by javelins and trumpets, opened the king's commission twice a year. There were the markets at which the corn, the cattle, the wool, and the hops of the surround-

ing country were exposed to sale. There were the great fairs to which merchants came down from London, and where the rural dealer laid in his annual stores of sugar, stationery, cutlery, and muslin. There were the shops at which the best families in the neighborhood bought groceries and millinery. Some of these places derived dignity from interesting historical recollections, from cathedrals decorated by all the art and magnificence of the Middle Ages, from palaces where a long succession of prelates had dwelt, from closes surrounded by the venerable abodes of deans and canons, and from castles which had in the old time repelled the Nevilles or De Veres, and which bore more recent traces of the vengeance of Rupert or of Cromwell.

Conspicuous among these interesting cities were York, the capital of the north, and Exeter, the capital of the west. Neither can have contained much more than ten thousand inhabitants. Worcester, the queen of the cider land, had about eight thousand; Nottingham probably as many. Gloucester, renowned for that resolute defense which had been fatal to Charles the First, had certainly between four and five thousand; Derby not quite four thousand. Shrewsbury was the chief place of an extensive and fertile district. The court of the marches of Wales was held there. In the language of the gentry many miles round the Wrekin, to go to Shrewsbury was to go to town. The provincial wits and beauties imitated, as well as they could, the fashions of St. James's Park, in the walks along the side of the Severn. The inhabitants were about seven thousand.\*

The population of every one of these places has, since the Revolution, much more than doubled. The population of some has multiplied sevenfold. The streets have been almost entirely rebuilt. Slate has succeeded to thatch, and brick to timber. The pavements and the lamps, the display of wealth in the principal shops, and the luxurious neatness of the dwellings occupied by the gentry would, in the seventeenth century, have seemed miraculous; yet is the relative importance of the old capi-

\* The population of York appears, from the return of baptisms and burials, in Drake's History, to have been about 13,000 in 1730. Exeter had only 17,000 inhabitants in 1801. The population of Worcester was numbered just before the siege in 1646.—See NASH'S HISTORY OF WORCESTERSHIRE. I have made allowance for the increase which must be supposed to have taken place in forty years. In 1740, the population of Nottingham was found, by enumeration, to be just 10,000.—See DERRING'S HISTORY. The population of Gloucester may readily be inferred from the number of houses which King found in the returns of hearth money, and from the number of births and burials which is given in Atkyns's History. The population of Derby was 4000 in 1712.—See WOLLEY'S MS. HISTORY QUOTED IN LYSON'S MAGNA BRITANNIA. The population of Shrewsbury was ascertained, in 1695, by actual enumeration. As to the gayeties of Shrewsbury, see Farquhar's Recruiting Officer. Farquhar's description is borne out by a ballad in the Pepysian Library, of which the burden is "Shrewsbury for me."

\* Fuller's Worthies; Evelyn's Diary, October 17, 1671; Journal of E. Browne, son of Sir Thomas Browne, Jan., 1663-4; Blomefield's History of Norfolk; History of the City and County of Norwich, 2 vols, 1768.

tals of counties by no means what it was. Younger towns, towns which are rarely or never mentioned in our early history, and which sent no representatives to our early Parliaments, have, within the memory of persons still living, grown to a greatness which this generation contemplates with wonder and pride, not unaccompanied by awe and anxiety.

The most eminent of these towns were indeed known in the seventeenth century as respectable seats of industry. Nay, their rapid progress and their vast opulence were then sometimes described in language which seems ludicrous to a man who has seen their present grandeur. One of the most populous and prosperous among them was Manchester. It had been required by the Protector to send one representative to his Parliament, and was mentioned by writers of the time of Charles the Second as a busy and opulent place. Cotton had, during half a century, been brought thither from Cyprus and Smyrna; but the manufacture was in its infancy. Whitney had not yet taught how the raw material might be furnished in quantities almost fabulous. Arkwright had not yet taught how it might be worked up with a speed and precision which seem magical. The whole annual import did not, at the end of the seventeenth century, amount to two millions of pounds, a quantity which would now hardly supply the demand of forty-eight hours. That wonderful emporium, which in population and wealth far surpasses capitals so much renowned as Berlin, Madrid, and Lisbon, was then a mean and ill-built market town, containing under six thousand people. It then had not a single press: it now supports a hundred printing establishments. It then had not a single coach: it now supports twenty coachmakers.\*

Leeds was already the chief seat of the woolen manufactures of Yorkshire; but the elderly inhabitants could still remember the time when the first brick house, then and long after called the Red House, was built. They boasted loudly of their increasing wealth, and of the immense sales of cloth which took place in the open air on the bridge. Hundreds, nay, thousands of pounds, had been paid down in the course of one busy market-day. The rising importance of Leeds had attracted the notice of successive governments. Charles the First had granted municipal privileges to the town. Oliver had invited it to send one member to the House of Commons. But,

\* Blome's *Britannia*, 1673; Aikin's *Country round Manchester*; *Manchester Directory*, 1845; Baines, *History of the Cotton Manufacture*. The best information which I have been able to find touching the population of Manchester in the seventeenth century, is contained in a paper drawn up by the Reverend R. Parkinson, and published in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for October, 1842.

from the returns of the hearth money, it seems certain that the whole population of the borough, an extensive district which contains many hamlets, did not, in the reign of Charles the Second, exceed seven thousand souls. In 1841 there were more than a hundred and fifty thousand.\*

About a day's journey south of Leeds, on the verge of a wild moorland tract, lay an ancient manor, now rich with cultivation, then barren and uninclosed, which was known by the name of Hallamshire. Iron abounded there; and, from a very early period, the rude whittles fabricated there had been sold all over the kingdom. They had, indeed, been mentioned by Geoffrey Chaucer in one of his *Canterbury Tales*; but the manufacture appears to have made little progress during the three centuries which followed his time. This languor may perhaps be explained by the fact that the trade was, during almost the whole of this long period, subject to such regulations as the lord and his court-lect thought fit to impose. The more delicate kinds of cutlery were either made in the capital, or brought from the Continent. It was not, indeed, until the reign of George the First, that the English surgeons ceased to import from France those exquisitely fine blades which are required for operations on the human frame. Most of the Hallamshire forges were collected in a market town which had sprung up near the castle of the proprietor, and which, in the reign of James the First, had been a singularly miserable place, containing about two thousand inhabitants, of whom a third were half-starved and half-naked beggars. It seems certain from the parochial registers that the population did not amount to four thousand at the end of the reign of Charles the Second. The effects of a species of toil singularly unfavorable to the health and vigor of the human frame were at once discerned by every traveler. A large proportion of the people had distorted limbs. This is that Sheffield which now, with its dependencies, contains a hundred and twenty thousand souls, and which sends forth its admirable knives, razors, and lancets to the farthest ends of the world.†

Birmingham had not been thought of sufficient importance to send a member to Oliver's Parliament; yet the manufacturers of Birmingham were already a busy and thriving race. They boasted that their hardware was highly esteemed, not, indeed, as now, at Peking and Lima, at Bokhara and Timbuctoo, but in London, and even as far off as Ireland. They had acquired a less honorable renown as

\* Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodensis*; Whitaker's *Loidis and Elmete*; Wardell's *Municipal History of the Borough of Leeds*.  
† Hunter's *History of Hallamshire*.

coiners of bad money. In allusion to their spurious groats, the Tory party had fixed on demagogues who hypocritically affected zeal against popery the nick-name of Birmingham; yet in 1685, the population, which is now little less than two hundred thousand, did not amount to four thousand. Birmingham buttons were just beginning to be known; of Birmingham guns nobody had yet heard; and the place whence, two generations later, the magnificent editions of Baskerville went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe, did not contain a single regular shop where a Bible or an almanac could be bought. On market-days a bookseller named Michael Johnson, the father of the great Samuel Johnson, came over from Lichfield, and opened a stall during a few hours. This supply of literature was long found adequate to the demand.\*

These four chief seats of our great manufactures deserve especial mention. It would be tedious to enumerate all the populous and opulent hives of industry which, a hundred and fifty years ago, were hamlets without a parish church, or desolate moors inhabited only by grouse and wild deer. Nor has the change been less signal in those outlets by which the products of the English looms and forges are poured forth over the four quarters of the world. At present Liverpool contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants. The shipping registered at her port amounts to between four and five hundred thousand tons. Into her custom-house has been repeatedly paid in one year a sum more than thrice as great as the whole income of the English crown in 1685. The receipts of her post-office, even since the great reduction of the duty, exceed the sum which the postage of the whole kingdom yielded to the Duke of York. Her endless docks and warehouses are among the wonders of the world; yet even those docks and warehouses seem hardly to suffice for the gigantic trade of the Mersey, and already a rival city is growing fast on the opposite shore. In the days of Charles the Second Liverpool was described as a rising town which had recently made great advances, and which maintained a profitable intercourse with Ireland and with the sugar colonies. The customs had multiplied eight-fold within sixteen years, and amounted to what was then considered the immense sum

of fifteen thousand pounds annually; but the population can hardly have exceeded four thousand. The shipping was about fourteen hundred tons, less than the tonnage of a single modern Indiaman of the first class; and the whole number of seamen belonging to the port can not be estimated at more than two hundred.\*

Such has been the progress of those towns where wealth is created and accumulated. Not less rapid has been the progress of towns of a very different kind; towns in which wealth, created and accumulated elsewhere, is expended for purposes of health and recreation. Some of the most remarkable of these towns have sprung into existence since the time of the Stuarts. Cheltenham is now a greater city than any which the kingdom contained in the seventeenth century, London alone excepted; but in the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the eighteenth, Cheltenham was mentioned by local historians merely as a rural parish lying under the Cotswold Hills, and affording good ground both for tillage and pasture. Corn grew and cattle browsed over the space now covered by that gay succession of streets and villas.† Brighton was described as a place which had once been thriving, which had possessed many small fishing-barks, and which had, when at the height of prosperity, contained above two thousand inhabitants, but which was sinking fast into decay. The sea was gradually gaining on the buildings, which at length almost entirely disappeared. Ninety years ago the ruins of an old fort were to be seen lying among the pebbles and sea-weed on the beach, and ancient men could still point out the traces of foundations on a spot where a street of more than a hundred huts had been swallowed up by the waves. So desolate was the place after this calamity, that the vicarage was thought scarcely worth having. A few poor fishermen, however, still continued to dry their nets on those cliffs on which now a town more than twice as large and populous as the Bristol of the Stuarts presents, mile after mile, its gay and fantastic front to the sea.‡

England, however, was not, in the seventeenth century, destitute of watering-places. The gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighboring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were crowded into low wooden sheds, and regaled with oat-cake, and with a viand

\* Dugdale's Warwickshire; Blome's Britannia, 1673; North's Examen, 321; Preface to Absalom and Achitophel; Hutton's History of Birmingham; Boswell's Life of Johnson. In 1690 the burials at Birmingham were 150, the baptisms 125. I think it probable that the annual mortality was one in twenty-five. In London it was considerably greater. A historian of Nottingham, half a century later, boasted of the extraordinary salubrity of his town, where the annual mortality was one in thirty.—See DERING'S HISTORY OF NOTTINGHAM.

\* Blome's Britannia; Gregson's Antiquities of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster, Part II; Petition from Liverpool in the Privy Council Book, May, 10, 1686. In 1690 the burials at Liverpool were 151, the baptisms 120. In 1844 the net receipt of the customs at Liverpool was £4,365,526 l. s. d.

† Atkyns's Gloucestershire.

‡ Magna Britannia; Grose's Antiquities.

which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog.\* Tunbridge Wells, lying within a day's journey of the capital, and in one of the richest and most highly-civilized parts of the kingdom, had much greater attractions. At present we see there a town which would, a hundred and sixty years ago, have ranked, in population, fourth or fifth among the towns of England. The brilliancy of the shops and the luxury of the private dwellings far surpass anything that England could then show. When the court, soon after the Restoration, visited Tunbridge Wells, there was no town there; but, within a mile of the spring, rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and neater than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath. Some of these cabins were movable, and were carried on sledges from one part of the common to another. To these huts men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in the summer to breathe fresh air, and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the season a kind of fair was daily held near the fountain. The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighboring villages with cream, cherries, wheatears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and tight heels, was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honor. Milliners, toymen, and jewelers came down from London, and opened a bazar under the trees. In one booth the politician might find his coffee and the London Gazette; in another were gamblers playing deep at basset; and, on fine evenings, the fiddlers were in attendance, and there were morris-dances on the elastic turf of the bowling-green. In 1685 a subscription had just been raised among those who frequented the wells for building a church, which the Tories, who then domineered everywhere, insisted on dedicating to Saint Charles the Martyr.†

But at the head of the English watering places, without a rival was Bath. The springs of that city had been renowned from the days of the Romans. It had been, during many centuries, the seat of a bishop. The sick repaired thither from every part of the realm. The king sometimes held his court there. Nevertheless, Bath was then a maze of only four or five hundred houses, crowded within an old wall in the vicinity of the Avon. Pictures of what were considered as the finest of those houses are still extant, and greatly

resemble the lowest rag-shops and pot-houses of Radcliffe Highway. Even then, indeed, travelers complained of the narrowness and meanness of the streets. That beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the master-pieces of Bramante and Palladio, and which the genius of Anstey and of Smollett, of Frances Burney and of Jane Austen, has made classic ground, had not begun to exist. Milsom Street itself was an open field lying far beyond the walls, and hedge-rows intersected the space which is now covered by the Crescent and the Circus. As to the comforts and luxuries which were to be found in the interior of the houses of Bath by the fashionable visitors who resorted thither in search of health or amusement, we possess information more complete and minute than can generally be obtained on such subjects. A writer who published an account of that city about sixty years after the Revolution has accurately described the changes which had taken place within his own recollection. He assures us that in his younger days the gentlemen who visited the springs slept in rooms hardly as good as the garrets which he lived to see occupied by footmen. The floors of the dining-rooms were uncarpeted, and were colored brown with a wash made of soot and small beer, in order to hide the dirt. Not a wainscot was painted. Not a hearth or chimney-piece was of marble. A slab of common freestone, and fire irons which had cost from three to four shillings, were thought sufficient for any fire-place. The best apartments were hung with coarse woolen stuff, and were furnished with rush-bottomed chairs. Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bed-chambers of our ancestors looked.\*

The position of London, relatively to the other towns of the empire, was, in the time of Charles the Second, far higher than at present; for at present the population of London is little more than six times the population of Manchester or of Liverpool. In the days of Charles the Second the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or of Norwich. It may

\* Tour in Derbyshire, by Thomas Browne, son of Sir Thomas.  
† Memoires de Grammont; Hasted's History of Kent; Tunbridge Wells, a Comedy, 1673; Causton's Tunbridgialia, 1688; Metellus, a poem on Tunbridge Wells, 1693.

\* See Wood's History of Bath, 1749; Evelyn's Diary, June 27, 1654; Pepys's Diary, June 12, 1668; Stukeley's Itinerarium Curiosum; Collinson's Somersetshire. I have consulted several old maps and pictures of Bath, particularly one curious map which is surrounded by views of the principal buildings. It bears the date of 1717.

be doubted whether any other instance can be mentioned of a great kingdom in which the first city was more than seventeen times as large as the second. There is reason to believe that, in 1685, London had been, during about half a century, the most populous capital in Europe. The inhabitants, who are now at least nineteen hundred thousand, were then probably a little more than half a million.\* London had in the world only one commercial rival, now long outstripped, the mighty and opulent Amsterdam. English writers boasted of the forest of masts and yard-arms which covered the river from the bridge to the Tower, and of the incredible sums which were collected at the Custom-house in Thames Street. There is, indeed, no doubt that the trade of the metropolis then bore a far greater proportion than at present to the whole trade of the country; yet to our generation the honest vaunting of our ancestors must appear almost ludicrous. The shipping which they thought incredibly great appears not to have exceeded seventy thousand tons. This was, indeed, then more than a third of the whole tonnage of the kingdom, but is now less than a fourth of the tonnage of Newcastle, and is nearly equaled by the tonnage of the steam-vessels of the Thames. The customs of London amounted, in 1685, to about three hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year. In our time, the net duty paid annually, at the same place, exceeds ten millions.†

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published toward the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilaes and laburnums, extended from the great center of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now spreads from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with scarce a thousand inhabitants.‡ On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wan-

dered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Mary-le-bone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude; and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London.\* On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomy, with scores of moldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.

Of the metropolis, the city, properly so called, was the most important division. At the time of the Restoration it had been built, for the most part, of wood and plaster; the few bricks that were used were ill baked; the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets, and were overhung by the upper stories. A few specimens of this architecture may still be seen in those districts which were not reached by the great fire. That fire had, in a few days, covered a space little less than a square mile with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thirteen thousand houses; but the city had risen again with a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighboring countries. Unfortunately, the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved; and those lines, originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury. The style of building was, however, far superior to that of the city which had perished. The ordinary material was brick, of much better quality than had formerly been used. On the sites of the ancient parish churches had arisen a multitude of new domes, towers, and spires, which bore the marks of the fertile genius of Wren. In every place save one the traces of the great devastation had been completely effaced; but the crowds of workmen, the scaffolds, and the masses of hewn stone, were still to be seen where the noblest of Protestant temples was slowly rising on the ruins of the old Cathedral of St. Paul.†

\* According to King, 530,000.

† Macpherson's History of Commerce; Chalmers's Estimate; Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684. The tonnage of the steamers belonging to the port of London was, at the end of 1847, about 60,000 tons. The customs of the port, from 1842 to 1845, very nearly averaged £11,000,000.

‡ Lysons, Environs of London. The baptisms at Chelsea between 1680 and 1690 were only forty-two a year.

\* Cowley, Discourse of Solitude.

† The fullest and most trustworthy information about the state of the buildings of London at this time is to be derived from the maps and drawings in the British Museum and in the Pepysian Library. The badness of the bricks in the old buildings of London is particularly mentioned in the Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo. There is an account of the works



The whole character of the city has, since that time, undergone a complete change. At present the bankers, the merchants, and the chief shop-keepers repair thither on six mornings of every week for the transaction of business; but they reside in other quarters of the metropolis, or at suburban country seats surrounded by shrubberies and flower gardens. This revolution in private habits has produced a political revolution of no small importance. The city is no longer regarded by the wealthiest traders with that attachment which every man naturally feels for his home. It is no longer associated in their minds with domestic affections and endearments. The fireside, the nursery, the social table, the quiet bed, are not there. Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street are merely places where men toil and accumulate; they go elsewhere to enjoy and to expend. On a Sunday, or in an evening after the hours of business, some courts and alleys, which a few hours before had been alive with hurrying feet and anxious faces, are as silent as a country church-yard. The chiefs of the mercantile interest are no longer citizens. They avoid, they almost contemn, municipal honors and duties. Those honors and duties are abandoned to men who, though useful and highly respectable, seldom belong to the princely commercial houses of which the names are held in honor throughout the world.

In the seventeenth century the city was the merchant's residence: Those mansions of the great old burghers which still exist have been turned into counting-houses and ware-houses; but it is evident that they were originally not inferior in magnificence to the dwellings which were then inhabited by the nobility. They sometimes stand in retired and gloomy courts, and are accessible only by inconvenient passages; but their dimensions are ample, and their aspect stately. The entrances are decorated with richly carved pillars and canopies. The stair-cases and landing-places are not wanting in grandeur. The floors are sometimes of wood, tessellated after the fashion of France. The palace of Sir Robert Clayton, in the Old Jewry, contained a superb banqueting-room wainscoted with cedar, and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco.\* Sir Dudley North expended four thousand pounds, a sum which would then have been important to a duke, on the rich furniture of his reception-rooms in Basinghall Street.† In such abodes, under the last Stuarts, the

heads of the great firms lived splendidly and hospitably. To their dwelling-place they were bound by the strongest ties of interest and affection. There they had passed their youth, had made their friendships, had courted their wives, had seen their children grow up, had laid the remains of their parents in the earth, and expected that their own remains would be laid. That intense patriotism which is peculiar to the members of societies congregated within a narrow space was, in such circumstances, strongly developed. London was, to the Londoner, what Athens was to the Athenian of the age of Pericles, what Florence was to the Florentine of the fifteenth century. The citizen was proud of the grandeur of his city, punctilious about her claims to respect, ambitious of her offices, and zealous for her franchises.

At the close of the reign of Charles the Second the pride of the Londoners was smarting from a cruel mortification. The old charter had been taken away, and the magistracy had been remodeled. All the civic functionaries were Tories; and the Whigs, though in numbers and in wealth superior to their opponents, found themselves excluded from every local dignity. Nevertheless, the external splendor of the municipal government was not diminished, nay, was rather increased by this change; for, under the administration of some Puritans who had lately borne rule, the ancient fame of the city for good cheer had declined; but under the new magistrates, who belonged to a more festive party, and at whose boards guests of rank and fashion from beyond Temple Bar were often seen, the Guildhall and the halls of the great companies were enlivened by many sumptuous banquets. During these repasts, odes, composed by the poet laureate of the corporation in praise of the king, the duke, and the mayor, were sung to music. The drinking was deep, the shouting loud. An observant Tory, who had often shared in these revels, has remarked that the practice of huzzaing after drinking healths dates from this joyous period.\*

The magnificence displayed by the first civic magistrate was almost regal. The gilded coach, indeed, which is now annually admired by the crowd, was not yet a part of his state. On great occasions he appeared on horseback, attended by a long cavalcade inferior in magnificence only to that which, before a coronation, escorted the sovereign from the Tower

at St. Paul's in Ward's London Spy. I am almost ashamed to quote such nauseous balderdash; but I have been forced to descend even lower, if possible, in search of materials.

\* Evelyn's Diary, Sept. 20, 1672.

† Roger North's Life of Sir Dudley North.

\* North's Examen. This most amusing writer has preserved a specimen of the sublime raptures in which the Pindar of the City indulged:

"The worshipful Sir John Moor!  
After age that name adore!"

to Westminster, The lord mayor was never seen in public without his rich robe, his hood of black velvet, his gold chain, his jewel, and a great attendance of harbingers and guards;\* nor did the world find anything ludicrous in the pomp which constantly surrounded him; for it was not more than proportioned to the place which, as wielding the strength and representing the dignity of the city of London, he was entitled to occupy in the state. That city, being then not only without equal in the country, but without second, had, during five-and-forty years, exercised almost as great an influence on the politics of England as Paris has, in our own time, exercised on the politics of France. In intelligence London was greatly in advance of every other part of the kingdom. A government supported and trusted by London could in a day obtain such pecuniary means as it would have taken months to collect from the rest of the island. Nor were the military resources of the capital to be despised. The power which the lord lieutenants exercised in other parts of the kingdom was in London intrusted to a commission of eminent citizens. Under the orders of this commission were twelve regiments of foot and two regiments of horse. An army of drapers' apprentices and journeymen tailors, with common councilmen for captains and aldermen for colonels, might not, indeed, have been able to stand its ground against regular troops; but there were then very few regular troops in the kingdom. A town, therefore, which could send forth, at an hour's notice, twenty thousand men, abounding in natural courage, provided with tolerable weapons, and not altogether uninitiated with martial discipline, could not but be a valuable ally and a formidable enemy. It was not forgotten that Hampden and Pym had been protected from lawless tyranny by the London train-bands; that, in the great crisis of the civil war, the London train-bands had marched to raise the siege of Gloucester; or that, in the movement against the military tyrants which followed the downfall of Richard Cromwell, the London train-bands had borne a signal part. In truth, it is no exaggeration to say that, but for the hostility of the city, Charles the First would never have been vanquished, and that, without the help of the city, Charles the Second could scarcely have been restored.

These considerations may serve to explain why, in spite of that attraction which had, during a long course of years, gradually drawn the aristocracy westward, a few men of high

rank had continued, until a very recent period, to dwell in the vicinity of the Exchange and of the Guildhall. Shaftesbury and Buckingham, while engaged in bitter and unscrupulous opposition to the government, had thought that they could nowhere carry on their intrigues so conveniently or so securely as under the protection of the city magistrates and the city militia. Shaftesbury had therefore lived in Aldersgate Street, at a house which may still easily be known by pilasters and wreaths, the graceful work of Inigo. Buckingham had ordered his mansion near Charing Cross, once the abode of the Archbishops of York, to be pulled down, and, while streets and alleys which are still named after him were rising on that site, chose to reside in Dowgate.\*

These, however, were rare exceptions. Almost all the noble families of England had long migrated beyond the walls. The district where most of their town houses stood lies between the city and the regions which are now considered as fashionable. A few great men still retained their hereditary hotels between the Strand and the river. The stately dwellings on the south and west of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Piazza of Covent Garden, Southampton Square, which is now called Bloomsbury Square, and King's Square in Soho Fields, which is now called Soho Square, were among the favorite spots. Foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England.† Soho Square, which had just been built, was to our ancestors a subject of pride with which their posterity will hardly sympathize. Monmouth Square had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished; and on the southern side towered his mansion. The front, though ungraceful, was lofty and richly adorned. The walls of the principal apartments were finely sculptured with fruit, foliage, and armorial bearings, and were hung with embroidered satin.‡ Every trace of this magnificence has long disappeared, and no aristocratical mansion is to be found in that once aristocratical quarter. A little way north from Holborn, and on the verge of the pastures and cornfields, rose two celebrated palaces, each with an ample garden. One of them, then called Southampton House, and subsequently Bedford House, was removed about fifty years ago to make room for a new city, which now covers, with its squares, streets, and churches, a vast area, renowned in the seventeenth century for peaches and snipes. The other, Montague House, cele-

\* North's Examen, 116; Wood, Ath. Ox.; Shaftesbury.

† Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo.

‡ Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684; Pennant's London; Smith's Life of Nollekens.

\* Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684; Angliæ Metropolis, 1690; Seymour's London 1734.

brated for its frescoes and furniture, was, a few months after the death of Charles the Second, burned to the ground, and was speedily succeeded by a more magnificent Montague House, which, having been long the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science, and learning as were scarce ever before assembled under a single roof, has just given place to an edifice more magnificent still.\*

Nearer to the court, on a space called Saint James's Fields, had just been built Saint James's Square and Jernyn Street. Saint James's Church had recently been opened for the accommodation of the inhabitants of this new quarter.† Golden Square, which was in the next generation inhabited by lords and ministers of state, had not yet been begun. Indeed, the only dwellings to be seen on the north of Piccadilly were three or four isolated and almost rural mansions, of which the most celebrated was the costly pile erected by Clarendon, and nicknamed Dunkirk House. It had been purchased after its founder's downfall by the Duke of Albemarle. The Clarendon Hotel and Albemarle Street still preserve the memory of the site.

He who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock.‡ On the north the Oxford road ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses, which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring from which, long afterward, Conduit Street was named. On the east was a field not to be passed without a shudder by any Londoner of that age. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, twenty years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit into which the dead-carts had nightly shot corpses by scores. It was popularly believed that the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life. No foundations were laid there until two generations had passed without any return of the pestilence, and until the ghastly spot had long been surrounded by buildings.§

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then

bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have since that time been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted with their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.\*

The center of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighborhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents and of some legal proceedings, until, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.†

Saint James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolks, Ormonds, Kents, and Pembrokes, gave banquets and balls. It was not until these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and until much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails and to plant trees.‡

\* See a very curious plan of Covent Garden, made about 1690, and engraved for Smith's History of Westminster. See, also, Hogarth's Morning, painted while some of the houses in the Piazza were still occupied by people of fashion.

† London Spy; Tom Brown's Comical View of London and Westminster; Turner's Propositions for the employing of the Poor, 1678; Daily Courant and Daily Journal of June 7, 1733; Case of Michael v. Allestree, in 1676, 2 Levinz., p. 172. Michael had been run over by two horses which Allestree was breaking in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The declaration set forth that the defendant "porta deux chevaux ungovernable en un coach, et improvide, incante, et absque debita consideratione ineptitudinis loci in eum drive pur eux faire tractable et apt pur un coach, quels chivals, pur ceo que, per leur ferocite, ne point estre rule, cure sur le plaintiff et le noie."

‡ Stat. 12 Geo. I. c. 25; Commons' Journals, Feb. 25, March

\* Evelyn's Diary, Oct. 10, 1683; Jan. 19, 1685-6.

† 1 Jac. II. c. 23; Evelyn's Diary, Dec. 7, 1684.

‡ Old General Oglethorpe, who lived to 1785, used to boast that he had shot here in Anne's reign.—See Pennant's London, and the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1785.

§ The pest-field will be seen in maps of London as late as the end of George the First's reign.

When such was the state of the quarter inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners eried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad, that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage-road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall; the bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they eoked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about until the weaker was shoved toward the kennel. If he was a mere bully, he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time; if he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.\*

The houses were not numbered. There would, indeed, have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand-boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracen's Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence; for, until the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gen-

tlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hector's, and the Hector's had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Hawe-bite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.\* The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an act of the Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty; but the act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their homes, and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in ale-houses than to pace the streets.†

It ought to be noticed that in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second began a great change in the police of London; a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the great body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame. An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent, conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendor compared with which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three. But such was not the feeling of his cotemporaries. His scheme was enthusiastically applauded and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noon-day? In spite of these eloquent eulogies,

\* Oldham's Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, 1683; Shadwell's Scourers, 1690. Many other authorities will readily occur to all who are acquainted with the popular literature of that and the succeeding generation. It may be suspected that some of the Tityre Tus, like good Cavaliers, broke Milton's windows shortly after the Restoration. I am confident that he was thinking of those pests of London when he dictated the noble lines,

"And in luxurious cities, when the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage, and when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

† Seymour's London.

2, 1725-6; London Gardener, 1712; Evening Post, March 23, 1731. I have not been able to find this number of the Evening Post; I therefore quote it on the faith of Mr. Malcolm, who mentions it in his History of London.

\* Lettres sur les Anglois, written in the reign of William the Third; Swift's City Shower; Gay's Trivia. Johnson used to relate a curious conversation which he had with his mother about giving and taking the wall.

the cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plow and of alphabetical writing. Many years after the date of Heming's patent there were extensive districts in which no lamp was seen.\*

We may easily imagine what, in such times, must have been the state of the quarters peopled by the outcasts of society. Among those quarters one had attained a scandalous pre-eminence. On the confines of the city and the Temple had been founded, in the thirteenth century, a house of Carmelite Friars, distinguished by their white hoods. The precinct of this house had, before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privilege of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling, from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants, and thus Whitefriar's became the favorite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there; for, amid a rabble so desperate, no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "Rescue," bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds, and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers. Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee-house where Dryden was passing judgment on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton.†

Each of the two cities which made up the capital of England had its own center of attraction. In the metropolis of commerce, the point of convergence was the Exchange; in

the metropolis of fashion, the Palace. But the Palace did not retain its influence so long as the Exchange. The Revolution completely altered the relations between the court and the higher classes of society. It was by degrees discovered that the king, in his individual capacity, had very little to give; that coronets and garters, bishoprics and embassies, lordships of the Treasury and tellerships of the Exchequer, nay, even charges in the royal stud and bed-chamber, were really bestowed, not by the king, but by his advisers. Every ambitious and covetous man perceived that he would consult his own interest far better by acquiring the dominion of a Cornish borough, and by rendering good service to the ministry during a critical session, than by becoming the companion or even the minion of his prince. It was therefore in the ante-chambers, not of George the First and of George the Second, but of Walpole and of Pelham, that the daily crowd of courtiers was to be found. It is also to be remarked, that the same revolution which made it impossible that our kings should use the patronage of the state merely for the purpose of gratifying their personal predilections, gave us several kings unfitted by their education and habits to be gracious and affable hosts. They had been born and bred on the Continent. They never felt themselves at home in our island. If they spoke our language, they spoke it inelegantly and with effort. Our national character they never fully understood. Our national manners they hardly attempted to acquire. The most important part of their duty they performed better than any ruler who had preceded them, for they governed strictly according to law; but they could not be the first gentlemen of the realm, the heads of polite society. If ever they unbent, it was in a very small circle, where hardly an English face was to be seen; and they were never so happy as when they could escape for a summer to their native land. They had, indeed, their days of reception for our nobility and gentry, but the reception was mere matter of form, and became at last as solemn a ceremony as a funeral.

Not such was the court of Charles the Second. Whitehall, when he dwelt there, was the focus of political intrigue and of fashionable gayety. Half the jobbing and half the flirting of the metropolis went on under his roof. Whoever could make himself agreeable to the prince, or could secure the good offices of the mistress, might hope to rise in the world without rendering any service to the government, without being even known by sight to any minister of state. This courtier got a frigate, and that a company; a third the pardon of a rich offender; a fourth, a lease of

\* *English Metropolis, 1690*, Section 17, entitled, "Of the new lights." Seymour's London.

† *Stowe's Survey of London*; *Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia*; *Ward's London Spy*; *Stat. 8 & 9 Gul. III.*, cap. 27.

crown land on easy terms. If the king notified his pleasure that a briefless lawyer should be made a judge, or that a libertine baronet should be made a peer, the gravest counselors, after a little murmuring, submitted.\* Interest, therefore, drew a constant press of suitors to the gates of the palace, and those gates always stood wide. The king kept open house every day, and all day long, for the good society of London, the extreme Whigs only excepted. Hardly any gentleman had any difficulty in making his way to the royal presence. The levee was exactly what the word imports. Some men of quality came every morning to stand round their master, to chat with him while his wig was combed and his cravat tied, and to accompany him in his early walk through the park. All persons who had been properly introduced might, without any special invitation, go to see him dine, sup, dance, and play at hazard, and might have the pleasure of hearing him tell stories, which, indeed, he told remarkably well, about his flight from Worcester, and about the misery which he had endured when he was a state prisoner in the hands of the canting, meddling preachers of Scotland. Bystanders whom his majesty recognized often came in for a courteous word. This proved a far more successful kingcraft than any that his father or grandfather had practiced. It was not easy for the most austere Republican of the school of Marvel to resist the fascination of so much good humor and affability; and many a veteran Cavalier, in whose heart the remembrance of unrequited sacrifices and services had been festering during a quarter of a century, was compensated in one moment for wounds and sequestrations by his sovereign's kind nod, and "God bless you, my old friend!"

Whitehall naturally became the chief staple of news. Whenever there was a rumor that anything important had happened or was about to happen, people hastened thither to obtain intelligence from the fountain head. The galleries presented the appearance of a modern club-room at an anxious time. They were full of people inquiring whether the Dutch mail was in, what tidings the express from France had brought, whether John Sobiesky had beaten the Turks, whether the Doge of Genoa was really at Paris. These were matters about which it was safe to talk aloud; but there were subjects concerning which information was asked and given in whispers. Had Halifax got the better of Rochester? Was there to be a Parliament? Was the Duke of York really going to Scot-

land? Had Monmouth really been sent for to the Hague? Men tried to read the countenance of every minister as he went through the throng to and from the royal closet. All sorts of auguries were drawn from the tone in which his majesty spoke to the Lord President, or from the laugh with which his majesty honored a jest of the Lord Privy Seal; and in a few hours, the hopes and fears inspired by such slight indications had spread to all the coffee-houses from Saint James's to the Tower.\*

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed, at that time, have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances, the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses; but men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished Lon-

\* See Sir Roger North's account of the way in which Wright was made a judge, and Clarendon's account of the way in which Sir George Savile was made a peer.

\* The sources from which I have drawn my information about the state of the court are too numerous to recapitulate. Among them are the Dispatches of Barillon, Citters, Ronquillo, and Adda, the Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo, the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, and Teonge, and the Memoirs of Grammont and Reresby.

don from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar; yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theaters.\* The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly-scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else; nor, indeed, would he have had far to go; for, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether Paradise Lost ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that Venice Preserved ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocts and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat.

In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses, where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.\*

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney-coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the

\* The chief peculiarity of this dialect was, that, in a large class of words, the O was pronounced like A. Thus stork was pronounced stark.—See VANBRUGH'S RELAPSE. Lord Sunderland was a great master of this court tone, as Roger North calls it, and Titus Oates affected it in the hope of passing for a fine gentleman.—Examen, 77, 254.

\* Lettres sur les Anglois; Tom Brown's Tour; Ward's London Spy; The Character of a Coffee-house, 1673; Rules and Orders of the Coffee House, 1674; Coffee-houses vindicated, 1675; A Satyr against Coffee; North's Examen, 138; Life of Guildford, 152; Life of St. Dudley North, 149; Life of Dr. Radcliffe, published by Curl in 1715. The liveliest description of Will's is in the City and Country Mouse. There is a remarkable passage about the influence of the coffee-house orators in Halstead's Succinct Genealogies, printed in 1685.

splendor of the lord mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to St. James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he once more felt himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord lieutenant.

The chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, further from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and further from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna.

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite unacquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs; which has enabled navies to advance in the face of wind and tide, and battalions, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest race-horse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments, he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam-engine, which he called a fire water-work, and which he pronounced to

be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion.\* But the marquess was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a papist. His inventions, therefore, found no favorable reception. His fire water-work might, perhaps, furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no rail-ways, except a few made of timber, from the mouth of the Northumbrian coal pits to the banks of the Tyne.† There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Louis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appeared to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, was in danger of losing his way on the great North road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost it between Doncaster and York.‡ Pepsys and his wife, traveling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain.§ It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left, and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire.|| At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast,

\* *Century of Inventions*, 1663, No. 63.

† *North's Life of Guildford*, 138.

‡ *Thoresby's Diary*, Oct. 21, 1680, Aug. 3, 1712.

§ *Pepsy's Diary*, June 12 and 16, 1665.

|| *Ibid.*, Feb. 28, 1660.



until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London;† that passengers had to swim for their lives; and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings, he turned out of the high road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle-skirts in water.\* In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterward detained at Stanford four days on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament, with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company.‡ On the roads of Derbyshire travelers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts.‡ The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroi, on his road to Ireland, was five hours in traveling fourteen miles, from Saint Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk great part of the way, and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with great difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne, on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants, to the Menai Straits.§ In some parts of Kent and Sussex none but the strongest horses could, in winter, get through the bog, in which, at every step, they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen.|| When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a

body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue, several were upset and injured. A letter from one of his gentlemen in waiting has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.\*

One chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. The peasantry were forced to give their gratuitous labor six days in the year. If this was not sufficient, hired labor was employed, and the expense was met by a parochial rate. That a route connecting two great towns, which have a large and thriving trade with each other, should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them, is obviously unjust; and this injustice was peculiarly glaring in the case of the great North Road, which traversed very poor and thinly-inhabited districts, and joined very rich and populous districts. Indeed, it was not in the power of the parishes of Huntingdonshire to mend a highway worn by the constant passing and repassing of traffic between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. Soon after the Restoration this grievance attracted the notice of Parliament; and an act, the first of our many turnpike acts, was passed, imposing a small toll on travelers and goods, for the purpose of keeping some parts of this important line of communication in good repair.† This innovation, however, excited many murmurs, and the other great avenues to the capital were long left under the old system. A change was at length effected, but not without great difficulty; for unjust and absurd taxation to which men are accustomed is often borne far more willingly than the most reasonable impost which is new. It was not until many toll-bars had been violently pulled down, until the troops had in many districts been forced to act against the people, and until much blood had been shed, that a good system was introduced.‡ By slow degrees reason triumphed over prejudice, and our island is now crossed in every direction by near thirty thousand miles of turnpike road.

On the best highways heavy articles were, in the time of Charles the Second, generally conveyed from place to place by stage wagons.

\* Thoresby's Diary, May 17, 1695.

† Idem, Dec. 27, 1708.

‡ Tour in Derbyshire, by J. Browne, son of Sir Thomas Browne, 1662; Cotton's Angler, 1676.

§ Correspondence of Henry, earl of Clarendon, Dec. 30, 1685, Jan. 1, 1686.

|| Postlethwaite's Dictionary, Roads. History of Hawkhurst, in the Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica.

\* Annals of Queen Anne, 1703, Appendix, No. 3

† 15 Car. II, c. 1.

‡ The evils of the old system are strikingly set forth in many petitions which appear in the Commons' Journal of 1725-6. How fierce an opposition was offered to the new system may be learned from the Gentleman's Magazine of 1749.

In the straw of these vehicles nestled a crowd of passengers, who could not afford to travel by coach or on horseback, and who were prevented by infirmity, or by the weight of their luggage, from going on foot. The expense of transmitting heavy goods in this way was enormous. From London to Birmingham the charge was seven pounds a ton; from London to Exeter, twelve pounds a ton.\* This was about fifteen pence a ton for every mile, more by a third than was afterward charged on turnpike roads, and fifteen times what is now demanded by rail-way companies. The cost of conveyance amounted to a prohibitory tax on many useful articles. Coal, in particular, was never seen except in the districts where it was produced, or in the districts to which it could be carried by sea, and was, indeed, always known in the south of England by the name of sea coal.

On by-roads, and generally throughout the country north of York and West of Exeter, goods were carried by long trains of pack-horses. These strong and patient beasts, the breed of which is now extinct, were attended by a class of men who seem to have borne much resemblance to the Spanish muleteers. A traveler of humble condition often found it convenient to perform a journey mounted on a pack-saddle between two baskets, under the care of these hardy guides. The expense of this mode of conveyance was small; but the caravan moved at a foot's pace, and in winter the cold was often insupportable.†

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, with at least four horses. Cotton, the facetious poet, attempted to go from London to the Peak with a single pair, but found at St. Alban's that the journey would be insupportably tedious, and altered his plan.‡ A coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention, therefore, of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People, in the time of Charles the Second, traveled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion, all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could

not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new rail-way. The vice-chancellor, by a notice which was affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls' College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London.\* The emulation of the sister university was moved, and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to all the chief towns; but no stage-coach, indeed no stage wagon, appears to have proceeded farther north than York, or farther west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer, but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not until the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage; for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter.‡

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully, and, indeed, alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation,

\* Postlethwaite's Dictionary, Roads.

† Loidis and Elmete. Marshall's Rural Economy of England. In 1739 Roderic Random came from Scotland to Newcastle on a pack-horse.

‡ Cotton's Epistle to John Bradshaw.

\* Anthony a Wood's Life of himself.

† Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684. See, also, the list of stage-coaches and wagons at the end of the book entitled Angliæ Metropolis, 1690.

and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the continental posts; but with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and, as usual, many persons were, from mere stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation, simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travelers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public carriage should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that, if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and the lame would return to the old modes of traveling. Petitions embodying such opinions as these were presented to the king in council from several companies of the city of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of several counties. We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the history of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn.\*

In spite of the attractions of the flying coaches, it was still usual for men who enjoyed health and vigor, and who were not encumbered by much baggage, to perform long journeys on horseback. If the traveler wished to move expeditiously, he rode post. Fresh saddle-horses and guides were to be procured at convenient distances along all the great lines of road. The charge was threepence a mile for each horse, and fourpence a stage for the guide. In this manner, when the ways were

good, it was possible to travel, for a considerable time, as rapidly as by any conveyance known in England, until vehicles were propelled by steam. There were as yet no post-chaises; nor could those who rode in their own coaches ordinarily procure a change of horses. The king, however, and the great officers of state, were able to command relays. Thus Charles commonly went in one day from Whitehall to Newmarket, a distance of about fifty-five miles through a level country, and this was thought by his subjects a proof of great activity. Evelyn performed the same journey in company with Lord-treasurer Clifford. The coach was drawn by six horses, which were changed at Bishop Stortford and again at Chesterford. The travelers reached Newmarket by night. Such a mode of conveyance seems to have been considered as a rare luxury confined to princes and ministers.\*

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath, on the great Western road, and Finchley Common, on the great Northern road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Poins and Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with these enterprising plunderers. At one time it was announced in the Gazette that several persons who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses; their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the inn-keepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled

\* John Cresset's Reasons for suppressing Stage-Coaches, 1672. These reasons were afterward inserted in a tract, entitled "The Grand Concern of England explained, 1673." Cresset's attack on stage-coaches called forth some answers which I have consulted.

\* Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684; North's Examen, 105; Evelyn's Diary, Oct. 9, 1671.

banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the inn-keepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.\*

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground.† Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York.‡ It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how, at the head of his troop, he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men;

how, at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the king would have granted a pardon but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law was carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, until the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies.\* In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable; but they are not, on that account, unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact, that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

All the various dangers by which the traveler was beset were greatly increased by darkness. He was, therefore, commonly desirous of having the shelter of a roof during the night, and such shelter it was not difficult to obtain. From a very early period the inns of England had been renowned. Our first great poet had described the excellent accommodation which they afforded to the pilgrims of the fourteenth century. Nine-and-twenty persons, with their horses, found room in the wide chambers and stables of the Tabard in Southwark. The food was of the best, and the wines such as drew the company on to drink largely. Two hundred years later, under the reign of Elizabeth, William Harrison gave a lively description of the plenty and comfort of the great hostleries. The Continent of Europe, he said, could show nothing like them. There were some in which two or three hundred people, with their horses, could without difficulty be lodged and fed. The bedding, the tapestry, above all, the abundance of clean and fine linen, was matter of wonder. Valuable plate was often set on the tables. Nay, there were signs which had cost thirty or forty pounds. In the seventeenth century England abounded with excellent inns of every rank. The traveler sometimes, in a small village, lighted on a public house such as Walton has described, where the brick floor was swept clean, where the walls were stuck round with ballads, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and where a blazing fire, a cup of good ale, and a dish of trouts fresh from the neighboring brook, were to be procured at small charge. At the larger houses of entertainment were to be found beds hung with silk, choice cookery, and claret equal to the best which was drunk in

\* See the London Gazette, May 14, 1677, August 4, 1687, Dec. 5, 1687. The last confession of Angustin King, who was the son of an eminent divine, and had been educated at Cambridge, but was hanged at Colchester in March, 1688, is highly curious.

† AIMWELL. Pray, sir, ha'n't I seen your face at Will's Coffee-house?

GIBBET. Yes, sir, and at White's too.—BEAUX'S STRATAGEM.  
‡ Gent's History of York. Another marauder of the same description, named Biss, was hanged at Salisbury in 1695. In a ballad which is in the Pepysian Library, he is represented as defending himself thus before the judge:

"What say you now, my honored lord?  
What harm was there in this?  
Rich, wealthy misers were abhorred  
By brave, free-hearted Biss."

\* Pope's Memoirs of Duval, published immediately after the execution. Oates's EIKÓN BASILIKĒ, Part I.

London.\* The inn-keepers too, it was said, were not like other inn-keepers. On the Continent the landlord was the tyrant of those who crossed the threshold. In England he was a servant. Never was an Englishman more at home than when he took his ease in his inn. Even men of fortune, who might in their own mansions have enjoyed every luxury, were often in the habit of passing their evenings in the parlor of some neighboring house of public entertainment. They seem to have thought that comfort and freedom could in no other place be enjoyed in equal perfection. This feeling continued during many generations to be a national peculiarity. The liberty and jollity of inns long furnished matter to our novelists and dramatists. Johnson declared that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity; and Shenstone gently complained that no private roof, however friendly, gave the wanderer so warm a welcome as that which was to be found at an inn.

Many conveniences, which were unknown at Hampton Court and Whitehall in the seventeenth century, are to be found in our modern hotels; yet, on the whole, it is certain that the improvement of our houses of public entertainment has by no means kept pace with the improvement of our roads and of our conveyances. Nor is this strange; for it is evident that, all other circumstances being supposed equal, the inns will be best where the means of locomotion are worst. The quicker the rate of traveling, the less important is it that there should be numerous agreeable resting-places for the traveler. A hundred and sixty years ago, a person who came up to the capital from a remote county generally required twelve or fifteen meals, and lodging for five or six nights by the way. If he were a great man, he expected the meals and lodging to be comfortable, and even luxurious. At present we fly from York or Chester to London by the light of a single winter's day. At present, therefore, a traveler seldom interrupts his journey merely for the sake of rest and refreshment. The consequence is, that hundreds of excellent inns have fallen into utter decay. In a short time no good houses of that description will be found, except at places where strangers are likely to be detained by business or pleasure.

The mode in which correspondence was carried on between distant places may excite the scorn of the present generation, yet it was such as might have moved the admiration

and envy of the polished nations of antiquity, or of the cotemporaries of Raleigh and Cecil. A rude and imperfect establishment of posts for the conveyance of letters had been set up by Charles the First, and had been swept away by the civil war. Under the Commonwealth the design was resumed. At the Restoration, the proceeds of the post-office, after all expenses had been paid, were settled on the Duke of York. On most lines of road the mails went out and came in only on the alternate days. In Cornwall, in the fens of Lincolnshire, and among the hills and lakes of Cumberland, letters were received only once a week. During a royal progress a daily post was dispatched from the capital to the place where the court sojourned. There was also daily communication between London and the Downs; and the same privilege was sometimes extended to Tunbridge Wells and Bath at the seasons when those places were crowded by the great. The bags were carried on horseback day and night at the rate of about five miles an hour.\*

The revenue of this establishment was not derived solely from the charge for the transmission of letters. The post-office alone was entitled to furnish post-horses; and, from the care with which this monopoly was guarded, we may infer that it was found profitable.† If, indeed, a traveler had waited half an hour without being supplied, he might hire a horse wherever he could.

To facilitate correspondence between one part of London and another was not originally one of the objects of the post-office. But, in the reign of Charles the Second, an enterprising citizen of London, William Dockwray, set up, at great expense, a penny post, which delivered letters and parcels six or eight times a day in the busy and crowded streets near the Exchange, and four times a day in the outskirts of the capital. This improvement was, as usual, strenuously resisted. The porters complained that their interests were attacked, and tore down the placards in which the scheme was announced to the public. The excitement caused by Godfrey's death, and by the discovery of Coleman's papers, was then at the height. A cry was therefore raised that the penny post was a popish contrivance. The great Doctor Oates, it was affirmed, had hinted a suspicion that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the scheme, and that the bags, if examined, would be found full of treason.‡ The utility of the enterprise was, however, so great and obvious

\* See the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Harrison's *Historical Description of the Island of Great Britain*, and Pepys's account of his tour in the summer of 1668. The excellence of the English inns is noticed in the *Travels of the Grand-duke Cosmo*.

• Stat. 12 Car. II, c. 35. Chamberlayne's *State of England*, 1684. *Angliæ Metropolis*, 1690. *London Gazette*, June 22, 1685, August 15, 1687.

† *London Gazette*, Sept. 14, 1685.

‡ *Smith's Current Intelligence*, March 30 and April 3, 1630.

that all opposition proved fruitless. As soon as it became clear that the speculation would be lucrative, the Duke of York complained of it as an infraction of his monopoly, and the courts of law decided in his favor.\*

The revenue of the post-office was from the first constantly increasing. In the year of the Restoration, a committee of the House of Commons, after strict inquiry, had estimated the net receipt at about twenty thousand pounds. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, the net receipt was little short of fifty thousand pounds; and this was then thought a stupendous sum. The gross receipt was about seventy thousand pounds.† The charge for conveying a single letter was twopence for eighty miles, and threepence for a longer distance. The postage increased in proportion to the weight of the packet. At present a single letter is carried to the extremity of Scotland or of Ireland for a penny, and the monopoly of post-horses has long ceased to exist; yet the gross annual receipts of the department amount to more than £1,800,000, and the net receipts to more than £700,000. It is, therefore, scarcely possible to doubt that the number of letters now conveyed by mail is seventy times the number which was so conveyed at the time of the accession of James the Second.

No part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the newsletters. In 1685, nothing like the London daily paper of our time existed or could exist. Neither the necessary capital nor the necessary skill was to be found. Freedom, too, was wanting, a want as fatal as that of either capital or skill. The press was not, indeed, at that moment, under a general censorship. The Licensing Act, which had been passed soon after the Restoration, had expired in 1679. Any person might, therefore, print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon, or a poem, without the previous approbation of any public officer; but the judges were unanimously of opinion that this liberty did not extend to Gazettes, and that, by the common law of England, no man, not authorized by the crown, had a right to publish political news.‡ While the Whig party was still formidable, the government thought it expedient occasionally to connive at the violation of this rule. During the great battle of the Exclusion Bill, many newspapers were suffered to appear, the Protestant Intelligence, the Current Intelligence, the Domestic Intelligence, the True News, the London Mercury.§ None of these was pub-

lished oftener than twice a week. None exceeded in size a single small leaf. The quantity of matter which one of them contained in a year was not more than is often found in two numbers of the Times. After the defeat of the Whigs, it was no longer necessary for the king to be sparing in the use of that which all his judges had pronounced to be his undoubted prerogative. At the close of his reign no newspaper was suffered to appear without his allowance, and his allowance was given exclusively to the London Gazette. The London Gazette came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, an account of a skirmish between the imperial troops and the Janissaries on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, an announcement of a grand cock-fight between two persons of honor, and an advertisement offering a reward for a strayed dog. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. Whatever was communicated respecting matters of the highest moment was communicated in the most meager and formal style. Sometimes, indeed, when the government was disposed to gratify the public curiosity respecting an important transaction, a broadside was put forth giving fuller details than could be found in the Gazette; but neither the Gazette nor any supplementary broadside printed by authority ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the court to publish. The most important parliamentary debates, the most important state trials recorded in our history, were passed over in profound silence.\* In the capital the coffee-houses supplied in some measure the place of a journal. Thither the Londoners flocked as the Athenians of old flocked to the market-place to hear whether there was any news. There men might learn how brutally a Whig had been treated the day before in Westminster Hall, what horrible accounts the letters from Edinburgh gave of the torturing of Covenanters, how grossly the Navy Board had cheated the crown in the victualing of the fleet, and what grave charges the Lord Privy Seal had brought against the Treasury in the matter of the hearth money. But people who lived at a distance from the great theater of political contention could be kept regularly informed of what was passing there only by means of news-letters. To prepare such letters became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The news-writer rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports, squeezed him-

\* Angliæ Metropolis, 1690.

† Chamberlayne, 1684. Davenant on Public Revenue, Dis. IV.

‡ London Gazette, May 5 and 17, 1680.

§ There is a very curious, and I should think, unique collection of these papers at the British Museum.

\* For example, there is not a word in the Gazette about the important parliamentary proceedings of November, 1685, or about the trial and acquittal of the seven bishops.

self into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey if there was an interesting trial, nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles destined to enlighten some county town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time. We must suppose that at Cambridge there were as many persons curious to know what was passing in the world as at almost any place in the kingdom, out of London; yet at Cambridge, during a great part of the reign of Charles the Second, the doctors of laws and the masters of arts had no regular supply of news except through the London Gazette. At length the services of one of the collectors of intelligence in the capital were employed. That was a memorable day on which the first news-letter from London was laid on the table of the only coffee-room in Cambridge.\* At the seat of a man of fortune in the country the news-letter was impatiently expected. Within a week after it had arrived it had been thumbed by twenty families. It furnished the neighboring squires with matter for talk over their October, and the neighboring rectors with topics for sharp sermons against Whiggery or popery. Many of these curious journals might doubtless still be detected by a diligent search in the archives of old families. Some are to be found in our public libraries; and one series, which is not the least valuable part of the literary treasures collected by Sir James Mackintosh, will be occasionally quoted in the course of this work.†

It is scarcely necessary to say that there were then no provincial newspapers. Indeed, except in the capital and at the two universities, there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom. The only press in England north of Trent appears to have been at York.‡

It was not only by means of the London Gazette that the government undertook to

furnish political instruction to the people. That journal contained a scanty supply of news without comment. Another journal, published under the patronage of the court, consisted of comment without news. This paper, called the *Observer*, was edited by an old Tory pamphleteer named Roger Lestrangle. Lestrangle was by no means deficient in readiness and shrewdness; and his diction, though coarse, and disfigured by a mean and flippant jargon which then passed for wit in the green-room and the tavern, was not without keenness and vigor. But his nature, at once ferocious and ignoble, showed itself in every line that he penned. When the first *Observers* appeared there was some excuse for his acrimony; for the Whigs were then powerful, and he had to contend against numerous adversaries, whose unscrupulous violence might seem to justify unsparing retaliation; but in 1685 all opposition had been crushed. A generous spirit would have disdained to insult a party which could not reply, and to aggravate the misery of prisoners, of exiles, of bereaved families; but from the malice of Lestrangle the grave was no hiding-place, and the house of mourning no sanctuary. In the last month of the reign of Charles the Second, William Jenkyn, an aged Dissenting pastor of great note, who had been cruelly persecuted for no crime but that of worshipping God according to the fashion generally followed throughout Protestant Europe, died of hardships and privations in Newgate. The outbreak of popular sympathy could not be repressed. The corpse was followed to the grave by a train of a hundred and fifty coaches. Even courtiers looked sad. Even the unthinking king showed some signs of concern. Lestrangle alone set up a howl of savage exultation, laughed at the weak compassion of the Trimmers, proclaimed that the blasphemous old impostor had met with a most righteous punishment, and vowed to wage war, not only to the death, but after death, with all the mock saints and martyrs.\* Such was the spirit of the paper which was at this time the oracle of the Tory party, and especially of the parochial clergy.

Literature which could be carried by the post-bag then formed the greater part of the intellectual nutriment ruminated by the country divines and country justices. The difficulty and expense of conveying large packets from place to place was so great, that an extensive work was longer in making its way from Paternoster Row to Devonshire or Lan-

\* Roger North's *Life of Dr. John North*. On the subject of news-letters, see the *Examen*, 133.

† I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honored friend, Sir James Mackintosh, for confiding to me the materials collected by him at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass, so noble a collection of extracts from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable, and rejected what was worthless, can be fully appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine.

‡ *Life of Thomas Gent*. A complete list of all printing houses in 1724 will be found in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century*. There had then been a great increase within a few years in the number of presses, and yet there were thirty-four counties in which there was no printer, one of those counties being Lancashire.

\* *Observer*, Jan. 29 and 31, 1685; Calamy's *Life of Baxter*; *Nonconformist Memorial*.

cashire, than it now is in reaching Kentucky. How scantily a rural parsonage was then furnished, even with books the most necessary to a theologian, has already been remarked. The houses of the gentry were not more plentifully supplied. Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servant's hall, or in the back parlor of a small shop-keeper. An esquire passed among his neighbors for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Tarlton's Jests and the Seven Champions of Christendom, lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling-pieces. No circulating library, no book society then existed even in the capital; but in the capital those students who could not afford to purchase largely had a resource. The shops of the great booksellers, near Saint Paul's Church-yard, were crowded every day and all day long with readers, and a known customer was often permitted to carry a volume home. In the country there was no such accommodation, and every man was under the necessity of buying whatever he wished to read.\*

As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary stores generally consisted of a prayer-book and a receipt-book. But, in truth, they lost little by living in rural seclusion; for, even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the English women of that generation were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other time since the revival of learning. At an earlier period they had studied the masterpieces of ancient genius. In the present day they seldom bestow much attention on the dead languages; but they are familiar with the tongue of Pascal and Moliere, with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goethe and Schiller; nor is there any purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women now speak and write. But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother-tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit.†

The explanation may easily be found. Ex-

travagant licentiousness, the natural effect of extravagant austerity, was now the mode; and licentiousness had produced its ordinary effect, the moral and intellectual degradation of women. To their personal beauty it was the fashion to pay rude and impudent homage. But the admiration and desire which they inspired were seldom mingled with respect, with affection, or with any chivalrous sentiment. The qualities which fit them to be companions, advisers, confidential friends, rather repelled than attracted the libertines of Whitehall. In that court a maid of honor, who dressed in such a manner as to do full justice to a white bosom, who ogled significantly, who danced voluptuously, who excelled in pert repartee, who was not ashamed to romp with lords of the bed-chamber and captains of the Guards, to sing sly verses with sly expression, or to put on a page's dress for a frolic, was more likely to be followed and admired, more likely to be honored with royal attentions, more likely to win a rich and noble husband than Jane Grey or Luey Hutchinson would have been. In such circumstances, the standard of female attainments was necessarily low, and it was more dangerous to be above that standard than to be beneath it. Extreme ignorance and frivolity were thought less unbecoming in a lady than the slightest tincture of pedantry. Of the too celebrated women whose faces we still admire on the walls of Hampton Court, few, indeed, were in the habit of reading anything more valuable than acrostics, lampoons, and translations of the *Clelia* and the *Grand Cyrus*.

The literary acquirements, even of the accomplished gentlemen of that generation, seem to have been somewhat less solid and profound than at an earlier or a later period. Greek learning, at least, did not flourish among us in the days of Charles the Second, as it had flourished before the civil war, or as it again flourished long after the Revolution. There were undoubtedly scholars to whom the whole Greek literature, from Homer to Photius, was familiar; but such scholars were to be found almost exclusively among the clergy resident at the universities, and even at the universities were few, and were not fully appreciated. At Cambridge it was not thought by any means necessary that a divine should be able to read the Gospels in the original;\* nor was

and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman. There is, in the library of the Hague, a superb English Bible which was delivered to her when she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. In the title-page are these words in her own hand: "This book was given the king and I, at our coronation. Marie R."

\* Roger North tells us that his brother John, who was Greek professor at Cambridge, complained bitterly of the general neglect of the Greek tongue among the academical clergy.

\* Cotton seems, from his Angler, to have found room for his whole library in his hall window; and Cotton was a man of letters. Even when Franklin first visited London, in 1724, circulating libraries were unknown there. The crowd at the booksellers' shops in Little Britain is mentioned by Roger North in his life of his brother John.

† One instance will suffice. Queen Mary had good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was fond of history



the standard at Oxford higher. When, in the reign of William the Third, Christ Church rose up as one man to defend the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris, that great college, then considered as the first seat of philology in the kingdom, could not muster such a stock of Attic learning as is now possessed by several youths at every great public school. It may easily be supposed that a dead language, neglected at the universities, was not much studied by men of the world. In a former age the poetry and eloquence of Greece had been the delight of Raleigh and Falkland. In a later age the poetry and eloquence of Greece were the delight of Pitt and Fox, of Windham and Grenville; but during the latter part of the seventeenth century there was in England scarcely one eminent statesman who could read with enjoyment a page of Sophocles or Plato.

Good Latin scholars were numerous. The language of Rome, indeed, had not altogether lost its imperial character, and was still, in many parts of Europe, almost indispensable to a traveler or a negotiator. To speak it well was therefore a much more common accomplishment than in our time; and neither Oxford nor Cambridge wanted poets who, on a great occasion, could lay at the foot of the throne happy imitations of the verses in which Virgil and Ovid had celebrated the greatness of Augustus.

Yet even the Latin was giving way to a younger rival. France united at that time almost every species of ascendancy. Her military glory was at the height. She had vanquished mighty coalitions. She had dictated treaties. She had subjugated great cities and provinces. She had forced the Castilian pride to yield her the precedence. She had summoned Italian princes to prostrate themselves at her footstool. Her authority was supreme in all matters of good breeding, from a duel to a minuet. She determined how a gentleman's coat must be cut, how long his peruke must be, whether his heels must be high or low, and whether the lace on his hat must be broad or narrow. In literature she gave law to the world. The fame of her great writers filled Europe. No other country could produce a tragic poet equal to Racine, a comic poet equal to Molière, a trifler so agreeable as La Fontaine, a rhetorician so skillful as Bossuet. The literary glory of Italy and of Spain had set; that of Germany had not yet dawned. The genius, therefore, of the eminent men who adorned Paris shone forth with a splendor which was set off to full advantage by contrast. France, indeed, had at that time an empire over mankind such as even the Roman

Republic never attained; for, when Rome was politically dominant, she was in arts and letters the humble pupil of Greece. France had, over the surrounding countries, at once the ascendancy which Rome had over Greece, and the ascendancy which Greece had over Rome. French was fast becoming the universal language, the language of fashionable society, the language of diplomacy. At several courts princes and nobles spoke it more accurately and politely than their mother tongue. In our island there was less of this servility than on the Continent. Neither our good nor our bad qualities were those of imitators; yet even here homage was paid, awkwardly indeed, and sullenly, to the literary supremacy of our neighbors. The melodious Tuscan, so familiar to the gallants and ladies of the court of Elizabeth, sank into contempt. A gentleman who quoted Horace or Terence was considered in good company as a pompous pedant; but to garnish his conversation with scraps of French was the best proof which he could give of his parts and attainments.\* New canons of criticism, new models of style, came into fashion. The quaint ingenuity which had deformed the verses of Donne, and had been a blemish on those of Cowley, disappeared from our poetry. Our prose became less majestic, less artfully involved, less variously musical than that of an earlier age, but more lucid, more easy, and better fitted for controversy and narrative. In these changes it is impossible not to recognize the influence of French precept and of French example. Great masters of our language, in their most dignified compositions, affected to use French words, when English words, quite as expressive and melodious, were at hand;† and from France was imported the tragedy in rhyme, an exotic which, in our soil, drooped, and speedily died.

It would have been well if our writers had also copied the decorum which their great French cotemporaries, with few exceptions, preserved, for the profligacy of the English plays, satires, songs, and novels of that age is a deep blot on our national fame. The evil may easily be traced to its source. The wits and the Puritans had never been on friendly terms. There was no sympathy between the two classes. They looked on the whole sys-

\* Butler, in a satire of great asperity, says,

"For, though to smatter words of Greek  
And Latin be the rhetoric  
Of pedants counted, and vsinglorious,  
To smatter French is meritorious."

† The most offensive instance which I remember is in a poem on the coronation of Charles the Second by Dryden, who certainly could not plead poverty as an excuse for borrowing words from any foreign tongue:

"Hither in summer evenings you repair,  
To taste the fraîcheur of the cooler air."

tem of human life from different points and in different lights. The earnest of each was the jest of the other; the pleasures of each were the torments of the other. To the stern precisian even the innocent sport of the fancy seemed a crime. To light and festive natures the solemnity of the zealous brethren furnished copious matter of ridicule. From the Reformation to the civil war, almost every writer, gifted with a fine sense of the ludicrous, had taken some opportunity of assailing the straight-haired, snuffling, whining saints, who christened their children out of the Book of Nehemiah, who groaned in spirit at the sight of Jack in the Green, and who thought it impious to taste plum porridge on Christmas Day. At length a time came when the laughers began to look grave in their turn. The rigid, ungainly zealots, after having furnished much good sport during two generations, rose up in arms, conquered, ruled, and, grimly smiling, trod down under their feet the whole crowd of mockers. The wounds inflicted by gay and petulant malice were retaliated with the gloomy and implacable malice peculiar to bigots who mistake their own rancor for virtue. The theaters were closed. The players were flogged. The press was put under the guardianship of austere licensers. The Muses were banished from their own favorite haunts. Cowley was ejected from Cambridge, and Crashaw from Oxford. The young candidate for academical honors was no longer required to write Ovidian epistles or Virgilian pastorals, but was strictly interrogated by a synod of louring Supralapsarians as to the day and hour when he experienced the new birth. Such a system was of course fruitful of hypocrites. Under sober clothing, and under visages composed to the expression of austerity, lay hid during several years the intense desire of license and of revenge. At length that desire was gratified. The Restoration emancipated thousands of minds from a yoke which had become insupportable. The old fight recommenced, but with an animosity altogether new. It was not a sportive combat, but a war to the death. The Roundhead had no better quarter to expect from those whom he had persecuted than a cruel slave-driver can expect from insurgent slaves still bearing the marks of his collars and his scourges.

The war between wit and Puritanism soon became a war between wit and morality. The hostility excited by a grotesque caricature of virtue did not spare virtue herself. Whatever the canting Roundhead had regarded with reverence was insulted. Whatever he had proscribed was favored. Because he had been scrupulous about trifles, all scruples were

treated with derision. Because he had covered his failings with the mask of devotion, men were encouraged to obtrude with Cynic impudence all their most scandalous vices on the public eye. Because he had punished illicit love with barbarous severity, virgin purity and conjugal fidelity were to be made a jest. To that sanctimonious jargon, which was his Shibboleth, was opposed another jargon not less absurd and much more odious. As he never opened his mouth except in scriptural phrase, the new breeds of wits and fine gentlemen never opened their mouths without uttering ribaldry of which a porter would now be ashamed, and without calling on their Maker to curse them, sink them, confound them, blast them, and damn them.

It is not strange, therefore, that our polite literature, when it revived with the revival of the old civil and ecclesiastical polity, should have been profoundly immoral. A few eminent men, who belonged to an earlier and better age, were exempt from the general contagion. The verse of Waller still breathed the sentiments which had animated a more chivalrous generation. Cowley, distinguished at once as a Loyalist and as a man of letters, raised his voice courageously against the immorality which disgraced both letters and loyalty. A mightier spirit, unsubdued by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold. The vigorous and fertile genius of Butler, if it did not altogether escape the prevailing infection, took the disease in a mild form. But these were men whose minds had been trained in a world which had passed away. They gave place in no long time to a younger generation of poets; and of that generation, from Dryden down to Dufrey, the common characteristic was hard-hearted, shameless, swaggering licentiousness, at once inelegant and inhuman. The influence of these writers was doubtless noxious, yet less noxious than it would have been had they been less depraved. The poison which they administered was so strong, that it was, in no long time, rejected with nausea. None of them understood the dangerous art of associating images of unlawful pleasure with all that is endearing and ennobling. None of them was aware that a certain decorum is essential even to voluptuousness; that drapery may be more alluring than exposure; and that the imagination may be far more powerfully moved by delicate hints which im-

pel it to exert itself than by gross descriptions which it takes in passively.

The spirit of the anti-Puritan reaction pervades almost the whole polite literature of the reign of Charles the Second. But the very quintessence of that spirit will be found in the comic drama. The play-houses, shut by the meddling fanatic in the day of his power, were again crowded. To their old attractions new and more powerful attractions had been added. Scenery, dresses, and decorations, such as would now be thought mean and absurd, but such as would have been esteemed incredibly magnificent by those who, early in the seventeenth century, sat on the filthy benches of the Hope, or under the thatched roof of the Rose, dazzled the eyes of the multitude. The fascination of sex was called in to aid the fascination of art; and the young spectator saw, with emotions unknown to the cotemporaries of Shakspeare and Jonson, tender and sprightly heroines personified by lovely women. From the day on which the theaters were reopened, they became seminaries of vice; and the evil propagated itself. The profligacy of the representations soon drove away sober people. The frivolous and dissolute who remained required every year stronger and stronger stimulants. Thus the artists corrupted the spectators, and the spectators the artists, until the turpitude of the drama became such as must astonish all who are not aware that extreme relaxation is the natural effect of extreme restraint, and that an age of hypoerisy is, in the regular course of things, followed by an age of impudence.

Nothing is more characteristic of the times than the care with which the poets contrived to put all their loosest verses into the mouths of women. The compositions in which the greatest license was taken were the epilogues. They were almost always recited by favorite actresses; and nothing charmed the depraved audience so much as to hear lines grossly indecent repeated by a beautiful girl, who was supposed to have not yet lost her innocence.\*

Our theater was indebted in that age for many plots and characters to Spain, to France, and to the old English masters; but whatever our dramatists touched they tainted. In their imitations, the houses of Calderon's stately and high-spirited Castilian gentlemen became sties of vice, Shakspeare's Viola a proouress, Moliere's misanthrope a ravisher, Moliere's Agnes an adulteress. Nothing could be so pure or so heroic but that it became foul and ignoble by transfusion through those foul and ignoble minds.

Such was the state of the drama; and the drama was the department of polite literature in which a poet had the best chance of obtaining a subsistence by his pen. The sale of books was so small that a man of the greatest name could expect only a pittance for the copyright of the best performance. There cannot be a stronger instance than the fate of Dryden's last production, the Fables. That volume was published when he was universally admitted to be the chief of living English poets. It contains about twelve thousand lines. The versification is admirable; the narratives and descriptions full of life. To this day Palamon and Arcite, Cymon and Iphigenia, Theodore and Honoria, are the delight both of critics and of school-boys. The collection includes Alexander's Feast, the noblest ode in our language. For the copyright Dryden received two hundred and fifty pounds, less than in our days has sometimes been paid for two articles in a review.\* Nor does the bargain seem to have been a hard one; for the book went off slowly, and a second edition was not required until the author had been ten years in his grave. By writing for the theater it was possible to earn a much larger sum with much less trouble. Southern made seven hundred pounds by one play.† Otway was raised from beggary to temporary affluence by the success of his Don Carlos.‡ Shadwell cleared a hundred and thirty pounds by a single representation of the Squire of Alsatia.§ The consequence was, that every man who had to live by his wit wrote plays, whether he had any internal vocation to write plays or not. It was thus with Dryden. As a satirist he has rivaled Juvenal. As a didactic poet he perhaps might, with care and meditation, have rivaled Lucretius. Of lyric poets he is, if not the most sublime, the most brilliant and spirit-stirring. But Nature, profuse to him of many rare gifts, had denied him the dramatic faculty. Nevertheless, all the energies of his best years were wasted on dramatic composition. He had too much judgment not to be aware that in the power of exhibiting character by means of dialogue he was deficient. That deficiency he did his best to conceal, sometimes by surprising and amusing incidents, sometimes by stately declamation, sometimes by harmonious numbers, sometimes by ribaldry but too well suited to the taste of a profane and licentious pit. Yet he never obtained any theatrical success equal to that

\* The contract will be found in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden.

† See the Life of Southern, by Shiels.

‡ See Rochester's Trial of the Poets.

§ Some Account of the English Stage.

\* Jeremy Collier has censured this odious practice with his usual force and keenness.

which rewarded the exertions of some men far inferior to him in general powers. He thought himself fortunate if he cleared a hundred guineas by a play: a scanty remuneration, yet apparently larger than he could have earned in any other way by the same quantity of labor.\*

The recompense which the wits of that age could obtain from the public was so small, that they were under the necessity of eking out their incomes by levying contributions on the great. Every rich and good natured lord was pestered by authors with a mendicancy so importunate, and a flattery so abject, as may in our time seem incredible. The patron to whom a work was inscribed was expected to reward the writer with a purse of gold. The fee paid for the dedication of a book was often much larger than the sum which any bookseller would give for the copyright. Books were therefore often printed merely that they might be dedicated. This traffic in praise completed the degradation of the literary character. Adulation pushed to the verge, sometimes of nonsense, and sometimes of impiety, was not thought to disgrace a poet. Independence, veracity, self-respect, were things not expected by the world from him. In truth, he was in morals something between a pander and a beggar.

To the other vices which degraded the literary character was added, toward the close of the reign of Charles the Second, the most savage intemperance of party spirit. The wits, as a class, had been impelled by their old hatred of Puritanism to take the side of the court, and had been found useful allies. Dryden, in particular, had done good service to the government. His *Absalom and Achitophel*, the greatest satire of modern times, had amazed the town, had made its way with unprecedented rapidity even into rural districts, and had, wherever it appeared, bitterly annoyed the Exclusionists, and raised the courage of the Tories. But we must not, in the admiration which we naturally feel for noble diction and versification, forget the great distinctions of good and evil. The spirit by which Dryden and several of his compeers were at this time animated against the Whigs deserves to be called fiendish. The servile judges and sheriffs of those evil days could not shed blood so fast as the poets cried out for it. Calls for more victims, hideous jests on hanging, bitter taunts on those who, having stood by the king in the hour of danger, now advised him to deal mercifully and generously by his vanquished enemies, were publicly recited on the stage, and, that nothing might be wanting to the

guilt and the shame, were recited by women, who, having long been taught to discard all modesty, were now taught to discard all compassion.\*

It is a remarkable fact, that, while the lighter literature of England was thus becoming a nuisance and a national disgrace, the English genius was effecting in science a revolution which will, to the end of time, be reckoned among the highest achievements of the human intellect. Bacon had sown the good seed in a sluggish soil and an ungenial season. He had not expected an early crop, and in his last testament had solemnly bequeathed his fame to the next age. During a whole generation his philosophy had, amid tumults, wars, and proscriptions, been slowly ripening in a few well-constituted minds. While factions were struggling for dominion over each other, a small body of sages had turned away with benevolent disdain from the conflict, and had devoted themselves to the nobler work of extending the dominion of man over matter. As soon as tranquillity was restored, these teachers easily found attentive audience; for the discipline through which the nation had passed had brought the public mind to a temper well fitted for the reception of the Verulamian doctrine. The civil troubles had stimulated the faculties of the educated classes, and had called forth a restless activity and an insatiable curiosity, such as had not before been known among us; yet the effect of those troubles had been that schemes of political and religious reform were generally regarded with suspicion and contempt. During twenty years, the chief employment of busy and ingenious men had been to frame constitutions with first magistrates, without first magistrates, with hereditary senates, with senates appointed by lot, with annual senates, with perpetual senates. In these plans nothing was omitted. All the detail, all the nomenclature, all the ceremonial of the imaginary government was fully set forth, Polemarchs and Phylarchs, Tribes and Galaxies, the Lord Archon and the Lord Strategus; which ballot boxes were to be green and which red; which balls were to be of gold and which of silver; which magistrates were to wear hats and which blaek velvet caps with peaks; how the mace was to be carried, and when the heralds were to uncover—these, and a hundred more such trifles, were gravely considered and arranged by men of no common capacity and learning.† But the time for these visions had gone by; and, if any stead-

\* If any reader thinks my expressions too severe, I would advise him to read Dryden's Epilogue to the Duke of Guise, and to observe that it was spoken by a woman.

† See particularly Harrington's *Oceana*.

fast Republican still continued to amuse himself with them, fear of public derision and of a criminal information generally induced him to keep his fancies to himself. It was now unpopular and unsafe to mutter a word against the fundamental laws of the monarchy; but daring and ingenious men might indemnify themselves by treating with disdain what had lately been considered as the fundamental laws of Nature. The torrent which had been dammed up in one channel rushed violently into another. The revolutionary spirit, ceasing to operate in politics, began to exert itself with unprecedented vigor and hardihood in every department of physics. The year 1660, the era of the restoration of the old Constitution, is also the era from which dates the ascendancy of the new philosophy. In that year the Royal Society, destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms, began to exist.\* In a few months experimental science became all the mode. The transfusion of blood, the ponderation of air, the fixation of mercury, succeeded to that place in the public mind which had been lately occupied by the controversies of the Rota. Dreams of perfect forms of government made way for dreams of wings with which men were to fly from the Tower to the Abbey, and of double-keeled ships which were never to founder in the fiercest storm. All classes were hurried along by the prevailing sentiment. Cavalier and Roundhead, Churchman and Puritan, were for once allied. Divines, jurists, statesmen, nobles, princes, swelled the triumph of the Baconian philosophy. Poets sang with emulous fervor the approach of the Golden Age. Cowley, in lines weighty with thought and resplendent with wit, urged the chosen seed to take possession of the promised land flowing with milk and honey; that land which their great deliverer and lawgiver had seen, as from the summit of Pisgah, but had not been permitted to enter.† Dryden, with more zeal than knowledge, joined his voice to the general acclamation, and foretold things which neither he nor anybody else understood. The Royal Society, he predicted, would soon lead us to the extreme verge of the globe, and there delight us with a better view of the moon.‡ Two able and aspiring prelates, Ward, bishop of Salisbury, and Wilkins, bishop of Chester, were conspicuous among the leaders of the movement. Its history was eloquently written by a younger divine, who was rising to distinc-

tion in his profession, Thomas Sprat, afterward bishop of Rochester. Both Chief Justice Hale and Lord-keeper Guildford stole some hours from the business of their courts to write on hydrostatics. Indeed, it was under the immediate directions of Guildford that the first barometers ever exposed to sale in London were constructed.\* Chemistry divided, for a time, with wine and love, with the stage and the gaming-table, with the intrigues of a courtier and the intrigues of a demagogue, the attention of the fickle Buckingham. Rupert has the credit of having invented mezzotinto; and from him is named that curious bubble of glass which has long amused children and puzzled philosophers. Charles himself had a laboratory at Whitehall, and was far more active and attentive there than at the council board. It was almost necessary to the character of a fine gentleman to have something to say about air-pumps and telescopes; and even fine ladies, now and then, thought it becoming to affect a taste for science, went in coaches and six to visit the Gresham curiosities, and broke forth into cries of delight at finding that a magnet really attracted a needle, and that a microscope really made a fly look as large as a sparrow.†

In this, as in every great stir of the human mind, there was doubtless something which might well move a smile. It is the universal law, that whatever pursuit, whatever doctrine, becomes fashionable, shall lose a portion of that dignity which it had possessed while it was confined to a small but earnest minority, and was loved for its own sake alone. It is true that the follies of some persons who, without any real aptitude for science, professed a passion for it, furnished matter of contemptuous mirth to a few malignant satirists who belonged to the preceding generation, and were not disposed to unlearn the lore of their youth.‡ But it is not less true that the great work of interpreting Nature was performed by the English of that age as it had never before been performed in any age by any nation. The spirit of Francis Bacon was abroad; a spirit admirably compounded of audacity and sobriety. There was a strong persuasion that the whole world was full of secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that man had, by his Maker, been intrusted with the key which, rightly used, would give access to them. There was, at the same time, a conviction that in physics it was impossible to arrive at the knowledge of general laws except

\* See Sprat's History of the Royal Society.

† Cowley's Ode to the Royal Society.

‡ "Then we upon the globe's last verge shall go,  
And view the ocean leaning on the sky;  
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,  
And on the lunar world securely pry."

ANNUS MIRABILIS, 1664.

\* North's Life of Guildford.

† Pepys's Diary, May 30, 1667.

‡ Butler was, I think, the only man of real genius who, between the Restoration and the Revolution, showed a bitter enmity to the new philosophy.—SEE THE SATIRE ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

by the careful observation of particular facts. Deeply impressed with these great truths, the professors of the new philosophy applied themselves to their task, and, before a quarter of a century had expired, they had given ample earnest of what has since been achieved. Already a reform of agriculture had been commenced. New vegetables were cultivated. New implements of husbandry were employed. New manures were applied to the soil.\* Evelyn had, under the formal sanction of the Royal Society, given instruction to his countrymen in planting. Temple, in his intervals of leisure, had tried many experiments in horticulture, and had proved that many delicate fruits, the natives of more favored climates, might, with the help of art, be grown on English ground. Medicine, which, in France, was still in abject bondage, and afforded an inexhaustible subject of just ridicule to Moliere, had in England become an experimental and progressive science, and every day made some new advance, in defiance of Hippocrates and Galen. The attention of speculative men had been, for the first time, directed to the important subject of sanitary police. The great plague of 1665 induced them to consider with care the defective architecture, draining, and ventilation of the capital. The great fire of 1666 afforded an opportunity for effecting extensive improvements. The whole matter was diligently examined by the Royal Society; and to the suggestions of that body must be partly attributed the changes which, though far short of what the public welfare required, yet made a wide difference between the new and the old London, and probably put a final close to the ravages of pestilence in our country.† At the same time, one of the founders of the society, Sir William Petty, created the science of political arithmetic, the humble but indispensable handmaid of political philosophy. To that period belong the chemical discoveries of Boyle, and the first botanical researches of Sloane. One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and Alchemy became jests. Soon there was scarcely a county in which some of the quorum did not smile contemptuously when an old woman was brought before them for riding on broom-sticks or giving cattle the murrain. But it was in those noblest and most arduous departments of knowledge in which induction and mathematical demonstration co-operate for the discovery of truth, that the English genius won

in that age the most memorable triumphs. John Wallis placed the whole system of statics on a new foundation. Edmund Halley investigated the properties of the atmosphere, the ebb and flow of the sea, the laws of magnetism, and the course of the comets; nor did he shrink from toil, peril, and exile in the cause of science. While he, on the rock of St. Helena, mapped the constellations of the southern hemisphere, our national observatory was rising at Greenwich; and John Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal, was commencing that long series of observations which is never mentioned without respect and gratitude in any part of the globe. But the glory of these men, eminent as they were, is cast into the shade by the transcendent luster of one immortal name. In Isaac Newton two kinds of intellectual power, which have little in common, and which are not often found together in a very high degree of vigor, but which, nevertheless, are equally necessary in the most sublime departments of natural philosophy, were united as they have never been united before or since. There may have been minds as happily constituted as his for the cultivation of pure mathematical science; there may have been minds as happily constituted for the cultivation of science purely experimental; but in no other mind have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty coexisted in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony. Perhaps in an age of Scotists and Thomists even his intellect might have run to waste, as many intellects ran to waste which were inferior only to his. Happily, the spirit of the age on which his lot was cast, gave the right direction to his mind; and his mind reacted with tenfold force on the spirit of the age. In the year 1685, his fame, though splendid, was only dawning; but his genius was in the meridian. His great work, that work which effected a revolution in the most important provinces of natural philosophy, had been completed, but was not yet published, and was just about to be submitted to the consideration of the Royal Society.

It is not very easy to explain why the nation which was so far before its neighbors in science should in art have been far behind them all: yet such was the fact. It is true that in architecture—an art which is half a science; an art in which none but a geometrician can excel; an art which has no standard of grace but what is directly or indirectly dependent on utility; an art of which the creations derive a part, at least, of their majesty from mere bulk—our country could boast of one truly great man, Christopher Wren; and the fire which laid London in ruins had given him an opportunity, unprece-

\* The eagerness with which the agriculturists of that age tried experiments and introduced improvements, is well described by Aubrey, *Natural History of Wiltshire*, 1635.

† Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*.

dented in modern history, of displaying his powers. The austere beauty of the Athenian portico, the gloomy sublimity of the Gothic arcade, he was, like almost all his cotemporaries, incapable of emulating, and, perhaps, incapable of appreciating; but no man, born on our side of the Alps, has imitated with so much success the magnificence of the palacelike churches of Italy. Even the superb Louis has left to posterity no work which can bear a comparison with St. Paul's. But at the close of the reign of Charles the Second there was not a single English painter or statuary whose name is now remembered. This sterility is somewhat mysterious, for painters and statuaries were by no means a despised or an ill-paid class. Their social position was at least as high as at present. Their gains, when compared with the wealth of the nation and with the remuneration of other descriptions of intellectual labor, were even larger than at present; indeed, the munificent patronage which was extended to artists drew them to our shores in multitudes. Lely, who has preserved to us the rich curls, the full lips, and the languishing eyes of the frail beauties celebrated by Hamilton, was a Westphalian. He had died in 1680, having long lived splendidly, having received the honor of knighthood, and having accumulated a good estate out of the fruits of his skill. His noble collection of drawings and pictures was, after his decease, exhibited by the royal permission in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and sold by auction for the almost incredible sum of twenty-six thousand pounds, a sum which bore a greater proportion to the fortunes of the rich men of that day than a hundred thousand pounds would bear to the fortunes of the rich men of our time.\* Lely was succeeded by his countryman Godfrey Kneller, who was made first a knight and then a baronet, and who, after keeping up a sumptuous establishment, and after losing much money by unlucky speculations, was still able to bequeath a large fortune to his family. The two Vandeveldes, natives of Holland, had been induced by English liberality to settle here, and had produced for the king and his nobles some of the finest sea pieces in the world. Another Dutchman, Simon Varelst, painted glorious sun-flowers and tulips for prices such as had never before been known. Verrio, a Neapolitan, covered ceilings and staircases with Gorgons and Muses, Nymphs and Satyrs, Virtues and Vices, Gods quaffing nectar, and laureled princes riding in triumph. The income which he derived from his performances enabled him to keep one of

the most expensive tables in England. For his pieces at Windsor alone he received seven thousand pounds, a sum then sufficient to make a gentleman of moderate wishes perfectly easy for life; a sum greatly exceeding all that Dryden, during a literary life of forty years, obtained from the booksellers.\* Verrio's chief assistant and successor, Lewis Laguerre, came from France. The two most celebrated sculptors of that day were also foreigners. Cibber, whose pathetic emblems of Fury and Melancholy still adorn Bedlam, was a Dane. Gibbons, to whose graceful fancy and delicate touch many of our palaces, colleges, and churches owe their finest decorations, was a Dutchman. Even the designs for the coin were made by French medallists. Indeed, it was not until the reign of George the Second that our country could glory in a great painter; and George the Third was on the throne before she had reason to be proud of any of her sculptors.

It is time that this description of the England which Charles the Second governed should draw to a close; yet one subject of the highest moment still remains untouched. Nothing has as yet been said of the great body of the people; of those who held the plows, who tended the oxen, who toiled at the looms of Norwich, and squared the Portland stone for St. Paul's: nor can very much be said. The most numerous class is precisely the class respecting which we have the most meager information. In those times philanthropists did not yet regard it as a sacred duty, nor had demagogues yet found it a lucrative trade, to expatiate on the distress of the laborer. History was too much occupied with courts and camps to spare a line for the hut of the peasant or for the garret of the mechanic. The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the working-man than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution; but it would be a great error to infer from the increase of complaint that there has been any increase of misery.

The great criterion of the state of the common people is the amount of their wages; and, as four fifths of the common people were, in the seventeenth century, employed in agriculture, it is especially important to ascertain what were then the wages of agricultural industry. On this subject we have the means of arriving at conclusions sufficiently exact for our purpose.

Sir William Petty, whose mere assertion

\* Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting; London Gazette, May 31, 1683; North's Life of Gaillardford.

\* The great prices paid to Varelst and Verrio are mentioned in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

carries great weight, informs us that a laborer was by no means in the lowest state who received for a day's work fourpence with food, or eightpence without food. Four shillings a week, therefore, were, according to Petty's calculation, fair agricultural wages.\*

That this calculation was not remote from the truth we have abundant proof. About the beginning of the year 1685, the justices of Warwickshire, in the exercise of a power intrusted to them by an act of Elizabeth, fixed, at their quarter sessions, a scale of wages for their county, and notified that every employer who gave more than the authorized sum, and every working-man who received more, would be liable to punishment. The wages of the common agricultural laborer, from March to September, they fixed at the precise sum mentioned by Petty, namely, four shillings a week without food. From September to March the wages were to be only three and sixpence a week.†

But in that age, as in ours, the earnings of the peasant were very different in different parts of the kingdom. The wages of Warwickshire were probably about the average, and those of the counties near the Scottish border below it. But there were more favored districts. In the same year, 1685, a gentleman of Devonshire, named Richard Dunning, published a small tract, in which he described the condition of the poor of that county. That he understood his subject well it is impossible to doubt; for a few months later his work was reprinted, and was, by the magistrates assembled in quarter sessions at Exeter, strongly recommended to the attention of all parochial officers. According to him, the wages of the Devonshire peasant were, without food, about five shillings a week.‡

Still better was the condition of the laborer in the neighborhood of Bury St. Edmund's. The magistrates of Suffolk met there in the spring of 1682 to fix a rate of wages, and resolved that, where the laborer was not boarded, he should have five shillings a week in winter, and six in summer.§

In 1661 the justices at Chelmsford had fixed the wages of the Essex laborer, who was not boarded, at six shillings in winter and seven in summer. This seems to have been the highest remuneration given in the kingdom for agricultural labor between the Restoration and the Revolution; and it is to be observed that, in the year in which this order was made, the necessaries of life were im-

moderately dear. Wheat was at seventy shillings the quarter, which would even now be considered as almost a famine price.\*

These facts are in perfect accordance with another fact which seems to deserve consideration. It is evident that, in a country where no man can be compelled to become a soldier, the ranks of an army cannot be filled if the government offers much less than the wages of common rustic labor. At present the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line amount to seven shillings and seven pence a week. This stipend, coupled with the hope of a pension, does not attract the English youth in sufficient numbers; and it is found necessary to supply the deficiency by enlisting largely from among the poorer population of Munster and Connaught. The pay of the private foot soldier in 1685 was only four shillings and eight pence a week; yet it is certain that the government in that year found no difficulty in obtaining many thousands of English recruits at very short notice. The pay of the private foot soldier in the army of the Commonwealth had been seven shillings a week, that is to say, as much as a corporal received under Charles the Second;† and seven shillings a week had been found sufficient to fill the ranks with men decidedly superior to the generality of the people. On the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that, in the reign of Charles the Second, the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings a week; but that, in some parts of the kingdom, five shillings, six shillings, and, during the summer months, even seven shillings were paid. At present, a district where a laboring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is very much higher; and, in prosperous counties, the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings.

The remuneration of workmen employed in manufactures has always been higher than that of the tillers of the soil. In the year 1680, a member of the House of Commons remarked that the high wages paid in this country made it impossible for our textures to maintain a competition with the produce of the Indian looms. An English mechanic, he said, instead of slaving like a native of Bengal for a piece of copper, exacted a shilling a day.‡ Other evidence is extant, which proves that a shilling a day was the pay to which the English manufacturer then thought himself entitled, but that he was often forced to work

\* Petty's Political Arithmetic.

† Stat. 5 Eliz. c. 4; *Archæologia*, vol. xi.

‡ Plain and Easy Method showing how the Office of Overseer of the Poor may be managed, by Richard Dunning. 1st edition, 1685; 2d edition, 1686.

§ Cullum's History of Hawsted.

\* Ruggles on the Poor.

† See in Thurloe's State Papers, the memorandum of the Dutch Deputies, dated August 2-12, 1653.

‡ The orator was Mr. John Basset, member for Barnstable. See Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, chapter lviii.



for less. The common people of that age were not in the habit of meeting for public discussion, of haranguing, or of petitioning Parliament. No newspaper pleaded their cause. It was in rude rhyme that their love and hatred, their exultation and their distress, found utterance. A great part of their history is to be learned only from their ballads. One of the most remarkable of the popular lays chanted about the streets of Norwich and Leeds in the time of Charles the Second may still be read on the original broadside. It is the vehement and bitter cry of labor against capital. It describes the good old times when every artisan employed in the woolen manufacture lived as well as a farmer. But those times were past. Sixpence a day now was all that could be earned by hard labor at the loom. If the poor complained that they could not live on such a pittance, they were told that they were free to take it or leave it. For so miserable a recompense were the producers of wealth compelled to toil, rising early and lying down late, while the master clothier, eating, sleeping, and idling, became rich by their exertions. A shilling a day, the poet declares, is what the weaver would have, if justice were done.\* We may therefore conclude that, in the generation which preceded the Revolution, a workman employed in the great staple manufacture of England thought himself fairly paid if he gained six shillings a week.

It may here be noticed that the practice of setting children prematurely to work, a practice which the state, the legitimate protector of those who cannot protect themselves, has, in our time, wisely and humanely interdicted, prevailed in the seventeenth century to an extent which, when compared with the extent of the manufacturing system, seems almost incredible. At Norwich, the chief seat of the clothing trade, a little creature of six years old was thought fit for labor. Several writers of that time, and among them some who were considered as eminently benevolent, mention, with exultation, the fact, that in that single city boys and girls of tender age created wealth exceeding what was necessary for their own

\* This ballad is in the British Museum. The precise year is not given; but the imprimatur of Roger Lestrange fixes the date sufficiently for my purpose. I will quote some of the lines. The master clothier is introduced speaking as follows:

"In former ages we used to give,  
So that our work-folks like farmers did live;  
But the times are changed, we will make them know.

We will make them to work hard for sixpence a day,  
Though a shilling they deserve if they had their just pay;  
If at all they murmur and say 'tis too small,  
We bid them choose whether they'll work at all.  
And thus we do gain all our wealth and estate,  
By many poor men that work early and late.  
Then hey for the clothing trade! It goes on brave;  
We scorn for to toyl and moyl, nor yet to slave.  
Our workmen do work hard, but we live at ease,  
We go when we will, and we come when we please."

subsistence by twelve thousand pounds a year.\* The more carefully we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is, that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them.

When we pass from the weavers of cloth to a different class of artisans, our inquiries will still lead us to nearly the same conclusions. During several generations, the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital have kept a register of the wages paid to different classes of workmen who have been employed in the repairs of the building. From this valuable record it appears that, in the course of a hundred and twenty years, the daily earnings of the bricklayer have risen from half a crown to four and tenpence, those of the mason from half a crown to five and threepence, those of the carpenter from half a crown to five and fivepence, and those of the plumber from three shillings to five and sixpence.

It seems clear, therefore, that the wages of labor, estimated in money, were, in 1685, not more than half of what they now are; and there were few articles important to the working-man of which the price was not, in 1685, more than half of what it now is. Beer was undoubtedly much cheaper in that age than at present. Meat was also cheaper, but was still so dear that there were hundreds of thousands of families who scarcely knew the taste of it.† In the cost of wheat there has been very little change. The average price of the quarter, during the last twelve years of Charles the Second, was fifty shillings. Bread therefore, such as is now given to the inmates of a workhouse, was then seldom seen, even on the trencher of a yeoman or of a shopkeeper. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats.

The produce of tropical countries, the produce of the mines, the produce of machinery, was positively dearer than at present. Among the commodities for which the laborer would have had to pay higher in 1685 than his posterity pay in 1848, were sugar, salt, coals, candles, soap, shoes, stockings, and, generally, all articles of clothing and all articles of bedding. It may be added, that the old coats and blankets would have been, not only more

\* Chamberlayne's State of England; Petty's Political Arithmetic, Chapter viii.; Dunning's Plain and Easy Method; Firmian's Proposition for the Employing of the Poor. It ought to be observed that Firmian was an eminent philanthropist.

† King, in his Natural and Political Conclusions, roughly estimated the common people of England at 880,000 families. Of these families, 440,000, according to him, ate animal food twice a week. The remaining 440,000 ate it not at all, or, at most, not oftener than once a week.

costly, but less serviceable than the modern fabrics.

It must be remembered that those laborers who were able to maintain themselves and their families by means of wages were not the most necessitous members of the community. Beneath them lay a large class which could not subsist without some aid from the parish. There can hardly be a more important test of the condition of the common people than the ratio which this class bears to the whole society. At present the men, women, and children who receive relief are, in bad years, one tenth of the inhabitants of England, and, in good years, one thirteenth. Gregory King estimated them in his time at more than a fifth; and this estimate, which all our respect for his authority will scarcely prevent us from calling extravagant, was pronounced by Davenant eminently judicious.

We are not quite without the means of forming an estimate for ourselves. The poor rate was undoubtedly the heaviest tax borne by our ancestors in those days. It was computed, in the reign of Charles the Second, at near seven hundred thousand pounds a year, much more than the produce either of the excise or of the customs, and little less than half the entire revenue of the crown. The poor rate went on increasing rapidly, and appears to have risen in a short time to between eight and nine hundred thousand a year, that is to say, to one sixth of what it now is. The population was then less than a third of what it now is. The minimum of wages, estimated in money, was half of what it now is; and we can therefore hardly suppose that the average allowance made to a pauper can have been more than half of what it now is. It seems to follow that the proportion of the English people which received parochial relief then must have been larger than the proportion which receives relief now. It is good to speak on such questions with diffidence; but it has certainly never yet been proved that pauperism was a less heavy burden or a less serious social evil during the last quarter of the seventeenth century than it has been in our own time.\*

In one respect it must be admitted that

the progress of civilization has diminished the physical comforts of a portion of the poorest class. It has already been mentioned that, before the Revolution, many thousands of square miles, now inclosed and cultivated, were marsh, forest, and heath. Of this wild land much was, by law, common, and much of what was not common by law was worth so little that the proprietors suffered it to be common in fact. In such a tract, squatters and trespassers were tolerated to an extent now unknown. The peasant who dwelt there could, at little or no charge, procure occasionally some palatable addition to his hard fare, and provide himself with fuel for the winter. He kept a flock of geese on what is now an orchard rich with apple blossoms. He snared wild fowl on the fen which has long since been drained and divided into corn-fields and turnip-fields. He cut turf among the furze bushes on the moor which is now a meadow bright with clover and renowned for butter and cheese. The progress of agriculture and the increase of population necessarily deprived him of these privileges. But against this disadvantage a long list of advantages is to be set off. Of the blessings which civilization and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the laborer as by the peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died.\* At present only one inhabitant of the capital in

\* Fourteenth Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, Appendix B, No. 2; Appendix C, No. 1, 1848. Of the two estimates of the poor rate mentioned in the text, one was formed by Arthur Moore, the other, some years later, by Richard Dunning. Moore's estimate will be found in Davenant's Essay on Wages and Means; Dunning's in Sir Frederic Eden's valuable work on the poor. King and Davenant estimate the paupers and beggars in 1695 at the incredible number of 1,330,000 out of a population of 5,500,000. In 1846, the number of persons who received relief was only 1,332,089, out of a population of about 17,000,000.

I would advise the reader to consult De Foe's pamphlet entitled "Giving Alms no Charity," and the Greenwich Tables which will be found in Mr. McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary under the head Prices.

\* The death swere 23,922.—PETTY'S POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season and London in the cholera.

Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The ground-work of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the ground-work of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields.\* As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones.† If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl.‡ Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped.§ A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the

town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators back each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which wines at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenseless.

The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt; yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we

\* Barnet, i, 560.

† Muggleton's Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit.

‡ Tom Brown describes such a scene in lines which I do not venture to quote.

§ Ward's London Spy.

should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveler in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake; they turn their eyes, and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the Golden Age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working-man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. His frame was naturally strong, and did not appear to have suffered from excess. He had always been mind-

ful of his health even in his pleasures; and his habits were such as promised a long life and a robust old age. Indolent as he was on all occasions which required tension of the mind, he was active and persevering in bodily exercise. He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis-player,\* and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honor of his society found it difficult to keep up with him. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass in St. James's Park, striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend.†

At length, toward the close of the year 1684, he was prevented, by a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout, from rambling as usual. He now spent his mornings in his laboratory, where he amused himself with experiments on the properties of mercury. His temper seemed to have suffered from confinement. He had no apparent cause for disquiet. His kingdom was tranquil; he was not in pressing want of money; his power was greater than it had ever been; the party which had long thwarted him had been beaten down; but the cheerfulness which had supported him against adverse fortune had vanished in this season of prosperity. A trifle now sufficed to depress those elastic spirits which had borne up against defeat, exile, and penury. His irritation frequently showed itself by looks and words such as could hardly have been expected from a man so eminently distinguished by good humor and good breeding. It was not supposed, however, that his constitution was seriously impaired.‡

His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685.§ Some grave persons who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revelers and gamblers. The king sat there chatting

\* Pepys's Diary, Dec. 28, 1663; Sept. 2, 1667.

† Burnet, i, 606; Spectator, No. 403; Lords' Journals, Oct. 28, 1678; Cibber's Apology.

‡ Burnet, i, 605, 606; Welwood, 138; North's Life of Guildford, 251.

§ I may take this opportunity of mentioning that whenever I give only one date, I follow the old style, which was, in the seventeenth century, the style of England; but I reckon the year from the first of January.

and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of state in her company. Barillon and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her; but her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh.\* While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses.† A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains.‡ Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days, looked forward with anxiety. The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis. Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the Board of Treasury, had undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismissal from the public service. It was even whispered that the lord president would probably be sent to the Tower before night. The king had promised to inquire into the matter. The second of February had been fixed for the investigation, and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day.\* But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style, but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Ailesbury. A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles happened to be present. He had no lancet, but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely, but the king was still insensible.

He was laid on his bed, where, during a short time, the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favorite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments. Those apartments had been thrice pulled down and thrice rebuilt by her lover to gratify her caprice. The very furniture of the chimney was massy silver. Several fine paintings, which properly belonged to the queen, had been transferred to the dwelling of the mistress. The sideboards were piled with richly-wrought plate. In the niches stood cabinets, the master-pieces of Japanese art. On the hangings, fresh from the looms of Paris, were depicted, in tints which no English tapestry could rival, birds of gorgeous plumage, landscapes, hunting matches, the lordly terrace of St. Germain's, the

\* Saint Evremond, *passim*. St. Real, *Memoires de la Duchesse de Mazarin*; Rochester's Farewell; Evelyn's Diary, Sept. 6, 1676, June 11, 1699.

† Evelyn's Diary, Jan. 23, 1684-5; Saint Evremond's Letter to Dery.

‡ Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 4, 1684-5.

\* Roger North's Life of Sir Dudley North, 170; The True Patriot vindicated, or a Justification of his Excellency the E— of R—; Burnet, i, 605. The Treasury Books prove that Burnet had good intelligence.

statues and fountains of Versailles.\* In the midst of this splendor, purchased by guilt and shame, the unhappy woman gave herself up to an agony of grief, which, to do her justice, was not wholly selfish.

And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed; but persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The ante-chambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing, and even the sick-room was crowded with peers, privy counselors, and foreign ministers. All the medical men of note in London were summoned. So high did political animosities run, that the presence of some Whig physicians was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance.† One Roman Catholic whose skill was then widely renowned, Doctor Thomas Short, was in attendance. Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. The patient was bled largely. Hot iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth. He recovered his senses; but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.

The queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother's bedside. The primate and four other bishops were then in London. They remained at Whitehall all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the king's room. The news of his illness filled the capital with sorrow and dismay; for his easy temper and affable manners had won the affection of a large part of the nation, and those who most disliked him preferred his unprincipled levity to the stern and earnest bigotry of his brother.

On the morning of Thursday, the fifth of February, the London Gazette announced that his majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily, and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets; but in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope. The public mind was greatly disturbed; but there was no disposition to tumult. The Duke of York, who had already taken on himself to give orders, ascertained that the city was perfectly quiet, and that he might without difficulty be proclaimed as soon as his brother should expire.

The king was in great pain, and complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him; yet he bore up against his sufferings with a fortitude which did not seem to belong to his soft and luxurious nature. The sight

of his misery affected his wife so much that she fainted, and was carried senseless to her chamber. The prelates who were in waiting had from the first exhorted him to prepare for his end. They now thought it their duty to address him in a still more urgent manner. William Saneroft, archbishop of Canterbury, an honest and pious, though narrow-minded man, used great freedom. "It is time," he said, "to speak out; for, sir, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The king answered not a word.

Thomas Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, then tried his powers of persuasion. He was a man of parts and learning, of quick sensibility and stainless virtue. His elaborate works have long been forgotten, but his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings. Though like most of his order, zealous for monarchy, he was no sycophant. Before he became a bishop, he had maintained the honor of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Eleanor Gwynn lodge in the house which he occupied there as a prebendary.\* The king had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates, he liked Ken the best. It was to no purpose, however, that the good bishop now put forth all his eloquence. His solemn and pathetic exhortation awed and melted the by-standers to such a degree that some among them believed him to be filled with the same spirit which, in the old time, had, by the mouths of Nathan and Elias, called sinful princes to repentance. Charles, however, was unmoved. He made no objection, indeed, when the service for the Visitation of the Sick was read. In reply to the pressing questions of the divines, he said that he was sorry for what he had done amiss; and he suffered the absolution to be pronounced over him according to the forms of the Church of England; but when he was urged to declare that he died in the communion of that Church, he seemed not to hear what was said, and nothing could induce him to take the Eucharist from the hands of the bishops. A table with bread and wine was brought to his bedside, but in vain. Sometimes he said that there was no hurry, and sometimes that he was too weak.

Many attributed this apathy to contempt for divine things, and many to the stupor which often precedes death; but there were in the palace a few persons who knew better. Charles had never been a sincere member of the Established Church. His mind had long oscillated between Hobbism and popery. When his health was good and his spirits

\* Evelyn's Diary, Jan. 24, 1681-2, Oct. 4, 1683.  
† Dugdale's Correspondence.

\* Hawkins's Life of Ken, 1713

high, he was a scoffer. In his few serious moments he was a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York was aware of this, but was entirely occupied with the care of his own interests. He had ordered the outposts to be closed. He had posted detachments of the Guards in different parts of the city. He had also procured the feeble signature of the dying king to an instrument by which some duties, granted only until the demise of the crown, were let to farm for a term of three years. These things occupied the attention of James to such a degree that, though on ordinary occasions he was indiscreetly and unseasonably eager to bring over proselytes to his Church, he never reflected that his brother was in danger of dying without the last sacraments. This neglect was the more extraordinary, because the Duchess of York had, at the request of the queen, suggested, on the morning on which the king was taken ill, the propriety of procuring spiritual assistance. For such assistance Charles was at last indebted to an agency very different from that of his pious wife and sister-in-law. A life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in the Duchess of Portsmouth all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex. The French ambassador Barillon, who had come to the palace to inquire after the king, paid her a visit. He found her in an agony of sorrow. She took him into a secret room, and poured out her whole heart to him. "I have," she said, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The king is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bed-chamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late."

Barillon hastened to the bed-chamber, took the duke aside, and delivered the message of the mistress. The conscience of James smote him. He started as if roused from sleep, and declared that nothing should prevent him from discharging the sacred duty which had been too long delayed. Several schemes were discussed and rejected. At last the duke commanded the crowd to stand aloof, went to the bed, stooped down, and whispered something which none of the spectators could hear, but which they supposed to be some question about affairs of state. Charles answered in an audible voice, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." None of the by-standers, except the French ambassador, guessed that the king was declar-

ing his wish to be admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

"Shall I bring a priest?" said the duke. "Do, brother," replied the sick man. "For God's sake do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life," said the duke, "I will fetch a priest."

To find a priest, however, for such a purpose, at a moment's notice, was not easy; for, as the law then stood, the person who admitted a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church was guilty of a capital crime. The Count of Castel Melhor, a Portuguese nobleman, who, driven by political troubles from his native land, had been hospitably received at the English court, undertook to procure a confessor. He had recourse to his countrymen who belonged to the queen's household; but he found that none of her chaplains knew English or French enough to shrive the king. The duke and Barillon were about to send to the Venetian minister for a clergyman, when they heard that a Benedictine monk, named John Huddleston, happened to be at Whitehall. This man had, with great risk to himself, saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester, and had, on that account, been, ever since the Restoration, a privileged person. In the sharpest proclamations which were put forth against popish priests, when false witnesses had inflamed the nation to fury, Huddleston had been excepted by name.\* He readily consented to put his life a second time in peril for his prince; but there was still a difficulty. The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance. He, however, obtained some hints, through the intervention of Castel Melhor, from a Portuguese ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant, who, if the satires of that age are to be credited, had often introduced visitors of a very different description by the same entrance. The duke then, in the king's name, commanded all who were present to quit the room, except Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and John Granville, earl of Bath. Both these lords professed the Protestant religion; but James conceived that he could count on their fidelity. Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and nephew of the great Turenne, held high rank in the English army, and was chamberlain to the queen. Bath was groom of the stole.

The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered.

\* See the London Gazette of Nov. 21, 1678. Barillon and Burnet say that Huddleston was excepted out of all the acts of Parliament made against priests; but this is a mistake.

A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the duke, "this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's Supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour, and during that time the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best-beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James. "And do not," he good-naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offense which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles; "I ask hers, with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall, and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a

clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle.\*

At that time, the common people throughout Europe, and nowhere more than in Eng-

\* Clarke's Life of James the Second, i, 746, Orig. Mem.; Barillon's Dispatch of Feb. 8-18, 1683; Citters' Dispatches of Feb. 2-13, and Feb. 6-16; Huddleston's Narrative; Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, 277; Sir H. Ellis's Original Letters, First Series iii, 333; Second Series, iv, 74; Chaillot MS; Burnet, i, 606; Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 4, 1684-5; Welwood's Memoirs, 140; North's Life of Guildford, 252, Examen, 648; Hawkins's Life of Ken; Dryden's *Threnodia Augustalis*; Sir H. Hallford's Essay on Deaths of Eminent Persons. See, also, fragment of a letter which Lord Bruce wrote long after he had become Earl of Ailesbury, and which is printed in the European Magazine for April, 1795. Ailesbury calls Burnet an impostor, yet his own narrative and Burnet's will not, to any candid and sensible reader, appear to contradict each other. I have seen in the British Museum, and also in the Library of the Royal Institution, a curious broadside containing an account of the death of Charles. The author was evidently a zealous Roman Catholic, and must have had access to good sources of information. I strongly suspect that he had been in communication, directly or indirectly, with James himself. No name is given at length, but the initials are perfectly intelligible, except in one place. It is said that the D. of Y. was reminded of the duty which he owed to his brother by P. M. A. C. F. I must own myself quite unable to decipher the last five letters.

It should seem that no transactions in history ought to be more accurately known to us than those which took place round the death-bed of Charles the Second. We have several relations written by persons who were actually in his room. We have several relations written by persons who, though not themselves eye-witnesses, had the best opportunities of obtaining information from eye-witnesses; yet whoever attempts to digest this vast mass of materials into a consistent narrative will find the task a difficult one. Indeed, James and his wife, when they told the story to the nuns of Chaillot, could not agree as to some circumstances. The queen said that, after Charles had received the last sacraments, the Protestant bishops renewed their exhortations. The king said that nothing of the kind took place. "Surely," said the queen, "you told me so yourself." "It is impossible that I could have told you so," said the king, "for nothing of the sort happened."

It is much to be regretted that Sir Henry Hallford should have taken so little trouble to ascertain the facts on which he pronounced judgment. He does not seem to have been aware of the existence of the narratives of James, Barillon, and Huddleston.

As this is the first occasion on which I cite the correspondence of the Dutch ministers at the English court, I ought here to mention that a series of their dispatches, from the accession of James the Second to his flight, forms one of the most valuable parts of the Mackintosh Collection. The subsequent dispatches, down to the settlement of the government in February, 1689, I procured from the Hague. The Dutch archives have been far too little explored. They abound with information interesting in the highest degree to every Englishman. They are admirably arranged, and they are in the charge of gentlemen whose courtesy, liberality, and zeal for the interests of literature cannot be too highly praised. I wish to acknowledge, in the strongest manner, my own obligations to Mr. De Jonge and to Mr. Van Zwanne.



land, were in the habit of attributing the deaths of princes, especially when the prince was popular and the death unexpected, to the foulest and darkest kind of assassination. Thus James the First had been accused of poisoning Prince Henry. Thus Charles the First had been accused of poisoning James the First. Thus when, in the time of the Commonwealth, the Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrooke, it had been loudly asserted that Cromwell had stooped to the senseless and dastardly wickedness of mixing noxious drugs with the food of a young girl whom he had no conceivable motive to injure.\* A few years later, the rapid decomposition of Cromwell's own corpse was ascribed by many to a deadly potion administered in his medicine. The death of Charles the Second could scarcely fail to occasion similar rumors. The public ear had been repeatedly abused by stories of popish plots against his life. There was, therefore, in many minds, a strong predisposition to suspicion, and there were some unlucky circumstances which, to minds so predisposed, might seem to indicate that a crime had been perpetrated. The fourteen doctors who deliberated on the king's case contradicted each other and themselves. Some of them thought that his fit was epileptic, and that he should be suffered to have his doze out. The majority pronounced him apoplectic, and tortured him during some hours like an Indian at a stake. Then it was determined to call his complaint a fever, and to administer doses of bark. One physician, however, protested against this course, and assured the queen that his brethren would kill the king among them. Nothing better than dissension and vacillation could be expected from such a multitude of advisers. But many of the vulgar not unnaturally concluded, from the perplexity of the great masters of the healing art, that the malady had some extraordinary origin. There is reason to believe that a horrible suspicion did actually cross the mind of Short, who, though skillful in his profession, seems to have been a nervous and faneiful man, and whose perceptions were probably confused by dread of the odious imputations to which he, as a Roman Catholic, was peculiarly exposed. We can not, therefore, wonder that wild stories without number were repeated and believed by the common people. His majesty's tongue had swelled to the size of a neat's tongue. A cake of deleterious powder had been found in his brain. There were blue spots on his

breast. There were black spots on his shoulder. Something had been put into his snuff-box. Something had been put into his broth. Something had been put into his favorite dish of eggs and ambergis. The Duchess of Portsmouth had poisoned him in a cup of chocolate. The queen had poisoned him in a jar of dried pears. Such tales ought to be preserved, for they furnish us with a measure of the intelligence and virtue of the generation which eagerly devoured them. That no rumor of the same kind has ever, in the present age, found credit among us, even when lives on which great interests depended have been terminated by unforeseen attacks of disease, is to be attributed partly to the progress of medical and chemical science, but partly also, it may be hoped, to the progress which the nation has made in good sense, justice, and humanity.\* When all was over, James retired from the bedside to his closet, where, during a quarter of an hour, he remained alone. Meanwhile the privy counselors who were in the palace assembled. The new king came forth, and took his place at the head of the board. He commenced his reign, according to usage, by a speech to the council. He expressed his regret for the loss which he had just sustained, and promised to imitate the singular lenity which had distinguished the late reign. He was aware, he said, that he had been accused of a fondness for arbitrary power; but that was not the only falsehood which had been told of him. He was resolved to maintain the established government both in Church and State. The Church of England he knew to be eminently loyal. It should, therefore, always be his care to support and defend her. The laws of England, he also knew, were sufficient to make him as great a king as he could wish to be. He would not relinquish his own rights, but he would respect the rights of others. He had formerly risked his life in defense of his country, and he would still go as far as any man in support of her just liberties.

This speech was not, like modern speeches on similar occasions, carefully prepared by the advisers of the sovereign. It was the extemporaneous expression of the new king's feelings at a moment of great excitement. The members of the council broke forth into clamors of delight and gratitude. The Lord-president Rochester, in the name of his

\* Welwood, 139; Burnet, i, 609; Sheffield's Character of Charles the Second; North's Life of Guildford, 253; Examen, 648; Revolution Politics; Higgons on Burnet. What North says of the embarrassment and vacillation of the physicians is confirmed by the dispatches of Citters. I have been much perplexed by the strange story about Short's insipiens. I was, at one time, inclined to adopt North's solution; but, though I attach little weight to the authority of Welwood and Burnet in such a case, I can not reject the testimony of so well-informed and so unwilling a witness as Sheffield.

\* Clarendon mentions this calumny with just scorn. "According to the charity of the time toward Cromwell, very many would have it believed to be by poison, of which there was no appearance, nor any proof ever after made."—Book xiv.

brethren, expressed a hope that his majesty's most welcome declaration would be made public. The solicitor general, Henceage Finch, offered to act as clerk. He was a zealous churchman, and, as such, was naturally desirous that there should be some permanent record of the gracious promises which had just been uttered. "Those promises," he said, "have made so deep an impression on me, that I can repeat them word for word." He soon produced his report. James read it, approved of it, and ordered it to be published. At a later period he said that he had taken this step without due consideration; that his unpremeditated expressions touching the Church of England were too strong; and that Finch had, with a dexterity which at the time escaped notice, made them still stronger.\*

The king had been exhausted by long watching and by many violent emotions. He now retired to rest. The privy counselors, having respectfully accompanied him to his bed-chamber, returned to their seats, and issued orders for the ceremony of proclamation. The guards were under arms; the heralds appeared in their gorgeous coats; and the pageant proceeded without any obstruction. Casks of wine were broken up in the streets, and all who passed were invited to drink the health of the new sovereign. But, though an occasional shout was raised, the people were not in a joyous mood. Tears were seen in many eyes; and it was remarked that there was scarcely a housemaid in London who had not contrived to procure some fragment of black crape in honor of King Charles.†

The funeral called forth much censure. It would, indeed, hardly have been accounted worthy of a noble and opulent subject. The Tories gently blamed the new king's parsimony; the Whigs sneered at his want of natural affection; and the fiery Covenanters of Scotland exultingly proclaimed that the curse denounced of old against wicked princes had been signally fulfilled, and that the departed tyrant had been buried with the burial of an ass.‡ Yet James commenced his administration with a large measure of public good will. His speech to the council appeared in print, and the impression which it produced was highly favorable to him. This, then, was the prince whom a faction had driven into exile and had tried to rob of his birthright, on the ground that he was a deadly enemy to the religion and laws of England. He had tri-

umphed; he was on the throne; and his first act was to declare that he would defend the Church, and would strictly respect the rights of his people. The estimate which all parties had formed of his character added weight to every word that fell from him. The Whigs called him haughty, implacable, obstinate, regardless of public opinion. The Tories, while they extolled his princely virtues, had often lamented his neglect of the arts which conciliate popularity. Satire itself had never represented him as a man likely to court public favor by professing what he did not feel, and by promising what he had no intention of performing. On the Sunday which followed his accession, his speech was quoted in many pulpits. "We have now for our Church," cried one loyal preacher, "the word of a king, and of a king who was never worse than his word." This pointed sentence was fast circulated through town and country, and was soon the watchword of the whole Tory party.\*

The great offices of state had become vacant by the demise of the crown, and it was necessary for James to determine how they should be filled. Few of the members of the late cabinet had any reason to expect his favor. Sunderland, who was secretary of state, and Godolphin, who was first lord of the Treasury, had supported the Exclusion Bill. Halifax, who held the privy seal, had opposed that bill with unrivaled powers of argument and eloquence; but Halifax was the mortal enemy of despotism and of popery. He saw with dread the progress of the French arms on the Continent, and the influence of French gold in the councils of England. Had his advice been followed, the laws would have been strictly observed; clemency would have been extended to the vanquished Whigs; the Parliament would have been convoked in the due season; an attempt would have been made to reconcile our domestic factions; and the principles of the Triple Alliance would again have guided our foreign policy. He had therefore incurred the bitter animosity of James. The Lord-keeper Guildford could hardly be said to belong to either of the parties into which the court was divided. He could by no means be called a friend of liberty; and yet he had so great a reverence for the letter of the law that he was not a serviceable tool of arbitrary power. He was accordingly designated by the vehement Tories as a Trimmer, and was to James an object of aversion with which contempt was largely mingled. Ormond, who was lord steward of the household and Viceroy of Ireland, then resided at Dublin. His claims on the royal gratitude were superior to

\* London Gazette, Feb. 9, 1684-5; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 7; Barillon, Feb. 9-19; Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 6.

† See the authorities cited in the last note. See, also, the Examen, 647; Burnet, i, 620; Higsons on Burnet.

‡ London Gazette, Feb. 14, 1684-5; Evelyn's Diary of the same day; Burnet, i, 610; The Hind let loose.

\* Burnet, i, 629; L'Estrange, Observer, Feb. 11, 1684-5.

those of any other subject. He had fought bravely for Charles the First; he had shared the exile of Charles the Second; and, since the Restoration, he had, in spite of many provocations, kept his loyalty unstained. Though he had been disgraced during the predominance of the Cabal, he had never gone into factious opposition, and had, in the days of the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill, been foremost among the supporters of the throne. He was now old, and had been recently tried by the most cruel of all calamities. He had followed to the grave a son who should have been his own chief mourner, the gallant Ossory. The eminent services, the venerable age, and the domestic misfortunes of Ormond, made him an object of general interest to the nation. The Cavaliers regarded him as, both by right of seniority and right of merit, their head; and the Whigs knew that, faithful as he had always been to the cause of monarchy, he was no friend either to despotism or to popery. But, high as he stood in the public estimation, he had little favor to expect from his new master. James, indeed, while still a subject, had urged his brother to make a complete change in the Irish administration. Charles had assented; and it had been arranged that, in a few months, Rochester should be appointed lord lieutenant.\*

Rochester was the only member of the cabinet who stood high in the favor of the new king. The general expectation was that he would be immediately placed at the head of affairs, and that all the other great officers of state would be changed. This expectation proved to be well founded in part only. Rochester was declared lord treasurer, and thus became prime minister. Neither a lord high admiral nor a Board of Admiralty was appointed. The new king, who loved the details of naval business, and would have made a respectable clerk in a dock-yard at Chatham, determined to be his own minister of marine. Under him, the management of that important department was confided to Samuel Pepys, whose library and diary have kept his name fresh to our time. No counselor of the late sovereign was publicly disgraced. Sunderland exerted so much art and address, employed so many intercessors, and was in possession of so many secrets, that he was suffered to retain his seals. Godolphin's obsequiousness, industry, experience, and taciturnity could ill be spared. As he was no longer wanted at the Treasury, he was made chamberlain to the queen. With these three lords the king took counsel on all important

questions. As to Halifax, Ormond, and Guildford, he determined not yet to dismiss them, but merely to humble and annoy them.

Halifax was told that he must give up the privy seal and accept the presidency of the council. He submitted with extreme reluctance; for, though the president of the council had always taken precedence of the lord privy seal, the lord privy seal was, in that age, a much more important officer than the lord president. Rochester had not forgotten the jest which had been made a few months before on his own removal from the Treasury, and enjoyed in his turn the pleasure of kicking his rival up stairs. The privy seal was delivered to Rochester's elder brother, Edward, Earl of Clarendon.

To Barillon James expressed the strongest dislike of Halifax. "I know him well; I never can trust him. He shall have no share in the management of public business. As to the place which I have given him, it will just serve to show how little influence he has." But to Halifax it was thought convenient to hold a very different language. "All the past is forgotten," said the king, "except the service which you did me in the debate on the Exclusion Bill." This speech has often been cited to prove that James was not so vindictive as he has been called by his enemies. It seems rather to prove that he by no means deserved the praises which have been bestowed on his sincerity by his friends.\*

Ormond was politely informed that his services were no longer needed in Ireland, and was invited to repair to Whitehall, and to perform the functions of lord steward. He dutifully submitted, but did not affect to deny that the new arrangement wounded his feelings deeply. On the eve of his departure he gave a magnificent banquet at Kilmainham Hospital, then just completed, to the officers of the garrison of Dublin. After dinner he rose, filled a goblet to the brim with wine, and, holding it up, asked whether he had spilled one drop. "No, gentlemen; whatever the courtiers may say, I am not yet sunk into dotage. My hand does not fail me yet; and my hand is not steadier than my heart. To the health of King James!" Such was the last farewell of Ormond to Ireland. He left the administration in the hands of lords justices, and repaired to London, where he was received with unusual marks of public respect. Many persons of rank went forth to meet him on the road. A long train of equipages followed him into Saint James's Square, where

\* The letters which passed between Rochester and Ormond on this subject will be found in the Clarendon Correspondence.

\* The ministerial changes are announced in the London Gazette, Feb. 19, 1684-5. See Burnet, i, 621; Barillon, Feb. 9-19, 16-26, and Feb. 19-Mar. 1.

his mansion stood; and the square was thronged by a multitude which greeted him with loud acclamations.\*

The great seal was left in Guildford's custody; but a marked indignity was at the same time offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigor and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous violence; for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy, and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of all the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated; yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivaled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable; but these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment

day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common serjeant, and then recorder of London. As judge at the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterward, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her until the blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!"\* He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet. "Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.†

By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had therefore professed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explained to popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death. But, as soon as he had got all that the city could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court. Chiffinch, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent his aid. He had conducted many amorous and many political intrigues, but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys to Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revengeful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as

\* Christmas Sessions Paper of 1678.

† The Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit, Part 7, chapter v. In this work, Ludowick, after his fashion, revenges himself on the "bawling devil," as he calls Jeffreys, by a string of curses, which Ernulphus might have envied. The trial was in January, 1677.

they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. "That man," said the king, "has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers."\* Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who revered law or was sensible of shame; and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind; but he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he seldom had the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful; but, in general, his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humored. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons, selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practiced before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a

maniac. When he was in this state his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way, for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity, and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.

The services which the government had expected from him were performed, not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with this beginning. Respectable Tories lamented the disgrace which the barbarity and indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice; but the excesses which filled such men with horror were titles to the esteem of James. Jeffreys, therefore, after the death of Charles, obtained a seat in the cabinet and a peerage. This last honor was a signal mark of royal approbation; for, since the judicial system of the realm had been remodelled in the thirteenth century, no chief justice had been a lord of Parliament.\*

Guildford now found himself superseded in all his political functions, and restricted to his business as a judge in equity. At council he was treated by Jeffreys with marked incivility. The whole legal patronage was in the hands of the chief justice; and it was well known by the bar that the surest way to propitiate the chief justice was to treat the lord keeper with disrespect.

James had not been many hours king when a dispute arose between the two heads of the law. The customs had been settled on Charles only for life, and could not, therefore, be legally exacted by the new sovereign. Some weeks must elapse before a House of Commons could be chosen. If, in the meantime, the duties were suspended, the revenue would suffer; the regular course of trade would be interrupted; the consumer would derive no benefit; and the only gainers would be those fortunate speculators whose cargoes might happen to arrive during the interval between the demise of the crown and the meeting of the Parliament. The Treasury was besieged by merchants whose warehouses were filled with goods

\* The chief sources of information concerning Jeffreys are the State Trials and North's Life of Lord Guildford. Some touches of minor importance I owe to cotemporary pamphlets in verse and prose. Such are the Bloody Assizes, the Life and Death of George Lord Jeffreys, the Panegyric on the late Lord Jeffreys, the letter to the Lord Chancellor, Jeffreys's Elegy. See, also, Evelyn's Diary, Dec. 5, 1683, Oct. 31, 1685. I scarcely need advise every reader to consult Lord Campbell's excellent book.

\* This saying is to be found in many cotemporary pamphlets. Titus Oates was never tired of quoting it.—See his EIKON BASILIKÆ.

on which duty had been paid, and who were in grievous apprehension of being undersold and ruined. Impartial men must admit that this was one of those cases in which a government may be justified in deviating from the strictly constitutional course; but, when it is necessary to deviate from the strictly constitutional course, the deviation clearly ought to be no greater than the necessity requires. Guildford felt this, and gave advice which did him honor. He proposed that the duties should be levied, but should be kept in the Exchequer apart from other sums until the Parliament should meet. In this way the king, while violating the letter of the laws, would show that he wished to conform to their spirit. Jeffreys gave very different counsel. He advised James to put forth an edict declaring it to be his majesty's will and pleasure that the customs should continue to be paid. This advice was well suited to the king's temper. The judicious proposition of the lord keeper was rejected as worthy only of a Whig, or of what was still worse, a Trimmer. A proclamation, such as the chief justice had suggested, appeared. Some people expected that a violent outbreak of public indignation would be the consequence; but they were deceived. The spirit of opposition had not yet revived; and the court might safely venture to take steps which, five years before, would have produced a rebellion. In the city of London, lately so turbulent, scarcely a murmur was heard.\*

The proclamation which announced that the customs would still be levied, announced also that a Parliament would shortly meet. It was not without many misgivings that James had determined to call the estates of his realm together. The moment was, indeed, most auspicious for a general election. Never since the accession of the house of Stuart had the constituent bodies been so favorably disposed toward the court. But the new sovereign's mind was haunted by an apprehension not to be mentioned, even at this distance of time, without shame and indignation. He was afraid that by summoning the Parliament of England he might incur the displeasure of the King of France.

To the King of France it mattered little which of the two English parties triumphed at the elections; for all the Parliaments which had met since the Restoration, whatever might have been their temper as to domestic politics, had been jealous of the growing power of the house of Bourbon. On this subject there was little difference between the Whigs and the sturdy country gentlemen who formed the

main strength of the Tory party. Louis had therefore spared neither bribes nor menaces to prevent Charles from convoking the houses; and James, who had from the first been in the secret of his brother's foreign politics, had now, in becoming King of England, become also a hireling and vassal of Louis.

Rochester, Godolphin, and Sunderland, who now formed the interior cabinet, were perfectly aware that their late master had been in the habit of receiving money from the court of Versailles. They were consulted by James as to the expediency of convoking the Legislature. They owned the great importance of keeping Louis in good humor; but it seemed to them that the calling of a Parliament was not a matter of choice. Patient as the nation appeared to be, there were limits to its patience. The principle that the money of the subject could not be lawfully taken by the king without the assent of the Commons, was firmly rooted in the public mind; and though, on an extraordinary emergency, even Whigs might be willing to pay, during a few weeks, duties not imposed by statute, it was certain that even Tories would become refractory if such irregular taxation should continue longer than the special circumstances which alone justified it. The houses, then, must meet; and, since it was so, the sooner they were summoned the better. Even the short delay which would be occasioned by a reference to Versailles might produce irreparable mischief. Discontent and suspicion would spread fast through society. Halifax would complain that the fundamental principles of the Constitution were violated. The lord keeper, like a cowardly, pedantic special pleader as he was, would take the same side. What might have been done with a good grace would at last be done with a bad grace. Those very ministers whom his majesty most wished to lower in the public estimation, would gain popularity at his expense. The ill temper of the nation might seriously affect the result of the elections. These arguments were unanswerable. The king therefore notified to the country his intention of holding a Parliament; but he was painfully anxious to exculpate himself from the guilt of having acted undutifully and disrespectfully toward France. He led Barillon into a private room, and there apologized for having dared to take so important a step without the previous sanction of Louis. "Assure your master," said James, "of my gratitude and attachment. I know that without his protection I can do nothing. I know what troubles my brother brought on himself by not adhering steadily to France. I will take good care not to let the houses meddle with foreign affairs. If I see in them any disposi-

\* London Gazette, Feb. 12, 1684-5; North's Life of Guildford, 254.

tion to make mischief, I will send them about their business. Explain this to my good brother. I hope that he will not take it amiss that I have acted without consulting him. He has a right to be consulted, and it is my wish to consult him about everything; but in this case the delay even of a week might have produced serious consequences."

These ignominious excuses were, on the following morning, repeated by Rochester. Barillon received them civilly. Rochester, grown bolder, proceeded to ask for money. "It will be well laid out," he said; "your master can not employ his revenues better. Represent to him strongly how important it is that the King of England should be dependent, not on his own people, but on the friendship of France alone."<sup>\*</sup>

Barillon hastened to communicate to Louis the wishes of the English government; but Louis had already anticipated them. His first act, after he was apprised of the death of Charles, was to collect bills of exchange on England to the amount of five hundred thousand livres, a sum equivalent to about thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling. Such bills were not then to be easily procured in Paris at a day's notice. In a few hours, however, the purchase was effected, and a courier started for London.† As soon as Barillon received the remittance, he flew to Whitehall, and communicated the welcome news. James was not ashamed to shed, or pretend to shed, tears of delight and gratitude. "Nobody but your king," he said, "does such kind, such noble things. I never can be grateful enough. Assure him that my attachment will last to the end of my days." Rochester, Sunderland, and Godolphin came, one after another, to embrace the ambassador, and to whisper to him that he had given new life to their royal master.‡

But, though James and his three advisers were pleased with the promptitude which Louis had shown, they were by no means satisfied with the amount of the donation. As they were afraid, however, that they might give offense by importunate mendicancy, they merely hinted their wishes. They declared that they had no intention of higgling with so generous a benefactor as the French king, and that they were willing to trust entirely to his munificence. They, at the same time, attempted to propitiate him by a large sacrifice of national honor. It was well known that one chief end of his politics was to add the

Belgian provinces to his dominions. England was bound by a treaty, which had been concluded with Spain when Danby was lord treasurer, to resist any attempt which France might make on those provinces. The three ministers informed Barillon that their master considered that treaty as no longer obligatory. It had been made, they said, by Charles: it might, perhaps, have been binding on him; but his brother did not think himself bound by it. The most Christian king might, therefore, without any fear of opposition from England, proceed to annex Brabant and Hainault to his empire.\*

It was at the same time resolved that an extraordinary embassy should be sent to assure Louis of the gratitude and affection of James. For this mission was selected a man who did not as yet occupy a very eminent position, but whose renown, strangely made up of infamy and glory, filled at a later period the whole civilized world.

Soon after the Restoration, in the gay and dissolute times celebrated by the lively pen of Hamilton, James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honor who waited on his first wife. The young lady was not beautiful; but the taste of James was not nice; and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing; their loyalty was ardent; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have attained such high preferment.

Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations; but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colors in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been so much neglected that he could not spell the most common words of his own language; but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book learning. He was not loquacious; but, when he was forced to speak in public, his

\* The chief authority for these transactions is Barillon's dispatches of Feb. 9-19, 1685. It will be found in the appendix to Mr. Fox's History. See, also, Preston's letter to James, dated April 18-28, 1685, in Dalrymple.

† Louis to Barillon, Feb. 10-20, 1685.

‡ Barillon, Feb. 16-26, 1685.

\* Barillon, Feb. 18-26, 1685.

natural eloquence moved the envy of practiced rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never, in any emergency, lost, even for a moment, the perfect use of his admirable judgment.

In his twenty-third year he was sent with his regiment to join the French forces, then engaged in operations against Holland. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers. His professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers. He was publicly thanked at the head of the army, and received many marks of esteem and confidence from Turenne, who was then at the height of military glory.

Unhappily, the splendid qualities of John Churchill were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities, which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to show themselves in him. He was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was, during a short time, the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the king, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero instantly bought an annuity of five hundred a year, well secured on landed property.\* Already his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces, which, fifty years later, when he was a duke, a prince of the empire, and the richest subject in Europe, remained untouched.†

After the close of the war he was attached to the household of the Duke of York, accompanied his patron to the Low Countries and to Edinburgh, and was rewarded for his services with a Scotch peerage and with the command of the only regiment of dragoons which was then on the English establishment.‡ His wife had a post in the family of James's younger daughter, the Princess of Denmark.

\* Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 234. Chesterfield's Letters, Nov. 13, 1748. Chesterfield is an unexceptionable witness, for the annuity was a charge on the estate of his grandfather, Halifax. I hope that there is no truth in an addition to the story which may be found in Pope:

"The gallant, too, to whom she paid it down,  
Lived to refuse his mistress half a crown."

Curl calls this a piece of traveling scandal.

† Pope in Spence's Anecdotes.

‡ See the Historical Records of the First or Royal Dragoons. The appointment of Churchill to the command of this regiment was ridiculed as an instance of absurd partiality. One lampoon of that time, which I do not remember to have seen in print, but of which a manuscript copy is at the British Museum, contains these lines:

"Let's cut our meat with spoons:  
The sense is as good  
As that Churchill should  
Be put to command the dragoons."

Lord Churchill was now sent as ambassador extraordinary to Versailles. He had it in charge to express the warm gratitude of the English government for the money which had been so generously bestowed. It had been originally intended that he should, at the same time, ask Louis for a much larger sum; but, on full consideration, it was apprehended that such indelicate greediness might disgust the benefactor whose spontaneous liberality had been so signally displayed. Churchill was therefore directed to confine himself to thanks for what was past, and to say nothing about the future.\*

But James and his ministers, even while protesting that they did not mean to be importunate, contrived to hint, very intelligibly, what they wished and expected. In the French ambassador they had a dexterous, a zealous, and, perhaps, not a disinterested intercessor. Louis made some difficulties, probably with the design of enhancing the value of his gifts. In a very few weeks, however, Barillon received from Versailles fifteen hundred thousand livres more. This sum, equivalent to about a hundred and twelve thousand pounds sterling, he was instructed to dole out cautiously. He was authorized to furnish the English government with thirty thousand pounds, for the purpose of corrupting members of the new House of Commons. The rest he was directed to keep in reserve for some extraordinary emergency, such as a dissolution or an insurrection.†

The turpitude of these transactions is universally acknowledged, but their real nature seems to be often misunderstood; for, though the foreign policy of the last two kings of the house of Stuart has never, since the correspondence of Barillon was exposed to the public eye, found an apologist among us, there is still a party which labors to excuse their domestic policy; yet it is certain that between their domestic policy and their foreign policy there was a necessary and indissoluble connection. If they had upheld, during but a few months, the honor of the country abroad, they would have been compelled to change the whole system of their administration at home. To praise them for refusing to govern in conformity with the sense of Parliament, and yet to blame them for submitting to the dictation of Louis, is inconsistent; for they had only one choice, to be dependent on Louis, or to be dependent on Parliament.

James, to do him justice, would gladly have found out a third way, but there was none. He became the slave of France, but it would be incorrect to represent him as a contented

\* Barillon, Feb. 16-24, 1685.

† Barillon, April 6-16; Louis to Barillon, April 14-24.



slave. He had spirit enough to be at times angry with himself for submitting to such thralldom, and impatient to break loose from it; and this disposition was studiously encouraged by the agents of many foreign powers.

His accession had excited hopes and fears in every continental court, and the commencement of his administration was watched by strangers with interest scarcely less deep than that which was felt by his own subjects. One government alone wished that the troubles which had, during three generations, distracted England, might be eternal. All other governments, whether republican or monarchical, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, wished to see those troubles happily terminated.

The nature of the long contest between the Stuarts and their Parliaments was indeed very imperfectly apprehended by foreign statesmen; but no statesman could fail to perceive the effect which that contest had produced on the balance of power in Europe. In ordinary circumstances, the sympathies of the courts of Vienna and Madrid would doubtless have been with a prince struggling against subjects, and especially with a Roman Catholic prince struggling against heretical subjects; but all such sympathies were now overpowered by a stronger feeling. The fear and hatred inspired by the greatness, the injustice, and the arrogance of the French king were at the height. His neighbors might well doubt whether it were more dangerous to be at war or at peace with him; for in peace he continued to plunder and to outrage them; and they had tried the chances of war against him in vain. In this perplexity, they looked with intense anxiety toward England. Would she act on the principles of the Triple Alliance or on the principles of the treaty of Dover? On that issue depended the fate of all her neighbors. With her help Louis might yet be withstood; but no help could be expected from her until she was at unity with herself. Before the strife between the throne and the Parliament began, she had been a power of the first rank; on the day on which that strife terminated, she became a power of the first rank again; but while the dispute remained undecided, she was condemned to inaction and to vassalage. She had been great under the Plantagenets and Tudors; she was again great under the princes who reigned after the Revolution; but under the kings of the house of Stuart she was a blank in the map of Europe. She had lost one class of energies, and had not yet acquired another. That species of force which, in the fourteenth century, had enabled her to humble France and Spain, had ceased to exist. That species of force which, in the eighteenth century, humbled France

and Spain once more, had not yet been called into action. The government was no longer a limited monarchy after the fashion of the Middle Ages. It had not yet become a limited monarchy after the modern fashion. With the vices of two different systems, it had the strength of neither. The elements of our polity, instead of combining in harmony, counteracted and neutralized each other. All was transition, conflict, and disorder. The chief business of the sovereign was to infringe the privileges of the Legislature. The chief business of the Legislature was to encroach on the prerogatives of the sovereign. The king readily accepted foreign aid, which relieved him from the misery of being dependent on a mutinous Parliament. The Parliament refused to the king the means of supporting the national honor abroad, from an apprehension, too well founded, that those means might be employed in order to establish despotism at home. The effect of these jealousies was, that our country, with all her vast resources, was of as little account in Christendom as the Duchy of Savoy or the Duchy of Lorraine, and certainly of far less account than the small province of Holland.

France was deeply interested in prolonging this state of things.\* All other powers were deeply interested in bringing it to a close. The general wish of Europe was, that James would govern in conformity with law and with public opinion. From the Escurial itself came letters, expressing an earnest hope that the new king of England would be on good terms with his Parliament and his people.† From the Vatican itself came cautions against immoderate zeal for the Roman Catholic faith. Benedict Odescalchi, who filled the papal chair under the name of Innocent the Eleventh, felt, in his character of temporal sovereign, all those apprehensions with which other princes watched the progress of the French power. He had also grounds of uneasiness which were peculiar to himself. It was a

\* I might transcribe half of Barillon's correspondence in proof of this proposition; but I will only quote one passage, in which the views which guided the policy of the French government toward England are exhibited concisely and with perfect clearness.

“On pent tenir pour un maxime indubitable que l'accord du Roy d'Angleterre avec son Parlement, en quelque maniere qu'il se fasse, n'est pas conforme aux interests de V. M. Je me contente de penser cela sans m'en ouvrir a personne, et je cache avec soin mes sentimens a cet egard.”—BARILLON TO LOUIS, Feb. 28-Mar. 10, 1687. That this was the real secret of the whole policy of Louis toward our country was perfectly understood at Vienna. The Emperor Leopold wrote thus to James, March 30-April 9, 1689: “Galli id nnum agebant, ut, perpetuas inter Serenitatem vestram et ejusdem populus fovendo simultates, reliqua Christiana Europa tanto securius insultarent.”

† “Que sea unido con su reyno, y en todo buena inteligencia con el parlamento.”—DISPATCH FROM THE KING OF SPAIN TO DON PEDRO RONQUILLO, March 16-26, 1685. This dispatch is in the archives of Simancas, which contain a great mass of papers relating to English affairs. Copies of the most interesting of those papers are in the possession of M. Guizot, and were by him lent to me. It is with peculiar pleasure that, at this time, I acknowledge this mark of the friendship of so great a man.

happy circumstance for the Protestant religion that, at the moment when the last Roman Catholic King of England mounted the throne, the Roman Catholic Church was torn by dissension, and threatened with a new schism. A quarrel similar to that which raged in the eleventh century between the emperors and the supreme pontiffs had arisen between Louis and Innocent. Louis, zealous even to bigotry for the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but tenacious of his regal authority, accused the pope of encroaching on the secular rights of the French crown, and was in turn accused by the pope of encroaching on the spiritual power of the keys. The king, haughty as he was, encountered a spirit even more determined than his own. Innocent was, in all private relations, the meekest and gentlest of men; but, when he spoke officially from the chair of St. Peter, he spoke in the tones of Gregory the Seventh and of Sixtus the Fifth. The dispute became serious. Agents of the king were excommunicated; adherents of the pope were banished. The king made the champions of his authority bishops; the pope refused them institution. They took possession of the episcopal palaces and revenues, but they were incompetent to perform the episcopal functions. Before the struggle terminated, there were in France thirty prelates who could not confirm or ordain.\*

Had any prince then living, except Louis, been engaged in such a dispute with the Vatican, he would have had all Protestant governments on his side; but the fear and resentment which the ambition and insolence of the French king had inspired were such that whoever had the courage manfully to oppose him was sure of public sympathy. Even Lutherans and Calvinists, who had always detested the pope, could not refrain from wishing him success against a tyrant who aimed at universal monarchy. It was thus that, in the present century, many who regarded Pius the Seventh as anti-Christ were well pleased to see anti-Christ confront the gigantic power of Napoleon.

The resentment which Innocent felt toward France disposed him to take a mild and liberal view of the affairs of England. The return of the English people to the fold of which he was the shepherd would undoubtedly have rejoiced his soul; but he was too wise a man to believe that a nation so bold and stubborn could be brought back to the Church of Rome by the violent and unconstitutional exercise

of royal authority. It was not difficult to foresee that, if James attempted to promote the interests of his religion by illegal and unpopular means, the attempt would fail; the hatred with which the heretical islanders regarded the true faith would become fiercer and stronger than ever; and an indissoluble association would be created in their minds between Protestantism and civil freedom, between popery and arbitrary power. In the meantime, the king would be an object of aversion and suspicion to his people. England would still be, as she had been under James the First, under Charles the First, and under Charles the Second, a power of the third rank; and France would domineer unchecked beyond the Alps and the Rhine. On the other hand, it was probable that James, by acting with prudence and moderation, by strictly observing the laws, and by exerting himself to win the confidence of his Parliament, might be able to obtain, for the professors of his religion, a large measure of relief. Penal statutes would go first. Statutes imposing civil incapacities would soon follow. In the meantime, the English king and the English nation united might head the European coalition, and might oppose an insuperable barrier to the cupidity of Louis.

Innocent was confirmed in his judgment by the principal Englishmen who resided at his court. Of these, the most illustrious was Philip Howard, sprung from the noblest houses of Britain, grandson, on one side, of an Earl of Arundel, on the other of a Duke of Lennox. Philip had long been a member of the sacred college: he was commonly designated as the Cardinal of England; and he was the chief counselor of the Holy See in matters relating to his country. He had been driven into exile by the outcry of Protestant bigots; and a member of his family, the unfortunate Stafford had fallen a victim to their rage. But neither the cardinal's own wrongs, nor those of his house, had so heated his mind as to make him a rash adviser. Every letter, therefore, which went from the Vatican to Whitehall, recommended patience, moderation, and respect for the prejudices of the English people.\*

In the mind of James there was a great conflict. We should do him injustice if we supposed that a state of vassalage was agreeable to his temper. He loved authority and business. He had a high sense of his personal dignity; nay, he was not altogether destitute of a sentiment which bore some affinity to patriotism. It galled his soul to think that

\* Few English readers will be desirous to go deep into the history of this quarrel. Summaries will be found in Cardinal Bausset's *Life of Bossuet*, and in *Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV.*

\* Burnet, i, 661, and *Letter from Rome*; *Dodd's Church History*, Part viii, book i, art. 1.

the kingdom which he ruled was of far less account in the world than many states which possessed smaller natural advantages; and he listened eagerly to foreign ministers when they urged him to assert the dignity of his rank, to place himself at the head of a great confederacy, to become the protector of injured nations, and to tame the pride of that power which held the Continent in awe. Such exhortations made his heart swell with emotions unknown to his careless and effeminate brother; but those emotions were soon subdued by a stronger feeling. A vigorous foreign policy necessarily implied a conciliatory domestic policy. It was impossible at once to confront the might of France and to trample on the liberties of England. The executive government could undertake nothing great without the support of the Commons, and could obtain their support only by acting in conformity with their opinion. Thus James found that the two things which he most desired could not be possessed together. His second wish was to be feared and respected abroad; but his first wish was to be absolute master at home. Between the incompatible objects on which his heart was set, he, for a time, went irresolutely to and fro. The struggle in his own breast gave to his public acts a strange appearance of indecision and insincerity. Those who, without the clew, attempted to explore the maze of his politics, were unable to understand how the same man could be, in the same week, so haughty and so mean. Even Louis was perplexed by the vagaries of an ally who passed, in a few hours, from homage to defiance, and from defiance to homage. Yet, now that the whole conduct of James is before us, this inconsistency seems to admit of a simple explanation.

At the moment of his accession he was in doubt whether the kingdom would peaceably submit to his authority. The Exclusionists, lately so powerful, might rise in arms against him. He might be in great need of French money and French troops. He was therefore, during some days, content to be a syeophant and a mendicant. He humbly apologized for daring to call his Parliament together without the consent of the French government. He begged hard for a French subsidy. He wept with joy over the French bills of exchange. He sent to Versailles a special embassy charged with assurances of his gratitude, attachment, and submission; but scarcely had the embassy departed when his feelings underwent a change. He had been everywhere proclaimed without one riot, without one seditious outcry. From all corners of the island he received intelligence that his subjects were tranquil and obedient. His spirit rose. The degrading relation in

which he stood to a foreign power seemed intolerable. He became proud, punctilious, boastful, quarrelsome. He held such high language about the dignity of his crown and the balance of power that his whole court fully expected a complete revolution in the foreign politics of the realm. He commanded Church-ill to send a minute report of the ceremonial of Versailles, in order that the honors with which the English embassy was received there might be repaid, and not more than repaid, to the representative of France at Whitehall. The news of this change was received with delight at Madrid, Vienna, and the Hague.\* Louis was at first merely diverted. "My good ally talks big," he said; "but he is as fond of my pistoles as ever his brother was." Soon, however, the altered demeanor of James, and the hopes with which that demeanor inspired both the branches of the house of Austria, began to call for more serious notice. A remarkable letter is still extant, in which the French king intimated a strong suspicion that he had been duped, and that the very money which he had had sent to Westminster would be employed against him.†

By this time England had recovered from the sadness and anxiety caused by the death of the good-natured Charles. The Tories were loud in professions of attachment to their new master. The hatred of the Whigs was kept down by fear. That great mass which is not steadily Whig or Tory, but which inclines alternately to Whiggism and to Toryism, was still on the Tory side. The reaction which had followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament had not yet spent its force.

The king early put the loyalty of his Protestant friends to the proof. While he was a subject he had been in the habit of hearing mass with closed doors in a small oratory which had been fitted up for his wife. He now ordered the doors to be thrown open, in order that all who came to pay their duty to him might see the ceremony. When the host was elevated there was a strange confusion in the ante-chamber. The Roman Catholics fell on their knees; the Protestants hurried out of the room. Soon a new pulpit was erected in the palace; and, during Lent, a series of sermons was preached there by popish divines, to the great discomposure of zealous churchmen.‡

A more serious innovation followed. Passion Week came; and the king determined to hear mass with the same pomp with which

\* Consultations of the Spanish Council of State on April 2-12, and April 16-26, 1685, in the Archives of Simancas.

† Louis to Barillon, May 22-June 1, 1685; Burnet, i, 623.

‡ Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 5; Barillon, Feb. 19-Mar. 1, 1685; Evelyn's Diary, March 5, 1684-5.

his predecessors had been surrounded when they repaired to the temples of the established religion. He announced his intention to the three members of the interior cabinet, and requested them to attend him. Sunderland, to whom all religions were the same, readily consented. Godolphin, as chamberlain of the queen, had already been in the habit of giving her his hand when she repaired to her oratory, and felt no scruple about bowing himself officially in the house of Rimmon; but Rochester was greatly disturbed. His influence in the country arose chiefly from the opinion entertained by the clergy and by the Tory gentry that he was a zealous and uncompromising friend of the Church. His orthodoxy had been considered as fully atoning for faults which would otherwise have made him the most unpopular man in the kingdom, for boundless arrogance, for extreme violence of temper, and for manners almost brutal.\* He feared that, by complying with the royal wishes, he should greatly lower himself in the estimation of his party. After some altercation, he obtained permission to pass the holidays out of town. All the other great civil dignitaries were ordered to be at their posts on Easter Sunday. The rites of the Church of Rome were once more, after an interval of a hundred and twenty-seven years, performed at Westminster with regal splendor. The Guards were drawn out. The Knights of the Garter wore their collars. The Duke of Somerset, second in rank among the temporal nobles of the realm, carried the sword of state. A long train of great lords accompanied the king to his seat; but it was remarked that Ormond and Halifax remained in the ante-chamber. A few years before they had gallantly defended the cause of James against some of those who now pressed past them. Ormond had borne no share in the slaughter of Roman Catholics. Halifax had courageously pronounced Stafford not guilty. As the time-servers who had pretended to shudder at the thought of a popish king, and who had shed without pity the innocent blood of a popish peer, now elbowed each other to get near a popish altar, the accomplished Trimmer might, with some justice, indulge his solitary pride in that unpopular nickname.†

Within a week after this ceremony James made a far greater sacrifice of his own religious prejudices than he had yet called on any of his Protestant subjects to make. He was crowned on the twenty-third of April, the

feast of the patron saint of the realm. The Abbey and the Hall were splendidly decorated. The presence of the queen and of the perceresses gave to the solemnity a charm which had been wanting to the magnificent inauguration of the late king. Yet those who remembered that inauguration pronounced that there was a great falling off. The ancient usage was that, before a coronation, the sovereign, with all his heralds, judges, counselors, lords, and great dignitaries, should ride in state from the Tower to Westminster. Of these cavalcades, the last and the most glorious was that which passed through the capital while the feelings excited by the Restoration were still in full vigor. Arches of triumph overhung the road. All Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and the Strand, were lined with scaffolding. The whole city had thus been admitted to gaze on royalty in the most splendid and solemn form that royalty could wear. James ordered an estimate to be made of the cost of such a procession, and found that it would amount to about half as much as he proposed to expend in covering his wife with trinkets. He accordingly determined to be profuse where he ought to have been frugal, and niggardly where he might pardonably have been profuse. More than a hundred thousand pounds were laid out in dressing the queen, and the procession from the Tower was omitted. The folly of this course is obvious. If pageantry be of any use in politics, it is of use as a means of striking the imagination of the multitude. It is surely the height of absurdity to shut out the populace from a show of which the main object is to make an impression on the populace. James would have shown a more judicious munificence and a more judicious parsimony if he had traversed London from east to west with the accustomed pomp, and had ordered the robes of his wife to be somewhat less thickly set with pearls and diamonds. His example was, however, long followed by his successors; and sums which, well employed, would have afforded exquisite gratification to a large part of the nation, were squandered on an exhibition to which only three or four thousand privileged persons were admitted. At length the old practice was partially revived. On the day of the coronation of Queen Victoria there was a procession in which many deficiencies might be noted, but which was seen with interest and delight by half a million of her subjects, and which undoubtedly gave far greater pleasure and called forth far greater enthusiasm, than the more costly display which was witnessed by a select circle within the Abbey.

James had ordered Sancroft to abridge the ritual. The reason publicly assigned was that

\* "To those that ask boons  
He swears by God's oons,  
And chides them as if they came there to steal spoons."  
LAMENTABLE LORY, a ballad, 1684.

† Barillon, April 20-30, 1685.

the day was too short for all that was to be done; but whoever examines the changes which were made will see that the real object was to remove some things highly offensive to the religious feelings of a zealous Roman Catholic. The Communion Service was not read. The ceremony of presenting the sovereign with a richly-bound copy of the English Bible, and of exhorting him to prize above all earthly treasures a volume which he had been taught to regard as adulterated with false doctrine, was omitted. What remained, however, after all this curtailment, might well have raised scruples in the mind of a man who sincerely believed the Church of England to be a heretical society, within the pale of which salvation was not to be found. The king made an oblation on the altar. He appeared to join in the petitions of the Litany which was chanted by the bishops. He received from those false prophets the unction typical of a divine influence, and knelt with the semblance of devotion while they called down upon him that Holy Spirit of which they were, in his estimation, the malignant and obdurate foes. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature, that this man, who, from a fanatical zeal for his religion, threw away three kingdoms, yet chose to commit what was little short of an act of apostasy rather than forego the childish pleasure of being invested with the gew-gaws symbolical of kingly power.\*

Francis Turner, bishop of Ely, preached. He was one of those writers who still affected the obsolete style of Archbishop Williams and Bishop Andrews. The sermon was made up of quaint conceits, such as seventy years earlier might have been admired, but such as moved the scorn of a generation accustomed to the purer eloquence of Sprat, of South, and of Tillotson. King Solomon was King James. Adonijah was Monmouth. Joab was a Rye House conspirator; Shimei, a Whig libeler; Abiathar, an honest but misguided old Cavalier. One phrase in the Book of Chronicles was construed to mean that the king was above the Parliament; and another was cited to prove that he alone ought to command the militia. Toward the close of the discourse, the orator very timidly alluded to the new and embarrassing position in which the Church stood with reference to the sovereign, and reminded his hearers that the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, though not himself a Christian, had held in honor those Christians who remained true to their religion, and had treated with scorn those who sought to earn

his favor by apostasy. The service in the church was followed by a stately banquet in the hall, the banquet by brilliant fire-works, and the fire-works by much bad poetry.\*

This may be fixed upon as the moment at which the enthusiasm of the Tory party reached the zenith. Ever since the accession of the new king, addresses had been pouring in which expressed profound veneration for his person and office, and bitter detestation of the vanquished Whigs. The magistrates of Middlesex thanked God for having confounded the designs of those regicides and excluders who, not content with having murdered one blessed monarch, were bent on destroying the foundations of monarchy. The city of Gloucester execrated the blood-thirsty villains who had tried to deprive his majesty of his just inheritance. The burgesses of Wigan assured their sovereign that they would defend him against all plotting Achitophels and rebellious Absaloms. The grand jury of Suffolk expressed a hope that the Parliament would proscribe all the excluders. Many corporations pledged themselves never to return to Parliament any person who had voted for taking away the birthright of James. Even the capital was profoundly obsequious. The lawyers and traders vied with each other in servility. Inns of court and inns of chancery sent up fervent professions of attachment and submission. All the great commercial societies, the East India Company, the African Company, the Turkey Company, the Muscovia Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Maryland Merchants, the Jamaica Merchants, the Merchant Adventurers, declared that they most cheerfully complied with the royal edict which required them still to pay custom. Bristol, the second city of the island, echoed the voice of London. But nowhere was the spirit of loyalty stronger than in the two universities. Oxford declared that she would never swerve from those religious principles which bound her to obey the king without any restrictions or limitations. Cambridge condemned, in severe terms, the violence and treachery of those turbulent men who had unavailingly endeavored to turn the stream of succession out of the ancient channel.†

\* From Alda's dispatch of Jan. 22-Feb. 1, 1686, and from the expressions of the Pere d'Orleans (Histoire des Revolutions d'Angleterre, liv. xi.), it is clear that rigid Catholics thought the king's conduct indefensible.

\* London Gazette; Gazette de France; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 10; History of the Coronation of King James the Second and Queen Mary, by Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald, fol. 1687; Evelyn's Diary, May 21, 1685; Dispatch of the Dutch Embassadors, April 10-20, 1685; Burnet, i, 628, Eachard, iii, 734; A Sermon preached before their Majesties King James the Second and Queen Mary at their Coronation in Westminster Abbey, April 23, 1685, by Francis, Lord Bishop of Ely, and Lord Almoner. I have seen an Italian account which was published at Modena, and which is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which the writer sinks the fact that the prayers and psalms were in English, and that the bishops were heretics.

† See the London Gazette during the months of February, March, and April, 1685.

Such addresses as these filled, during a considerable time, every number of the London Gazette. But it was not only by addressing that the Tories showed their zeal. The writs for the new Parliament had gone forth, and the country was agitated by the tumult of a general election. No election had ever taken place under circumstances so favorable to the court. Hundreds of thousands whom the Popish Plot had scared into Whiggism had been scared back by the Rye House Plot into Toryism. In the counties the government could depend on an overwhelming majority of the gentlemen of three hundred a year and upward, and on the clergy almost to a man. Those boroughs which had once been the citadels of Whiggism had recently been deprived of their charters by legal sentence, or had prevented the sentence by voluntary surrender. They had now been reconstituted in such a manner that they were certain to return members devoted to the crown. Where the townsmen could not be trusted, the freedom had been bestowed on the neighboring squires. In some of the small western corporations, the constituent bodies were in great part composed of captains and lieutenants of the Guards. The returning officers were everywhere in the interest of the court. In every shire the lord lieutenant and his deputies formed a powerful, active, and vigilant committee for the purpose of cajoling and intimidating the freeholders. The people were solemnly warned from thousands of pulpits not to vote for any Whig candidate, as they should answer it to Him who had ordained the powers that be, and who had pronounced rebellion a sin not less deadly than witchcraft. All these advantages the predominant party not only used to the utmost, but abused in so shameless a manner, that grave and reflecting men, who had been true to the monarchy in peril, and who bore no love to Republicans and schismatics, stood aghast, and augured from such beginnings the approach of evil times.\*

Yet the Whigs though suffering the just punishment of their errors, though defeated, disheartened, and disorganized, did not yield without an effort. They were still numerous among the traders and artisans of the towns, and among the yeomanry and peasantry of the open country. In some districts, in Dorsetshire for example, and in Somersetshire, they were the great majority of the popula-

tion. In the remodeled boroughs they could do nothing; but, in every county where they had a chance, they struggled desperately. In Bedfordshire, which had lately been represented by the virtuous and unfortunate Russell, they were victorious on the show of hands, but were beaten at the poll.\* In Essex they polled thirteen hundred votes to eighteen hundred.† At the election for Northamptonshire, the common people were so violent in their hostility to the court candidate that a body of troops was drawn out in the market-place of the county town, and was ordered to load with ball.‡ The history of the contest for Buckinghamshire is still more remarkable. The Whig candidate, Thomas Wharton, eldest son of Philip Lord Wharton, was a man distinguished alike by dexterity and by audacity, and destined to play a conspicuous, though not always a respectable, part in the politics of several reigns. He had been one of those members of the House of Commons who had carried up the Exclusion Bill to the bar of the Lords. The court was therefore bent on throwing him out by fair or foul means. The Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys himself came down into Buckinghamshire for the purpose of assisting a gentleman named Hacket, who stood on the high Tory interest. A stratagem was devised which, it was thought, could not fail of success. It was given out that the polling would take place at Ailsbury; and Wharton, whose skill in all the arts of electioneering was unrivaled, made his arrangements on that supposition. At a moment's warning, the sheriff adjourned the poll to Newport Pagnell. Wharton and his friends hurried thither, and found that Hacket, who was in the secret, had already secured every inn and lodging. The Whig freeholders were compelled to tie their horses to the hedges, and to sleep under the open sky in the meadows which surround the little town. It was with the greatest difficulty that refreshments could be procured at such short notice for so large a number of men and beasts, though Wharton, who was utterly regardless of money when his ambition and party spirit were roused, disbursed fifteen hundred pounds in one day, an immense outlay for those times. Injustice seems, however, to have animated the courage of the stout-hearted yeomen of Bucks, the sons of the constituents of John Hampden. Not only was Wharton at the head of the poll, but he was able to spare his second votes to a man of

\* It would be easy to fill a volume with what Whig historians and pamphleteers have written on this subject. I will cite only one witness, a Churchman and a Tory. "Elections," says Evelyn, "were thought to be very indecently carried on in most places. God give a better issue of it than some expect!"—(May 10, 1685.) Again he says, "The truth is, there were many of the new members whose elections and returns were universally condemned."—[May 23.]

\* From a news-letter in the library of the Royal Institution. Citters mentions the strength of the Whig party in Bedfordshire.

† Bramston's Memoirs.

‡ Reflections on a Remonstrance and Protestation of all the good Protestants of this Kingdom, 1689; Dialogue between Two Friends, 1689.

moderate opinions, and to throw out the chief justice's candidate.\*

In Cheshire the contest lasted six days. The Whigs polled about seventeen hundred votes, the Tories about two thousand. The common people were vehement on the Whig side, raised the cry of "Down with the bishops," insulted the clergy in the streets of Chester, knocked down one gentleman of the Tory party, broke the windows, and beat the constables. The militia was called out to quell the riot, and was kept assembled, in order to protect the festivities of the conquerors. When the poll closed, a salute of five great guns from the castle proclaimed the triumph of the Church and the crown to the surrounding country. The bells rang. The newly-elected members went in state to the city Cross, accompanied by a band of music, and by a long train of knights and squires. The procession, as it marched, sang "Joy to Great Cæsar," a loyal ode, which had lately been written by Durfey, and which, though, like all Durfey's writings, utterly contemptible, was at that time almost as popular as *Lillebullero* became a few years later.† Round the Cross the train-bands were drawn up in order; a bonfire was lighted; the Exclusion Bill was burned; and the health of King James was drunk with loud acclamations. The following day was Sunday. In the morning the militia lined the streets leading to the Cathedral. The two knights of the shire were escorted with great pomp to the choir by the magistracy of the city, heard the dean preach a sermon, probably on the duty of passive obedience, and were afterward feasted by the mayor.‡

In Northumberland the triumph of Sir John Fenwick, a courtier whose name afterward obtained a melancholy celebrity, was attended by circumstances which excited interest in London, and which were thought not unworthy of being mentioned in the dispatches of foreign ministers. Newcastle was lighted up with bonfires. The steeples sent forth a joyous peal. A copy of the Exclusion Bill, and a black box resembling that which, according to the popular fable, contained the contract between Charles the Second and Lucy Walters, were publicly committed to the flames, with loud acclamations.§

The general result of the elections exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the court. James found with delight that it would

be unnecessary for him to expend a farthing in buying votes. He said that, with the exception of about forty members, the House of Commons was just such as he should himself have named;\* and this House of Commons it was in his power, as the law then stood, to keep to the end of his reign.

Secure of parliamentary support, he might now indulge in the luxury of revenge. His nature was not placable; and, while still a subject, he had suffered some injuries and indignities which might move even a placable nature to fierce and lasting resentment. One set of men in particular had, with a baseness and cruelty beyond all example and all description, attacked his honor and his life, the witnesses of the plot. He may well be excused for hating them, since, even at this day, the mention of their names excites the disgust and horror of all sects and parties.

Some of these wretches were already beyond the reach of human justice. Bedloe had died in his wickedness, without one sign of remorse or shame.† Dugdale had followed to the grave, driven mad, men said, by the furies of an evil conscience, and with loud shrieks imploring those who stood round his bed to take away Lord Stafford.‡ Carstairs, too, was gone. His end was all horror and despair; and, with his last breath, he had told his attendants to throw him into a ditch like a dog, for that he was not fit to sleep in a Christian burial-ground.§ But Oates and Dangerfield were still within the reach of the stern prince whom they had wronged. James, a short time before his accession, had instituted a civil suit against Oates for defamatory words, and a jury had given damages to the enormous amount of a hundred thousand pounds.|| The defendant had been taken in execution, and was lying in prison as a debtor, without hope of release. Two bills of indictment against him for perjury had been found by the grand jury of Middlesex a few weeks before the death of Charles. Soon after the close of the elections the trial came on.

Among the upper and middle classes Oates had scarcely a friend left. All intelligent Whigs were now convinced that, even if his narrative had some foundation in fact, he had erected on that foundation a vast superstructure of romance. A considerable number of low fanatics, however, still regarded him as a public benefactor. These people well knew that, if he were convicted, his sentence would be one of extreme severity, and were there-

\* *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas, marquis of Wharton, 1715.*  
† See the *Guardian*, No. 67; an exquisite specimen of Addison's peculiar manner. It would be difficult to find in any other writer such an instance of benevolence delicately flavored with contempt.

‡ *The Observer*, April 4, 1685.

§ *Dispatch of the Dutch Embassadors, April 10-20, 1685.*

\* *Burnet*, i. 636.

† A faithful account of the *Sickness, Death, and Burial of Captain Bedloe, 1680*; *Narrative of Lord Chief Justice North.*

‡ *Smith's Intrigues of the Popish Plot, 1685*

§ *Burnet*, i. 439.

|| See the proceedings in the *Collection of State Trials.*

fore indefatigable in their endeavors to manage an escape. Though as yet in confinement only for debt, he was put into irons by the authorities of the King's Bench prison; and even so he was with difficulty kept in safe custody. The mastiff that guarded his door was poisoned; and, on the very night preceding his trial, a ladder of ropes was introduced into his cell.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics, eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor.\* A few years earlier, his short neck, his legs uneven as those of a badger, his forehead low as that of a baboon, his purple cheeks, and his monstrous length of chin, had been familiar to all who frequented the courts of law. He had then been the idol of the nation. Wherever he had appeared, men had uncovered their heads to him. The lives and estates of the magnates of the realm had been at his mercy. Times had now changed; and many who had formerly regarded him as the deliverer of his country, shuddered at the sight of those hideous features on which villany seemed to be written by the hand of God.†

It was proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that this man had, by false testimony, deliberately murdered several guiltless persons. He called in vain on the most eminent members of the Parliaments which had rewarded and extolled him to give evidence in his favor. Some of those whom he had summoned absented themselves. None of them said anything tending to his vindication. One of them, the Earl of Huntingdon, bitterly reproached him with having deceived the houses, and drawn on them the guilt of shedding innocent blood. The judges browbeat and reviled the prisoner with an intemperance which, even in the most atrocious cases, ill becomes the judicial character. He betrayed, however, no sign of fear or of shame, and faced the storm of invective which burst upon him from bar, bench, and witness box with the insolence of despair. He was convicted on both indictments. His offense, though, in a moral light, murder of the most aggravated kind, was, in the eye of the law, merely a misdemeanor. The tribunal, however, was desirous to make his punishment more severe than that of felons or traitors, and not merely to put him to death, but to put him to death by frightful torments. He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habit, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led

round Westminster Hall with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two days, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. If, against all probability, he should happen to survive this horrible infliction, he was to be kept a close prisoner during life. Five times every year he was to be brought forth from his dungeon and exposed on the pillory in different parts of the capital.\*

This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed. On the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard, he was mercilessly pelted, and ran some risk of being pulled in pieces;† but in the city his partisans mustered in great force, raised a riot, and upset the pillory.‡ They were, however, unable to rescue their favorite. It was supposed that he would try to escape the horrible doom which awaited him by swallowing poison. All that he ate and drank was therefore carefully inspected. On the following morning he was brought forth to undergo his first flogging. At an early hour an innumerable multitude filled all the streets from Aldgate to the Old Bailey. The hangman laid on the lash with such unusual severity as showed that he had received special instructions. The blood ran down in rivulets. For a time the criminal showed a strange constancy; but at last his stubborn fortitude gave way. His bellows were frightful to hear. He swooned several times; but the scourge still continued to descend. When he was unbound, it seemed that he had borne as much as the human frame can bear without dissolution. James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and clear. "He shall go through with it, if he has breath in his body." An attempt was made to obtain the queen's intercession, but she indignantly refused to say a word in favor of such a wretch. After an interval of only forty-eight hours, Oates was again brought out of his dungeon. He was unable to stand, and it was necessary to drag him to Tyburn on a sledge. He seemed quite insensible, and the Tories reported that he had stupefied himself with strong drink. A person who counted the stripes on the second day said that they were seventeen hundred. The bad man escaped with life, but so narrowly that his ignorant and bigoted admirers thought his recovery miraculous, and appealed to it as a proof of his innocence. The doors of the prison closed upon him. During many months he remained ironed in the darkest hole of

\* Evelyn's Diary, May 7, 1685.

† There remain many pictures of Oates. The most striking descriptions of his person are in North's Examen, 225, in Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, and in a broadside entitled, A Hue and Cry after T. O.

\* The proceedings will be found at length in the Collection of State Trials.

† Gazette de France, May 29-June 9, 1685.

‡ Dispatch of the Dutch Ambassadors, May 19-29, 1685.



Newgate. It was said that in his cell he gave himself up to melancholy, and sat whole days uttering deep groans, his arms folded, and his hat pulled over his eyes. It was not in England alone that these events excited strong interest. Millions of Roman Catholics, who knew nothing of our institutions or of our factions, had heard that a persecution of singular barbarity had raged in our island against the professors of the true faith, that many pious men had suffered martyrdom, and that Titus Oates had been the chief murderer. There was, therefore, great joy in distant countries when it was known that the divine justice had overtaken him. Engravings of him, looking out from the pillory, and writhing at the cart's tail, were circulated all over Europe; and epigrammatists, in many languages, made merry with the doctoral title which he pretended to have received from the University of Salamanca, and remarked that since his forehead could not be made to blush, it was but reasonable that his back should do so.\*

Horrible as were the sufferings of Oates, they did not equal his crimes. The old law of England, which had been suffered to become obsolete, treated the false witness, who had caused death by means of perjury, as a murderer.† This was wise and righteous; for such a witness is, in truth, the worst of murderers. To the guilt of shedding innocent blood he has added the guilt of violating the most solemn engagement into which man can enter with his fellow-men, and of making institutions to which it is desirable that the public should look with respect and confidence instruments of frightful wrong and objects of general distrust. The pain produced by an ordinary assassination bears no proportion to the pain produced by assassination of which the courts of justice are made the agents. The mere extinction of life is a very small part of what makes an execution horrible. The prolonged mental agony of the sufferer, the shame and misery of all connected with him, the stain abiding even to the third and fourth generation, are things far more dreadful than death itself. In general, it may be safely affirmed

that the father of a large family would rather be bereaved of all his children by accident or by disease than lose one of them by the hands of the hangman. Murder by false testimony is therefore the most aggravated species of murder; and Oates had been guilty of many such murders. Nevertheless, the punishment which was inflicted upon him cannot be justified. In sentencing him to be stripped of his ecclesiastical habit and imprisoned for life, the judges seem to have exceeded their legal power. They were undoubtedly competent to inflict whipping, nor had the law assigned a limit to the number of stripes; but the spirit of the law clearly was that no misdemeanor should be punished more severely than the most atrocious felonies. The worst felon could only be hanged. The judges, as they believed, sentenced Oates to be scourged to death. That the law was defective is not a sufficient excuse; for defective laws should be altered by the Legislature, and not strained by the tribunals; and least of all should the law be strained for the purpose of inflicting torture and destroying life. That Oates was a bad man is not a sufficient excuse; for the guilty are almost always the first to suffer those hardships which are afterward used as precedents for oppressing the innocent. Thus it was in the present case. Merciless flogging soon became an ordinary punishment for political misdemeanors of no very aggravated kind. Men were sentenced for hasty words spoken against the government to pain so execrating that they, with unfeigned earnestness, begged to be brought to trial on capital charges, and sent to the gallows. Happily, the progress of this great evil was speedily stopped by the Revolution, and by that article of the Bill of Rights which condemns all cruel and unusual punishments.

The villainy of Dangerfield had not, like that of Oates, destroyed many innocent victims, for Dangerfield had not taken up the trade of a witness until the plot had been blown upon and juries had become incredulous.\* He was brought to trial, not for perjury, but for the less heinous offense of libel. He had, during the agitation caused by the Exclusion Bill, put forth a narrative containing some false and odious imputations on the late and on the present king. For this publication he was now, after the lapse of five years, suddenly taken up, brought before the Privy

\* Evelyn's Diary, May 22, 1685; Eachard, iii, 741; Burnet, i, 637; *Observer*, May 27, 1685; Oates's *Exon*, 89; Tom Brown's *Advice to Dr. Oates*. Some interesting circumstances are mentioned in a broadside, printed for A. Brooks, Charing Cross, 1685. I have seen cotemporary French and Italian pamphlets containing the history of the trial and execution. A print of Titus in the pillory was published at Milan, with the following curious inscription: "Questo e il naturale ritratto di Tito Otez, o vero Oatz, Inglese, posto in berlina, uo de' principali professori della religion Protestante, acerrimo persecutore de' Cattolici, e gran spiegiuro." I have also seen a Dutch engraving of his punishment, with some Latin verses, of which the following are a specimen:

"At Doctor factus non factus peritit lectus,  
A tortore datus haud molli in corpore gratos,  
Disceret ut vere scelera ob commissa rubere."

The anagram of his name, "Testis Ovat," may be found on many prints published in different countries.

† Blackstone's *Commentaries*, Chapter of Homicide.

\* According to Roger North, the judges decided that Dangerfield, having been previously convicted of perjury, was incompetent to be a witness of the plot. But this is one among many instances of Roger's inaccuracy. It appears from the report of the trial of Lord Castlemaine in June, 1680, that, after much altercation between counsel, and much consultation among the judges of the different courts in Westminster Hall, Dangerfield was sworn, and suffered to tell his story, but the jury very properly refused to believe him.

Council, committed, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn. The wretched man behaved with great effrontery during the trial; but when he heard his doom, he went into agonies of despair, gave himself up for dead, and chose a text for his funeral sermon. His forebodings were just. He was not, indeed, scourged quite so severely as Oates had been; but he had not Oates's iron strength of body and mind. After the execution, Dangerfield was put into a hackney-coach and was taken back to prison. As he passed the corner of Hatton Garden, a Tory gentleman of Gray's Inn, named Francis, stopped the carriage, and cried out with brutal levity, "Well, friend, have you had your heat this morning?" The bleeding prisoner, maddened by this insult, answered with a curse. Francis instantly struck him in the face with a cane, which injured the eye. Dangerfield was carried dying into Newgate. This dastardly outrage roused the indignation of the by-standers. They seized Francis, and were with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces. The appearance of Dangerfield's body, which had been frightfully lacerated by the whip, inclined many to believe that his death was chiefly, if not wholly, caused by the stripes which he had received. The government and the chief justice thought it convenient to lay the whole blame on Francis, who, though he seems to have been at worst guilty only of aggravated manslaughter, was tried and executed for murder. His dying speech is one of the most curious monuments of that age. The savage spirit which had brought him to the gallows remained with him to the last. Boasts of his loyalty and abuse of the Whigs were mingled with the parting ejaculations in which he commended his soul to the Divine mercy. An idle rumor had been circulated that his wife was in love with Dangerfield, who was eminently handsome and renowned for gallantry. The fatal blow, it was said, had been prompted by jealousy. The dying husband, with an earnestness half ridiculous, half pathetic, vindicated the lady's character. She was, he said, a virtuous woman; she came of a loyal stock, and, if she had been inclined to break her marriage vow, would at least have selected a Tory and a Churchman for her paramour.\*

\* Dangerfield's trial was not reported, but I have seen a concise account of it in a cotemporary broadside. An abstract of the evidence against Francis, and his dying speech, will be found in the Collection of State Trials. See Eachard, iii, 741. Burne's narrative contains more mistakes than lines. See, also, North's Examen, 256, the sketch of Dangerfield's life in the Bloody Assizes, and the Observer of July 29, 1685. In the very rare volume entitled "Succinct Genealogies, by Robert Halstead," Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was "a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding."

About the same time, a culprit, who bore very little resemblance to Oates or Dangerfield, appeared on the floor of the Court of King's Bench. No eminent chief of a party has ever passed through many years of civil and religious dissension with more innocence than Richard Baxter. He belonged to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body. He was a young man when the civil war broke out. He thought that the right was on the side of the houses, and he had no scruple about acting as chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army; but his clear and somewhat skeptical understanding, and his strong sense of justice, preserved him from all excesses. He exerted himself to check the fanatical violence of the soldiery. He condemned the proceedings of the High Court of Justice. In the days of the Commonwealth he had the boldness to express, on many occasions, and once even in Cromwell's presence, love and reverence for the ancient institutions of the country. While the royal family was in exile, Baxter's life was chiefly passed at Kidderminster in the assiduous discharge of parochial duties. He heartily concurred in the Restoration, and was sincerely desirous to bring about a union between Episcopalians and Presbyterians; for, with a liberality rare in his time, he considered questions of ecclesiastical polity as of small account when compared with the great principles of Christianity, and had never, even when prelacy was most odious to the ruling powers, joined in the outcry against bishops. The attempt to reconcile the contending factions failed. Baxter cast in his lot with his proscribed friends, refused the miter of Hereford, quitted the parsonage of Kidderminster, and gave himself up almost wholly to study. His theological writings, though too moderate to be pleasing to the bigots of any party, had an immense reputation. Zealous Churchmen called him a Roundhead; and many Nonconformists accused him of Erastianism and Arminianism. But the integrity of his heart, the purity of his life, the vigor of his faculties, and the extent of his attainments, were acknowledged by the best and wisest men of every persuasion. His political opinions, in spite of the oppression which he and his brethren had suffered, were moderate. He was partial to that small party which was hated by both Whigs and Tories. He could not, he said, join in cursing the Trimmers, when he remembered who it was that had blessed the peace-makers.\*

In a Commentary on the New Testament,

\* Baxter's Preface to Sir Matthew Hale's Judgment of the Nature of True Religion, 1684.

he had complained, with some bitterness, of the persecution which the Dissenters suffered. That men who, for not using the Prayer Book, had been driven from their homes, stripped of their property, and locked up in dungeons, should dare to utter a murmur, was then thought a high crime against the State and the Church. Roger Lestrangle, the champion of the government and the oracle of the clergy, sounded the note of war in the *Observer*. An information was filed. Baxter begged that he might be allowed some time to prepare for his defense. It was on the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard that the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, came to Westminster Hall to make this request. Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage. "Not a minute," he cried, "to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and, if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

When the trial came on at Guildhall, a crowd of those who loved and honored Baxter filled the court. At his side stood Docteur William Bates, one of the most eminent Nonconformist divines. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the chief justice broke forth: "Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;" and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, "Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old block-head then," cried Jeffreys, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city.

Wallop interposed, but fared no better than his leader. "You are in all these dirty causes, Mr. Wallop," said the judge. "Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves." The advocate made another attempt to obtain a hearing, but to no purpose. "If you do not know your duty," said Jeffreys, "I will teach it you."

Wallop sat down, and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word; but the chief jus-

tice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of *Hudibras*. "My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops!" cried the judge; "that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious, sniveling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And there," he continued, fixing his savage eye on Bates, "there is a doeter of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!"

Baxter held his peace. But one of the junior counsel for the defense made a last effort, and undertook to show that the words of which complaint was made would not bear the construction put on them by the information. With this view he began to read the context. In a moment he was roared down. "You shan't turn the court into a conventicle!" The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. "Sniveling calves!" said the judge.

Witnesses to character were in attendance, and among them were several clergymen of the Established Church. But the chief justice would hear nothing. "Does your lordship think," said Baxter, "that any jury will convict a man on such a trial as this?" "I warrant you, Mr. Baxter," said Jeffreys. "Don't trouble yourself about that." Jeffreys was right. The sheriffs were the tools of the government. The juries, selected by the sheriffs from among the fiercest zealots of the Tory party, conferred for a moment, and returned a verdict of guilty. "My lord," said Baxter, as he left the court, "there was once a chief justice who would have treated me very differently." He alluded to his learned and virtuous friend Sir Matthew Hale. "There is not an honest man in England," said Jeffreys, "but looks on thee as a knave."\*

The sentence was, for those times, a lenient one. What passed in conference among the judges can not be certainly known. It was

\* See the *Observer* of February 25, 1685, the information in the collection of State Trials, the account of what passed in court given by Calamy, *Life of Baxter*, chap. xiv, and the very curious extracts from the Baxter MSS. in the *Life*, by Orme, published in 1830.

believed among the Nonconformists, and is highly probable, that the chief justice was overruled by his three brethren. He proposed, it is said, that Baxter should be whipped through London at the cart's tail. The majority thought that an eminent divine who, a quarter of a century before, had been offered a miter, and who was now in his seventieth year, would be sufficiently punished for a few sharp words with fine and imprisonment.\*

The manner in which Baxter was treated by a judge who was a member of the cabinet and a favorite of the sovereign, indicated, in a manner not to be mistaken, the feeling with which the government at this time regarded the Protestant Nonconformists. But already that feeling had been indicated by still stronger and more terrible signs. The Parliament of Scotland had met. James had purposely hastened the session of this body, and had postponed the session of the English houses in the hope that the example set at Edinburgh would produce a good effect at Westminster; for the Legislature of his northern kingdom was as obsequious as those provincial estates which Louis the Fourteenth still suffered to play at some of their ancient functions in Brittany and Burgundy. None but an Episcopalian could sit in the Scottish Parliament, or could vote even for a member; and in Scotland an Episcopalian was always a Tory. From an assembly thus constituted, little opposition to the royal wishes was to be apprehended; and even the assembly thus constituted could pass no law which had not been previously approved by a committee of courtiers.

All that the government asked was readily granted. In a financial point of view, indeed, the liberality of the Scottish estates was of little consequence. They gave, however, what their scanty means permitted. They annexed in perpetuity to the crown the duties which had been granted to the late king, and which in his time had been estimated at forty thousand pounds sterling a year. They also settled on James for life an additional annual income of two hundred and sixteen thousand pounds Scots, equivalent to eighteen thousand pounds sterling. The whole sum which they were able to bestow was about sixty thousand a year, little more than what was poured into the English Exchequer every fortnight.†

Having little money to give, the estates supplied the defect by loyal protestations and barbarous statutes. The king, in a letter which was read to them at the opening of their session, called on them in vehement language to provide new penal laws against the refrac-

tory Presbyterians, and had expressed his regret that business made it impossible for him to propose such laws in person from the throne. His commands were obeyed. A statute framed by the ministers of the crown was promptly passed, which stands forth, even among the statutes of that unhappy country at that unhappy period, pre-eminent in atrocity. It was enacted, in few but emphatic words, that whoever should preach in a conventicle under a roof, or should attend, either as preacher or as hearer, a conventicle in the open air, should be punished with death and confiscation of property.\*

This law, passed at the king's instance by an assembly devoted to his will, deserves especial notice; for he has been frequently represented by ignorant writers as a prince rash indeed, and injudicious in his choice of means, but intent on one of the noblest ends which a ruler can pursue, the establishment of entire religious liberty. Nor can it be denied that some portions of his life, when detached from the rest and superficially considered, seem to warrant this favorable view of his character.

While a subject, he had been, during many years, a persecuted man; and persecution had produced its usual effect on him. His mind, dull and narrow as it was, had profited under that sharp discipline. While he was excluded from the court, from the Admiralty, and from the council, and was in danger of being also excluded from the throne, only because he could not help believing in transubstantiation and in the authority of the See of Rome, he made such rapid progress in the doctrines of toleration that he left Milton and Locke behind. What, he often said, could be more unjust than to visit speculations with penalties which ought to be reserved for acts? What more impolitic than to reject the services of good soldiers, seamen, lawyers, diplomatists, financiers, because they hold unsound opinions about the number of the sacraments or the pluripresence of saints? He learned by rote the commonplaces which all sects repeat so fluently when they are enduring oppression, and forget so easily when they are able to retaliate it. Indeed, he rehearsed his lesson so well, that those who chanced to hear him on this subject gave him credit for much more sense and much readier elocution than he really possessed. His professions imposed on some charitable persons, and perhaps imposed on himself; but his zeal for the rights of conscience ended with the predominance of the Whig party. When fortune changed, when he was no longer afraid that

\* Baxter MSS., cited by Orme.

† Act Parl. Car. II, March 29, 1661; Jac. VII, April 28, 1685, and May 13, 1685.

\* Act Parl. Jac. VII, May 8, 1685; Observator, June 20, 1685. Lestranger evidently wished to see the precedent followed in England.

others would persecute him, when he had it in his power to persecute others, his real propensities began to show themselves. He hated the Puritan sects with a manifold hatred, theological and political, hereditary and personal. He regarded them as the foes of heaven, as the foes of all legitimate authority in Church and State, as his great-grandmother's foes and his grandfather's, his father's and his mother's, his brother's and his own. He, who had complained so loudly of the laws against papists, now declared himself unable to conceive how men could have the impudence to propose the repeal of the laws against the Puritans.\* He, whose favorite theme had been the injustice of requiring civil functionaries to take religious tests, established in Scotland, when he resided there as viceroy, the most rigorous religious test that has ever been known in the empire.† He, who had expressed just indignation when the priests of his own faith were hanged and quartered, amused himself with hearing Covenanters shriek and seeing them writhe while their knees were beaten flat in the boots.‡ In this mood he became king, and he immediately demanded and obtained from the obsequious estates of Scotland, as the surest pledge of their loyalty, the most sanguinary law that has ever in our islands been enacted against Protestant Nonconformists.

With this law the whole spirit of his administration was in perfect harmony. The fiery persecution which had raged when he ruled Scotland as vicegerent, waxed hotter than ever from the day on which he became sovereign. Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls.§ The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To

recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice; and all those instances shall be taken from the history of a single fortnight, that very fortnight in which the Scottish Parliament, at the urgent request of James, enacted a new law of unprecedented severity against Dissenters.

John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men who remembered the evil days described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offense in him except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner, for the wife of the poor man was present. She led one little child by the hand: it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, until Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, "Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come;" and that the murderer replied, "To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand!" Yet it was rumored that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced.\*

On the fifth of May two artisans, Peter Gillies and John Bryce, were tried in Ayrshire by a military tribunal consisting of fifteen soldiers. The indictment is still extant. The prisoners were charged, not with any act of rebellion, but with holding the same pernicious doctrines which had impelled others to rebel, and with wanting only opportunity to act upon those doctrines. The proceeding was summary. In a few hours the two culprits were convicted, hanged, and flung together in a hole under the gallows.†

The eleventh of May was signalized by

\* His own words reported by himself. Clarke's Life of James the Second, i, 656, Orig. Mem.

† Act Parl. Car. II, August 31, 1661.

‡ Burnet, i, 583; Wodrow, III, v, 2. Unfortunately, the Acts of the Scottish Privy Council during almost the whole administration of the Duke of York are wanting.

§ Wodrow, III, ix, 6.

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 6.

† Ibid.

more than one great crime. Some rigid Calvinists had from the doctrine of reprobation drawn the consequence that to pray for any person who had been predestined to perdition was an act of mutiny against the eternal decrees of the Supreme Being. Three poor laboring men, deeply imbued with this unamiable divinity, were arrested by an officer in the neighborhood of Glasgow. They were asked whether they would pray for King James the Seventh. They refused to do so except under the condition that he was one of the elect. A file of musketeers was drawn out. The prisoners knelt down; they were blindfolded; and, within an hour after they had been stopped, their blood was lapped up by the dogs.\*

While this was done in Clydesdale, an act not less horrible was perpetrating in Eskdale. One of the proscribed Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the laird of Westerhall, a petty tyrant, who had, in the days of the Covenant, professed inordinate zeal for the Presbyterian Church; who had, since the Restoration, purchased the favor of the government by apostasy, and who felt toward the party which he had deserted the implacable hatred of an apostate. This man pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and, leaving her and her younger children to wander in the fields, dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be marching through that part of the country. Claverhouse was that day strangely lenient. Some thought that he had not been quite himself since the death of the Christian carrier ten days before. But Westerhall was eager to signalize his loyalty, and extorted a sullen consent. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bonnet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with the Bible in his hand. "I can look you in the face," he said; "I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book?" He fell dead, and was buried in the moor.†

On the same day, two women, Margaret Maelachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they

were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful; but the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms until the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbors implored her to yield. "Dear Margaret, only say God save the King!" The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, "May God save him, if it be God's will!" Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. "She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it." "Will she take the abjuration?" he demanded. "Never!" she exclaimed. "I am Christ's; let me go!" And the waters closed over her for the last time.\*

Thus was Scotland governed by that prince whom ignorant men have represented as a friend of religious liberty, whose misfortune it was to be too wise and too good for the age in which he lived. Nay, even those laws which authorized him to govern thus were in his judgment reprehensibly lenient. While his officers were committing the murders which have just been related, he was urging the Scottish Parliament to pass a new act, compared with which all former acts might be called merciful.

In England his authority, though great, was circumscribed by ancient and noble laws which even the Tories would not patiently have seen him infringe. Here he could not hurry Dissenters before military tribunals, or enjoy at council the luxury of seeing them swoon in the boots. Here he could not drown young girls for refusing to take the abjuration, or shoot poor countrymen for doubting whether he was one of the elect. Yet even in England he continued to persecute the Puritans as far as his power extended, until events which will hereafter be related induced him to form the design of

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 6. The epitaph of Margaret Wilson, in the church-yard at Wigton, is printed in the Appendix to the Cloud of Witnesses:

"Murdered for owning Christ supreme  
Head of his Church, and no more crime,  
But her not owning prelacy,  
And not abjuring Presbytery;  
Within the sea, tied to a stake,  
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 6.

† Wodrow, III, ix, 6. Cloud of Witnesses.

uniting Puritans and papists in a coalition for the humiliation and spoliation of the Established Church.

One sect of Protestant Dissenters indeed he, even at this early period of his reign, regarded with some tenderness, the Society of Friends. His partiality for that singular fraternity can not be attributed to religious sympathy; for, of all who acknowledge the divine mission of Jesus, the Roman Catholic and the Quaker differ most widely. It may seem paradoxical to say that this very circumstance constituted a tie between the Roman Catholic and the Quaker; yet such was really the case; for they deviated in opposite directions so far from what the great body of the nation regarded as right, that even liberal men generally considered them both as lying beyond the pale of the largest toleration. Thus the two extreme sects, precisely because they were extreme sects, had a common interest distinct from the interest of the intermediate sects. The Quakers were also guiltless of all offense against James and his house; they had not been in existence as a community until the war between his father and the Long Parliament was drawing toward a close; they had been cruelly persecuted by some of the revolutionary governments; they had, since the Restoration, in spite of much ill usage, submitted themselves meekly to the royal authority; for they had, though reasoning on premises which the Anglican divines regarded as heterodox, arrived, like the Anglican divines, at the conclusion that no excess of tyranny on the part of a prince can justify active resistance on the part of a subject. No libel on the government had ever been traced to a Quaker.\* In no conspiracy against the government had a Quaker been implicated. The society had not joined in the clamor for the Exclusion Bill, and had solemnly condemned the Rye House Plot as a hellish design and a work of the devil.† Indeed, the Friends then took very little part in civil contentions; for they were not, as now, congregated in large towns, but were generally engaged in agriculture, a pursuit from which they have been gradually driven by the vexations consequent on their strange scruple about paying tithe. They were, therefore, far removed from the scene of political strife. They also, even in domestic privacy, avoided on principle all political conversation; for such conversation was, in their opinion, unfavorable to their spirituality of mind, and tended to disturb the austere composure of their deportment. The yearly

meetings of that age repeatedly admonished the brethren not to hold discourse touching affairs of state.\* Even within the memory of persons now living, those grave elders who retained the habits of an earlier generation systematically discouraged such worldly talk.† It was natural that James should make a wide distinction between this harmless race and those fierce and restless sects which considered resistance to tyranny as a Christian duty; which had, in Germany, France, and Holland, made war on legitimate princes; and which had, during four generations, borne peculiar enmity to the house of Stuart.

It happened, moreover, that it was possible to grant large relief to the Roman Catholic and to the Quaker without mitigating the suffering of the Puritan sects. A law which was then in force imposed severe penalties on every person who refused to take the Oath of Supremacy when required to do so. This law did not affect Presbyterians, Independents, or Baptists, for they were all ready to call God to witness that they renounced all spiritual connection with foreign prelates and potentates; but the Roman Catholic would not swear that the pope had no jurisdiction in England, and the Quaker would not swear to anything. On the other hand, neither the Roman Catholic nor the Quaker was touched by the Five Mile Act, which, of all the laws in the Statute Book, was perhaps the most annoying to the Puritan Nonconformists.‡

The Quakers had a powerful and zealous advocate at court. Though, as a class, they mixed little with the world, and shunned politics as a pursuit dangerous to their spiritual interests, one of them, widely distinguished from the rest by station and fortune, lived in the highest circles, and had constant access to the royal ear. This was the celebrated William Penn. His father had held great naval commands, had been a commissioner of the Admiralty, had sat in Parliament, had received the honor of knighthood, and had been encouraged to expect a peerage. The son had been liberally educated, and had been designed for the profession of arms, but had, while still young, injured his prospects and disgusted his friends by joining what was then generally considered as a gang of crazy heretics. He had been sent sometimes to the

\* Minutes of Yearly Meeting, 1689, 1690.

† Clarkson on Quakerism; Peculiar Customs, chapter v.

‡ After this passage was written, I found, in the British Museum, a manuscript [Harl. MS. 7506] entitled "An Account of the Seizures, Sequestrations, great Spoil and Havock made upon the Estates of the several Protestant Dissenters called Quakers, upon Prosecution of old Statutes made against Papist and Popish Recusants." The manuscript is marked as having belonged to James, and appears to have been given by his confidential servant, Colonel Graham, to Lord Oxford. This circumstance appears to me to confirm the view which I have taken of the king's conduct toward the Quakers.

\* See the letter to King Charles II, prefixed to Barclay's Apology.

† Sewel's History of the Quakers, book x.

Tower, and sometimes to Newgate. He had been tried at the Old Bailey for preaching in defiance of the law. After a time, however, he had been reconciled to his family, and had succeeded in obtaining such powerful protection, that, while all the jails of England were filled with his brethren, he was permitted, during many years, to profess his opinions without molestation. Toward the close of the late reign he had obtained, in satisfaction of an old debt due to him from the crown, the grant of an immense region in North America. In this tract, then peopled only by Indian hunters, he invited his persecuted friends to settle. His colony was still in its infancy when James mounted the throne.

Between James and Penn there had long been a familiar acquaintance. The Quaker now became a courtier, and almost a favorite. He was every day summoned from the gallery into the closet, and sometimes had long audiences while peers were kept waiting in the ante-chambers. It was noised abroad that he had more real power to help and hurt than many nobles who filled high offices. He was soon surrounded by flatterers and suppliants. His house at Kensington was sometimes thronged, at his hour of rising, by more than two hundred suitors. He paid dear, however, for this seeming prosperity. Even his own sect looked coldly on him, and requited his services with obloquy. He was loudly accused of being a papist, nay, a Jesuit. Some affirmed that he had been educated at St. Omer's, and others that he had been ordained at Rome. These calumnies, indeed, could find credit only with the undiscerning multitude; but with these calumnies were mingled accusations much better founded.\*

To speak the whole truth concerning Penn is a task which requires some courage, for he is rather a mythical than a historical person. Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. A great commonwealth beyond the Atlantic regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus, and the Romans for Quirinus. The respectable society of which he was a member honors him as an apostle. By pious men of other persuasions he is generally regarded as a bright pattern of Christian virtue. Meanwhile, ad-

mirers of a very different sort have sounded his praises. The French philosophers of the eighteenth century pardoned what they regarded as his superstitious fancies in consideration of his contempt for priests, and of his cosmopolitan benevolence, impartially extended to all races and to all creeds. His name has thus become, throughout all civilized countries, a synonym for probity and philanthropy.

Nor is this high reputation altogether unmerited. Penn was without doubt a man of eminent virtues. He had a strong sense of religious duty and a fervent desire to promote the happiness of mankind. On one or two points of high importance he had notions more correct than were, in his day, common even among men of enlarged minds; and, as the proprietor and legislator of a province which, being almost uninhabited when it came into his possession, afforded a clear field for moral experiments, he had the rare good fortune of being able to carry his theories into practice without any compromise, and yet without any shock to existing institutions. He will always be mentioned with honor as a founder of a colony, who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a lawgiver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner-stone of a polity. But his writings and his life furnish abundant proofs that he was not a man of strong sense. He had no skill in reading the characters of others. His confidence in persons less virtuous than himself led him into great errors and misfortunes. His enthusiasm for one great principle sometimes impelled him to violate other great principles which he ought to have held sacred. Nor was his integrity altogether proof against the temptations to which it was exposed in that splendid and polite, but deeply corrupted society with which he now mingled. The whole court was in a ferment with intrigues of gallantry and intrigues of ambition. The traffic in honors, places, and pardons was incessant. It was natural that a man who was daily seen at the palace, and who was known to have free access to majesty, should be frequently importuned to use his influence for purposes which a rigid morality must condemn. The integrity of Penn had stood firm against obloquy and persecution; but now, attacked by royal smiles, by female blandishments, by the insinuating eloquence and delicate flattery of veteran diplomatists and courtiers, his resolution began to give way. Titles and phrases against which he had often borne his testimony dropped occasionally from his lips and his pen. It would be well if he had been guilty of nothing worse than such compliances with the fashions of the world. Unhappily,

\* Penn's visits to Whitehall and levees at Kensington are described with great vivacity, though in very bad Latin, by Gerard Croese. "Sumbat," he says, "rex ssepe secretum, non honorario, vero horarum plurimum, in quo de variis rebus cum Penno serio sermonem conferebat, et interim differbat audire preciorum nobilium ordinem, qui hoc interim spatium in procectione, in proximo, regem conventum prasto erant." Of the crowd of suitors at Penn's house, Croese says, "Vidi quandoque de hoc genere hominum non minus bicentum." His evidence as to the feeling with which Penn was regarded by his brethren is clear and full. "Etiam Quakeri Pennum non amplius, ut ante, eius amahant ac magnificabant, quidam aversabantur ac fugiebant."—*HISTORIA QUAKERIANA*, lib. ii, 1695.



it can not be concealed that he bore a chief part in some transactions condemned, not merely by the rigid code of the society to which he belonged, but by the general sense of all honest men. He afterward solemnly protested that his hands were pure from illicit gain, and that he had never received any gratuity from those whom he had obliged, though he might easily, while his influence at court lasted, have made a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.\* To this assertion full credit is due. But bribes may be offered to vanity as well as to cupidity; and it is impossible to deny that Penn was cajoled into bearing a part in some unjustifiable transactions of which others enjoyed the profits.

The first use which he made of his credit was highly commendable. He strongly represented the sufferings of the Quakers to the new king, who saw with pleasure that it was possible to grant indulgence to these quiet sectaries and to the Roman Catholics without showing similar favor to other classes which were then under persecution. A list was framed of persons against whom proceedings had been instituted for not taking the oaths, or for not going to church, and of whose loyalty certificates had been produced to the government. These persons were discharged, and orders were given that no similar proceeding should be instituted until the royal pleasure should be further signified. In this way about fifteen hundred Quakers, and a still greater number of Roman Catholics, regained their liberty.†

And now the time had arrived when the English Parliament was to meet. The members of the House of Commons who had repaired to the capital were so numerous that there was much doubt whether their chamber, as it was then fitted up, would afford sufficient accommodation for them. They employed the days which immediately preceded the opening of the session in talking over public affairs with each other and with the agents of the government. A great meeting of the loyal party was held at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand; and Roger Lestrangle, who had recently been knighted by the king, and returned to Parliament by the city of Winchester, took a leading part in their consultations.‡

It soon appeared that a large portion of

the Commons had views which did not altogether agree with those of the court. The Tory country gentlemen were, with scarcely one exception, desirous to maintain the Test Act and the Habeas Corpus Act; and some among them talked of voting the revenue only for a term of years; but they were perfectly ready to enact severe laws against the Whigs, and would gladly have seen all the supporters of the Exclusion Bill made incapable of holding office. The king, on the other hand, desired to obtain from the Parliament a revenue for life, the admission of Roman Catholics to office, and the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act. On these three objects his heart was set; and he was by no means disposed to accept as a substitute for them a penal law against exclusionists. Such a law, indeed, would have been positively displeasing to him, for one class of exclusionists stood high in his favor; that class of which Sunderland was the representative; that class which had joined the Whigs in the days of the plot, merely because the Whigs were predominant, and which had changed with the change of fortune. James justly regarded these renegades as the most serviceable tools that he could employ. It was not from the stout-hearted Cavaliers who had been true to him in his adversity that he could expect abject and unscrupulous obedience in his prosperity. The men who, impelled, not by zeal for liberty or for religion, but merely by selfish cupidity and selfish fear, had assisted to oppress him when he was weak, were the very men who, impelled by the same cupidity and the same fear, would assist him to oppress his people now that he was strong.\* Though vindictive, he was not indiscriminately vindictive. Not a single instance can be mentioned in which he showed a generous compassion to those who had opposed him honestly and on public grounds; but he frequently spared and promoted those whom some vile motive had induced to injure him: for that meanness which marked them out as fit implements of tyranny was so precious in his estimation, that he regarded it with some indulgence even when it was exhibited at his own expense.

The king's wishes were communicated through several channels to the Tory members of the Lower House. The majority was easily persuaded to forego all thoughts of a penal law against the exclusionists, and to consent that his majesty should have the revenue for life; but, touching the Test Act and

\* "Twenty thousand into my pocket, and a hundred thousand into my province."—PENN'S LETTER TO POPPLE.

† These orders, signed by Sunderland, will be found in Sewel's History. They bear date April 18, 1685. They are written in a style singularly obscure and intricate; but I think that I have exhibited the meaning correctly. I have not been able to find any proof that any person, not a Roman Catholic or a Quaker, regained his freedom under these orders. See Neal's History of the Puritans, vol. ii, chap. ii. Gerard Croese, lib. ii. Croese estimates the number of Quakers liberated at fourteen hundred and sixty.

‡ Barillon, May 27–June 7, 1685; Observator, May 27, 1685; Sir J. Resesby's Memoirs.

\* Louis wrote to Barillon about this class of exclusionists as follows: "L'interet qu'ils auront a effacer cette tache par des services considerables les portera, selon toutes les apparences, a le servir plus utilement que ne pourroient faire ceux qui ont toujours ete les plus attaches a sa personne."—May 15–25, 1685.

the Habeas Corpus Act, the emissaries of the court could obtain no satisfactory assurances.\*

On the nineteenth of May the session was opened. The benches of the Commons presented a singular spectacle. That great party which, in the last three Parliaments, had been predominant, had now dwindled to a pitiable minority, and was, indeed, little more than a fifteenth part of the House. Of the five hundred and thirteen knights and burgesses, only a hundred and thirty-five had ever sat in that place before. It is evident that a body of men so raw and inexperienced must have been, in some important qualities, far below the average of our representative assemblies.†

The management of the House was confided by James to two peers of the kingdom of Scotland. One of them, Charles Middleton, earl of Middleton, after holding high office at Edinburgh, had, shortly before the death of the late king, been sworn of the English Privy Council, and appointed one of the secretaries of state. With him was joined Richard Graham, viscount Preston, who had long held the post of envoy at Versailles.

The first business of the Commons was to elect a speaker. Who should be the man was a question which had been much debated in the cabinet. Guildford had recommended Sir Thomas Meres, who, like himself, ranked among the Trimmers. Jeffreys, who missed no opportunity of crossing the lord keeper, had pressed the claims of Sir John Trevor. Trevor had been bred half a pettifogger and half a gambler, and brought to political life sentiments and principles worthy of both his callings, had become a parasite of the chief justice, and could, on occasion, imitate, not unsuccessfully, the vituperative style of his patron. The minion of Jeffreys was, as might have been expected, preferred by James, was proposed by Middleton, and was chosen without opposition.‡

Thus far all went smoothly. But an adversary of no common prowess was watching his time. This was Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy Castle, member for the city of Exeter. Seymour's birth put him on a level with the noblest subjects in Europe. He was the right heir male of the body of that Duke of Somerset who had been brother-in-law of King Henry the Eighth, and Protector of the realm of England. In the original limitation of the Dukedom of Somerset, the elder son of the Protector had been postponed to the younger son. From the younger son the Dukes of Somerset were descended. From the elder son was descended the family

which dwelt at Berry Pomeroy. Seymour's fortune was large, and his influence in the west of England extensive. Nor was the importance derived from descent and wealth the only importance which belonged to him. He was one of the most skillful debaters and men of business in the kingdom. He had sat many years in the House of Commons, had studied all its rules and usages, and thoroughly understood its peculiar temper. He had been elected speaker in the late reign under circumstances which made that distinction peculiarly honorable. During several generations, none but lawyers had been called to the chair; and he was the first country gentleman whose abilities and acquirements enabled him to break that long prescription. He had subsequently held high political office, and had sat in the cabinet; but his haughty and unaccommodating temper had given so much disgust that he had been forced to retire. He was a Tory and a Churchman. He had strenuously opposed the Exclusion Bill; he had been persecuted by the Whigs in the day of their prosperity, and he could therefore safely venture to hold language in the House for which any person suspected of Republicanism would have been sent to the Tower. He had long been at the head of a strong parliamentary connection, which was called the Western Alliance, and which included many gentlemen of Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall.\*

In every House of Commons, a man who unites eloquence, knowledge, and habits of business to opulence and illustrious descent, must be highly considered; but in a House of Commons from which many of the eminent orators and parliamentary tacticians of the age were excluded, and which was crowded with people who had never heard a debate, the influence of such a man was peculiarly formidable. Weight of moral character was indeed wanting to Edward Seymour. He was licentious, profane, corrupt, too proud to behave with common politeness, yet not too proud to pocket illicit gain. But he was so useful an ally, and so mischievous an enemy, that he was frequently courted even by those who most detested him.†

He was now in bad humor with the court. His interest had been weakened in some places by the remodeling of the western boroughs; his pride had been wounded by the elevation of Trevor to the chair; and he took an early opportunity of avenging himself.

On the twenty-second of May the Commons were summoned to the bar of the Lords, and

\* Barillon, May 4-14, 1685; Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

† Burnet, i, 626; Evelyn's Diary, May 22, 1685.

‡ Roger North's Life of Guildford, 218; Bramston's Memoirs.

\* North's Life of Guildford, 228.

† Burnet i, 322; Rawdon Papers; Lord Conway to Sir George Rawdon, Dec. 28, 1677.

the king, seated on his throne, made a speech to both houses. He declared himself resolved to maintain the established government in Church and State; but he weakened the effect of this declaration by addressing an extraordinary admonition to the Commons. He was apprehensive, he said, that they might be inclined to dole out money to him, from time to time, in the hope that they should thus force him to call them frequently together; but he must warn them that he was not to be so dealt with, and that, if they wished him to meet them often, they must use him well. As it was evident that without money the government could not be carried on, these expressions plainly implied that, if they did not give him as much money as he wished, he would take it. Strange to say, this harangue was received with loud cheers by the Tory gentlemen at the bar. Such acclamations were then usual. It has now been, during many years, the grave and decorous usage of Parliaments to hear, in respectful silence, all expressions, acceptable or unacceptable, which are uttered from the throne.\*

It was then the custom that, after the king had concisely explained his reasons for calling Parliament together, the minister who held the great seal should, at more length, explain to the houses the state of public affairs. Guildford, in imitation of his predecessors, Clarendon, Bridgeman, Shaftesbury, and Nottingham, had prepared an elaborate oration, but found, to his great mortification, that his services were not wanted.†

As soon as the Commons had returned to their own chamber, it was proposed that they should resolve themselves into a committee, for the purpose of settling a revenue on the king.

Then Seymour stood up. How he stood, looking like what he was, the chief of a dissolute and high-spirited gentry, with the artificial ringlets clustering in fashionable profusion round his shoulders, and a mingled expression of voluptuousness and disdain in his eye and on his lip, the likenesses of him which still remain enable us to imagine. It was not, the haughty Cavalier said, his wish that the Parliament should withhold from the crown the means of carrying on the government. But was there indeed a Parliament? Were there not on the benches many men who had, as all the world knew, no right to sit there; many men whose elections were tainted by corruption; many men forced by intimidation on reluctant voters, and many men returned by cor-

porations which had no legal existence? Had not constituent bodies been remodeled in defiance of royal charters and of immemorial prescription? Had not returning officers been everywhere the unscrupulous agents of the court? Seeing that the very principle of representation had been thus systematically attacked, he knew not how to call the throng of gentlemen which he saw round him by the honorable name of a House of Commons; yet never was there a time when it more concerned the public weal that the character of the Parliament should stand high. Great dangers impended over the ecclesiastical and civil constitution of the realm. It was matter of vulgar notoriety, it was matter which required no proof, that the Test Act, the rampart of religion, and the Habeas Corpus Act, the rampart of liberty, were marked out for destruction. "Before we proceed to legislate on questions so momentous, let us at least ascertain whether we really are a legislature. Let our first proceeding be to inquire into the manner in which the elections have been conducted; and let us look to it that the inquiry be impartial; for, if the nation shall find that no redress is to be obtained by peaceful methods, we may, perhaps, ere long, suffer the justice which we refuse to do." He concluded by moving that, before any supply was granted, the House would take into consideration petitions against returns, and that no member whose right to sit was disputed should be allowed to vote.

Not a cheer was heard. Not a member ventured to second the motion. Indeed, Seymour had said much that no other man could have said with impunity. The proposition fell to the ground, and was not even entered on the journals. But a mighty effect had been produced. Barillon informed his master that many who had not dared to applaud that remarkable speech had cordially approved of it; that it was the universal subject of conversation throughout London; and that the impression made on the public mind seemed likely to be durable.\*

The Commons went into committee without delay, and voted to the king, for life, the whole revenue enjoyed by his brother.†

The zealous Churchmen, who formed the majority of the House, seem to have been of opinion that the promptitude with which they had met the wish of James touching the revenue entitled them to expect some concession on his part. They said that much had been

\* London Gazette, May 25, 1685; Evelyn's Diary, May 22, 1685.

† North's Life of Guildford, 256.

\* Burnet, i, 639; Evelyn's Diary, May 22, 1685; Barillon, May 23-June 2, and May 25-June 4, 1685. The silence of the journals perplexed Mr. Fox; but it is explained by the circumstance that Seymour's motion was not seconded.

† Journals, May 22; Stat. Jac. II, i, 1.

done to gratify him, and that they must now do something to gratify the nation. The House, therefore, resolved itself into a committee of religion, in order to consider the best means of providing for the security of the ecclesiastical establishment. In that committee two resolutions were unanimously adopted. The first expressed fervent attachment to the Church of England. The second called on the king to put in execution the penal laws against all persons who were not members of that Church.\*

The Whigs would doubtless have wished to see the Protestant Dissenters tolerated, and the Roman Catholics alone persecuted. But the Whigs were a small and a disheartened minority. They therefore kept themselves as much as possible out of sight, dropped their party name, abstained from obtruding their peculiar opinions on a hostile audience, and steadily supported every proposition tending to disturb the harmony which as yet subsisted between the Parliament and the court.

When the proceedings of the committee of religion were known at Whitehall, the king's anger was great. Nor can we justly blame him for resenting the conduct of the Tories. If they were disposed to insist on the rigorous execution of the penal code, they clearly ought to have supported the Exclusion Bill; for to place a papist on the throne, and then to insist on his persecuting to the death the teachers of that faith in which alone, on his principles, salvation could be found, was monstrous. In mitigating by a lenient administration the severity of the bloody laws of Elizabeth, the king violated no constitutional principle. He only exerted a power which, has always belonged to the crown. Nay, he only did what was afterward done by a succession of sovereigns zealous for the doctrines of the Reformation, by William, by Anne, and by the princes of the house of Brunswick. Had he suffered Roman Catholic priests, whose lives he could save without infringing any law, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for discharging what he considered as their first duty, he would have drawn on himself the hatred and contempt even of those to whose prejudices he had made so shameful a concession; and, had he contented himself with granting to the members of his own Church a practical toleration by a large exercise of his unquestioned prerogative of mercy, posterity would have unanimously applauded him.

The Commons probably felt, on reflection, that they had acted absurdly. They were also disturbed by learning that the king, to whom they looked up with superstitious reverence,

was greatly provoked. They made haste, therefore, to atone for their offense. In the House they unanimously reversed the decision which in the committee they had unanimously adopted, and passed a resolution importing that they relied with entire confidence on his majesty's gracious promise to protect that religion which was dearer to them than life itself.\*

Three days later the king informed the House that his brother had left some debts, and that the stores of the navy and ordnance were nearly exhausted. It was promptly resolved that new taxes should be imposed. The person on whom devolved the task of devising ways and means was Sir Dudley North, younger brother of the lord keeper. Dudley North was one of the ablest men of his time. He had early in life been sent to the Levant, where he had been long engaged in mercantile pursuits. Most men would, in such a situation, have allowed their faculties to rust, for at Smyrna and Constantinople there were few books and few intelligent companions. But the young factor had one of those vigorous understandings which are independent of external aids. In his solitude he meditated deeply on the philosophy of trade, and thought out by degrees a complete and admirable theory, substantially the same with that which, a hundred years later, was expounded by Adam Smith. After an exile of many years, Dudley North returned to England with a large fortune, and commenced business as a Turkey merchant in the city of London. His profound knowledge, both speculative and practical, of commercial matters, and the perspicuity and liveliness with which he explained his views, speedily introduced him to the notice of statesmen. The government found in him at once an enlightened adviser and an unscrupulous slave; for with his rare mental endowments were joined lax principles and an unfeeling heart. When the Tory reaction was in full progress, he had consented to be made sheriff, for the express purpose of assisting the vengeance of the court. His juries had never failed to find verdicts of guilty; and, on a day of judicial butchery, carts, loaded with the legs and arms of quartered Whigs, were, to the great discomposure of his lady, driven to his fine house in Basinghall Street for orders. His services had been rewarded with the honor of knighthood, with an alderman's gown, and with the office of commissioner of the customs. He had been brought into Parliament for Banbury, and, though a new member, was the person on whom the lord treasurer chiefly relied for

\* Journals, May 26, 27; Sir J. Reresby's Memoirs.

\* Commons' Journals, May 27, 1685.

the conduct of financial business in the Lower House.\*

Though the Commons were unanimous in their resolution to grant a further supply to the crown, they were by no means agreed as to the sources from which that supply should be drawn. It was speedily determined that part of the sum which was required should be raised by laying an additional impost, for a term of eight years, on wine and vinegar; but something more than this was needed. Several absurd schemes were suggested. Many country gentlemen were disposed to put a heavy tax on all new buildings in the capital. Such a tax, it was hoped, would check the growth of a city which had long been regarded with jealousy and aversion by the rural aristocracy. Dudley North's plan was, that additional duties should be imposed, for a term of eight years, on sugar and tobacco. A great clamor was raised. Colonial merchants, grocers, sugar-bakers, and tobacconists, petitioned the House, and besieged the public offices. The people of Bristol, who were deeply interested in the trade with Virginia and Jamaica, sent up a deputation which was heard at the bar of the Commons. Rochester was for a moment staggered; but North's ready wit and perfect knowledge of trade prevailed, both in the Treasury and in the Parliament, against all opposition. The old members were annoyed at seeing a man who had not been a fortnight in the House, and whose life had been chiefly passed in foreign countries, assume with confidence, and discharge with ability, all the functions of a chancellor of the Exchequer.†

His plan was adopted; and thus the crown was in possession of a clear income of about nineteen hundred thousand pounds, derived from England alone. Such an income was then more than sufficient for the support of the government in time of peace.‡

The Lords had, in the meantime, discussed several important questions. The Tory party had always been strong among the peers. It included the whole bench of bishops, and had been re-enforced, during the four years which had elapsed since the last dissolution, by several fresh creations. Of the new nobles, the most conspicuous were the Lord-treasurer Rochester, the Lord-keeper Guildford, the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, the Lord Godolphin, and the Lord Churchill, who, after his return from Versailles, had been made a baron of England.

The peers early took into consideration the case of four members of their body who had been impeached in the late reign, but had never been brought to trial, and had, after a long confinement, been admitted to bail by the Court of King's Bench. Three of the peers who were thus under recognizances were Roman Catholics. The fourth was a Protestant of great note and influence, the Earl of Danby. Since he had fallen from power and had been accused of treason by the Commons, four Parliaments had been dissolved; but he had been neither acquitted nor condemned. In 1679 the Lords had considered, with reference to his situation, the question whether an impeachment was or was not terminated by a dissolution. They had resolved, after long debate and full examination of precedents, that the impeachment was still pending. That resolution they now rescinded. A few Whig nobles protested against this step, but to little purpose. The Commons silently acquiesced in the decision of the Upper House. Danby again took his seat among his peers, and became an active and powerful member of the Tory party.\*

The constitutional question on which the Lords thus, in the short space of six years, pronounced two diametrically opposite decisions, slept during more than a century, and was at length revived by the dissolution which took place during the long trial of Warren Hastings. It was then necessary to determine whether the rule laid down in 1679, or the opposite rule laid down in 1685, was to be accounted the law of the land. The point was long debated in both houses; and the best legal and parliamentary abilities which an age pre-eminently fertile both in legal and in parliamentary ability could supply, were employed in the discussion. The lawyers were not unequally divided. Thurlow, Kenyon, Scott, and Erskine maintained that the dissolution had put an end to the impeachment. The contrary doctrine was held by Mansfield, Camden, Loughborough, and Grant. But among those statesmen who grounded their arguments, not on precedents and technical analogies, but on deep and broad constitutional principles, there was little difference of opinion. Pitt and Grenville, as well as Burke and Fox, held that the impeachment was still pending. Both houses, by great majorities, set aside the decision of 1685, and pronounced the decision of 1679 to be in conformity with the law of Parliament.

Of the national crimes which had been committed during the panic excited by the fictions of Oates, the most signal had been the judicial murder of Stafford. The sentence

\* Roger North's *Life of Sir Dudley North*; *Life of Lord Guildford*, 166; M'Culloch's *Literature of Political Economy*.  
† *Life of Dudley North*, 176, Lonsdale's *Memoirs*; Van Citters, June 12-22, 1685.

‡ *Commons' Journals*, March 1, 1689.

\* *Lords' Journals*, March 18, 19, 1679; May 22, 1685.

of that unhappy nobleman was now regarded by all impartial persons as unjust. The principal witness for the prosecution had been convicted of a series of foul perjuries. It was the duty of the Legislature, under such circumstances, to do justice to the memory of a guiltless sufferer, and to efface an unmerited stain from a name long illustrious in our annals. A bill for reversing the attainder of Stafford was passed by the Upper House, in spite of the murmurs of a few peers who were unwilling to admit that they had shed innocent blood. The Commons read the bill twice without a division, and ordered it to be committed; but, on the day appointed for the committee, arrived news that a formidable rebellion had broken out in the west of England. It was consequently necessary to postpone much important business. The reparation due to the memory of Stafford was deferred, as it was supposed, only for a short time. But the misgovernment of James in a few months completely turned the tide of public feeling. During several generations the Roman Catholics were in no condition to demand reparation for injustice, and accounted themselves happy if they were permitted to live unmolested in obscurity and silence. At length, in the reign of King George the Fourth, more than a hundred and forty years after the day on which the blood of Stafford was shed on Tower Hill, the tardy expiation was accomplished. A law annulling the attainder and restoring the injured family to its ancient dignities was presented to Parliament by the ministers of the crown, was eagerly welcomed by public men of all parties, and was passed without one dissentient voice.\*

It is now necessary that I should trace the origin and progress of that rebellion by which the deliberations of the houses were suddenly interrupted.

#### CHAPTER V.

TOWARD the close of the reign of Charles the Second, some Whigs who had been deeply implicated in the plot so fatal to their party, and who knew themselves to be marked out for destruction, had sought an asylum in the Low Countries.

These refugees were, in general, men of fiery temper and weak judgment. They were also under the influence of that peculiar illusion which seems to belong to their situation. A politician driven into banishment by a hostile faction generally sees the society which he has quitted through a false medium.

Every object is distorted and discolored by his regrets, his longings, and his resentments. Every little discontent appears to him to portend a revolution. Every riot is a rebellion. He cannot be convinced that his country does not pine for him as much as he pines for his country. He imagines that all his old associates, who still dwell at their homes and enjoy their estates, are tormented by the same feelings which make life a burden to himself. The longer his expatriation, the greater does this hallucination become. The lapse of time which cools the ardor of the friends whom he has left behind inflames his. Every month his impatience to revisit his native land increases, and every month his native land remembers and misses him less. This delusion becomes almost a madness when many exiles who suffer in the same cause herd together on a foreign shore. Their chief employment is to talk of what they once were, and of what they may yet be, to goad each other into animosity against the common enemy, to feed each other with extravagant hopes of victory and revenge. Thus they become ripe for enterprises which would at once be pronounced hopeless by any man whose passions had not deprived him of the power of calculating chances.

In this mood were many of the outlaws who had assembled on the Continent. The correspondence which they kept up with England was, for the most part, such as tended to excite their feelings and to mislead their judgment. Their information concerning the temper of the public mind was chiefly derived from the worst members of the Whig party; from men who were plotters and libelers by profession; who were pursued by the officers of justice; who were forced to skulk in disguise through back streets, and who sometimes lay hid for weeks in cocklofts and cellars. The statesmen who had been the ornaments of the country party, the statesmen who afterward guided the counsels of the Convention, would have given advice very different from that which was given by such men as John Wildman and Henry Danvers.

Wildman had served forty years before in the parliamentary army, but had been more distinguished there as an agitator than as a soldier, and had early quitted the profession of arms for pursuits better suited to his temper. His hatred of monarchy had induced him to engage in a long series of conspiracies, first against the Protector, and then against the Stuarts. But with Wildman's fanaticism was joined a tender care for his own safety. He had a wonderful skill in grazing the edge of treason. No man understood better how to instigate others to desperate enterprises by words which, when repeated to a jury, might

\* Stat. 5 Geo. IV, c. 46.

seem innocent, or, at worst, ambiguous. Such was his cunning, that, though always plotting, though always known to be plotting, and though long malignantly watched by a vindictive government, he eluded every danger, and died in his bed, after having seen two generations of his accomplices die on the gallows.\* Danvers was a man of the same class, hot-headed, but faint-hearted, constantly urged to the brink of danger by enthusiasm, and constantly stopped on that brink by cowardice. He had considerable influence among a portion of the Baptists, had written largely in defense of their peculiar opinions, and had drawn down on himself the severe censure of the most respectable Puritans by attempting to palliate the crimes of Matthias and John of Leyden. It is probable that, had he possessed a little courage, he would have trod in the footsteps of the wretches whom he defended. He was at this time concealing himself from the officers of justice, for warrants were out against him on account of a grossly calumnious paper of which the government had discovered him to be the author.†

It is easy to imagine what kind of intelligence and counsel men such as have been described were likely to send to the outlaws in the Netherlands. Of the general character of those outlaws, an estimate may be formed from a few samples.

One of the most conspicuous among them was John Ayloff, a lawyer connected by affinity with the Hydes, and, through the Hydes, with James. Ayloff had early made himself remarkable by offering a whimsical insult to the government. At a time when the ascendancy of the court of Versailles had excited general uneasiness, he had contrived to put a wooden shoe, the established type, among the English, of French tyranny, into the chair of the House of Commons. He had subsequently been concerned in the Whig plot; but there is no reason to believe that he was a party to the design of assassinating the royal brothers. He was a man of parts and courage; but his moral character did not stand high. The Puritan divines whispered that he was a careless Gallio or something worse, and that, whatever zeal he might profess for civil liberty, the saints would do well to avoid all connection with him.‡

Nathaniel Wade was, like Ayloff, a lawyer. He had long resided at Bristol, and had been celebrated in his own neighborhood as a vehement Republican. At one time he had formed a project of emigrating to New Jersey, where he expected to find institutions better suited to his taste than those of England. His activity in electioneering had introduced him to the notice of some Whig nobles. They had employed him professionally, and had, at length, admitted him to their most secret counsels. He had been deeply concerned in the scheme of insurrection, and had undertaken to head a rising in his own city. He had also been privy to the more odious plot against the lives of Charles and James; but he always declared that, though privy to it, he had abhorred it, and had attempted to dissuade his associates from carrying their design into effect. For a man bred to civil pursuits, Wade seems to have had, in an unusual degree, that sort of ability and that sort of nerve which make a good soldier. Unhappily, his principles and his courage proved to be not of sufficient force to support him when the fight was over, and when, in a prison, he had to choose between death and infamy.\*

Another fugitive was Richard Goodenough, who had formerly been Under Sheriff of London. On this man his party had long relied for services of no honorable kind, and especially for the selection of jurymen not likely to be troubled with scruples in political cases. He had been deeply concerned in those dark and atrocious parts of the Whig plot which had been carefully concealed from the most respectable Whigs; nor is it possible to plead, in extenuation of his guilt, that he was misled by inordinate zeal for the public good; for it will be seen that, after having disgraced a noble cause by his crimes, he betrayed it in order to escape from his well-merited punishment.†

Very different was the character of Richard Rumbold. He had held a commission in Cromwell's own regiment, had guarded the scaffold before the Banqueting House on the day of the great execution, had fought at Dunbar and Worcester, and had always shown in the highest degree the qualities which distinguished the invincible army in which he served, courage of the truest temper, fiery enthusiasm, both political and religious, and with that enthusiasm all the power of self-government which is characteristic of men

\* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, book xiv; Burnet's own Times, i, 546, 625; Wade's and Ireton's Narratives, Lansdowne MS., 1152; West's information in the Appendix to Sprat's True Account.

† London Gazette, Jan. 4, 1684-5, Ferguson MS. in Enchard's History, iii, 764; Grey's Narrative; Sprat's True Account; Danvers's Treatise on Baptism; Danvers's Innocency and Truth vindicated; Crosby's History of the English Baptists.

‡ Sprat's True Account; Burnet, i, 634; Wade's Confession, Harl. MS., 6845.

Lord Howard of Eserick accused Ayloff of proposing to assassinate the Duke of York; but Lord Howard was an object

liar; and this story was not part of his original confession, but was added afterward by way of supplement, and therefore deserves no credit whatever.

\* Wade's Confession, Harl. MS., 6845; Lansdowne MS., 1152; Holloway's Narrative in the Appendix to Sprat's True Account. Wade owned that Holloway had told nothing but truth.

† Sprat's True Account and Appendix, passim.

trained in well-disciplined camps to command and to obey. When the Republican troops were disbanded, Rumbold became a maltster, and carried on his trade near Hoddesdon, in that building from which the Rye House Plot derives its name. It had been suggested, though not absolutely determined, in the conferences of the most violent and unscrupulous of the malcontents, that armed men should be stationed in the Rye House to attack the guards who were to escort Charles and James from Newmarket to London. In these conferences Rumbold had borne a part from which he would have shrunk with horror if his clear understanding had not been overclouded, and his manly heart corrupted, by party spirit.\*

Far superior in station to those exiles who have hitherto been named was Ford Grey, Lord Grey of Wark. He had been a zealous exclusionist, had concurred in the design of insurrection, and had been committed to the Tower, but had succeeded in making his keepers drunk, and in effecting his escape to the Continent. His abilities were respectable, and his manners pleasing; but his life had been sullied by a great domestic crime. His wife was a daughter of the noble house of Berkeley. Her sister, the Lady Henrietta Berkeley, was allowed to associate and correspond with him as with a brother by blood. A fatal attachment sprang up. The high spirit and strong passions of Lady Henrietta broke through all restraints of virtue and decorum. A scandalous elopement disclosed to the whole kingdom the shame of two illustrious families. Grey and some of the agents who had served him in his amour were brought to trial on a charge of conspiracy. A scene unparalleled in our legal history was exhibited in the Court of King's Bench. The seducer appeared with dauntless front, accompanied by his paramour. Nor did the great Whig lords flinch from their friend's side even in that extremity. Those whom he had wronged stood over against him, and were moved to transports of rage by the sight of him. The old Earl of Berkeley poured forth reproaches and curses on the wretched Henrietta. The countess gave evidence, broken by many sobs, and at length fell down in a swoon. The jury found a verdict of guilty. When the court rose, Lord Berkeley called on all his friends to help him to seize his daughter. The partisans of Grey rallied round her. Swords were drawn on both sides; a skirmish took place in Westminster Hall; and it was with difficulty that the judges and tipstaves parted the combatants. In our time, such a

trial would be fatal to the character of a public man; but in that age the standard of morality among the great was so low, and party spirit was so violent, that Grey still continued to have considerable influence, though the Puritans, who formed a strong section of the Whig party, looked somewhat coldly on him.\*

One part of the character, or rather, it may be, of the fortune of Grey, deserves notice. It was admitted that everywhere, except on the field of battle, he showed a high degree of courage. More than once, in embarrassing circumstances, when his life and liberty were at stake, the dignity of his deportment and his perfect command of all his faculties extorted praise from those who neither loved nor esteemed him. But as a soldier he incurred, less perhaps by his fault than by mischance, the degrading imputation of personal cowardice.

In this respect he differed widely from his friend the Duke of Monmouth. Ardent and intrepid on the field of battle, Monmouth was everywhere else effeminate and irresolute. The accident of his birth, his personal courage, and his superficial graces, had placed him in a post for which he was altogether unfitted. After witnessing the ruin of the party of which he had been the nominal head, he had retired to Holland. The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out; that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat; and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son. The duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honors and commands. Animated by such expectations, he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side in the most ostentatious coloring of Jordaens and Hondthorst.† He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had, in his turn, learned from them to skate on the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on the ice; and the figure which she made there,

\* Grey's Narrative; his trial in the Collection of State Trials; Sprat's True Account.

† In the Pepsysian Collection is a print representing one of the balls which about this time William and Mary gave in the Orange Zaal.

\* Sprat's True Account and Appendix; Proceedings against Rumbold in the Collection of State Trials; Burnet's Own Times, i, 633; Appendix to Fox's History, No. IV.



poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humor when his brilliant guest appeared.\*

Monmouth, meanwhile, carefully avoided all that could give offense in the quarter to which he looked for protection. He saw little of any Whigs, and nothing of those violent men who had been concerned in the worst part of the Whig plot. He was, therefore, loudly accused by his old associates of fickleness and ingratitude.†

By none of the exiles was this accusation urged with more vehemence and bitterness than by Robert Ferguson, the Judas of Dryden's great satire. Ferguson was by birth a Scot, but England had long been his residence. At the time of the Restoration, indeed, he had held a living in Kent. He had been bred a Presbyterian; but the Presbyterians had cast him out, and he had become an Independent. He had been master of an academy which the Dissenters had set up at Islington as a rival to Westminster School and the Charter House, and he had preached to large congregations at a meeting in Moorfields. He had also published some theological treatises, which may still be found in the dusty recesses of a few old libraries; but, though texts of Scripture were always on his lips, those who had pecuniary transactions with him soon found him to be a mere swindler.

At length he turned his attention almost entirely from theology to the worst part of politics. He belonged to the class whose office it is to render in troubled times to exasperated parties those services from which honest men shrink in disgust and prudent men in fear, the class of fanatical knaves. Violent, malignant, regardless of truth, insensible to shame, insatiable of notoriety, delighting in intrigue, in tumult, in mischief for its own sake, he toiled during many years in the darkest mines of faction. He lived among libelers and false witnesses. He was the keeper of a secret purse from which agents too vile to be acknowledged received hire, and the director of a secret press whence pamphlets, bearing no name, were daily issued. He boasted that he contrived to scatter lam-

poons about the terrace of Windsor, and even to lay them under the royal pillow. In this way of life he was put to many shifts, was forced to assume many names, and at one time had four different lodgings in different corners of London. He was deeply engaged in the Rye House Plot. There is, indeed, reason to believe that he was the original author of those sanguinary schemes which brought so much discredit on the whole Whig party. When the conspiracy was detected and his associates were in dismay, he bade them farewell with a laugh, and told them that they were novices; that he had been used to flight, concealment, and disguise, and that he should never leave off plotting while he lived. He escaped to the Continent. But it seemed that even on the Continent he was not secure. The English envoys at foreign courts were directed to be on the watch for him. The French government offered a reward of five hundred pistoles to any who would seize him. Nor was it easy for him to escape notice; for his broad Scotch accent, his tall and lean figure, his lantern jaws, the gleam of his sharp eyes, which were always overlunged by his wig, his cheeks inflamed by an eruption, his shoulders deformed by a stoop, and his gait distinguished from that of other men by a peculiar shuffle, made him remarkable wherever he appeared. But, though he was, as it seemed, pursued with peculiar animosity, it was whispered that this animosity was simulated, and that the officers of justice had secret orders not to see him. That he was really a bitter malcontent can scarcely be doubted. But there is strong reason to believe that he provided for his own safety by pretending at Whitehall to be a spy on the Whigs, and by furnishing the government with just so much information as sufficed to keep up his credit. This hypothesis furnishes a simple explanation of what seemed to his associates to be his unnatural recklessness and audacity. Being himself out of danger, he always gave his vote for the most violent and perilous course, and sneered very complacently at the pusillanimity of men who, not having taken the infamous precautions on which he relied, were disposed to think twice before they placed life, and objects dearer than life, on a single hazard.\*

As soon as he was in the Low Countries he began to form new projects against the English government, and found among his fellow-emigrants men ready to listen to his evil counsels. Monmouth, however, stood obstinately aloof; and, without the help of

\* *Avauz Neg.*, Jan. 25, 1685. Letter from James to the Princess of Orange, dated Jan., 1684-5, among Birch's extracts in the British Museum.  
† *Grey's Narrative*; *Wade's Confession*, Lansdowne MS., 1152.

\* *Burnet*, i, 542; *Wood*, *Ath. Ox.* under the name of Owen; *Absalom and Achitophel*, part ii; *Eachard*, iii, 682, 697; *Sprat's True Account*, *passim*; *Nonconformist's Memorial*; *North's Examen*, 399.

Monmouth's immense popularity, it was impossible to effect anything. Yet such was the impatience and rashness of the exiles that they tried to find another leader. They sent an embassy to a solitary retreat on the shores of Lake Lemán, where Edmund Ludlow, once conspicuous among the chiefs of the parliamentary army and among the members of the High Court of Justice, had, during many years, hidden himself from the vengeance of the restored Stuarts. The stern old regicide, however, refused to quit his hermitage. His work, he said, was done. If England was still to be saved, she must be saved by younger men.\*

The unexpected demise of the crown changed the whole aspect of affairs. Any hope which the proscribed Whigs might have cherished of returning peaceably to their native land was extinguished by the death of a careless and good-natured prince, and by the accession of a prince obstinate in all things, and especially obstinate in revenge. Ferguson was in his element. Destitute of the talents both of a writer and of a statesman, he had, in a high degree, the unenviable qualifications of a tempter; and now, with the malevolent activity and dexterity of an evil spirit, he ran from outlaw to outlaw, chattered in every ear, and stirred up in every bosom savage animosities and wild desires.

He no longer despaired of being able to seduce Monmouth. The situation of that unhappy young man was completely changed. While he was dancing and skating at the Hague, and expecting every day a summons to London, he was overwhelmed with misery by the tidings of his father's death and of his uncle's accession. During the night which followed the arrival of the news, those who lodged near him could distinctly hear his sobs and his piercing cries. He quitted the Hague on the next day, having solemnly pledged his word, both to the Prince and to the Princess of Orange, not to attempt anything against the government of England, and having been supplied by them with money to meet immediate demands.†

The prospect which lay before Monmouth was not a bright one. There was no probability that he would be recalled from banishment. On the Continent his life could no longer be passed amid the splendor and festivity of a court. His cousins at the Hague seem to have really regarded him with kindness; but they could no longer countenance him openly without serious risk of producing a rupture between England and Holland.

William offered a kind and judicious suggestion. The war which was then raging in Hungary between the emperor and the Turks was watched by all Europe with interest almost as great as that which the Crusades had excited five hundred years earlier. Many gallant gentlemen, both Protestant and Catholic, were fighting as volunteers in the common cause of Christendom. The prince advised Monmouth to repair to the imperial camp, and assured him that, if he would do so, he should not want the means of making an appearance befitting an English nobleman.\* This counsel was excellent; but the duke could not make up his mind. He retired to Brussels accompanied by Henrietta Wentworth, Baroness Wentworth of Nettledede, a damsel of high rank and ample fortune, who loved him passionately, who had sacrificed for his sake her maiden honor and the hope of a splendid alliance, who had followed him into exile, and whom he believed to be his wife in the sight of heaven. Under the soothing influence of female friendship, his lacerated mind healed fast. He seemed to have found happiness in obscurity and repose, and to have forgotten that he had been the ornament of a splendid court and the head of a great party, that he had commanded armies, and that he had aspired to a throne.

But he was not suffered to remain quiet. Ferguson employed all his powers of temptation. Grey, who knew not where to turn for a pistole, and was ready for any undertaking, however desperate, lent his aid. No art was spared which could draw Monmouth from retreat. To the first invitations which he received from his old associates he returned unfavorable answers. He pronounced the difficulties of a descent on England insuperable; protested that he was sick of public life, and begged to be left in the enjoyment of his newly-found happiness. But he was little in the habit of resisting skillful and urgent importunity. It is said, too, that he was induced to quit his retirement by the same powerful influence which had made that retirement delightful. Lady Wentworth wished to see him a king. Her rents, her diamonds, her credit were put at his disposal. Monmouth's judgment was not convinced, but he had not firmness to resist such solicitations.†

\* The history of King William the Third, 2d edition, 1703, vol. i, 160.

† Welwood's Memoirs, App. xv; Burnet, i, 650. Grey told a somewhat different story; but he told it to save his life. The Spanish ambassador at the English court, Don Pedro Ronquillo, in a letter to the governor of the Low Countries written about this time, sneers at Monmouth for living on the bounty of a fond woman, and hints a very unfounded suspicion that the duke's passion was altogether interested. "Hallandose hoy tan falso de medios que ha menester transformarse en Amor con Miledi en vista de la necesidad de poder subsistir."—RONQUILLO to GRANA, March 30—April 9, 1685.

\* Wade's Confession, Harl. MS., 6845.

† Avauz Neg., Feb. 20, 22, 1685; Monmouth's letter to James from Ringwood.

By the English exiles he was joyfully welcomed, and unanimously acknowledged as their head. But there was another class of emigrants who were not disposed to recognize his supremacy. Misgovernment, such as had never been known in the southern part of our island, had driven from Scotland to the Continent many fugitives, the intemperance of whose political and religious zeal was proportioned to the oppression which they had undergone. These men were not willing to follow an English leader. Even in destitution and exile they retained their punetitious national pride, and would not consent that their country should be, in their persons, degraded into a province. They had a captain of their own, Archibald, ninth earl of Argyle, who, as head of the great tribe of Campbell, was known among the population of the Highlands by the proud name of Mac Callum More. His father, the Marquess of Argyle, had been the head of the Scotch Covenanters, had greatly contributed to the ruin of Charles the First, and was not thought by the Royalists to have atoned for this offense by consenting to bestow the empty title of king, and a state prison in Holyrood, on Charles the Second. After the return of the royal family the marquess was put to death. His marquissate became extinct; but his son was permitted to inherit the ancient earldom, and was still among the greatest of the nobles of Scotland. The earl's conduct during the twenty years which followed the Restoration had been, as he afterward thought, criminally moderate. He had, on some occasions, opposed the administration which afflicted his country, but his opposition had been languid and cautious. His compliances in ecclesiastical matters had given scandal to rigid Presbyterians; and so far had he been from showing any inclination to resistance, that, when the Covenanters had been persecuted into insurrection; he had brought into the field a large body of his dependents to support the government.

Such had been his political course until the Duke of York came down to Edinburgh, armed with the whole royal authority. The despotic viceroy soon found that he could not expect entire support from Argyle. Since the most powerful chief in the kingdom could not be gained, it was thought necessary that he should be destroyed. On grounds so frivolous that even the spirit of party and the spirit of chicane were ashamed of them, he was brought to trial for treason, convicted, and sentenced to death. The partisans of the Stuarts afterward asserted that it was never meant to carry this sentence into effect, and that the only object of the prosecution was to

frighten him into ceding his extensive jurisdiction in the Highlands. Whether James designed, as his enemies suspected, to commit murder, or only, as his friends affirmed, to commit extortion by threatening to commit murder, can not now be known. "I know nothing of the Scotch law," said Halifax to King Charles; "but this I know, that we should not hang a dog here on the grounds on which my Lord Argyle has been sentenced."\*

Argyle escaped in disguise to England, and thence passed over to Friesland. In that secluded province his father had bought a small estate, as a place of refuge for the family in civil troubles. It was said, among the Scots, that this purchase had been made in consequence of the predictions of a Celtic seer, to whom it had been revealed that Mac Callum More would one day be driven forth from the ancient mansion of his race at Inverary;† but it is probable that the politic marquess had been warned rather by the signs of the times than by the visions of any prophet. In Friesland Earl Archibald resided during some time so quietly that it was not generally known whither he had fled. From his retreat he carried on a correspondence with his friends in Great Britain, was a party to the Whig conspiracy, and concerted with the chiefs of that conspiracy a plan for invading Scotland.‡ This plan had been dropped upon the detection of the Rye House Plot, but became again the subject of his thoughts after the demise of the crown.

He had, during his residence on the Continent, reflected much more deeply on religious questions than in the preceding years of his life. In one respect the effect of these reflections on his mind had been pernicious. His partiality for the synodical form of church government now amounted to bigotry. When he remembered how long he had conformed to the established worship, he was overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and showed too many signs of a disposition to atone for his defection by violence and intolerance. He had, however, in no long time, an opportunity of proving that the fear and love of a higher power had nerved him for the most formidable conflicts by which human nature can be tried.

To his companions in adversity his assistance was of the highest moment. Though proscribed and a fugitive, he was still, in some sense, the most powerful subject in the British

\* Proceeding against Argyle in the Collection of State Trials; Burnet, l. 521; A true and plain Account of the Discoveries made in Scotland, 1684; The Scotch Mist cleared; Sir George Mackenzie's Vindication; Lord Fountainhall's Chronological Notes.

† Information of Robert Smith in the Appendix to Sprat's True Account.

‡ True and plain Account of the Discoveries made in Scotland.

dominions. In wealth, even before his attainder, he was probably inferior, not only to the great English nobles, but to some of the opulent esquires of Kent and Norfolk. But his patriarchal authority, an authority which no wealth could give and which no attainder could take away, made him, as a leader of an insurrection, truly formidable. No southern lord could feel any confidence that, if he ventured to resist the government, even his own gamekeepers and huntsmen would stand by him. An Earl of Bedford, an Earl of Devonshire, could not engage to bring ten men into the field. Mae Callum More, penniless and deprived of his earldom, might, at any moment, raise a serious civil war. He had only to show himself on the coast of Lorn, and an army would, in a few days, gather round him. The force which, in favorable circumstances, he could bring into the field, amounted to five thousand fighting men, devoted to his service, accustomed to the use of target and broadsword, not afraid to encounter regular troops in the open plain, and perhaps superior to regular troops in the qualifications requisite for the defense of wild mountain passes, hidden in mist, and torn by headlong torrents. What such a force, well directed, could effect, even against veteran regiments and skillful commanders, was proved, a few years later at Killiecrankie.

But, strong as was the claim of Argyle to the confidence of the exiled Scots, there was a faction among them which regarded him with no friendly feeling, and which wished to make use of his name and influence without intrusting to him any real power. The chief of this faction was a Lowland gentleman, who had been implicated in the Whig plot, and had with difficulty eluded the vengeance of the court, Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth, in Berwickshire. Great doubt has been thrown on his integrity, but without sufficient reason. It must, however, be admitted that he injured his cause by perverseness as much as he could have done by treachery. He was a man incapable alike of leading and of following, conceited, captious, and wrong-headed, an endless talker, a sluggard in action against the enemy, and active only against his own allies. With Hume was closely connected another Scottish exile of great note, who had many of the same faults, though not in the same degree, Sir John Cochrane, second son of the Earl of Dundonald.

A far higher character belonged to Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a man distinguished by learning and eloquence, distinguished also by courage, disinterestedness, and public spirit, but of an irritable and impracticable temper. Like many of his most illustrious cotemporaries—

Milton, for example, Harrington, Marvel, and Sidney—Fletcher had, from the misgovernment of several successive princes, conceived a strong aversion to hereditary monarchy; yet he was no democrat. He was the head of an ancient Norman house, and was proud of his descent. He was a fine speaker and a fine writer, and was proud of his intellectual superiority. Both in his character of gentleman and in his character of scholar, he looked down with disdain on the common people, and was so little disposed to intrust them with political power that he thought them unfit even to enjoy personal freedom. It is a curious circumstance that this man, the most honest, fearless, and uncompromising Republican of his time, should have been the author of a plan for reducing a large part of the working classes of Scotland to slavery. He bore, in truth, a lively resemblance to those Roman senators who, while they hated the name of king, guarded the privileges of their order with inflexible pride against the encroachments of the multitude, and governed their bondmen and bondwomen by means of the stocks and the scourge.

Amsterdam was the place where the leading emigrants, Scotch and English, assembled. Argyle repaired thither from Friesland, Monmouth from Brabant. It soon appeared that the fugitives had scarcely anything in common except hatred of James and impatience to return from banishment. The Scots were jealous of the English, the English of the Scots. Monmouth's high pretensions were offensive to Argyle, who, proud of ancient nobility and of a legitimate descent from kings, was by no means inclined to do homage to the offspring of a vagrant and ignoble love. But of all the dissensions by which the little band of outlaws was distracted, the most serious was that which arose between Argyle and a portion of his own followers. Some of the Scottish exiles had, in a long course of opposition to tyranny, been excited into a morbid state of understanding and temper, which made the most just and necessary restraint seem insupportable to them. They knew that without Argyle they could do nothing. They ought to have known that, unless they wished to run headlong to ruin, they must either repose full confidence in their leader, or relinquish all thoughts of military enterprise. Experience has fully proved that, in war, every operation, from the greatest to the smallest, ought to be under the absolute direction of one mind; and that every subordinate agent, in his degree, ought to obey implicitly, strenuously, and with the show of cheerfulness, orders which he disapproves, or of which the reasons are kept secret from him.

Representative assemblies, public discussions, and all the other checks by which, in civil affairs, rulers are restrained from abusing power, are out of place in a camp. Machiavel justly imputed many of the disasters of Venice and Florence to the jealousy which led those republics to interfere with every act of their generals.\* The Dutch practice of sending to an army deputies, without whose consent no great blow could be struck, was almost equally pernicious. It is undoubtedly by no means certain that a captain, who has been intrusted with dictatorial power in the hour of peril, will quietly surrender that power in the hour of triumph; and this is one of the many considerations which ought to make men hesitate long before they resolve to vindicate public liberty by the sword. But, if they determine to try the chance of war, they will, if they are wise, intrust to their chief that plenary authority without which war can not be well conducted. It is possible that, if they give him that authority, he may turn out a Cromwell or a Napoleon; but it is almost certain that, if they withhold from him that authority, their enterprises will end like the enterprise of Argyle.

Some of the Scottish emigrants, heated with republican enthusiasm, and utterly destitute of the skill necessary to the conduct of great affairs, employed all their industry and ingenuity, not in collecting means for the attack which they were about to make on a formidable enemy, but in devising restraints on their leader's power and securities against his ambition. The self-complacent stupidity with which they insisted on organizing an army as if they had been organizing a commonwealth would be incredible if it had not been frankly and even boastfully recorded by one of themselves.†

At length all differences were compromised. It was determined that an attempt should be forthwith made on the western coast of Scotland, and that it should be promptly followed by a descent on England.

Argyle was to hold the nominal command in Scotland; but he was placed under the control of a committee which reserved to itself all the most important parts of the military administration. This committee was empowered to determine where the expedition should land, to appoint officers, to superintend the levying of troops, to dole out provisions and ammunition. All that was left to the general was to direct the evolutions of the army in the field; and he was forced to promise that, even in the field, except in the case

of a surprise, he would do nothing without the assent of a council of war.

Monmouth was to command in England. His soft mind had, as usual, taken an impress from the society which surrounded him. Ambitious hopes which had seemed to be extinguished had revived in his bosom. He remembered the affection with which he had been constantly greeted by the common people in town and country, and expected that they would now rise by hundreds of thousands to welcome him. He remembered the good will which the soldiers had always borne him, and flattered himself that they would come over to him by regiments. Encouraging messages reached him in quick succession from London. He was assured that the violence and injustice with which the elections had been carried on had driven the nation mad; that the prudence of the leading Whigs had with difficulty prevented a sanguinary outbreak on the day of the coronation; and that all the great lords who had supported the Exclusion Bill were impatient to rally round him. Wildman, who loved to talk treason in parables, sent to say that the Earl of Richmond, just two hundred years before, had landed in England with a handful of men, and had a few days later been crowned, on the field of Bosworth, with the diadem taken from the head of Richard. Danvers undertook to raise the city. The duke was deceived into the belief that, as soon as he set up his standard, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hampshire, Cheshire, would rise in arms.\* He consequently became eager for the enterprise from which a few weeks before he had shrunk. His countrymen did not impose on him restrictions so elaborately absurd as those which the Scotch emigrants had devised. All that was required of him was to promise that he would not assume the regal title until his pretensions had been submitted to the judgment of a free Parliament.

It was determined that two Englishmen, Ayliffe and Runbold, should accompany Argyle to Scotland, and that Fletcher should go with Monmouth to England. Fletcher, from the beginning, had augured ill of the enterprise; but his chivalrous spirit would not suffer him to decline a risk which his friends seemed eager to encounter. When Grey repeated with approbation what Wildman had said about Richmond and Richard, the well-read and thoughtful Scot justly remarked that there was a great difference between the fifteenth and the seventeenth century. Richmond was assured of the support of barons, each of whom could bring an army of feudal

\* Discorsi sopra la prima Deca di Tito Livio, lib. ii, cap. 33.  
† See Sir Patrick Rume's Narrative, passim.

\* Grey's Narrative; Wade's Confession, Harl. MS., 6845.

retainers into the field; and Richard had not one regiment of regular soldiers.

The exiles were able to raise, partly from their own resources and partly from the contributions of well-wishers in Holland, a sum sufficient for the two expeditions. Very little was obtained from London. Six thousand pounds had been expected from thence; but instead of the money came excuses from Wildman, which ought to have opened the eyes of all who were not willfully blind. The duke made up the deficiency by pawning his own jewels and those of Lady Wentworth. Arms, ammunition, and provisions were bought, and several ships which lay at Amsterdam were freighted.\*

It is remarkable that the most illustrious and the most grossly injured man among the British exiles stood far aloof from these rash counsels. John Locke hated tyranny and persecution as a philosopher; but his intellect and his temper preserved him from the violence of a partisan. He had lived on confidential terms with Shaftesbury, and had thus incurred the displeasure of the court. Locke's prudence had, however, been such that it would have been to little purpose to bring him even before the corrupt and partial tribunals of that age. In one point, however, he was vulnerable. He was a student of Christ Church in the University of Oxford. It was determined to drive from that celebrated college the greatest man of whom it could ever boast; but this was not easy. Locke had, at Oxford, abstained from expressing any opinion on the politics of the day. Spies had been set about him. Doctors of divinity and masters of arts had not been ashamed to perform the vilest of all offices, that of watching the lips of a companion in order to report his words to his ruin. The conversation in the hall had been purposely turned to irritating topics, to the Exclusion Bill, and to the character of the Earl of Shaftesbury, but in vain. Locke never broke out, never dissembled, but maintained such steady silence and composure as forced the tools of power to own with vexation that never man was so complete a master of his tongue and of his passions. When it was found that treachery could do nothing, arbitrary power was used. After vainly trying to inveigle Locke into a fault, the government resolved to punish him without one. Orders came from Whitehall that he should be ejected, and those orders the dean and canons made haste to obey.

Locke was traveling on the Continent for his health when he learned that he had been deprived of his home and of his bread with-

out a trial or even a notice. The injustice with which he had been treated would have excused him if he had resorted to violent methods of redress. But he was not to be blinded by personal resentment; he augured no good from the schemes of those who had assembled at Amsterdam; and he quietly repaired to Utrecht, where, while his partners in misfortune were planning their own destruction, he employed himself in writing his celebrated letter on Toleration.\*

The English government was early apprised that something was in agitation among the outlaws. An invasion of England seems not to have been at first expected; but it was apprehended that Argyle would shortly appear in arms among his clansmen. A proclamation was accordingly issued, directing that Scotland should be put into a state of defense. The militia were ordered to be in readiness. All the clans hostile to the name of Campbell were set in motion. John Murray, marquess of Athol, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire, and, at the head of a great body of his followers, occupied the castle of Inverary. Some suspected persons were arrested, others were compelled to give hostages. Ships of war were sent to cruise near the Isle of Bute, and part of the army of Ireland was moved to the coast of Ulster.†

While these preparations were making in Scotland, James called into his closet Arnold Van Citters, who had long resided in England as ambassador from the United Provinces, and Everard Van Dykvelt, who, after the death of Charles, had been sent by the States-General on a special mission of condolence and congratulation. The king said that he had received from unquestionable sources intelligence of designs which were forming against his throne by his banished subjects in Holland. Some of the exiles were cut-throats, whom nothing but the special providence of God had prevented from committing a foul murder, and among them was the owner of the spot which had been fixed for the butchery. "Of all men living," said the king, "Argyle has the greatest means of annoying me; and of all places, Holland is that whence a blow may be best aimed against me." Citters and Dykvelt assured his majesty that what he had said should instantly be communicated

\* Le Clerc's Life of Locke; Lord King's Life of Locke; Lord Grenville's Oxford and Locke. Locke must not be confounded with the Anabaptist Nicholas Lock, whose name is spelled Locke in Grey's Confession, and who is mentioned in the Lansdowne MS., 1152, and in the Buccleuch narrative appended to Mr. Rose's dissertation. I should hardly think it necessary to make this remark, but that the similarity of the two names appears to have misled a man so well acquainted with the history of those times as Speaker Onslow. See his note on Burnet, i, 629.

† Wodrow, book iii, chap. ix; London Gazette, May 11, 1685; Barillon, May 11-21.

\* Grey's Narrative.

to the government which they represented, and expressed a full confidence that every exertion would be made to satisfy him.\*

The ambassadors were justified in expressing this confidence. Both the Prince of Orange and the States-General were, at this time, most desirous that the hospitality of their country should not be abused for purposes of which the English government could justly complain. James had lately held language which encouraged the hope that he would not patiently submit to the ascendancy of France. It seemed probable that he would consent to form a close alliance with the United Provinces and the house of Austria. There was, therefore, at the Hague, an extreme anxiety to avoid all that could give him offense. The personal interest of William was also, on this occasion, identical with the interest of his father-in-law.

But the case was one which required rapid and vigorous action, and the nature of the Batavian institutions made such action almost impossible. The Union of Utrecht, rudely formed, amid the agonies of a revolution, for the purpose of meeting immediate exigencies, had never been deliberately revised and perfected in a time of tranquillity. Every one of the seven commonwealths which that union had bound together retained almost all the rights of sovereignty, and asserted those rights punctiliously against the central government. As the federal authorities had not the means of exacting prompt obedience from the provincial authorities, so the provincial authorities had not the means of exacting prompt obedience from the municipal authorities. Holland alone contained eighteen cities, each of which was, for many purposes, an independent state, jealous of all interference from without. If the rulers of such a city received from the Hague an order which was displeasing to them, they either neglected it altogether, or executed it languidly and tardily. In some town councils, indeed, the influence of the Prince of Orange was all powerful; but, unfortunately, the place where the British exiles had congregated, and where their ships had been fitted out, was the rich and populous Amsterdam, and the magistrates of Amsterdam were the heads of the faction hostile to the federal government and to the house of Nassau. The naval administration of the United Provinces was conducted by five distinct Boards of Admiralty. One of those boards sat at Amsterdam, was partially nominated by the authorities of that city, and seems to have been entirely animated by their spirit.

All the endeavors of the federal government

to effect what James desired were frustrated by the evasions of the functionaries of Amsterdam, and by the blunders of Colonel Bevil Skelton, who had just arrived at the Hague as envoy from England. Skelton had been born in Holland during the English troubles, and was therefore supposed to be peculiarly qualified for his post;† but he was, in truth, unfit for that and for every other diplomatic situation. Excellent judges of character pronounced him to be the most shallow, fickle, passionate, presumptuous, and garrulous of men.‡ He took no serious notice of the proceedings of the refugees until three vessels which had been equipped for the expedition to Scotland were safe out of the Zuyder Zee, until the arms, ammunition, and provisions were on board, and until the passengers had embarked. Then, instead of applying, as he should have done, to the States-General, who sat close to his own door, he sent a messenger to the magistrates of Amsterdam, with a request that the suspected ships might be detained. The magistrates of Amsterdam answered that the entrance of the Zuyder Zee was out of their jurisdiction, and referred him to the federal government. It was notorious that this was a mere excuse, and that, if there had been any real wish at the Stadthouse of Amsterdam to prevent Argyle from sailing, no difficulties would have been made. Skelton now addressed himself to the States-General. They showed every disposition to comply with his demand, and, as the case was urgent, departed from the course which they ordinarily observed in the transaction of business. On the same day on which he made his application to them, an order, drawn in exact conformity with his request, was dispatched to the Admiralty of Amsterdam; but this order, in consequence of some misinformation which he had received, did not correctly describe the situation of the ships. They were said to be in the Texel. They were in the Vlie. The Admiralty of Amsterdam made this error a plea for doing nothing; and, before the error could be rectified, the three ships had sailed.‡

The last hours which Argyle passed on the coast of Holland were hours of great anxiety. Near him lay a Dutch man-of-war, whose broadside would in a moment have put an end to his expedition. Round his little fleet a boat was rowing, in which were some persons with telescopes, whom he suspected to be spies. But no effectual step was taken for the purpose of detaining him, and on the

\* This is mentioned in his credentials dated on the 16th of March, 1684-5.

† Donrepaux to Seignelay, Feb. 4-14, 1686.

‡ Avaux Neg. April 30-May 10, May 1-11, May 5-15, 1685; Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative; Letters from the Admiralty of Amsterdam to the States-General, dated June 20, 1685; Memorial of Skelton, delivered to the States-General, May 10, 1685.

\* Register of the Proceedings of the States-General, May 5-15, 1685.

afternoon of the second of May he stood out to sea before a favorable breeze.\*

The voyage was prosperous. On the sixth the Orkneys were in sight. Argyle very unwisely anchored off Kirkwall, and allowed two of his followers to go on shore there. The bishop ordered them to be arrested. The refugees proceeded to hold a long and animated debate on this misadventure; for, from the beginning to the end of their expedition, however languid and irresolute their conduct might be, they never in debate wanted spirit or perseverance. Some were for an attack on Kirkwall. Some were for proceeding without delay to Argyreshire. At last the earl seized some gentlemen who lived near the coast of the island, and proposed to the bishop an exchange of prisoners. The bishop returned no answer; and the fleet, after losing three days, sailed away.

This delay was full of danger. It was speedily known at Edinburgh that the rebel squadron had touched at the Orkneys. Troops were instantly put in motion. When the earl reached his own province, he found that preparations had been made to repel him. At Dunstaffnage he sent his second son Charles on shore to call the Campbells to arms; but Charles returned with gloomy tidings. The herdsmen and fishermen were indeed ready to rally round Mac Callum More; but of the heads of the clan, some were in confinement, and others had fled. Those gentlemen who remained at their homes were either well affected to the government or afraid of moving, and refused even to see the son of their chief. From Dunstaffnage the small armament proceeded to Campbelltown, near the southern extremity of the peninsula of Kintyre. Here the earl published a manifesto drawn up in Holland, under the direction of the committee, by James Stewart, a Scotch advocate, whose pen was, a few months later, employed in a very different way. In this paper were set forth, with a strength of language sometimes approaching to scurrility, many real and some imaginary grievances. It was hinted that the late king had died by poison. A chief object of the expedition was declared to be the entire suppression, not only of popery, but of prelacy, which was termed the most bitter root and offspring of popery; and all good Scotchmen were exhorted to do valiantly for the cause of their country and of their God.

Zealous as Argyle was for what he con-

sidered as pure religion, he did not scruple to practice one rite half popish and half pagan. The mysterious cross of yew, first set on fire, and then quenched in the blood of a goat, was sent forth to summon all the Campbells, from sixteen to sixty. The Isthmus of Tarbet was appointed for the place of gathering. The muster, though small indeed when compared with what it would have been if the spirit and strength of the clan had been unbroken, was still formidable. The whole force assembled amounted to about eighteen hundred men. Argyle divided his mountaineers into three regiments, and proceeded to appoint officers.

The bickerings which had begun in Holland had never been intermitted during the whole course of the expedition, but at Tarbet they became more violent than ever. The committee wished to interfere even with the patriarchal dominion of the earl over the Campbells, and would not allow him to settle the military rank of his kinsmen by his own authority. While these disputatious meddlers tried to wrest from him his power over the Highlands, they carried on their own correspondence with the Lowlands, and received and sent letters which were never communicated to the nominal general. Hume and his confederates had reserved to themselves the superintendence of the stores, and conducted this important part of the administration of war with a laxity hardly to be distinguished from dishonesty, suffered the arms to be spoiled, wasted the provisions, and lived riotously at a time when they ought to have set to all beneath them an example of abstemiousness.

The great question was whether the Highlands or the Lowlands should be the seat of war. The earl's first object was to establish his authority over his own domains, to drive out the invading clans which had been poured from Perthshire into Argyreshire, and to take possession of the ancient seat of his family at Inverary. He might then hope to have four or five thousand claymores at his command. With such a force he would be able to defend that wild country against the whole power of the kingdom of Scotland, and would also have secured an excellent base for offensive operations. This seems to have been the wisest course open to him. Rumbold, who had been trained in an excellent military school, and who, as an Englishman, might be supposed to be an impartial umpire between the Scottish factions, did all in his power to strengthen the earl's hands. But Hume and

\* I may here remark that the editor of the Oxford edition of Burnet attempts to excuse the murder of John Brown, the Christian carrier, by alleging that Claverhouse was then employed to intercept all communication between Argyle and Monmouth, and by supposing that the Christian carrier may have been detected in conveying intelligence between the rebel camps. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the Christian carrier

was shot on the first of May, when both Argyle and Monmouth were in Holland, and when there was no insurrection in either England or Scotland.



Cochrane were utterly impracticable. Their jealousy of Argyle was, in truth, stronger than their wish for the success of the expedition. They saw that, among his own mountains and lakes, and at the head of an army chiefly composed of his own tribe, he would be able to bear down their opposition, and to exercise the full authority of a general. They muttered that the only men who had the good cause at heart were the Lowlanders, and that the Campbells took up arms neither for liberty nor for the Church of God, but for Mac Callum More alone. Cochrane declared that he would go to Ayrshire if he went by himself, and with nothing but a pitchfork in his hand. Argyle, after long resistance, consented, against his better judgment, to divide his little army. He remained with Rumbold in the Highlands. Cochrane and Hume were at the head of the force which sailed to invade the Lowlands.

Ayrshire was Cochrane's object; but the coast of Ayrshire was guarded by English frigates; and the adventurers were under the necessity of running up the estuary of the Clyde to Greenock, then a small fishing village consisting of a single row of thatched hovels, now a great and flourishing port, of which the customs amount to more than five times the whole revenue which the Stuarts derived from the kingdom of Scotland. A party of militia lay at Greenock; but Cochrane, who wanted provisions, was determined to land. Hume objected. Cochrane was peremptory, and ordered an officer, named Elphinstone, to take twenty men in a boat to the shore. But the wrangling spirit of the leaders had infected all ranks. Elphinstone answered that he was bound to obey only reasonable commands; that he considered this command as unreasonable, and, in short, that he would not go. Major Fullarton, a brave man, esteemed by all parties, but peculiarly attached to Argyle, undertook to land with only twelve men, and did so in spite of a fire from the coast. A slight skirmish followed. The militia fell back. Cochrane entered Greenock and procured a supply of meal, but found no disposition to insurrection among the people.

In fact, the state of public feeling in Scotland was not such as the exiles, misled by the infatuation common in all ages to exiles, had supposed it to be. The government was, indeed, hateful and hated; but the malecontents were divided into parties which were almost as hostile to one another as to their rulers; nor was any of those parties eager to join the invaders. Many thought that the insurrection had no chance of success. The spirit of many had been effectually broken by

long and cruel oppression. There was, indeed, a class of enthusiasts who were little in the habit of calculating chances, and whom oppression had not tamed, but maddened. But these men saw little difference between Argyle and James. Their wrath had been heated to such a temperature that what every body else would have called boiling zeal, seemed to them Laodicean lukewarmness. The earl's past life had been stained by what they regarded as the vilest apostasy. The very Highlanders whom he now summoned to extirpate prelacy he had a few years before summoned to defend it. And were slaves who knew nothing and cared nothing about religion, who were ready to fight for synodical government, for Episcopacy, for popery, just as Mac Callum More might be pleased to command, fit allies for the people of God? The manifesto, indecent and intolerant as was its tone, was, in the view of these fanatics, a cowardly and worldly performance. A settlement such as Argyle would have made, such as was afterward made by a mightier and happier deliverer, seemed to them not worth a struggle. They wanted not only freedom of conscience for themselves, but absolute dominion over the consciences of others, not only the Presbyterian doctrine, polity, and worship, but the Covenant in its utmost rigor. Nothing would content them but that every end for which civil society exists should be sacrificed to the ascendancy of a theological system. One who believed no form of church government to be worth a breach of Christian charity, and who recommended comprehension and toleration, was, in their phrase, halting between Jehovah and Baal. One who condemned such acts as the murder of Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Sharpe, fell into the same sin for which Saul had been rejected from being king over Israel. All the rules by which, among civilized and Christian men, the horrors of war are mitigated, were abominations in the sight of the Lord. Quarter was to be neither taken nor given. A Malay running a muck, a mad dog pursued by a crowd, were the models to be imitated by Christian men fighting in just self-defense. To reasons such as guide the conduct of statesmen and generals the minds of these zealots were absolutely impervious. That a man should venture to urge such reasons was sufficient evidence that he was not one of the faithful. If the Divine blessing were withheld, little would be effected by crafty politicians, by veteran captains, by cases of arms from Holland, or by regiments of unregenerate Celts from the mountains of Lorn. If, on the other hand, the Lord's time were indeed come, he would still, as of old,

cause the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and could save alike by many and by few. The broad-swords of Athol and the bayonets of Claverhouse would be put to rout by weapons as insignificant as the sling of David or the piteher of Gideon.\*

Cochrane, having found it impossible to raise the population on the south of the Clyde, rejoined Argyle, who was in the island of Bute. The earl now again proposed to make an attempt upon Inverary. Again he encountered a pertinacious opposition. The seamen sided with Hume and Cochrane. The Highlanders were absolutely at the command of their chieftain. There was reason to fear that the two parties would come to blows; and the dread of such a disaster induced the council to make some concession. The castle of Ealan Ghierig, situated at the mouth of Loch Riddan, was selected to be the chief place of arms. The military stores were disembarked there. The squadron was moored close to the walls, in a place where it was protected by rocks and shallows such as, it was thought, no frigate could pass. Outworks were thrown up. A battery was planted with some small guns taken from the ships. The command of the fort was most unwisely given to Elphinstone, who had already proved himself much more disposed to argue with his commanders than to fight the enemy.

And now, during a few hours, there was some show of vigor. Rumbold took the castle of Ardkinglass. The earl skirmished successfully with Athol's troops, and was about to advance on Inverary, when alarming news from the ships and factions in the committee forced him to turn back. The king's frigates had come nearer to Ealan Ghierig than had been thought possible. The Lowland gentlemen positively refused to advance further into the Highlands. Argyle hastened back to Ealan Ghierig. There he proposed to make an attack on the frigates. His ships, indeed, were ill fitted for such an encounter; but they would have been supported by a flotilla of thirty large fishing boats, each well manned with armed Highlanders. The committee, however, refused to listen to this plan, and effectually counteracted it by raising a mutiny among the sailors.

All was now confusion and despondency. The provisions had been so ill managed by the committee that there was no longer food for the troops. The Highlanders consequently deserted by hundreds; and the earl,

broken-hearted by his misfortunes, yielded to the urgency of those who still pertinaciously insisted that he should march into the Lowlands.

The little army therefore hastened to the shore of Loch Long, passed that inlet by night in boats, and landed in Dumbartonshire. Hither, on the following morning, came news that the frigates had forced a passage, that all the earl's ships had been taken, and that Elphinstone had fled from Ealan Ghierig without a blow, leaving the castle and stores to the enemy.

All that remained was to invade the Lowlands under every disadvantage. Argyle resolved to make a bold push for Glasgow; but, as soon as this resolution was announced, the very men who had, up to that moment, been urging him to hasten into the low country, took fright, argued, remonstrated, and, when argument and remonstrance proved vain, laid a scheme for seizing the boats, making their own escape, and leaving their general and his clansmen to conquer or perish unaided. This scheme failed; and the poltroons who had formed it were compelled to share with braver men the risks of the last venture.

During the march through the country which lies between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, the insurgents were constantly infested by parties of militia. Some skirmishes took place, in which the earl had the advantage; but the bands which he repelled, falling back before him, spread the tidings of his approach, and, soon after he had crossed the River Leven, he found a strong body of regular and irregular troops prepared to encounter him.

He was for giving battle. Ayloff was of the same opinion. Hume, on the other hand, declared that to engage the enemy would be madness. He saw one regiment in scarlet. More might be behind. To attack such a force was to rush on certain death. The best course was to remain quiet until night, and then to give the enemy the slip.

A sharp altercation followed, which was with difficulty quieted by the mediation of Rumbold. It was now evening. The hostile armies encamped at no great distance from each other. The earl ventured to propose a night attack, and was again overruled.

Since it was determined not to fight, nothing was left but to take the step which Hume had recommended. There was a chance that, by decamping secretly, and hastening all night across heaths and morasses, the earl might gain many miles on the enemy, and might reach Glasgow without further obstruction. The watch-fires were left burning; and the march began. And now disaster followed disaster fast. The guides mistook the track

\* If any person is inclined to suspect that I have exaggerated the absurdity and ferocity of these men, I would advise him to read two books, which will convince him that I have rather softened than overcharged the portrait, the "Hind let loose," and "Faithful Contendings displayed."

across the moors, and led the army into boggy ground. Military order could not be preserved by undisciplined and disheartened soldiers under a dark sky, and on a treacherous and uneven soil. Panic after panic spread through the broken ranks. Every sight and sound was thought to indicate the approach of pursuers. Some of the officers contributed to spread the terror which it was their duty to calm. The army had become a mob, and the mob melted fast away. Great numbers fled under cover of the night. Rumbold and some other brave men whom no danger could have scared lost their way, and were unable to rejoin the main body. When the day broke, only five hundred fugitives, wearied and dispersed, assembled at Kilpatrick.

All thought of prosecuting the war was at an end; and it was plain that the chiefs of the expedition would have sufficient difficulty in escaping with their lives. They fled in different directions. Hume reached the Continent in safety. Cochrane was taken and sent up to London. Argyle hoped to find a secure asylum under the roof of one of his old servants who lived near Kilpatrick; but this hope was disappointed, and he was forced to cross the Clyde. He assumed the dress of a peasant, and pretended to be the guide of Major Fullarton, whose courageous fidelity was proof to all danger. The friends journeyed together through Renfrewshire as far as Inchinnan. At that place the Black Cart and the White Cart, two streams which now flow through prosperous towns, and turn the wheels of many factories, but which then held their quiet course through moors and sheepwalks, mingle before they join the Clyde. The only ford by which the travelers could cross was guarded by a party of militia. Some questions were asked. Fullarton tried to draw suspicion on himself, in order that his companion might escape unnoticed; but the minds of the questioners misgave them that the guide was not the rude clown that he seemed. They laid hands on him. He broke loose and sprang into the water, but was instantly chased. He stood at bay for a short time against five assailants; but he had no arms except his pocket pistols, and they were so wet, in consequence of his plunge, that they would not go off. He was struck to the ground with a broadsword, and secured.

He owned himself to be the Earl of Argyle, probably in the hope that his great name would excite the awe and pity of those who had seized him. And, indeed, they were much moved; for they were plain Scotchmen of humble rank, and, though in arms for the crown, probably cherished a preference for the Calvinistic church government and worship,

and had been accustomed to reverence their captive as the head of an illustrious house and as a champion of the Protestant religion. But, though they were evidently touched, and though some of them even wept, they were not disposed to relinquish a large reward and to incur the vengeance of an implacable government. They therefore conveyed their prisoner to Renfrew. The man who bore the chief part in the arrest was named Riddell. On this account, the whole race of Riddells was, during more than a century, held in abhorrence by the great tribe of Campbell. Within living memory, when a Riddell visited a fair in Argyleshire, he found it necessary to assume a false name.

And now commenced the brightest part of Argyle's career. His enterprise had hitherto brought on him nothing but reproach and derision. His great error was that he did not resolutely refuse to accept the name without the power of a general. Had he remained quietly at his retreat in Friesland, he would in a few years have been recalled with honor to his country, and would have been conspicuous among the ornaments and the props of constitutional monarchy. Had he conducted his expedition according to his own views, and carried with him no followers but such as were prepared implicitly to obey all his orders, he might possibly have effected something great; for what he wanted as a captain seems to have been, not courage, nor activity, nor skill, but simply authority. He should have known that of all wants this is the most fatal. Armies have triumphed under leaders who possessed no very eminent qualifications. But what army commanded by a debating club ever escaped discomfiture and disgrace?

The great calamity which had fallen on Argyle had this advantage, that it enabled him to show, by proofs not to be mistaken, what manner of man he was. From the day when he quitted Friesland to the day when his followers separated at Kilpatrick, he had never been a free agent. He had borne the responsibility of a long series of measures which his judgment disapproved. Now at length he stood alone. Captivity had restored to him the noblest kind of liberty, the liberty of governing himself in all his words and actions according to his own sense of the right and of the becoming. All at once he became as one inspired with new wisdom and virtue. His intellect seemed to be strengthened and concentrated, his moral character to be at once elevated and softened. The insolence of the conquerors spared nothing that could try the temper of a man proud of ancient nobility and of patriarehal dominion.

The prisoner was dragged through Edinburgh in triumph. He walked on foot, bareheaded, up the whole length of that stately street which, overshadowed by dark and gigantic piles of stone, leads from Holyrood House to the castle. Before him marched the hangman, bearing the ghastly instrument which was to be used at the quartering block. The victorious party had not forgotten that, thirty-five years before this time, the father of Argyle had been at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death. Before that event the houses of Graham and Campbell had borne no love to each other; and they had ever since been at deadly feud. Care was taken that the prisoner should pass through the same gate and the same streets through which Montrose had been led to the same doom. The troops who attended the procession were put under the command of Claverhouse, the fiercest and sternest of the race of Graham. When the earl reached the castle his legs were put in irons, and he was informed that he had but a few days to live. It had been determined not to bring him to trial for his recent offense, but to put him to death under the sentence pronounced against him several years before; a sentence so flagitiously unjust that the most servile and obdurate lawyers of that bad age could not speak of it without shame.

But neither the ignominious procession up the High Street, nor the near view of death, had power to disturb the gentle and majestic patience of Argyle. His fortitude was tried by a still more severe test. A paper of interrogatories was laid before him by order of the Privy Council. He replied to those questions to which he could reply without danger to any of his friends, and refused to say more. He was told that unless he returned fuller answers he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry that he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyle in the boots, sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned in the treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and death in immediate prospect, Mac Callum More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote from his cell, "treating for them, and in some hopes; but this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the magnanimity of the victim had moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He him-

self remarked that at first they had been very harsh to him, but they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. God, he said, had melted their hearts. It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelty of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words: "I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully."

He composed his own epitaph; a short poem, full of meaning and spirit, simple and forcible in style, and not contemptible in versification. In this little piece he complained that, though his enemies had repeatedly decreed his death, his friends had been still more cruel. A comment on these expressions is to be found in a letter which he addressed to a lady residing in Holland. She had furnished him with a large sum of money for his expedition, and he thought her entitled to a full explanation of the causes which had led to his failure. He acquitted his coadjutors of treachery, but described their folly, their ignorance, and their factious perverseness, in terms which their own testimony has since proved to have been richly deserved. He afterward doubted whether he had not used language too severe to become a dying Christian, and, in a separate paper, begged his friend to suppress what he had said of these men. "Only this I must acknowledge," he mildly added; "they were not governable."

Most of his few remaining hours were passed in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former compliance in spiritual things with the pleasure of the government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the State and Church; yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet; but I have a strong impression on my spirit that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to divine inspiration.

So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gayety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigor when he

should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the earl. It was answered that the earl was asleep. The privy counselor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken sick with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said, "that will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. "I have been," he said, "in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—"

And now the earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High Street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife. "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion; but he listened to them with civility, and exhorted them to caution their flocks against those doctrines which all Protestant churches unite in condemning. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech, tinged with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave as he hoped to be forgiven. Only a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the Episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out in a loud voice, "My lord dies a Protestant." "Yes," said the earl, stepping forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a

heart-hatred of popery, of prelacy, and of all superstition." He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed for a little space, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.\*

The head of the brave and sincere, though not blameless Rumbold, was already on the West Port of Edinburgh. Surrounded by factious and cowardly associates, he had, through the whole campaign, behaved himself like a soldier trained in the school of the great Protector, had in council strenuously supported the authority of Argyle, and had in the field been distinguished by tranquil intrepidity. After the dispersion of the army he was set upon by a party of militia. He defended himself desperately, and would have cut his way through them had not they hamstringed his horse. He was brought to Edinburgh mortally wounded. The wish of the government was that he should be executed in England; but he was so near death that, if he was not hanged in Scotland, he could not be hanged at all; and the pleasure of hanging him was one which the conquerors could not bear to forego. It was, indeed, not to be expected that they would show much lenity to one who was regarded as the chief of the Rye House Plot, and who was the owner of the building from which that plot took its name; but the insolence with which they treated the dying man seems to our more humane age almost incredible. One of the Scotch privy counselors told him that he was a confounded villain. "I am at peace with God," answered Rumbold, calmly; "how, then, can I be confounded?"

He was hastily tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered within a few hours, near the city cross in the High Street. Though unable to stand without the support of two men, he maintained his fortitude to the last, and under the gibbet raised his feeble voice against popery and tyranny with such vehemence that the officers ordered the drums to strike up lest the people should hear him. He was a friend, he said, to limited monarchy; but he never would believe that

\* The authors from whom I have taken the history of Argyle's expedition are Sir Patrick Hume, who was an eye-witness of what he related, and Wodrow, who had access to materials of the greatest value, among which were the earl's own papers. Wherever there is a question of veracity between Argyle and Hume, I have no doubt that Argyle's narrative ought to be followed.

See, also, Burnet, i, 631, and the Life of Bresson, published by Dr. Mac Crie. The account of the Scotch rebellion in Clarke's Life of James the Second is a ridiculous romance, composed by a Jacobite who did not even take the trouble to look at a map of the seat of war.

Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. "I desire," he cried, "to bless and magnify God's holy name for this, that I stand here, not for any wrong that I have done, but for adhering to his cause in an evil day. If every hair of my head were a man, in this quarrel I would venture them all."

Both at his trial and at his execution he spoke of assassination with the abhorrence which became a good Christian and a brave soldier. He had never, he protested, on the faith of a dying man, harbored the thought of committing such villany; but he frankly owned that in conversation with his fellow-conspirators he had mentioned his own house as a place where the king and the duke might with advantage be attacked, and that much had been said on the subject, though nothing had been determined. It may at first sight seem that this acknowledgment is inconsistent with his declaration that he had always regarded assassination with horror; but the truth appears to be that he was imposed upon by a distinction which deluded many of his cotemporaries. Nothing would have induced him to have put poison into the food of the two princes, or to poniard them in their sleep; but to make an unexpected onset on the troop of Life Guards which surrounded the royal coach, to exchange sword-cuts and pistol-shots, and to take the chance of slaying or of being slain, was, in his view, a lawful military operation. Ambuscades and surprises were among the ordinary incidents of war. Every old soldier, Cavalier or Roundhead, had been engaged in such enterprises. If in the skirmish the king should fall, he would fall by fair fighting and not by murder. Precisely the same reasoning was employed, after the Revolution, by James himself and by his most gallant and devoted followers, to justify a wicked attempt on the life of William the Third. A band of Jacobites was commissioned to attack the Prince of Orange in his winter-quarters. The meaning latent under this specious phrase was that the prince's throat was to be cut as he went in his coach from Richmond to Kensington. It may seem strange that such fallacies, the dregs of the Jesuitical casuistry, should have had power to seduce men of heroic spirit, both Whigs and Tories, into a crime on which divine and human laws have justly set a peculiar note of infamy. But no sophism is too gross to delude minds distempered by party spirit.\*

Argyle, who survived Rumbold a few hours, left a dying testimony to the virtues of the gallant Englishman. "Poor Rumbold was a great support to me, and a brave man, and died Christianly."\*

Ayloffé showed as much contempt of death as either Argyle or Rumbold; but his end did not, like theirs, edify pious minds. Though political sympathy had drawn him toward the Puritans, he had no religious sympathy with them, and was, indeed, regarded by them as little better than an atheist. He belonged to that section of the Whigs which sought for models rather among the patriots of Greece and Rome than among the prophets and judges of Israel. He was taken prisoner, and carried to Glasgow. There he attempted to destroy himself with a small penknife; but, though he gave himself several wounds, none of them proved mortal, and he had strength enough left to bear a journey to London. He was brought before the Privy Council, and interrogated by the king, but had too much elevation of mind to save himself by informing against others. A story was current among the Whigs that the king said, "You had better be frank with me, Mr. Ayloffé. You know that it is in my power to pardon you." Then, it was rumored, the captive broke his sullen silence, and answered, "It may be in your power, but it is not in your nature." He was executed under his old outlawry before the gate of the Temple, and died with stoical composure.†

In the meantime the vengeance of the conquerors was mercilessly wreaked on the people of Argyleshire. Many of the Campbells were hanged without a trial by Athol; and he was with difficulty restrained by the Privy Council from taking more lives. The country to the extent of thirty miles round Inverary was wasted. Houses were burned, the stones of mills broken to pieces, fruit-trees cut down, and the very roots seared with fire. The nets and fishing-boats, the sole means by which many inhabitants of the coast subsisted, were destroyed. More than three hundred rebels and malcontents were transported to the colonies. Many of them were also sentenced to mutilation. On a single day the hangman of Edinburgh cut off the ears of thirty-five pri-

his confession that he had himself mentioned his own house as a convenient place for an attack on the royal brothers. The distinction which I suppose him to have taken was taken by another Eye House conspirator, who was, like him, an old soldier of the Commonwealth, Captain Walcot. On Walcot's trial, West, the witness for the crown, said, "Captain, you did agree to be one of those that were to fight the Guards." "What, then, was the reason," asked Chief Justice Pemberton, "that he would not kill the king?" "He said," answered West, "that it was a base thing to kill a naked man, and he would not do it."

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 9.

† Wade's Narrative, Harl. MS., 6845; Burnet, i, 634. Citters's Dispatch of Oct. 30-Nov. 9, 1685; Luttrell's Diary of the same date.

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 10; Western Martyrology; Burnet, i, 633; Fox's History, Appendix, iv. I can find no way except that indicated in the text of reconciling Rumbold's denial that he had ever admitted into his mind the thought of assassination with

soners. Several women were sent across the Atlantic after being first branded in the cheek with a hot iron. It was even in contemplation to obtain an act of Parliament proscribing the name of Campbell, as the name of Mac Gregor had been proscribed eighty years before.\*

Argyle's expedition appears to have produced little sensation in the south of the island. The tidings of his landing reached London just before the English Parliament met. The king mentioned the news from the throne, and the houses assured him that they would stand by him against every enemy. Nothing more was required of them. Over Scotland they had no authority; and a war of which the theater was so distant, and of which the event might, almost from the first, be easily foreseen, excited only a languid interest in London.

But, a week before the final dispersion of Argyle's army, England was agitated by the news that a more formidable invader had landed on her own shores. It had been agreed among the refugees that Monmouth should sail from Holland six days after the departure of the Scots. He had deferred his expedition a short time, probably in the hope that most of the troops in the south of the island would be moved to the north as soon as war broke out in the Highlands, and that he should find no force ready to oppose him. When at length he was desirous to proceed, the wind had become adverse and violent.

While his small fleet lay tossing in the Texel, a contest was going on among the Dutch authorities. The States-General and the Prince of Orange were on one side, the magistracy and Admiralty of Amsterdam on the other.

Skelton had delivered to the States-General a list of the refugees whose residence in the United Provinces caused uneasiness to his master. The States-General, anxious to grant every reasonable request which James could make, sent copies of the list to the provincial authorities. The provincial authorities sent copies to the municipal authorities. The magistrates of all the towns were directed to take such measures as might prevent the proscribed Whigs from molesting the English government. In general, those directions were obeyed. At Rotterdam in particular, where the influence of William was all powerful, such activity was shown as called forth warm acknowledgments from James. But Amsterdam was the chief seat of the emigrants; and the governing body of Amsterdam would see no-

thing, hear nothing, know of nothing. The high bailiff of the city, who was himself in daily communication with Ferguson, reported to the Hague that he did not know where to find a single one of the refugees; and with this excuse the federal government was forced to be content. The truth was, that the English exiles were as well known at Amsterdam, and as much stared at in the streets, as if they had been Chinese.\*

A few days later, Skelton received orders from his court to request that, in consequence of the dangers which threatened his master's throne, the three Scotch regiments in the service of the United Provinces might be sent to Great Britain without delay. He applied to the Prince of Orange, and the prince undertook to manage the matter, but predicted that Amsterdam would raise some difficulty. The prediction proved correct. The deputies of Amsterdam refused to consent, and succeeded in causing some delay. But the question was not one of those on which, by the Constitution of the republic, a single city could prevent the wish of the majority from being carried into effect. The influence of William prevailed, and the troops were embarked with great expedition.†

Skelton was at the same time exerting himself, not, indeed, very judiciously or temperately, to stop the ships which the English refugees had fitted out. He expostulated in warm terms with the Admiralty of Amsterdam. The negligence of that board, he said, had already enabled one band of rebels to invade Britain; for a second error of the same kind there could be no excuse. He peremptorily demanded that a large vessel, named the Helderbergh, might be detained. It was pretended that this vessel was bound for the Canaries; but, in truth, she had been freighted by Monmouth, carried twenty-six guns, and was loaded with arms and ammunition. The Admiralty of Amsterdam replied that the liberty of trade and navigation was not to be restrained for light reasons, and that the Hel-

\* Skelton's letter is dated the 7th-17th of May, 1686. It will be found, together with a letter of the Schout of High Bailiff of Amsterdam, in a little volume published a few months later, and entitled "Histoire des Evenemens Tragiques d'Angleterre." The documents inserted in that work are, as far as I have examined them, given exactly from the Dutch archives, except that Skelton's French, which was not the purest, is slightly corrected. See, also, Grey's Narrative.

Goodenough, on his examination after the battle of Sedgemoor, said, "The Schout of Amsterdam was a particular friend to this last design."—LANSHOUSE MS., 1152.

It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise. The circumstance on which they chiefly rely is that the authorities of Amsterdam took no effectual steps for preventing the expedition from sailing. This circumstance is, in truth, the strongest proof that the expedition was not favored by William. No person, not profoundly ignorant of the institutions and politics of Holland, would hold the stadtholder answerable for the proceedings of the heads of the Loevestein party.

† Avaux Neg., June 7-17, 8-18, 14-24, 1685; Letter of the Prince of Orange to Lord Rochester, June 9, 1685.

\* Wodrow, III, ix, 4, and III, ix, 10. Wodrow gives from the Acts of Council the names of all the prisoners who were transported, mutilated, or branded.

derenbergh could not be stopped without an order from the States-General. Skelton, whose uniform practice seems to have been to begin at the wrong end, now had recourse to the States-General. The States-General gave the necessary orders. Then the Admiralty of Amsterdam pretended that there was not a sufficient naval force in the Texel to seize so large a ship as the Helderbergh, and suffered Monmouth to sail unmolested.\*

The weather was bad, the voyage was long, and several English men-of-war were cruising in the Channel; but Monmouth escaped both the sea and the enemy. As he passed by the cliffs of Dorsetshire, it was thought desirable to send a boat to the beach with one of the refugees named Thomas Dare. This man, though of low mind and manners, had great influence at Taunton. He was directed to hasten thither across the country, and to apprise his friends that Monmouth would soon be on English ground.†

On the morning of the eleventh of June, the Helderbergh, accompanied by two smaller vessels, appeared off the port of Lyme. That town is a small knot of steep and narrow alleys, lying on a coast wild, rocky, and beaten by a stormy sea. The place was then chiefly remarkable for a pier, which, in the days of the Plantagenets, had been constructed of stones unhewn and uncemented. This ancient work, known by the name of the Cob, inclosed the only haven where, in a space of many miles, the fishermen could take refuge from the tempests of the Channel.

The appearance of the three ships, foreign built and without colors, perplexed the inhabitants of Lyme; and the uneasiness increased when it was found that the custom-house officers, who had gone on board according to usage, did not return. The town's people repaired to the cliffs, and gazed long and anxiously, but could find no solution of the mystery. At length seven boats put off from the largest of the strange vessels and rowed to the shore. From these boats landed about eighty men, well armed and appointed. Among them were Monmouth, Grey, Fletcher, Ferguson, Wade, and Anthony Buyse, an officer who had been in the service of the Elector of Brandenburg.‡

Monmouth commanded silence, knelt down on the shore, thanked God for having

preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea, and implored the divine blessing on what was yet to be done by land. He then drew his sword and led his men over the cliffs into the town.

As soon as it was known under what leader and for what purpose the expedition came, the enthusiasm of the populace burst through all restraints. The little town was in an uproar with men running to and fro, and shouting "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!" Meanwhile the ensign of the adventurers, a blue flag, was set up in the market-place. The military stores were deposited in the town hall; and a declaration, setting forth the objects of the expedition, was read from the Cross.\*

This declaration, the master-piece of Ferguson's genius, was not a grave manifesto such as ought to be put forth by a leader drawing the sword for a great public cause, but a libel of the lowest class, both in sentiment and language.† It contained, undoubtedly, many just charges against the government; but these charges were set forth in the prolix and inflated style of a bad pamphlet; and mingled with them were other charges of which the whole disgrace falls upon those who made them. The Duke of York, it was positively affirmed, had burned down London, had strangled Godfrey, had cut the throat of Essex, and had poisoned the late king. On account of those villanous and unnatural crimes, but chiefly that execrable fact, the late horrible and barbarous parricide—such was the copiousness and such the felicity of Ferguson's diction—James was declared a mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, a murderer, and a usurper. No treaty should be made with him. The sword should not be sheathed until he had been brought to condign punishment as a traitor. The government should be settled on principles favorable to liberty. All Protestant sects should be tolerated. The forfeited charters should be restored. Parliament should be held annually, and should no longer be prorogued or dissolved by royal caprice. The only standing force should be the militia. The militia should be commanded by the sheriffs, and the sheriffs should be chosen by the freeholders. Finally, Monmouth declared that he could prove himself to have been born in lawful wedlock, and to be, by right of blood, King of England, but that, for the present, he waved his claims, that he would leave them to the judgment of a free Parliament, and

\* Citters, June 9-19; June 12-22, 1685. The correspondence of Skelton with the States-General and with the Admiralty of Amsterdam is in the archives at the Hague. Some pieces will be found in the *Evenemens Tragiques d'Angleterre*. See, also, Burnet, i, 840.

† Wade's confession in the Hardwicke Papers; Harl. MS., 6845.

‡ See Buyse's evidence against Monmouth and Fletcher in the Collection of State Trials.

\* Journals of the House of Commons, June 13, 1685; Harl. MS., 6845; Lansdowne MS., 1152.

† Burnet, i, 641; Goodenough's confession in Lansdowne MS., 1152. Copies of the declaration, as originally printed, are very rare, but there is one at the British Museum.



that, in the meantime, he desired to be considered only as the captain general of the English Protestants in arms against tyranny and popery.

Disgraceful as this manifesto was to those who put it forth, it was not unskillfully framed for the purpose of stimulating the passions of the vulgar. In the west the effect was great. The gentry and clergy of that part of England were, indeed, with few exceptions, Tories; but the yeomen, the traders of the towns, the peasants, and the artisans, were generally animated by the old Roundhead spirit. Many of them were Dissenters, and had been goaded by petty persecution into a temper fit for desperate enterprise. The great mass of the population abhorred popery and adored Monmouth. He was no stranger to them. His progress through Somersetshire and Devonshire in the summer of 1680 was still fresh in the memory of all men. He was on that occasion sumptuously entertained by Thomas Thynne at Longleat Hall, then, and perhaps still, the most magnificent country house in England. From Longleat to Exeter the hedges were lined with shouting spectators. The roads were strewn with boughs and flowers. The multitude, in their eagerness to see and touch their favorite, broke down the palings of parks, and besieged the mansions where he was feasted. When he reached Chard his escort consisted of five thousand horsemen. At Exeter all Devonshire had been gathered together to welcome him. One striking part of the show was a company of nine hundred young men, who, clad in a white uniform, marched before him into the city.\* The turn of fortune which had alienated the gentry from his cause had produced no effect on the common people. To them he was still the good duke, the Protestant duke, the rightful heir whom a vile conspiracy kept out of his own. They came to his standard in crowds. All the clerks whom he could employ were too few to take down the names of the recruits. Before he had been twenty-four hours on English ground he was at the head of fifteen hundred men. Dare arrived from Taunton with forty horsemen of no very martial appearance, and brought encouraging intelligence as to the state of public feeling in Somersetshire. As yet all seemed to promise well.†

But a force was collecting at Bridport to oppose the insurgents. On the thirteenth of June the red regiment of Dorsetshire militia

came pouring into that town. The Somersetshire, or yellow regiment, of which Sir William Portman, a Tory gentleman of great note, was colonel, was expected to arrive on the following day.\* The duke determined to strike an immediate blow. A detachment of his troops was preparing to march to Bridport, when a disastrous event threw the whole camp into confusion.

Fletcher of Saltoun had been appointed to command the cavalry under Grey. Fletcher was ill mounted; and, indeed, there were few chargers in the camp which had not been taken from the plow. When he was ordered to Bridport, he thought that the exigency of the case warranted him in borrowing, without asking permission, a fine horse belonging to Dare. Dare resented this liberty, and assailed Fletcher with gross abuse. Fletcher kept his temper better than any who knew him expected. At last Dare, presuming on the patience with which his insolence was endured, ventured to shake a switch at the high-born and high-spirited Scot. Fletcher's blood boiled. He drew a pistol and shot Dare dead. Such sudden and violent revenge would not have been thought strange in Scotland, where the law had always been weak; where he who did not right himself by the strong hand was not likely to be righted at all; and where, consequently, human life was held almost as cheap as in the worst governed provinces of Italy. But the people of the southern part of the island were not accustomed to see deadly weapons used and blood spilled on account of a rude word or a gesture, except in duel between gentlemen with equal arms. There was a general cry for vengeance on the foreigner who had murdered an Englishman. Monmouth could not resist the clamor. Fletcher, who, when his first burst of rage had spent itself, was overwhelmed with remorse and sorrow, took refuge on board of the Helderenberg, escaped to the Continent, and repaired to Hungary, where he fought bravely against the common enemy of Christendom.‡

Situated as the insurgents were, the loss of a man of parts and energy, who knew something of war, was not easily to be repaired. Early on the morning of the following day, the fourteenth of June, Grey, accompanied by Wade, marched with about five hundred men to attack Bridport. A confused and indecisive action took place, such as was to be expected when two bands of plowmen, officered by country gentlemen and barristers, were opposed to each other. For a time

\* Historical Account of the Life and magnanimous Actions of the most illustrious Protestant Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, 1683.

† Wade's Confession, Hardwicke Papers; Axe Papers; Harl. MS., 6845.

\* Harl. MS., 6845.

† Byuse's evidence in the Collection of State Trials; Burnet, i, 642; Ferguson's MS., quoted by Eachard.

Monmouth's men drove the militia before them. Then the militia made a stand, and Monmouth's men retreated in some confusion. Grey and his cavalry never stopped until they were safe at Lyme again; but Wade rallied the infantry, and brought them off in good order.\*

There was a violent outcry against Grey, and some of the adventurers pressed Monmouth to take a severe course. Monmouth, however, would not listen to this advice. His lenity has been attributed by some writers to his good nature, which undoubtedly often amounted to weakness. Others have supposed that he was unwilling to deal harshly with the only peer who served in his army. It is probable, however, that the duke, who, though not a general of the highest order, understood war very much better than the preachers and lawyers who were always obtruding their advice on him, made allowances which people altogether inexpert in military affairs never thought of making. In justice to a man who has had few defenders, it must be observed that the task which, throughout this campaign, was assigned to Grey, was one which, if he had been the boldest and most skillful of soldiers, he could scarcely have performed in such a manner as to gain credit. He was at the head of the cavalry. It is notorious that a horse soldier requires longer training than a foot soldier, and that the war horse requires a longer training than his rider. Something may be done with a raw infantry which has enthusiasm and animal courage, but nothing can be more helpless than a raw cavalry, consisting of yeomen and tradesmen mounted on cart-horses and post-horses; and such was the cavalry which Grey commanded. The wonder is, not that his men did not stand fire with resolution, not that they did not use their weapons with vigor, but that they were able to keep their seats.

Still recruits came in by hundreds. Arming and drilling went on all day. Meantime the news of the insurrection had spread fast and wide. On the evening on which the duke landed, Gregory Alford, mayor of Lyme, a zealous Tory, and a most bitter persecutor of Nonconformists, sent off his servants to give the alarm to the gentry of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, and himself took horse for the west. Late at night he stopped at Honiton, and thence dispatched a few hurried lines to London with the ill tidings.† He then pushed on to Exeter, where he found Christopher Monk, duke of Albemarle. This

nobleman, the son and heir of George Monk, the restorer of the Stuarts, was lord lieutenant of Devonshire, and was then holding a muster of militia. Four thousand men of the train-bands were actually assembled under his command. He seems to have thought that, with this force, he should be able at once to crush the rebellion. He therefore marched toward Lyme.

But when, on the afternoon of Monday, the fifteenth of June, he reached Axminster, he found the insurgents drawn up there to encounter him. They presented a resolute front. Four field-pieces were pointed against the royal troops. The thick hedges which on each side overhung the narrow lanes were lined with musketeers. Albemarle, however, was less alarmed by the preparations of the enemy than by the spirit which appeared in his own ranks. Such was Monmouth's popularity among the common people of Devonshire, that, if once the train-bands had caught sight of his well-known face and figure, they would probably have gone over to him in a body.

Albemarle, therefore, though he had a great superiority of force, thought it advisable to retreat. The retreat soon became a rout. The whole country was strewn with the arms and uniforms which the fugitives had thrown away; and, had Monmouth urged the pursuit with vigor, he would probably have taken Exeter without a blow. But he was satisfied with the advantage which he had gained, and thought it desirable that his recruits should be better trained before they were employed in any hazardous service. He therefore marched toward Taunton, where he arrived on the eighteenth of June, exactly a week after his landing.\*

The court and the Parliament had been greatly moved by the news from the west. At five in the morning of Saturday, the thirteenth of June, the king had received the letter which the Mayor of Lyme had dispatched from Honiton. The Privy Council was instantly called together. Orders were given that the strength of every company of infantry and of every troop of cavalry should be increased. Commissions were issued for the levying of new regiments. Alford's communication was laid before the Lords, and its substance was communicated to the Commons by a message. The Commons examined the couriers who had arrived from the west, and instantly ordered a bill to be brought in for attainting Monmouth of high treason. Addresses were voted, assuring the king that

\* London Gazette, June 18, 1685; Wade's Confession, Hardwicke Papers.

† Lords' Journals, June 13, 1685.

\* Wade's Confession; Ferguson MS.; Axe Papers, Harl. MS., 6845; Oldmixon, 701, 702. Oldmixon, who was then a boy, lived very near the scene of these events.

both his peers and his people were determined to stand by him with life and fortune against all his enemies. At the next meeting of the houses they ordered the declaration of the rebels to be burned by the hangman, and passed the bill of attainder through all its stages. That bill received the royal assent on the same day, and a reward of five thousand pounds was promised for the apprehension of Monmouth.\*

The fact that Monmouth was in arms against the government was so notorious that the bill of attainder became a law with only a faint show of opposition from one or two peers, and has seldom been censured even by Whig historians; yet when we consider how important it is that legislative and judicial functions should be kept distinct, how important it is that common fame, however strong and general, should not be received as a legal proof of guilt, how important it is to maintain the rule that no man shall be condemned to death without an opportunity of defending himself, and how easily and speedily breaches in great principles, when once made, are widened, we shall probably be disposed to think that the course taken by the Parliament was open to some objection. Neither house had before it anything which even so corrupt a judge as Jeffreys could have directed a jury to consider as proof of Monmouth's crime. The messengers examined by the Commons were not on oath, and might therefore have related mere fictions without incurring the penalties of perjury. The Lords, who might have administered an oath, appear not to have examined any witness, and to have had no evidence before them except the letter of the Mayor of Lyme, which, in the eye of the law, was no evidence at all. Extreme danger, it is true, justifies extreme remedies; but the act of attainder was a remedy which could not operate until all danger was over, and which would become superfluous at the very moment at which it ceased to be null. While Monmouth was in arms it was impossible to execute him. If he should be vanquished and taken, there would be no hazard and no difficulty in trying him. It was afterward remembered as a curious circumstance that, among the zealous Tories who went up with the bill from the House of Commons to the bar of the Lords, was Sir John Fenwick, member for Northumberland.† This gentleman, a few years later, had occasion to reconsider the whole subject, and then came to the

conclusion that acts of attainder are altogether unjustifiable.

The Parliament gave other proofs of loyalty in this hour of peril. The Commons authorized the king to raise an extraordinary sum of four hundred thousand pounds for his present necessities, and, that he might have no difficulty in finding the money, proceeded to devise new imposts. The scheme of taxing houses lately built in the capital was revived and strenuously supported by the country gentlemen. It was resolved, not only that such houses should be taxed, but that a bill should be brought in prohibiting the laying of any new foundations within the bills of mortality. The resolution, however, was not carried into effect. Powerful men who had land in the suburbs, and who hoped to see new streets and squares rise on their estates, exerted all their influence against the project. It was found that to adjust the details would be a work of time; and the king's wants were so pressing that he thought it necessary to quicken the movements of the House by a gentle exhortation to speed. The plan of taxing buildings was therefore relinquished, and new duties were imposed for a term of five years on foreign silks, linens, and spirits.\*

The Tories of the Lower House proceeded to introduce what they called a bill for the preservation of the king's person and government. They proposed that it should be high treason to say that Monmouth was legitimate, to utter any words tending to bring the person or government of the sovereign into hatred or contempt, or to make any motion in Parliament for changing the order of succession. Some of these provisions excited general disgust and alarm. The Whigs, few and weak as they were, attempted to rally, and found themselves re-enforced by a considerable number of moderate and sensible Cavaliers. Words, it was said, may easily be misunderstood by an honest man. They may easily be misconstrued by a knave. What was spoken metaphorically may be apprehended literally. What was spoken ludicrously may be apprehended seriously. A particle, a tense, a mood, an emphasis, may make the whole difference between guilt and innocence. The Savior of mankind himself, in whose blameless life malice could find no act to impeach, had been called in question for words spoken. False witnesses had suppressed a syllable which would have made it clear that those were figurative, and had thus furnished the Sanhedrim with a pretext under which the foulest of all judicial murders had been perpetrated. With such an example on record, who could affirm

\* London Gazette, June 18, 1685; Lords' and Commons' Journals, June 13 and 15; Dutch Dispatch, June 16-26.

† Oldmixon is wrong in saying that Fenwick carried up the bill. It was carried up, as appears from the Journals, by Lord Ancram.

\* Commons' Journals of June 17, 18, and 19, 1685; Resesby's Memoirs.

that, if mere talk were made a substantive treason, the most loyal subject would be safe? These arguments produced so great an effect, that in the committee, amendments were introduced which greatly mitigated the severity of the bill. But the clause which made it high treason in a member of Parliament to propose the exclusion of a prince of the blood from the throne seems to have raised no debate and was retained. It was, indeed, altogether unimportant, except as a proof of the ignorance and inexperience of the hot-headed Royalists who thronged the House of Commons. Had they learned the first rudiments of legislation, they would have seen that the enactment to which they attached so much value would be superfluous while the Parliament was disposed to maintain the order of succession, and would be repealed as soon as there was a Parliament bent on changing the order of succession.\*

The bill, as amended, was passed and carried up to the Lords, but did not become law. The king had obtained from the Parliament all the pecuniary assistance that he could expect; and he conceived that, while rebellion was actually raging, the loyal nobility and gentry would be of more use in their counties than at Westminster. He therefore hurried their deliberations to a close, and, on the second of July, dismissed them. The houses were not prorogued, but only adjourned, in order that when they should reassemble, they might take up their business in the exact state in which they had left it.†

While the parliament was devising sharp laws against Monmouth and his partisans, he found at Taunton a reception which might well encourage him to hope that his enterprise would have a prosperous issue. Taunton, like most other towns in the south of England, was, in that age, more important than at present. Those towns have not indeed declined. On the contrary, they are, with very few exceptions, larger and richer, better built and better peopled, than in the seventeenth century; but, though they have positively advanced, they have relatively gone back. They have been far outstripped in wealth and population by the great manufacturing and commercial cities of the north; cities which, in the time of the Stuarts, were but beginning to be known as seats of industry. When Monmouth marched into Taunton it was an eminently prosperous place. Its markets were plentifully supplied. It was a celebrated seat of the woollen manu-

facture. The people boasted that they lived in a land flowing with milk and honey. Nor was this language held only by partial natives; for every stranger who climbed the graceful tower of St. Mary Magdalene owned that he saw beneath him the most fertile of English valleys. It was a country rich with orchards and green pastures, among which were scattered, in gay abundance, manor houses, cottages, and village spires. The townsmen had long leaned toward Presbyterian divinity and Whig politics. In the great civil war, Taunton had, through all vicissitudes, adhered to the Parliament, had been twice closely besieged by Goring, and had been twice defended with heroic valor by Robert Blake, afterward the renowned admiral of the Commonwealth. Whole streets had been burned down by the mortars and grenades of the Cavaliers. Food had been so scarce that the resolute governor had announced his intention to put the garrison on rations of horse-flesh. But the spirit of the town had never been subdued either by fire or by hunger.\*

The Restoration had produced no effect on the temper of the Taunton men. They had still continued to celebrate the anniversary of the happy day on which the siege laid to their town by the royal army had been raised; and their stubborn attachment to the old cause had excited so much fear and resentment at Whitehall, that, by a royal order, their moat had been filled up, and their wall demolished to the foundation.† The puritanical spirit had been kept up to the height among them by the precepts and example of one of the most celebrated of the dissenting clergy, Joseph Alleine. Alleine was the author of a tract entitled *An Alarm to the Unconverted*, which is still popular both in England and in America. From the jail to which he was consigned by the victorious Cavaliers, he addressed to his loving friends at Taunton many epistles breathing the spirit of a truly heroic piety. His frame soon sank under the effects of study, toil, and persecution, but his memory was long cherished with exceeding love and reverence by those whom he had exhorted and catechized.‡

The children of the men who, forty years before, had manned the ramparts of Taunton against the Royalists, now welcomed Monmouth with transports of joy and affection. Every door and window was adorned with wreaths of flowers. No man appeared in the streets without wearing in his hat a green bough, the badge of the popular cause. Damsels of the best families in the town wove

\* Commons' Journals, June 19, 29, 1635; Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs, 8, 9; Burnet, i, 639. The bill, as amended by the committee, will be found in Mr. Fox's historical work, Appendix iii. If Burnet's account be correct, the offenses which, by the amended bill, were made punishable only with civil incapacities, were, by the original bill made capital.

† Lords' and Commons' Journals, July 2, 1635.

\* Savage's edition of Toulmin's History of Taunton.

† Sprat's True Account; Toulmin's History of Taunton.

‡ Life and Death of Joseph Alleine, 1672; Nonconformists' Memorial.

colors for the insurgents. One flag in particular was embroidered gorgeously with emblems of royal dignity, and was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. He received the gift with the winning courtesies which distinguished him. The lady who headed the procession presented him also with a small Bible of great price. He took it with a show of reverence. "I come," he said, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood."\*

But, while Monmouth enjoyed the applause of the multitude, he could not but perceive, with concern and apprehension, that the higher classes were, with scarcely an exception, hostile to his undertaking, and that no rising had taken place except in the counties where he had himself appeared. He had been assured by agents, who professed to have derived their information from Wildman, that the whole Whig aristocracy was eager to take arms. Nevertheless, more than a week had now elapsed since the blue standard had been set up at Lyme. Day laborers, small farmers, shop-keepers, apprentices, dissenting preachers, had flocked to the rebel camp; but not a single peer, baronet, or knight, not a single member of the House of Commons, and scarcely any esquire of sufficient note to have ever been in the commission of the peace, had joined the invaders. Ferguson, who, ever since the death of Charles, had been Monmouth's evil angel, had a suggestion ready. The duke had put himself into a false position by declining the royal title. Had he declared himself sovereign of England, his cause would have worn a show of legality. At present it was impossible to reconcile his Declaration with the principles of the Constitution. It was clear that either Monmouth or his uncle was rightful king. Monmouth did not venture to pronounce himself the rightful king, and yet denied that his uncle was so. Those who fought for James fought for the only person who ventured to claim the throne, and were, therefore, clearly in their duty according to the laws of the realm. Those who fought for Monmouth fought for some unknown polity, which was to be set up by a convention not yet in existence. None could wonder that men of high rank and ample fortune stood aloof from an enterprise which threatened with destruction that system in the permanence of which they were deeply interested. If the duke would assert his legitimacy and assume the crown, he would at once remove this objection. The question would cease to be a question between the old Constitution

and a new constitution. It would be merely a question of hereditary right between two princes.

On such grounds as these, Ferguson, almost immediately after the landing, had earnestly pressed the duke to proclaim himself king; and Grey was of the same opinion. Monmouth had been very willing to take this advice; but Wade and other Republicans had been refractory; and their chief, with his usual pliability, had yielded to their arguments. At Taunton the subject was revived. Monmouth talked in private with the dissentients, assured them that he saw no other way of obtaining the support of any portion of the aristocracy, and succeeded in extorting their reluctant consent. On the morning of the twentieth of June he was proclaimed in the market-place of Taunton. His followers repeated his new title with affectionate delight; but, as some confusion might have arisen if he had been called King James the Second, they commonly used the strange appellation of King Monmouth; and by this name their unhappy favorite was often mentioned in the western counties, within the memory of persons still living.\*

Within twenty-four hours after he had assumed the regal title, he put forth several proclamations headed with his sign manual. By one of these he set a price on the head of his rival. Another declared the Parliament then sitting at Westminster an unlawful assembly, and commanded the members to disperse. The third forbade the people to pay taxes to the usurper. The fourth pronounced Albemarle a traitor.†

Albemarle transmitted these proclamations to London merely as specimens of folly and impertinence. They produced no effect, except wonder and contempt; nor had Monmouth any reason to think that the assumption of royalty had improved his position. Only a week had elapsed since he had solemnly bound himself not to take the crown until a free Parliament should have acknowledged his rights. By breaking that engagement he had incurred the imputation of levity, if not of perfidy. The class which he had hoped to conciliate still stood aloof. The reasons which prevented the great Whig lords and gentlemen from recognizing him as their king were at least as strong as those which had prevented them from rallying round him as their captain general. They disliked indeed the person, the

\* Wade's Confession; Goodenough's Confession, Harl. MS., 1152; Oldmixon, 702. Ferguson's denial is quite undeserving of credit. A copy of the proclamation is in the Harl. MS., 7006.

† Copies of the last three proclamations are in the British Museum. Harl. MS., 7006. The first I have never seen; but it is mentioned by Wade.

religion, and the politics of James; but James was no longer young. His eldest daughter was justly popular. She was attached to the Reformed faith. She was married to a prince who was the hereditary chief of the Protestants of the Continent, to a prince who had been bred in a republic, and whose sentiments were supposed to be such as became a constitutional king. Was it wise to incur the horrors of civil war for the mere chance of being able to effect immediately what Nature would, without bloodshed, without any violation of law, effect, in all probability, before many years should have expired? Perhaps there might be reasons for pulling down James. But what reason could be given for setting up Monmouth? To exclude a prince from the throne on account of unfitness was a course agreeable to Whig principles; but on no principle could it be proper to exclude rightful heirs, who were admitted to be, not only blameless, but eminently qualified for the highest public trust. That Monmouth was legitimate, nay, that he thought himself legitimate, intelligent men could not believe. He was therefore not merely a usurper, but a usurper of the worst sort—an impostor. If he made out any semblance of a case, he could do so only by means of forgery and perjury. All honest and sensible persons were unwilling to see a fraud which, if practised to obtain an estate, would have been punished with the scourge and the pillory, rewarded with the English crown. To the old nobility of the realm it seemed insupportable that the bastard of Lucy Walters should be set up high above the lawful descendants of the Fitzalans and De Veres. Those who were capable of looking forward must have seen that, if Monmouth should succeed in overpowering the existing government, there would still remain a war between him and the house of Orange; a war which might last longer and produce more misery than the war of the Roses; a war which might probably break up the Protestants of Europe into hostile parties, might arm England and Holland against each other, and might make both those countries an easy prey to France. The opinion, therefore, of almost all the leading Whigs seems to have been that Monmouth's enterprise could not fail to end in some great disaster to the nation, but that, on the whole, his defeat would be a less disaster than his victory.

It was not only by the inaction of the Whig aristocracy that the invaders were disappointed. The wealth and power of London had sufficed in the preceding generation, and might again suffice, to turn the scale in a civil conflict. The Londoners had formerly given many proofs of their hatred of popery and of

their affection for the Protestant duke. He had too readily believed that, as soon as he landed, there would be a rising in the capital; but, though advices came down to him that many thousands of the citizens had been enrolled as volunteers for the good cause, nothing was done. The plain truth was, that the agitators who had encouraged him to invade England, who had promised to rise on the first signal, and who had perhaps imagined, while the danger was remote, that they should have the courage to keep their promise, lost heart when the critical time drew near. Wildman's fright was such that he seemed to have lost his understanding. The craven Danvers at first excused his inaction by saying that he would not take up arms until Monmouth was proclaimed king; and, when Monmouth had been proclaimed king, turned round and declared that good Republicans were absolved from all engagements to a leader who had so shamefully broken faith. In every age the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.\*

On the day following that on which Monmouth had assumed the regal title, he marched from Taunton to Bridgewater. His own spirits, it was remarked, were not high. The acclamations of the devoted thousands who surrounded him wherever he turned could not dispel the gloom which sat on his brow. Those who had seen him during his progress through Somersetshire five years before, could not now observe without pity the traces of distress and anxiety on those soft and pleasing features which had won so many hearts †

Ferguson was in a very different temper. With this man's knavery was strangely mingled an eccentric vanity which resembled madness. The thought that he had raised a rebellion and bestowed a crown had turned his head. He swaggered about, brandishing his naked sword, and crying to the crowd of spectators who had assembled to see the army march out of Taunton, "Look at me! You have heard of me. I am Ferguson, the famous Ferguson, the Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds have been offered." And this man, at once unprincipled and brain-sick, had in his keeping the understanding and the conscience of the unhappy Monmouth. ‡

Bridgewater was one of the few towns which still had some Whig magistrates. The mayor and aldermen came in their robes to welcome the duke, walked before him in procession to the high cross, and there proclaimed him king. His troops found excellent quarters, and were furnished with necessaries at

\* Grey's Narrative; Ferguson's MS., Eachard, iii, 754.

† Perspection Exposed, by John Whitting.

‡ Harl. MS., 6845.

little or no cost by the people of the town and neighborhood. He took up his residence in the castle, a building which had been previously honored by royal visits. In the castle field his army was encamped. It now consisted of about six thousand men, and might easily have been increased to double the number but for the want of arms. The duke had brought with him from the Continent but a scanty supply of pikes and muskets. Many of his followers had, therefore, no other weapons than such as could be made out of the tools which they had used in husbandry or mining. Of these rude implements of war the most formidable was made by fastening the blade of a scythe erect on a strong pole. The tything-men of the country round Taunton and Bridgewater received orders to search everywhere for scythes, and to bring all that could be found to the camp. It was impossible, however, even with the help of these contrivances, to supply the demand, and great numbers who were desirous to enlist were sent away.\*

The foot were divided into six regiments. Many of the men had been in the militia, and still wore their uniforms, red and yellow. The cavalry were about a thousand in number; but most of them had only large colts, such as were then bred in great herds on the marshes of Somersetshire for the purpose of supplying London with coach-horses and cart-horses. These animals were so far from being fit for any military purpose that they had not yet learned to obey the bridle, and became ungovernable as soon as they heard a gun fired or a drum beaten. A small body-guard of forty young men, well armed and mounted at their own charge, attended Monmouth. The people of Bridgewater, who were enriched by a thriving coast trade, furnished him with a small sum of money.†

All this time the forces of the government were fast assembling. On the west of the rebel army Albemarle still kept together a large body of Devonshire militia. On the east the train-bands of Wiltshire had mustered under the command of Thomas Herbert, earl of Pembroke. On the northeast, Henry Somerset, duke of Beaufort, was in arms. The power of Beaufort bore some faint resemblance to that of the great barons of the fifteenth century. He was President of Wales and lord lieutenant of four English counties. His official tours through the extensive region in which he represented the majesty of the throne were scarcely inferior in pomp to royal progresses. His household at Badminton was

regulated after the fashion of an earlier generation. The land to a great extent round his pleasure grounds was in his own hands, and the laborers who cultivated it formed part of his family. Nine tables were every day spread under his roof for two hundred persons. A crowd of gentlemen and pages were under the orders of his steward. A whole troop of cavalry obeyed the master of the horse. The fame of the kitchen, the cellar, the kennel, and the stables was spread over all England. The gentry, many miles round, were proud of the magnificence of their great neighbor, and were at the same time charmed by his affability and good nature. He was a zealous Cavalier of the old school. At this crisis, therefore, he used his whole influence and authority in support of the crown, and occupied Bristol with the train-bands of Gloucestershire, who seem to have been better disciplined than most other troops of that description.\*

In the counties more remote from Somersetshire the supporters of the throne were on the alert. The militia of Sussex began to march westward, under the command of Richard Lord Lumley, who, though he had lately been converted from the Roman Catholic religion, was still firm in his allegiance to a Roman Catholic king. James Bertie, earl of Abingdon, called out the array of Oxfordshire. John Fell, bishop of Oxford, who was also Dean of Christ Church, summoned the undergraduates of his university to take arms for the crown. The gowmsmen crowded to give in their names. Christ Church alone furnished near a hundred pikemen and musketeers. Young noblemen and gentlemen commoners acted as officers, and the eldest son of the lord lieutenant was colonel.†

But it was chiefly on the regular troops that the king relied. Churchill had been sent westward with the Blues, and Feversham was following with all the forces that could be spared from the neighborhood of London. A courier had started for Holland with a letter directing Skelton instantly to request that the three English regiments in the Dutch service might be sent to the Thames. When the request was made, the party hostile to the house of Orange, headed by the deputies of Amsterdam, tried to cause delay; but the energy of William, who had almost as much at stake as James, and who saw Monmouth's progress with serious uneasiness, bore down opposition, and in a few days the troops

\* North's Life of Guildford, 132; Accounts of Beaufort's progress through Wales and the neighboring counties in the London Gazette of July, 1684; Letter of Beaufort to Clarendon, June 19, 1685.

† Bishop Fell to Clarendon, June 20; Abingdon to Clarendon, June 20, 25, 26, 1685; Lansdowne MS., 846.

\* Grey's Narrative; Paschall's Narrative in App. to Heywood's Vindication.

† Oldmixon, 702.

sailed.\* The three Scotch regiments were already in England. They had arrived at Gravesend in excellent condition, and James had reviewed them on Blackheath. He repeatedly declared to the Dutch ambassador that he had never in his life seen finer or better disciplined soldiers, and that he felt the warmest gratitude to the Prince of Orange and the States for so valuable and seasonable a re-enforcement. His satisfaction, however, was not unmixed. Excellently as the men went through their drill, they were not untainted with Dutch politics and Dutch divinity. One of them was shot and another flogged for drinking the Duke of Monmouth's health. It was, therefore, not thought advisable to place them in the post of danger. They were kept in the neighborhood of London until the end of the campaign; but their arrival enabled the king to send to the west some infantry which would otherwise have been wanted in the capital.†

While the government was thus preparing for a conflict with the rebels in the field, precautions of a different kind were not neglected. In London alone, two hundred of those persons who were thought most likely to be at the head of a Whig movement were arrested. Among these prisoners were some merchants of great note. Every man who was obnoxious to the court went in fear. A general gloom overhung the capital. Business languished on the Exchange; and the theaters were so generally deserted that a new opera, written by Dryden, and set off by decorations of unprecedented magnificence, was withdrawn, because the receipts would not cover the expenses of the performance.‡ The magistrates and clergy were everywhere active. The Dissenters were everywhere closely observed. In Cheshire and Shropshire a fierce persecution raged; in Northamptonshire arrests were numerous; and the jail of Oxford was crowded with prisoners. No Puritan divine, however moderate his opinions, however guarded his conduct, could feel any confidence that he should not be torn from his family and flung into a dungeon.§

Meanwhile Monmouth advanced from Bridgewater, harassed through the whole march by Churchill, who appears to have done all that, with a handful of men, it was possible for a brave and skillful officer to effect. The rebel army, much annoyed both by the enemy and by a heavy fall of rain, halted in the evening of the twenty-second of June at Glastonbury.

The houses of the little town did not afford shelter for so large a force. Some of the troops were therefore quartered in the churches, and others lighted their fires among the venerable ruins of the abbey, once the wealthiest religious house in our island. From Glastonbury the duke marched to Wells, and from Wells to Shepton Mallet.\*

Hitherto he seems to have wandered from place to place with no other object than that of collecting troops. It was now necessary for him to form some plan of military operations. His first scheme was to seize Bristol. Many of the chief inhabitants of that important place were Whigs. One of the ramifications of the Whig plot had extended thither. The garrison consisted only of the Gloucestershire train-bands. If Beaufort and his rustic followers could be overpowered before the regular troops arrived, the rebels would at once find themselves possessed of ample pecuniary resources, the credit of Monmouth's arms would be raised, and his friends throughout the kingdom would be encouraged to declare themselves. Bristol had fortifications which, on the north of the Avon toward Gloucestershire, were weak, but on the south toward Somersetshire were much stronger. It was therefore determined that the attack should be made on the Gloucestershire side; but for this purpose it was necessary to take a circuitous route, and to cross the Avon at Keynsham. The bridge at Keynsham had been partly demolished by the militia, and was at present impassable. A detachment was therefore sent forward to make the necessary repairs. The other troops followed more slowly, and on the evening of the twenty-fourth of June halted for repose at Pensford. At Pensford they were only five miles from the Somersetshire side of Bristol; but the Gloucestershire side, which could be reached only by going round through Keynsham, was distant a long day's march.†

That night was one of great tumult and expectation in Bristol. The partisans of Monmouth knew that he was almost within sight of their city, and imagined that he would be among them before daybreak. About an hour after sunset, a merchantman lying at the quay took fire. Such an occurrence, in a port crowded with shipping, could not but excite great alarm. The whole river was in commotion. The streets were crowded. Seditious cries were heard amid the darkness and confusion. It was afterward asserted, both by Whigs and by Tories, that the fire had been kindled by the friends of Monmouth, in the

\* Avaux, July 5-15, 6-16, 1685.

† Citters, June 20-July 10, July 3-13, July 21-31, 1685; Avaux Neg., July 5-15; London Gazette, July 6.

‡ Barillon, July 6-16, 1685; Scott's Preface to Albion and Albanus.

§ Abingdon to Clarendon, June 29, 1685; Life of Philip Henry, by Bates.

\* London Gazette, June 22 and June 25, 1685; Wade's Confession: Oldmixon, 703; Harl. MS., 6845.

† Wade's Confession.



hope that the train-bands would be busied in preventing the conflagration from spreading, and that, in the meantime, the rebel army would make a bold push, and enter the city on the Somersetshire side. If such was the design of the incendiaries, it completely failed. Beaufort, instead of sending his men to the quay, kept them all night drawn up under arms round the beautiful church of St. Mary Redeliff, on the south of the Avon. He would see Bristol burned down, he said; nay, he would burn it down himself, rather than that it should be occupied by traitors. He was able, with the help of some regular cavalry which had joined him from Chippenham a few hours before, to prevent an insurrection. It might have been beyond his power at once to overawe the malcontents within the walls and to repel an attack from without; but no such attack was made. The fire, which caused so much commotion at Bristol, was distinctly seen at Pensford. Monmouth, however, did not think it expedient to change his plan. He remained quiet until sunrise, and then marched to Keynsham. There he found the bridge repaired. He determined to let his army rest during the afternoon, and, as soon as night came, to proceed to Bristol.\*

But it was too late. The king's forces were now near at hand. Colonel Oglethorpe, at the head of about a hundred men of the Life Guards, dashed into Keynsham, scattered two troops of rebel horse which ventured to oppose him, and retired after inflicting much injury and suffering little. Under these circumstances it was thought necessary to relinquish the design on Bristol.†

But what was to be done? Several schemes were proposed and discussed. It was suggested that Monmouth might hasten to Gloucester, might cross the Severn there, might break down the bridge behind him, and, with his right flank protected by the river, might march through Worcestershire into Shropshire and Cheshire. He had formerly made a progress through those counties, and had been received there with as much enthusiasm as in Somersetshire and Devonshire. His prescience might revive the enthusiasm of his old friends, and his army might in a few days be swollen to double its present numbers.

On full consideration, however, it appeared that this plan, though specious, was impracticable. The rebels were ill shod for such work as they had lately undergone, and were exhausted by toiling, day after day, through deep mud under heavy rain. Harassed and impeded as they would be at every stage by

the enemy's cavalry, they could not hope to reach Gloucester without being overtaken by the main body of the royal troops, and forced to a general action under every disadvantage.

Then it was proposed to enter Wiltshire. Persons who professed to know that county well assured the duke that he would be joined there by such strong re-enforcements as would make it safe for him to give battle.\*

He took this advice, and turned toward Wiltshire. He first summoned Bath; but Bath was strongly garrisoned for the king, and Feversham was fast approaching. The rebels, therefore, made no attempt on the walls, but hastened to Philip's Norton, where they halted on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June.

Feversham followed them thither. Early on the morning of the twenty-seventh they were alarmed by tidings that he was close at hand. They got into order, and lined the hedges leading to the town.

The advanced guard of the royal army soon appeared. It consisted of about five hundred men, commanded by the Duke of Grafton, a youth of bold spirit and rough manners, who was probably eager to show that he had no share in the disloyal schemes of his half brother. Grafton soon found himself in a deep lane, with fences on both sides of him, from which a galling fire of musketry was kept up. Still he pushed boldly on until he came to the entrance of Philip's Norton. There his way was crossed by a barriade, from which a third fire met him full in front. His men now lost heart, and made the best of their way back. Before they got out of the lane more than a hundred of them had been killed or wounded. Grafton's retreat was intercepted by some of the rebel cavalry; but he cut his way gallantly through them, and came off safe.†

The advanced guard, thus repulsed, fell back on the main body of the royal forces. The two armies were now face to face, and a few shots were exchanged that did little or no execution. Neither side was impatient to come to action. Feversham did not wish to fight until his artillery came up, and fell back to Bradford. Monmouth, as soon as the night closed in, quitted his position, marched southward, and by daybreak arrived at Frome, where he hoped to find re-enforcements.

Frome was as zealous in his cause as either Taunton or Bridgewater, but could do nothing to serve him. There had been a rising a few days before, and Monmouth's declara-

\* Wade's Confession; Oldmixon, 703; Harl. MS., 6845; Charge of Jeffreys to the grand Jury of Bristol, Sept. 21, 1685.  
† London Gazette, June 29, 1685, Wade's Confession.

\* Wade's Confession.  
† London Gazette, July 2, 1685; Barillon, July 6-16; Wade's Confession.

tion had been posted up in the market-place; but the news of this movement had been carried to the Earl of Pembroke, who lay at no great distance with the Wiltshire militia. He had instantly marched to Frome, had routed a mob of rustics who, with scythes and pitchforks, attempted to oppose him, had entered the town, and had disarmed the inhabitants. No weapons, therefore, were left there, nor was Monmouth able to furnish any.\*

The rebel army was in evil case. The march of the preceding night had been wearisome. The rain had fallen in torrents, and the roads had been mere quagmires. Nothing was heard of the promised succors from Wiltshire. One messenger brought news that Argyle's forces had been dispersed in Scotland. Another reported that Feversham, having been joined by his artillery, was about to advance. Monmouth understood war too well not to know that his followers, with all their courage and all their zeal, were no match for regular soldiers. He had until lately flattered himself with the hope that some of those regiments which he had formerly commanded would pass over to his standard; but that hope he was now compelled to relinquish. His heart failed him. He could scarcely muster firmness enough to give orders. In his misery, he complained bitterly of the evil counselors who had induced him to quit his happy retreat in Brabant. Against Wildman in particular he broke forth into violent imprecations.† And now an ignominious thought rose in his weak and agitated mind; he would leave to the mercy of the government the thousands who had, at his call and for his sake, abandoned their quiet fields and dwellings. He would steal away with his chief officers, would gain some seaport before his flight was suspected, would escape to the Continent, and would forget his ambition and his shame in the arms of Lady Wentworth. He seriously discussed the scheme with his leading advisers. Some of them, trembling for their necks, listened to it with approbation; but Grey, who, by the admission of his detractors, was intrepid everywhere except when swords were clashing and guns going off around him, opposed the dastardly proposition with great ardor, and implored the duke to face every danger rather than requite with ingratitude and treachery the devoted attachment of the western peasantry.‡

The scheme of flight was abandoned; but it was not now easy to form any plan for a campaign. To advance to London would

have been madness, for the road lay right across Salisbury Plain; and on that vast open space, regular troops, and, above all, regular cavalry, would have acted with every advantage against undisciplined men. At this juncture a report reached the camp that the rustics of the marshes near Axbridge had risen for the Protestant religion, had armed themselves with flails, bludgeons, and pitchforks, and were assembling by thousands at Bridgewater. Monmouth determined to return thither, and to strengthen himself with these new allies.\*

The rebels accordingly proceeded to Wells, and arrived there in no amiable temper. They were, with few exceptions, hostile to prelacy, and they showed their hostility in a way very little to their honor. They not only tore the lead from the roof of the magnificent cathedral to make bullets, an act for which they might fairly plead the necessities of war, but wantonly defaced the ornaments of the building. Grey with difficulty preserved the altar from the insults of some ruffians who wished to carouse round it, by taking his stand before it with his sword drawn.†

On Thursday, the second of July, Monmouth again entered Bridgewater, in circumstances far less cheering than those in which he had marched thence ten days before. The re-enforcement which he found there was inconsiderable. The royal army was drawing nigh. At one moment he thought of fortifying the town, and hundreds of laborers were summoned to dig trenches and throw up mounds. Then his mind recurred to the plan of marching into Cheshire, a plan which he had rejected as impracticable when he was at Keynsham, and which assuredly was not more practicable now that he was at Bridgewater.‡

While he was thus wavering between projects equally hopeless, the king's forces came in sight. They consisted of about two thousand five hundred regular troops, and of about fifteen hundred of the Wiltshire militia. Early on the morning of Sunday, the fifth of July, they left Somerton, and pitched their tents that day about three miles from Bridgewater, on the plains of Sedgemoor.

Doctor Peter Mew, bishop of Winchester, accompanied them. This prelate had in his youth borne arms for Charles the First against the Parliament. Neither his years nor his profession had wholly extinguished his martial ardor; and he probably thought that the appearance of a father of the Protestant Church in the king's camp might reassure

\* London Gazette, June 29, 1685; Citters, June 30–July 10.

† Harl. MS., 6845; Waile's Confession.

‡ Waile's Confession; Eachard, iii, 766.

\* Waile's Confession.

† London Gazette, July 6, 1685; Citters, July 3–13; Oldmixon, 703.

‡ Waile's Confession.

some honest men who were wavering between their horror of popery and their horror of rebellion.

The steeple of the parish church of Bridgewater is said to be the loftiest in Somersetshire, and commands a wide view over the surrounding country. Monmouth, accompanied by some of his officers, went up to the top of the square tower from which the spire ascends, and observed through a telescope the position of the enemy. Beneath him lay a flat expanse, now rich with corn-fields and apple-trees, but then, as its name imports, for the most part a dreary morass. When the rains were heavy, and the Parret and its tributary streams rose above their banks, this tract was often flooded. It was, indeed, anciently part of that great swamp renowned in our early chronicles as having arrested the progress of two successive races of invaders. It had long protected the Celts against the aggressions of the kings of Wessex, and it had sheltered Alfred from the pursuit of the Danes. In those remote times this region could be traversed only in boats. It was a vast pool, wherein were scattered many islets of shifting and treacherous soil, overlung with rank jungle, and swarming with deer and wild swine. Even in the days of the Tudors, the traveler whose journey lay from Ilchester to Bridgewater was forced to make a circuit of several miles in order to avoid the waters. When Monmouth looked upon Sedgemoor, it had been partially reclaimed by art, and was intersected by many deep and wide trenches, which, in that country, are called rhines. In the midst of the moor rose, clustering round the towers of churches, a few villages, of which the names seem to indicate that they once were surrounded by wades. In one of these villages, called Weston Zoyland, the royal cavalry lay, and Feversham had fixed his head-quarters there. Many persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant-girl who waited on him that day at table, and a large dish of Persian ware, which was set before him, is still carefully preserved in the neighborhood. It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. The Somersetshire traditions are, therefore, of no small value to a historian.\*

At a greater distance from Bridgewater

lies the village of Middlezoy. In that village and its neighborhood the Wiltshire militia were quartered, under the command of Pembroke.

On the open moor, not far from Chedzoy, were encamped several battalions of regular infantry. Monmouth looked gloomily on them. He could not but remember how, a few years before, he had, at the head of a column composed of some of those very men, driven before him in confusion the fierce enthusiasts who defended Bothwell Bridge. He could distinguish among the hostile ranks that gallant band which was then called, from the name of its colonel, Dumbarton's regiment, but which has long been known as the first of the line, and which, in all the four quarters of the world, has nobly supported its early reputation. "I know those men," said Monmouth; "they will fight. If I had but them, all would go well!"\*

Yet the aspect of the enemy was not altogether discouraging. The three divisions of the royal army lay far apart from one another. There was an appearance of negligence and of relaxed discipline in all their movements. It was reported that they were drinking themselves drunk with the Zoyland cider. The incapacity of Feversham, who commanded in chief, was notorious. Even at this momentous crisis he thought only of eating and sleeping. Churchill was indeed a captain equal to tasks far more arduous than that of scattering a crowd of ill-armed and ill-trained peasants; but the genius which, at a later period, humbled six marshals of France, was not now in its proper place. Feversham told Churchill little, and gave him no encouragement to offer any suggestion. The lieutenant, conscious of superior abilities and science, impatient of the control of a chief whom he despised, and trembling for the fate of the army, nevertheless preserved his characteristic self-command, and dissembled his feelings so well, that his submissive alacrity was praised by Feversham in a report made to the king.†

Monmouth, having observed the disposition of the royal forces, and having been apprised of the state in which they were, conceived that a night attack might be attended with success. He resolved to run the hazard, and preparations were instantly made.

It was Sunday; and his followers, who had, for the most part, been brought up after the Puritan fashion, passed a great part of the

saw the Duke on the church tower. The dish mentioned in the text is the property of Mr. Stradling, who has taken laudable pains to preserve the relics and traditions of the western insurrection.

\* Oldmixon, 703.

† Churchill to Clarendon, July 4, 1685.

\* Matt. West. Flor. Hist., A. D. 878. MS. Chronicle quoted by Mr. Sharon Turner in the History of the Anglo-Saxons, book iv, chap. xix; Drayton's Polyolbion, iii; Leland's Itinerary; Oldmixon, 703. Oldmixon was then at Bridgewater, and probably

day in religious exercises. The Castle Field, in which they were encamped, presented a spectacle such as, since the dissolution of Cromwell's army, England had never seen. The Dissenting preachers who had taken arms against popery, and some of whom had probably fought in the great civil war, prayed and preached in red coats and huge jack-boots, with swords by their sides. Ferguson was one of those who harangued. He took for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond Jordan cleared themselves from the charge ignorantly brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river. "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know. If it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."\*

That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region, to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day, and many parted never to meet again.† The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp; but that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her.‡ She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom.

And now the time for the great hazard drew near. The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.§

The clock struck eleven, and the duke, with his bodyguard, rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass, observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, nearly six miles in length, toward the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was *Soho*. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to *Soho Fields* in London, where their leader's palace stood.\*

At about one in the morning of Monday, the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the *Black Ditch* and the *Langmoor Rhine*, Monmouth knew that he must pass; but, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the *Bussex Rhine*, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long, narrow column, passed the black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the *Langmoor Rhine*; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the *Horse Guards*, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to *Weston Zoyland*, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out, vehemently, that the enemy was at hand. The

\* *Oldmixon*, 703; *Observer*, Aug. 1, 1685.

† *Paschall's Narrative in Heywood's Appendix*.

‡ *Kennet*, ed. 1719, iii, 422. I am forced to believe that this lamentable story is true. The bishop declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer of the *Horse Guards* who had fought at *Sedgemoor*, and who had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress.

§ *Narrative of an officer of the Horse Guards in Kennet*, ed. 1719, iii, 422; *MS. Journal of the Western Rebellion*, kept by *Mr. Edward Dummer*; *Dryden's Hind and Panther*, part II. The lines of *Dryden* are remarkable:

"Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky  
For James's late nocturnal victory,

The pledge of his almighty patron's love,  
The fireworks which his angels made above.  
I saw myself the lambent easy light  
Gild the brown horror and dispel the night.  
The messenger with speed the tidings bore,  
News which three laboring nations did restore;  
But heaven's own Nuntius was arrived before."

\* It has been said by many writers, and among them by *Pennant*, that the district in London called *Soho* derived its name from the watchword of *Monmouth's* army at *Sedgemoor*. Mention of *Soho Fields* will be found in books printed before the western insurrection; for example, in *Chamberlayne's State of England*, 1684.

drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms, and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on until his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the king," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which king?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colors of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity; yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up, running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they leveled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped until they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammu-

nication wagons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful; yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon be in his rear, and would interrupt his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterward obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach-horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces.\* The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the en-

\* There is a warrant of James directing that forty pounds should be paid to Sergeant Weems, of Dumbarton's regiment, "for good service in the action at Sedgemoor in firing the great guns against the rebels."—HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE FIRST OR ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT.

agement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke. The king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them. The king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.\*

So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighborhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed; for even in our own time the plow and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls, and thigh-bones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that, in their

\* James the Second's account of the battle of Sedgemoor in Lord Hardwicke's State Papers; Wade's Confession; Ferguson's MS. Narrative in Eachard, iii, 768; Narrative of an Officer of the Horse Guards in Kennet, ed. 1719, iii, 432, London Gazette, July 9, 1685; Oldmixon, 703; Paschall's Narrative; Burnet, i, 643; Evelyn's Diary, July 8; Citters, July 7-17; Barillon, July 9-19; Reresby's Memoirs; the Duke of Buckingham's Battle of Sedgemoor, a Farce; MS. Journal of the Western Rebellion, kept by Mr. Edward Dummer, then serving in the train of artillery employed by his majesty for the suppression of the same. The last-mentioned manuscript is in the Pepsian library, and is of the greatest value, not on account of the narrative, which contains little that is remarkable, but on account of the plans, which exhibit the battle in four or five different stages.

"The history of a battle," says the greatest of living generals, "is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value or importance.

Just to show you how little reliance can be placed even on what are supposed the best accounts of a battle, I mention that there are some circumstances mentioned in General —'s account which did not occur as he relates them. It is impossible to say when each important occurrence took place, or in what order."

WELLINGTON PAPERS, Aug. 8 and 17, 1815.  
The battle concerning which the Duke of Wellington wrote this was that of Waterloo, fought only a few weeks before, by broad day, under his own vigilant and experienced eye. What, then, must be the difficulty of compiling from twelve or thirteen narratives an account of a battle fought more than a hundred and sixty years ago, in such darkness that not a man of those engaged could see fifty paces before him? The difficulty is aggravated by the circumstance that those witnesses who had the best opportunity of knowing the truth were by no means inclined to tell it. The paper which I have placed at the head of my list of authorities was evidently drawn up with extreme partiality to Feversham. Wade was writing under the dread of the halter. Ferguson, who was seldom scrupulous about the truth of his assertions, lied on this occasion like Bobadil or Parolles. Oldmixon, who was a boy at Bridgewater when the battle was fought, and passed a great part of his subsequent life there, was so much under the influence of local passions that his local information was useless to him. His desire to magnify the valor of the Somersetshire peasants, a valor which their enemies acknowledged, and which did not need to be set off by exaggeration and fiction, led him to compose an absurd romance. The eulogy which Barillon, a Frenchman accustomed to despise raw levies, pronounced on the vanquished army, is of much more value. "Son infanterie fit fort bien. On eut de la peine a les rompre, et les soldats combattoient avec les crosses de monaquet et les scies qu'ils avoient au bout de grands bastons au lieu de piques."

Little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed; and the old Bussex Rhine, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared.

I have derived much assistance from Mr. Roberts's account of the battle.—LIFE OF MONMOUTH, chap. xxii. His narrative is in the main confirmed by Dummer's plans.

childhood, they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of Soho.\*

What seems most extraordinary in the battle of Sedgemoor is that the event should have been for a moment doubtful, and that the rebels should have resisted so long. That five or six thousand colliers and plowmen should contend during an hour with half that number of regular cavalry and infantry, would now be thought a miracle. Our wonder will, perhaps, be diminished when we remember that, in the time of James the Second, the discipline of the regular army was extremely lax, and that, on the other hand, the peasantry were accustomed to serve in the militia. The difference, therefore, between a regiment of foot guards and a regiment of clowus just enrolled, though doubtless considerable, was by no means what it now is. Monmouth did not lead a mere mob to attack good soldiers; for his followers were not altogether without a tincture of soldiership; and Feversham's troops, when compared with English troops of our time, might almost be called a mob.

It was four o'clock; the sun was rising; and the routed army came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater. The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favored the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbors who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest of Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given.†

During that day the conquerors continued to chase the fugitives. The neighboring villagers long remembered with what a clatter of horse-hoofs and what a storm of curses the whirlwind of cavalry swept by. Before evening five hundred prisoners had been crowded into the parish church of Weston Zoyland. Eighty of them were wounded, and five expired within the consecrated walls. Great numbers of laborers were impressed for the purpose of burying the slain. A few who were notoriously partial to the vanquished side were set apart for the hideous office of quartering the captives. The tything-men of the neighboring parishes were busied in

\* I learned these things from persons living close to Sedgemoor.

† Oldmixon, 704.

setting up gibbets and providing chains. All this while the bells of Weston Zoyland and Chedzoy rang joyously, and the soldiers sang and rioted on the moor amid the corpses; for the farmers of the neighborhood had made haste, as soon as the event of the fight was known, to send hogsheads of their best cider as peace offerings to the victors.\*

Feversham passed for a good-natured man; but he was a foreigner, ignorant of the laws, and careless of the feelings of the English. He was accustomed to the military license of France, and had learned from his great kinsman, the conqueror of the Palatinate, not, indeed, how to conquer, but how to devastate. A considerable number of prisoners were immediately selected for execution. Among them was a youth famous for his speed. Hopes were held out to him that his life would be spared if he could run a race with one of the colts of the marsh. The space through which the man kept up with the horse is still marked by well-known bounds in the moor, and is about three quarters of a mile. Feversham was not ashamed, after seeing the performance, to send the wretched performer to the gallows. The next day a long line of gibbets appeared on the road leading from Bridgewater to Weston Zoyland. On each gibbet a prisoner was suspended. Four of the sufferers were left to rot in irons.†

Meanwhile Monmouth, accompanied by Grey, by Buysse, and by a few other friends, was flying from the field of battle. At Chedzoy he stopped a moment to mount a fresh horse and to hide his blue ribbon and his George. He then hastened toward the Bristol Channel. From the rising ground on the north of the field of battle he saw the flash and the smoke of the last volley fired by his deserted followers. Before six o'clock he was twenty miles from Sedgemoor. Some of his companions advised him to cross the water, and to seek refuge in Wales; and this would undoubtedly have been his wisest course. He would have been in Wales long before the news of his defeat was known there; and, in a country so wild and so remote from the seat of government, might have remained long undiscovered. He determined, however, to push for Hampshire, in the hope that he might lurk in the cabins of deer-stealers among the oaks of the New Forest until means of conveyance to the Continent could be procured. He therefore, with Grey and the German, turned to the southeast. But the way was beset with dangers. The three fugitives had to traverse a country in which every one already

knew the event of the battle, and in which no traveler of suspicious appearance could escape a close scrutiny. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages. Nor was this so difficult as it may now appear; for men then living could remember the time when the wild deer ranged freely through a succession of forests from the banks of the Avon in Wiltshire to the southern coast of Hampshire.\* At length, on Cranbourne Chase, the strength of the horses failed. They were therefore turned loose. The bridles and saddles were concealed. Monmouth and his friends disguised themselves as countrymen, and proceeded on foot toward the New Forest. They passed the night in the open air, but before morning they were surrounded on every side by toils. Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction. Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. At five in the morning of the seventh, Grey was seized by two of Lumley's scouts. He submitted to his fate with the calmness of one to whom suspense was more intolerable than despair. "Since we landed," he said, "I have not had one comfortable meal or one quiet night." It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley, and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land, separated by an inclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields, the rye, the pease, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man. Others were overgrown by fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share of the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the search could be completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty

\* Locke's Western Rebellion; Stradling's Chilton Priory.

† Locke's Western Rebellion; Stradling's Chilton Priory; Oldmixon, 704.

\* Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire, 1691.

times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge, but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert; once they were seen and fired at; they then separated, and concealed themselves in different hiding places.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buysse was found. He owned that he had parted from the duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely gray, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw pease,\* gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, receipts, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles the Second had decorated his favorite son. Messengers were instantly dispatched to Whitehall with the good news, and with the George as a token that the news was true. The prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.\*

And all was lost; and nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the Conqueror and of Richard the Lion-hearted, of the hero of Cressy and of the hero of Agincourt. The captive might easily have called to mind other domestic examples still better suited to his condition. Within a hundred years, two sovereigns whose blood ran in his veins, one of them a delicate woman, had been placed in the same situation in which he now stood. They had shown, in the prison and on the scaffold, a heroism, of which, in the season of prosperity, they had seemed incapable, and had half redeemed great crimes and errors by enduring with Christian meekness and princely dignity all that victorious enemies could inflict. Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him. The latest generations would know how, in

that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the west he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. To her who had sacrificed everything for his sake, he owed it so to bear himself that, though she might weep for him, she should not blush for him. It was not for him to lament and supplicate. His reason, too, should have told him that lamentation and supplication would be unavailing. He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

But the fortitude of Monmouth was not that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from self-respect; nor had nature given him one of those stout hearts from which neither adversity nor peril can extort any sign of weakness. His courage rose and fell with his animal spirits. It was sustained on the field of battle by the excitement of action, by the hope of victory, by the strange influence of sympathy. All such aids were now taken away. The spoiled darling of the court and of the populace, accustomed to be loved and worshiped wherever he appeared, was now surrounded by stern jailers in whose eyes he read his doom. Yet a few hours of gloomy seclusion, and he must die a violent and shameful death. His heart sank within him. Life seemed to be worth purchasing by any humiliation; nor could his mind, always feeble, and now distracted by terror, perceive that humiliation must degrade, but could not save him.

As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the king. The letter was that of a man whom a craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse for his treason. He affirmed that, when he promised his cousins at the Hague not to raise troubles in England, he had fully meant to keep his word. Unhappily, he had afterward been seduced from his allegiance by some horrid people who had heated his mind by calumnies and misled him by sophistry; but now he abhorred them; he abhorred himself. He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence. There was a secret which he could not trust to paper, a secret which lay in a single word, and which, if he spoke that word, would secure the throne against all danger. On the following day he dispatched letters imploring the queen dowager and the lord treasurer to intercede in his behalf.\*

When it was known in London how he

\* Account of the Manner of taking the late Duke of Monmouth, published by his Majesty's command; Gazette de France, July 18-28, 1685; Eachard, iii, 770; Burnet, i, 644, and Dartmouth's note; Citters, July 10-20, 1685.

\* The letter to the king was printed at the time by authority; that to the queen dowager will be found in Sir H. Ellis's Original Letters; that to Rochester in the Clarendon Correspondence.



had abased himself, the general surprise was great; and no man was more amazed than Barillon, who had resided in England during two bloody proscriptions, and had seen numerous victims, both of the Opposition and of the court, submit to their fate without womanish entreaties and lamentations.\*

Monmouth and Grey remained at Ringwood two days. They were then carried up to London, under the guard of a large body of regular troops and militia. In the coach with the duke was an officer, whose orders were to stab the prisoner if a rescue were attempted. At every town along the road, the train-bands of the neighborhood had been mustered under the command of the principal gentry. The march lasted three days, and terminated at Vauxhall, where a regiment commanded by George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, was in readiness to receive the prisoners. They were put on board of a state barge, and carried down the river to Whitehall Stairs. Lumley and Portman had alternately watched the duke day and night until they had brought him within the walls of the palace.†

Both the demeanor of Monmouth and that of Grey, during the journey, filled all observers with surprise. Monmouth was altogether unnerved. Grey was not only calm, but cheerful; talked pleasantly of horses, dogs, and field-sports, and even made jocular allusions to the perilous situation in which he stood.

‡ The king cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. Every man who heads a rebellion against an established government stakes his life on the event; and rebellion was the smallest part of Monmouth's crime. He had declared against his uncle a war without quarter. In the manifesto put forth at Lyme, James had been held up to execration as an incendiary, as an assassin who had strangled one innocent man and cut the throat of another, and, lastly, as the poisoner of his own brother. To spare an enemy who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities would have been an act of rare, perhaps of blamable generosity; but to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency.† This outrage the king resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord; and, thus secured,

he was ushered into the presence of the impleachable kinsman whom he had wronged.

Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the king's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly, on Argyle, who would rather have put his legs into the boots than have saved his own life by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late king, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest; that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A declaration, filled with atrocious calumnies, had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed. For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side of the grave. The poor terrified duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As to the Declaration, he had not written it. He had not read it. He had signed it without looking at it. It was all the work of Ferguson, that bloody villain Ferguson. "Do you expect me to believe," said James, with contempt but too well merited, "that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?" One depth of infamy alone remained, and even to that the prisoner descended. He was pre-eminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiring against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war; yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The king eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. "Is there, then, no hope?" asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow.\*

Grey was introduced next. He behaved with a propriety and fortitude which moved even the stern and resentful king, frankly owned himself guilty, made no excuses, and did not once stoop to ask his life. Both the prisoners were sent to the Tower by water. There was no tumult; but many thousands

\* "On trouve," he wrote, "fort a redire icy qu'il ayt fait une chose si peu ordinaire aux Anglois," July 12-23, 1685.

† Account of the Manner of taking the Duke of Monmouth; Gazette, July 16, 1685; Cutlers, July 14-24.

‡ Barillon was evidently much shocked. "Il se vient," he says, "de passer icy une chose bien extraordinaire et fort opposée a l'usage ordinaire des autres nations," July 12-23, 1685.

\* Burnet, i, 644; Evelyn's Diary, July 15; Sir J. Braraston's Memoirs; Reresby's Memoirs; James to the Prince of Orange, July 14, 1685; Barillon, July 16-26; Buccleuch MS.

of people, with anxiety and sorrow in their faces, tried to catch a glimpse of the captives. The duke's resolution failed as soon as he had left the royal presence. On his way to his prison he bemoaned himself, accused his followers, and abjectly implored the intercession of Dartmouth. "I know, my lord, that you loved my father. For his sake, for God's sake, try if there be any room for mercy." Dartmouth replied that the king had spoken the truth, and that a subject who assumed the regal title excluded himself from all hope of pardon.\*

Soon after Monmouth had been lodged in the Tower, he was informed that his wife had, by the royal command, been sent to see him. She was accompanied by the Earl of Clarendon, keeper of the Privy Seal. Her husband received her very coldly, and addressed almost all his discourse to Clarendon, whose intercession he earnestly implored. Clarendon held out no hopes; and that same evening two prelates, Turner, bishop of Ely, and Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, arrived at the Tower with a solemn message from the king. It was Monday night. On Wednesday morning Monmouth was to die. He was greatly agitated. The blood left his cheeks; and it was some time before he could speak. Most of the short time which remained to him he wasted in vain attempts to obtain, if not a pardon, at least a respite. He wrote piteous letters to the king and to several courtiers, but in vain. Some Catholic divines were sent to him from court; but they soon discovered that, though he would gladly have purchased his life by renouncing the religion of which he had professed himself in an especial manner the defender, yet, if he was to die, he would as soon die without their absolution as with it.†

Nor were Ken and Turner much better pleased with his frame of mind. The doctrine of non-resistance was, in their view, as in the view of most of their brethren, the distinguishing badge of the Anglican Church. The two bishops insisted on Monmouth's owning that, in drawing the sword against the government, he had committed a great sin; and, on this point, they found him obstinately heterodox. Nor was this his only heresy. He maintained that his connection with Lady Wentworth was blameless in the sight of God. He had been married, he said, when a child. He had never cared for his duchess. The happiness which he had

not found at home he had sought in a round of loose amours, condemned by religion and morality. Henrietta had reclaimed him from a life of vice. To her he had been strictly constant. They had, by common consent, offered up fervent prayers for the Divine guidance. After those prayers they had found their affection for each other strengthened; and they could then no longer doubt that, in the sight of God, they were a wedded pair. The bishops were so much scandalized by this view of the conjugal relation that they refused to administer the sacrament to the prisoner. All that they could obtain from him was a promise that, during the single night which still remained to him, he would pray to be enlightened if he were in error.

On the Wednesday morning, at his particular request, Doctor Thomas Tennison, who then held the vicarage of Saint Martin's, and in that important cure had obtained the high esteem of the public, came to the Tower. From Tennison, whose opinions were known to be moderate, the duke expected more indulgence than Ken and Turner were disposed to show; but Tennison, whatever might be his views concerning non-resistance in the abstract, thought the late rebellion rash and wicked, and considered Monmouth's notion respecting marriage as a most dangerous delusion. Monmouth was obstinate. He had prayed, he said, for the Divine direction. His sentiments remained unchanged; and he could not doubt that they were correct. Tennison's exhortations were in a milder tone than those of the bishops; but he, like them, thought that he should not be justified in administering the Eucharist to one whose penitence was of so unsatisfactory a nature.\*

The hour drew near; all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the by-standers could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.†

It was ten o'clock: the coach of the lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the scaffold, and they consented; but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and

\* James to the Prince of Orange, July 14, 1685; Dutch Dispatch of the same date; Luttrell's Diary; Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 646.

† Buccleuch MS.; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 37; Orig. Mem.; Burnet, i, 645; Tennison's account in Kennet, iii, 422, ed. 1719.

\* Buccleuch MS.; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 37, 38; Orig. Mem.; Burnet, i, 645; Tennison's account in Kennet, iii, 422, ed. 1719.

† Buccleuch MS.

that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." The bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their Church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honor. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man; but they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him; but when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice, "I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened." They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions until they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. "Sir," said one of the assistants, "do you not pray for the king with us?" Monmouth paused some time, and after an internal struggle, exclaimed "Amen." But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. "I will make no speeches," he exclaimed. "Only ten words, my lord." He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick-case, the last token of ill-starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person." He then accosted John Ketch, the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office.\* "Here," said the

duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hawk me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then undressed, felt the edge of the ax, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy, "God accept your repentance; God accept your imperfect repentance."

The hangman addressed himself to his office; but he had been disconnected by what the duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the ax with a curse. "I cannot do it," he said; "my heart fails me." "Take up the ax, man," cried the sheriff. "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. At length the ax was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.\*

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood, for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with

tion, Ketch was turned out of his office for insulting one of the sheriffs, and was succeeded by a butcher named Rose. But in four months Rose himself was hanged at Tyburn, and Ketch was reinstated.—LUTTRELL'S DIARY, January 20 and May 28, 1686. See a curious note by Dr. Grey, on Hudibras, part iii, canto ii, line 1534.

\* Account of the execution of Monmouth, signed by the divines who attended him; Buecleuch MS.; Burnet i, 646; Citters, July 17-27, 1685; Luttrell's Diary; Evelyn's Diary, July 15; Barillon, July 19-29.

\* The name of Ketch was often associated with that of Jeffreys in the lampoons of those days.

"While Jeffreys on the bench, Ketch on the gibbet sits," says one poet. In the year which followed Monmouth's execu-

the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset, and protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has moldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.\*

Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlested. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.

It was not by Lady Wentworth alone that the memory of Monmouth was cherished with idolatrous fondness. His hold on the hearts of the people lasted until the generation which had seen him had passed away. Ribbons, buckles, and other trifling articles of apparel

which he had worn were treasured up as precious relics by those who had fought under him at Sedgemoor. Old men who long survived him desired, when they were dying, that these trinkets might be buried with them. One button of gold thread which narrowly escaped this fate may still be seen at a house which overlooks the field of battle. Nay, such was the devotion of the people to their unhappy favorite, that, in the face of the strongest evidence by which the fact of a death was ever verified, many continued to cherish a hope that he was still living, and that he would again appear in arms. A person, it was said, who was remarkably like Monmouth, had sacrificed himself to save the Protestant hero. The vulgar long continued, at every important crisis, to whisper that the time was at hand, and that King Monmouth would soon show himself. In 1686, a knave who had pretended to be the duke, and had levied contribution in several villages of Wiltshire, was apprehended and whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. In 1698, when England had long enjoyed constitutional freedom under a new dynasty, the son of an inn-keeper passed himself on the yeomanry of Sussex as their beloved Monmouth, and defrauded many who were by no means of the lowest class. Five hundred pounds were collected for him. The farmers provided him with a horse. Their wives sent him baskets of chickens and ducks, and were lavish, it was said, of favors of a more tender kind; for, in gallantry at least, the counterfeit was a not unworthy representative of the original. When this impostor was thrown into prison for his fraud, his followers maintained him in luxury. Several of them appeared at the bar to countenance him when he was tried at the Horsham assizes. So long did this delusion last, that, when George the Third had been some years on the English throne, Voltaire thought it necessary gravely to confute the hypothesis that the man in the iron mask was the Duke of Monmouth.\*

It is, perhaps, a fact scarcely less remark-

\* *Observator*, August 1, 1685; *Gazette de France*, Nov. 2, 1686; Letter from Humphrey Wanley, dated Aug. 25, 1698, in the Aubrey Collection; *Voltaire*, *Dict. Phil.* There are, in the Pepysian Collection, several ballads written after Monmouth's death, which represent him as living, and predict his speedy return. I will give two specimens:

" Though this is a dismal story  
Of the fall of my design,  
Yet I'll come again in glory  
If I live till eighty-nine;  
For I'll have a stronger army,  
And of ammunition store."

Again:

" Then shall Monmouth in his glories  
Unto his English friends appear,  
And will stifle all such stories  
As are vended everywhere.

" They'll see I was not so degraded,  
To be taken gathering pease,  
Or in a cock of hay up braided.  
What strange stories now are these!"

\* I cannot refrain from expressing my disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town.

able, that, to this day, the inhabitants of some parts of the west of England, when any bill affecting their interests is before the House of Lords, think themselves entitled to claim the help of the Dukes of Buccleuch, the descendants of the unfortunate leader for whom their ancestors bled.

The history of Monmouth would alone suffice to refute the imputation of inconstancy which is so frequently thrown on the common people. The common people are sometimes inconstant, for they are human beings; but that they are inconstant as compared with the educated classes, with aristocracies, or with princes, may be confidently denied. It would be easy to name demagogues whose popularity has remained undiminished while sovereigns and Parliaments have withdrawn their confidence from a long succession of statesmen. When Swift had survived his faculties many years, the Irish populace still continued to light bonfires on his birth-day, in commemoration of the services which they fancied that he had rendered to his country when his mind was in full vigor. While seven administrations were raised to power and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigues or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, the profligate Wilkes retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed. Politicians, who, in 1807, sought to curry favor with George the Third by defending Caroline of Brunswick, were not ashamed, in 1820, to curry favor with George the Fourth by persecuting her. But in 1820, as in 1807, the whole body of working men was fanatically devoted to her cause. So it was with Monmouth. In 1680 he had been adored alike by the gentry and by the peasantry of the west. In 1685 he came again. To the gentry he had become an object of aversion; but by the peasantry he was still loved with a love strong as death, with a love not to be extinguished by misfortunes or faults, by the flight from Sedgemoor, by the letter from Ringwood, or by the tears and abject supplications at Whitehall. The charge which may with justice be brought against the common people is, not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably choose their favorite so ill that their constancy is a vice and not a virtue.

While the execution of Monmouth occupied the thoughts of the Londoners, the counties which had risen against the government were enduring all that a ferocious soldiery could inflict. Feversham had been summoned to the court, where honors and rewards which he little deserved awaited him. He was made a knight of the Garter, and captain of the first and most lucrative troop of Life Guards;

but court and city laughed at his military exploits, and the wit of Buckingham gave forth its last feeble flash at the expense of the general who had won a battle in bed.\* Feversham left in command at Bridgewater Colonel Percy Kirke, a military adventurer whose vices had been developed by the worst of all schools, Tangier. Kirke had, during some years, commanded the garrison of that town, and been constantly employed in hostilities against tribes of foreign barbarians, ignorant of the laws which regulate the warfare of civilized and Christian nations. Within the ramparts of his fortress he was a despotic prince. The only check on his tyranny was the fear of being called to account by a distant and a careless government. He might, therefore, safely proceed to the most audacious excesses of rapacity, licentiousness, and cruelty. He lived with boundless dissoluteness, and procured by extortion the means of indulgence. No goods could be sold until Kirke had had the refusal of them. No question of right could be decided until Kirke had been bribed. Once, merely from a malignant whim, he staved all the wine in a vintner's cellar. On another occasion he drove all the Jews from Tangier. Two of them he sent to the Spanish Inquisition, which forthwith burned them. Under this iron domination scarce a complaint was heard, for hatred was effectually kept down by terror. Two persons who had been refractory were found murdered, and it was universally believed that they had been slain by Kirke's order. When his soldiers displeased him, he flogged them with merciless severity; but he indemnified them by permitting them to sleep on watch, to reel drunk about the streets, to rob, beat, and insult the merchants and the laborers.

When Tangier was abandoned, Kirke returned to England. He still continued to command his old soldiers, who were designated sometimes as the First Tangier Regiment, and sometimes as Queen Catharine's Regiment. As they had been levied for the purpose of waging war on an infidel nation, they bore on their flag a Christian emblem, the Paschal Lamb. In allusion to this device, and with a bitterly ironical meaning, these men, the rudest and most ferocious in the English army, were called Kirke's Lambs. The regiment, now the second of the line, still retains this ancient badge, which is, however, thrown into the shade by decorations honorably earned in Egypt, in Spain, and in the heart of Asia.†

\* London Gazette, August 3, 1685; the Battle of Sedgemoor, a Farce.

† Pepys's Diary, kept at Tangier; Historical Records of the Second or Queen's Royal Regiment of Foot.

Such was the captain and such the soldiers who were now let loose on the people of Somersetshire. From Bridgewater Kirke marched to Taunton. He was accompanied by two carts filled with wounded rebels whose gashes had not been dressed, and by a long drove of prisoners on foot, who were chained two and two. Several of these he hanged as soon as he reached Taunton, without the form of a trial. They were not suffered even to take leave of their nearest relations. The sign-post of the White Hart Inn served for a gallows. It is said that the work of death went on in sight of the windows where the officers of the Tangier regiment were carousing, and that at every health a wretch was turned off. When the legs of the dying men quivered in the last agony, the colonel ordered the drums to strike up. He would give the rebels, he said, music to their dancing. The tradition runs that one of the captives was not even allowed the indulgence of a speedy death. Twice he was suspended from the sign-post, and twice cut down. Twice he was asked if he repented of his treason, and twice he replied that, if the thing were to do again, he would do it. Then he was tied up for the last time. So many dead bodies were quartered, that the executioner stood ankle deep in blood. He was assisted by a poor man whose loyalty was suspected, and who was compelled to ransom his own life by seething the remains of his friends in pitch. The peasant who had consented to perform this hideous office afterward returned to his plow. But a mark like that of Cain was upon him. He was known through his village by the horrible name of Tom Boilman. The rusties long continued to relate that, though he had, by his sinful and shameful deed, saved himself from the vengeance of the Lambs, he had not escaped the vengeance of a higher power. In a great storm he had fled for shelter under an oak, and was there struck dead by lightning.\*

The number of those who were thus butchered can not now be ascertained. Nine were entered in the parish registers of Taunton; but those registers contain the names only of such as had Christian burial. Those who were hanged in chains, and those whose heads and limbs were sent to the neighboring villages, must have been much more numerous. It was believed in London, at the time, that Kirke put a hundred captives to death during the week which followed the battle.†

Cruelty, however, was not this man's only passion. He loved money, and was no novice in the arts of extortion. A safe-conduct might be bought of him for thirty or forty pounds; and such a safe-conduct, though of no value in law, enabled the purchaser to pass the posts of the Lambs without molestation, to reach a sea-port, and to fly to a foreign country. The ships which were bound for New England were crowded at this juncture with so many fugitives from Sedgemoor that there was great danger lest the water and provisions should fail.\*

Kirke was also, in his own coarse and ferocious way, a man of pleasure; and nothing is more probable than that he employed his power for the purpose of gratifying his licentious appetites. It was reported that he conquered the virtue of a beautiful woman by promising to spare the life of one to whom she was strongly attached, and that, after she had yielded, he showed her, suspended on the gallows, the lifeless remains of him for whose sake she had sacrificed her honor. This tale an impartial judge must reject. It is unsupported by proof. The earliest authority for it is a poem written by Pomfret. The respectable historians of that age, while they expatiate on the crimes of Kirke, either omit all mention of this most atrocious crime, or mention it as a thing rumored but not proved. Those who tell the story tell it with such variations as deprive it of all title to credit. Some lay the scene at Taunton, some at Exeter. Some make the heroine of the tale a maiden, some a married woman. The relation for whom the shameful ransom was paid is described by some as her father, by some as her brother, and by some as her husband. Lastly, the story is one which, long before Kirke was born, had been told of many other oppressors, and had become a favorite theme of novelists and dramatists. Two politicians of the fifteenth century, Rhynsault, the favorite of Charles the Bold, and Oliver le Dain, the favorite of Louis the Eleventh, had been accused of the same crime. Cintio had taken it for the subject of a romance; Whetstone had made out of Cintio's narrative the rude play of *Promos and Cassandra*; and Shakespeare had borrowed from Whetstone the plot of the noble *tragi-comedy of Measure for Measure*. As Kirke was not the first, so he was not the last, to whom this excess of wickedness was popularly imputed. During the reaction which followed the Jacobin tyranny in France, a very similar charge was brought against Joseph Lebon, one of the most odious agents of the Committee of Public Safety,

\* *Bloody Assizes*; Burnet, i, 647; *Luttrell's Diary*, July 15, 1685; *Locke's Western Rebellion*; *Toulmin's History of Taunton*, edited by Savage.

† *Luttrell's Diary*, July 15, 1685; *Toulmin's History of Taunton*.

\* *Oldmixon*, 705; *Life and Errors of John Dunton*, chap. vii.

and, after inquiry, was admitted even by his prosecutors to be unfounded.\*

The government was dissatisfied with Kirke, not on account of the barbarity with which he had treated his needy prisoners, but on account of the interested lenity which he had shown to rich delinquents.† He was soon recalled from the west. A less irregular, and, at the same time, a more cruel massacre, was about to be perpetrated. The vengeance was deferred during some weeks. It was thought desirable that the Western Circuit should not begin until the other circuits had terminated. In the meantime the jails of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were filled with thousands of captives. The chief friend and protector of these unhappy men in their extremity was one who abhorred their religious and political opinions, one whose order they hated, and to whom they had done unprovoked wrong, Bishop Ken. That good prelate used all his influence to soften the jailers, and retrenched from his own episcopal state that he might be able to make some addition to the coarse and scanty fare of those who had defaced his beloved cathedral. His conduct on this occasion was of a piece with his whole life. His intellect was indeed darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue.‡

His labor of love was of no long duration. A rapid and effectual jail delivery was at hand. Early in September, Jeffreys, accompanied by four other judges, set out on that circuit of which the memory will last as long as our race and language. The officers who commanded the troops in the districts through which his course lay had orders to furnish him with whatever military aid he might require. His ferocious temper needed

no spur; yet a spur was applied. The health and spirits of the lord keeper had given way. He had been deeply mortified by the coldness of the king and by the insolence of the chief justice, and could find little consolation in looking back on a life, not indeed blackened by any atrocious crime, but sullied by cowardice, selfishness, and servility. So deeply was the unhappy man humbled, that, when he appeared for the last time in Westminster Hall, he took with him a nosegay to hide his face, because, as he afterward owned, he could not bear the eyes of the bar and of the audience. The prospect of his approaching end seems to have inspired him with unwonted courage. He determined to discharge his conscience, requested an audience of the king, spoke earnestly of the dangers inseparable from violent and arbitrary counsels, and condemned the lawless cruelties which the soldiers had committed in Somersetshire. He soon after retired from London to die. He breathed his last a few days after the judges set out for the west. It was immediately notified to Jeffreys that he might expect the great seal as the reward of faithful and vigorous service.\*

At Winchester the chief justice first opened his commission. Hampshire had not been the theater of war; but many of the vanquished rebels had, like their leader, fled thither. Two of them, John Hicckes, a Nonconformist divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer who had been outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot, had sought refuge at the house of Alice, widow of John Lisle. John Lisle had sat in the Long Parliament and in the High Court of Justice, had been a commissioner of the great seal in the days of the Commonwealth, and had been created a lord by Cromwell. The titles given by the Protector had not been recognized by any government which had ruled England since the downfall of his house; but they appear to have been often used in conversation even by Royalists. John Lisle's widow was therefore commonly known as the Lady Alice. She was related to many respectable, and to some noble families, and she was generally esteemed even by the Tory gentlemen of her county; for it was well known to them that she had deeply regretted some violent acts in which her husband had borne a part, that she had shed bitter tears for Charles the First, and that she had protected and relieved many Cavaliers in their distress. The same womanly kindness which had led her to befriend the Royalists in their time of

\* The silence of Oldmixon and of the compilers of the Western Martyrology would alone seem to me to settle the question. It also deserves to be remarked that the story of Rhynsault is told by Steele in the Spectator, No. 491. Surely it is hardly possible to believe that, if a crime exactly resembling that of Rhynsault had been committed within living memory in England by an officer of James the Second, Steele, who was indiscreetly and unseasonably forward to display his Whiggism, would have made no allusion to that fact. For the case of Lebon, see the *Moniteur*, 4 Messidor, l'an 3.

† Sunderland to Kirke, July 14 and 28, 1685. "His majesty," says Sunderland, "commands me to signify to you his dislike of these proceedings, and desires you to take care that no person concerned in the rebellion be at large."

‡ I should be very glad if I could give credit to the popular story that Ken, immediately after the battle of Sedgemoor, represented to the chiefs of the royal army the illegality of military executions. He would, I doubt not, have exerted all his influence on the side of law and of mercy, if he had been present. But there is no trustworthy evidence that he was then in the west at all. It is certain from the journals of the House of Lords that, on the Thursday before the battle, he was at Westminster. It is equally certain that, on the Monday after the battle, he was with Monmouth in the Tower.

\* North's *Life of Guildford*, 260, 263, 273; Mackintosh's *View of the Reign of James the Second*, page 16, note; Letter of Jeffreys to Sunderland, Sept. 5, 1685.

trouble would not suffer her to refuse a meal and a hiding-place to the wretched men who now entreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her dwelling was surrounded by soldiers. Strict search was made. Hickes was found concealed in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the chimney. If Lady Alice knew her guests to have been concerned in the insurrection, she was undoubtedly guilty of what in strictness is a capital crime; for the law of principal and accessory, as respects high treason, then was, and is to this day, in a state disgraceful to English jurisprudence. In cases of felony, a distinction, founded on justice and reason, is made between the principal and the accessory after the fact. He who conceals from justice one whom he knows to be a murderer, though liable to punishment, is not liable to the punishment of murder; but he who shelters one whom he knows to be a traitor is, according to all our jurists, guilty of high treason. It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity and cruelty of a law which includes under the same definition, and visits with the same penalty, offenses lying at the opposite extremes of the scale of guilt. The feeling which makes the most loyal subject shrink from the thought of giving up to a shameful death the rebel who, vanquished, hunted down, and in mortal agony, begs for a morsel of bread and a cup of water, may be a weakness, but it is surely a weakness very nearly allied to virtue; a weakness which, constituted as human beings are, we can hardly eradicate from the mind without eradicating many noble and benevolent sentiments. A wise and good ruler may not think it right to sanction this weakness, but he will generally connive at it, or punish it very tenderly. In no ease will he treat it as a crime of the blackest dye. Whether Flora Maedonald was justified in concealing the attainted heir of the Stuarts, whether a brave soldier of our own time was justified in assisting the escape of Lavalette, are questions on which many casuists may differ; but to class such actions with the crimes of Guy Faux and Fieschi is an outrage to humanity and common sense. Such, however, is the classification of our law. It is evident that nothing but a lenient administration could make such a state of the law endurable. And it is just to say that, during many generations, no English government, save one, has treated with rigor persons guilty merely of harboring defeated and flying insurgents. To women especially has been granted, by a kind of

tacit prescription, the right of indulging, in the midst of havoc and vengeance, that compassion which is the most endearing of all their charms. Since the beginning of the great civil war, numerous rebels, some of them far more important than Hickes or Nelthorpe, have been protected against the severity of victorious governments by female adroitness and generosity; but no English ruler who has been thus baffled, the savage and implacable James alone excepted, has had the barbarity even to think of putting a lady to a cruel and shameful death for so venial and amiable a transgression.

Odious as the law was, it was strained for the purpose of destroying Alice Lisle. She could not, according to the doctrine laid down by the highest authority, be convicted until after the conviction of the rebels whom she had harbored.\* She was, however, set to the bar before either Hickes or Nelthorpe had been tried. It was no easy matter in such a case to obtain a verdict for the crown. The witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow-creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. This was the first ease of treason on the circuit, and there seemed to be a strong probability that his prey would escape him. He stormed, cursed, and swore in language which no well-bred man would have used at a race or a cock-fight. One witness named Dunne, partly from concern for Lady Alice, and partly from fright at the threats and maledictions of the chief justice, entirely lost his head, and at last stood silent. "Oh, how hard the truth is," said Jeffreys, "to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave." The witness, after a pause of some minutes, stammered a few unmeaning words. "Was there ever," exclaimed the judge, with an oath, "was there ever such a villain on the face of the earth? Dost thou believe that there is a God? Dost thou believe in hell fire? Of all the witnesses that I ever met with, I never saw thy fellow." Still the poor man, scared out of his senses, remained mute, and again Jeffreys burst forth: "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you take notice of the horrible carriage of this fellow. How can one help abhorring both these men and their religion? A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this. A pagan would be ashamed of such villany. Oh, blessed Jesus! What a generation of vipers do we live among!" "I can not tell what to say, my lord," faltered

\* See the preamble to the act reversing her attainder.



Dunne. The judge again broke forth into a volley of oaths. "Was there ever," he cried, "such an impudent rascal? Hold the eandle to him, that we may see his brazen face. You, gentlemen, that are of counsel for the crown, see that an information for perjury be preferred against this fellow." After the witnesses had been thus handled, the Lady Alice was called on for her defense. She began by saying, what may possibly have been true, that though she knew Hicckes to be in trouble when she took him in, she did not know or suspect that he had been concerned in the rebellion. He was a divine, a man of peace. It had, therefore, never occurred to her that he could have borne arms against the government; and she had supposed that he wished to conceal himself because warrants were out against him for field preaching. The chief justice began to storm. "But I will tell you. There is not one of those lying, sniveling, canting Presbyterians but, one way or another, had a hand in the rebellion. Presbytery has all manner of villany in it. Nothing but Presbytery could have made Dunne such a rogue. Show me a Presbyterian, and I'll show thee a lying knave." He summed up in the same style, declaimed during an hour against Whigs and Dissenters, and reminded the jury that the prisoner's husband had borne a part in the death of Charles the First, a fact which was not proved by any testimony, and which, if it had been proved, would have been utterly irrelevant to the issue. The jury retired, and remained long in consultation. The judge grew impatient. He could not conceive, he said, how, in so plain a case, they should ever have left the box. He sent a messenger to tell them that, if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came to say that they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently, and, after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of Guilty.

On the following morning sentence was pronounced. Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned alive that very afternoon. This excess of barbarity moved the pity and indignation even of that class which was most devoted to the crown. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated with the Chief Justice, who, brutal as he was, was not mad enough to risk a quarrel on such a subject with a body so much respected by the Tory party. He consented to put off the execution five days. During that time the friends of the prisoner besought James to show her mercy. Ladies of high rank inter-

ceded for her. Feversham, whose recent victory had increased his influence at court, and who, it is said, had been bribed to take the compassionate side, spoke in her favor. Clarendon, the king's brother-in-law, pleaded her cause. But all was vain. The utmost that could be obtained was that her sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading. She was put to death on a scaffold in the market-place of Winchester, and underwent her fate with serene courage.\*

In Hampshire Alice Lisle was the only victim; but, on the day following her execution, Jeffreys reached Dorchester, the principal town of the county in which Monmouth had landed, and the judicial massacre began.

The court was hung, by order of the chief justice, with scarlet; and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumored that, when the clergyman who preached the assize sermon enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the judge was distorted by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow.†

More than three hundred prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy, but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons, who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorsetshire amounted to seventy-four.

From Dorchester Jeffreys proceeded to Exeter. The civil war had barely grazed the frontier of Devonshire. Here, therefore, comparatively few persons were capitally punished. Somersetshire, the chief seat of the rebellion, had been reserved for the last and most fearful vengeance. In this county two hundred and thirty-three prisoners were in a few days hanged, drawn, and quartered. At every spot where two roads met, on every market-place, on the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveler sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbor grinning at them over the porch. The chief justice was all himself. His spirits rose

\* Trial of Alice Lisle in the Collection of State Trials; Stat. 1 Gul. & Mar.; Burnet, i, 649; Caveat against the Whigs.  
† Bloody Assizes.

higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many thought him drunk from morning to night; but in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions from the madness produced by brandy. A prisoner affirmed that the witnesses who appeared against him were not entitled to credit. One of them, he said, was a papist, and the other a prostitute. "Thou impudent rebel," exclaimed the judge, "to reflect on the king's evidence! I see thee, villain, I see thee already with the halter round thy neck." Another produced testimony that he was a good Protestant. "Protestant!" said Jeffreys; "you mean Presbyterian. I'll hold you a wager of it. I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles." One wretched man moved the pity even of bitter Tories. "My lord," they said, "this poor creature is on the parish." "Do not trouble yourselves," said the judge, "I will ease the parish of the burden." It was not only on the prisoners that his fury broke forth. Gentlemen and noblemen of high consideration and stainless loyalty, who ventured to bring to his notice any extenuating circumstance, were almost sure to receive what he called, in the coarse dialect which he had learned in the pot-houses of White Chapel, a lick with the rough side of his tongue. Lord Stawell, a Tory peer, who could not conceal his horror at the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbors were butchered, was punished by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gate.\* In such spectacles originated many tales of terror, which were long told over the cider by the Christmas fires of the farmers of Somersetshire. Within the last forty years, peasants in some districts well knew the accursed spots, and passed them unwillingly after sunset.†

Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest. It is certain that the number of persons whom he executed in one month, and in one shire, very much exceeded the number of all the political offenders who have been executed in our island since the Revolution. The insurrections of 1715 and 1745 were of longer duration, of wider extent, and of more formidable aspect than that which was put down at Sedgemoor. It has not been generally thought that, either after the rebellion of 1715, or after the rebellion of 1745, the house of Hanover erred on the side of clemency; yet all the executions of 1715 and 1745 added together will appear to have

been few indeed when compared with those which disgraced the Bloody Assizes. The number of the rebels whom Jeffreys hanged on this circuit was three hundred and twenty.\*

Such havoc must have excited disgust even if the sufferers had been generally odious: but they were, for the most part, men of blameless life, and of high religious profession. They were regarded by themselves, and by a large proportion of their neighbors, not as wrong-doers, but as martyrs who sealed with blood the truth of the Protestant religion. Very few of the convicts professed any repentance for what they had done. Many, animated by the old Puritan spirit, met death, not merely with fortitude, but with exultation. It was in vain that the ministers of the Established Church lectured them on the guilt of rebellion and on the importance of priestly absolution. The claim of the king to unbounded authority in things temporal, and the claim of the clergy to the spiritual power of binding and loosing, moved the bitter scorn of the intrepid sectaries. Some of them composed hymns in the dungeon and chanted them on the fatal sledge. Christ, they sang while they were undressing for the butchery, would soon come to rescue Zion and to make war on Babylon, would set up his standard, would blow his trumpet, and would requite his foes tenfold for all the evil which had been inflicted on his servants. The dying words of these men were noted down; their farewell letters were kept as treasures; and, in this way, with the help of some invention and exaggeration was formed a copious supplement to the Marian martyrology.†

A few cases deserve special mention. Abraham Holmes, a retired officer of the Parliamentary army, and one of those zealots who would own no king but King Jesus, had been taken at Sedgemoor. His arm had been frightfully mangled and shattered in the battle; and, as no surgeon was at hand, the stout old soldier amputated it himself. He was carried up to London and examined by the king in council, but would make no submission. "I am an aged man," he said, "and what remains to me of life is not worth a falsehood or a baseness. I have always been a Republican, and I am so still." He was sent back to the west and hanged. The people remarked with awe and wonder that the beasts which were to drag him to the gallows

\* Lord Lonsdale says seven hundred; Burnet, six hundred. I have followed the list which the judges sent to the Treasury, and which may still be seen there in the letter-book of 1685. See the Bloody Assizes; Locke's Western Rebellion; the Panegyric on Lord Jeffreys; Burnet, i, 648; Eachard, iii, 775; Oldmixon, 705.

† Some of the prayers, exhortations, and hymns of the sufferers will be found in the Bloody Assizes.

\* Locke's Western Rebellion.

† This I can attest from my own childish recollections.

became restive and went back. Holmes himself doubted not that the Angel of the Lord, as in the old time, stood in the way, sword in hand, invisible to human eyes, but visible to the inferior animals. "Stop, gentlemen," he cried, "let me go on foot. There is more in this than you think. Remember how the ass saw him whom the prophet could not see." He walked manfully to the gallows, harangued the people with a smile, prayed fervently that God would hasten the downfall of anti-Christ and the deliverance of England, and went up the ladder with an apology for mounting so awkwardly. "You see," he said, "I have but one arm."\*

Not less courageously died Christopher Battiscombe, a young Templar of good family and fortune, who, at Dorchester, an agreeable provincial town proud of its taste and refinement, was regarded by all as the model of a fine gentleman. Great interest was made to save him. It was believed through the west of England that he was engaged to a young lady of gentle blood, the sister of the high sheriff; that she threw herself at the feet of Jeffreys to beg for mercy; and that Jeffreys drove her from him with a jest so hideous that to repeat it would be an offense against decency and humanity. Her lover suffered at Lyme piously and courageously.†

A still deeper interest was excited by the fate of two gallant brothers, William and Benjamin Hewling. They were young, handsome, accomplished, and well connected. Their maternal grandfather was named Kiffin. He was one of the first merchants in London, and was generally considered as the head of the Baptists. The chief justice behaved to William Hewling on the trial with characteristic brutality. "You have a grandfather," he said, "who deserves to be hanged as richly as you." The poor lad, who was only nineteen, suffered death with so much meekness and fortitude, that an officer of the army who attended the execution, and who had made himself remarkable by rudeness and severity, was strangely melted, and said, "I do not believe that my lord chief justice himself could be proof against this." Hopes were entertained that Benjamin would be pardoned. One victim of tender years was surely enough for one house to furnish. Even Jeffreys was, or pretended to be, inclined to lenity. The truth was, that one of his kinsmen, from whom he had large expectations, and whom, therefore,

he could not treat as he generally treated intercessors, pleaded strongly for the afflicted family. Time was allowed for a reference to London. The sister of the prisoner went to Whitehall with a petition. Many courtiers wished her success; and Churchill, among whose numerous faults cruelty had no place, obtained admittance for her. "I wish well to your suit, with all my heart," he said, as they stood together in the ante-chamber; "but do not flatter yourself with hopes. This marble," and he laid his hand on the chimney-piece, "is not harder than the king." The prediction proved true. James was inexorable. Benjamin Hewling died with dauntless courage, amid lamentations in which the soldiers who kept guard round the gallows could not refrain from joining.\*

Yet those rebels who were doomed to death were less to be pitied than some of the survivors. Several prisoners to whom Jeffreys was unable to bring home the charge of high treason were convicted of misdemeanors, and were sentenced to scourging not less terrible than that which Oates had undergone. A woman, for some idle words such as had been uttered by half the women in the districts where the war had raged, was condemned to be whipped through all the market-towns in the county of Dorset. She suffered part of her punishment before Jeffreys returned to London; but, when he was no longer in the west, the jailers, with the humane connivance of the magistrates, took on themselves the responsibility of sparing her any further torture. A still more frightful sentence was passed on a lad named Tutchin, who was tried for seditious words. He was, as usual, interrupted in his defense by ribaldry and scurrility from the judgment seat. "You are a rebel; and all your family have been rebels since Adam. They tell me that you are a poet. I'll cap verses with you." The sentence was, that the boy should be imprisoned seven years, and should, during that period, be flogged through every market-town in Dorsetshire every year. The women in the galleries burst into tears. The clerk of the arraigns stood up in great disorder. "My lord," said he, "the prisoner is very young. There are many market-towns in our county. The sentence amounts to whipping once a fortnight for seven years." "If he is a young man," said Jeffreys, "he is an old rogue. Ladies, you do not know the villain as well

\* Bloody Assizes; Locke's Western Rebellion; Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs; Account of the Battle of Sedgemoor in the Hardwicke Papers.

† The story in Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 43, is not taken from the king's manuscripts, and sufficiently refutes itself. † Bloody Assizes; Locke's Western Rebellion; Humble Petition of Widows and fatherless Children in the West of England; Panegyric on Lord Jeffreys.

\* As to the Hewlings, I have followed Kiffin's Memoirs, and Mr. Hewling Luson's narrative, which will be found in the second edition of the Hughes Correspondence, vol. ii, Appendix. The accounts in Locke's Western Rebellion and in the Panegyric on Jeffreys are full of errors. Great part of the account in the Bloody Assizes was written by Kiffin, and agrees word for word with his Memoirs.

as I do. The punishment is not half bad enough for him. All the interest in England shall not alter it." Tutchin, in his despair, petitioned, and probably with sincerity, that he might be hanged. Fortunately for him, he was, just at this conjuncture, taken ill of the small-pox and given over. As it seemed highly improbable that the sentence would ever be executed, the chief justice consented to remit it in return for a bribe which reduced the prisoner to poverty. The temper of Tutchin, not originally very mild, was exasperated to madness by what he had undergone. He lived to be known as one of the most acrimonious and pertinacious enemies of the house of Stuart and of the Tory party.\*

The number of prisoners whom Jeffreys transported was eight hundred and forty-one. These men, more wretched than their associates who suffered death, were distributed into gangs, and bestowed on persons who enjoyed favor at court. The conditions of the gift were that the convicts should be carried beyond sea as slaves, that they should not be emancipated for ten years, and that the place of their banishment should be some West Indian island. This last article was studiously framed for the purpose of aggravating the misery of the exiles. In New England or New Jersey they would have found a population kindly disposed to them, and a climate not unfavorable to their health and vigor. It was therefore determined that they should be sent to colonies where a Puritan could hope to inspire little sympathy, and where a laborer born in the temperate zone could hope to enjoy little health. Such was the state of the slave-market that these bondmen, long as was the passage, and sickly as they were likely to prove, were still very valuable. It was estimated by Jeffreys that, on an average, each of them, after all charges were paid, would be worth from ten to fifteen pounds. There was, therefore, much angry competition for grants. Some Tories in the west conceived that they had, by their exertions and sufferings during the insurrection, earned a right to share in the profits which had been eagerly snatched up by the sycophants of Whitehall. The courtiers, however, were victorious.†

The misery of the exiles fully equaled that of the negroes who are now carried from Congo to Brazil. It appears, from the best information which is now accessible, that more than one-fifth of those who were shipped were flung to the sharks before the end of the voyage. The human cargoes were

stowed close in the holds of small vessels. So little space was allowed that the wretches, many of whom were still tormented by unhealed wounds, could not all lie down at once without lying on one another. They were never suffered to go on deck. The hatchway was constantly watched by sentinels armed with hangers and blunderbusses. In the dungeon below all was darkness, stench, lamentation, disease, and death. Of ninety-nine convicts who were carried out in one vessel, twenty-two died before they reached Jamaica, although the voyage was performed with unusual speed. The survivors, when they arrived at their house of bondage, were mere skeletons. During some weeks coarse biscuit and fetid water had been doled out to them in such scanty measure that any one of them could easily have consumed the ration which was assigned to five. They were, therefore, in such a state, that the merchant to whom they had been consigned found it expedient to fatten them before selling them.\*

Meanwhile, the property both of the rebels who had suffered death, and of those more unfortunate men who were withering under the tropical sun, was fought for and torn in pieces by a crowd of greedy informers. By law, a subject attainted of treason forfeits all his substance; and this law was enforced after the Bloody Assizes with a rigor at once cruel and ludicrous. The broken-hearted widows and destitute orphans of the laboring men whose corpses hung at the cross-roads were called upon by the agents of the Treasury to explain what had become of a basket, of a goose, of a flitch of bacon, of a keg of cider, of a sack of beans, of a truss of hay.† While the humbler retainers of the government were pillaging the families of the slaughtered peasants, the chief justice was fast accumulating a fortune out of the plunder of a higher class of Whigs. He traded largely in pardons. His most lucrative transaction of this kind was with a gentleman named Edmund Prideaux. It is certain that Prideaux had not been in arms against the government, and it is probable that his only crime was the wealth which he had inherited from his father, an eminent lawyer who had been high in office under the Protector. No exertions were spared to make out a case for the crown. Merey was offered to some prisoners on con-

\* The best account of the sufferings of those rebels who were sentenced to transportation is to be found in a very curious narrative written by John Coad, an honest, God-fearing carpenter, who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philip's Norton, was tried by Jeffreys, and was sent to Jamaica. The original manuscript was kindly lent to me by Mr. Phippard, to whom it belongs.

† In the Treasury records of the autumn of 1685 are several letters directing search to be made for trifles of this sort.

\* See Tutchin's account of his own case in the Bloody Assizes.  
† Sunderland to Jeffreys, Sept. 14, 1685; Jeffreys to the King, Sept. 19, 1685, in the State Paper Office.

dition that they would bear evidence against Prideaux. The unfortunate man lay long in jail, and at length, overcome by fear of the gallows, consented to pay fifteen thousand pounds for his liberation. This great sum was received by Jeffreys. He bought with it an estate, to which the people gave the name of *Aceldama*, from that accursed field which was purchased with the price of innocent blood.\*

He was ably assisted in the work of extortion by the crew of parasites who were in the habit of drinking and laughing with him. The office of these men was to drive hard bargains with convicts under the strong terrors of death, and with parents trembling for the lives of children. A portion of the spoil was abandoned by Jeffreys to his agents. To one of his boon companions, it is said, he tossed a pardon for a rich traitor across the table during a revel. It was not safe to have recourse to any intercession except that of his creatures, for he guarded his profitable monopoly of mercy with jealous care. It was even suspected that he sent some persons to the gibbet solely because they had applied for the royal clemency through channels independent of him.†

Some courtiers nevertheless contrived to obtain a small share of this traffic. The ladies of the queen's household distinguished themselves pre-eminently by rapacity and hard-heartedness. Part of the disgrace which they incurred falls on their mistress, for it was solely on account of the relation in which they stood to her that they were able to enrich themselves by so odious a trade; and there can be no question that she might, with a word or a look, have restrained them; but, in truth, she encouraged them by her evil example, if not by her express approbation. She seems to have been one of that large class of persons who bear adversity better than prosperity. While her husband was a subject and an exile, shut out from public employment, and in imminent danger of being deprived of his birth-right, the suavity and humility of her manners conciliated the kindness even of those who most abhorred her religion; but when her good fortune came, her good nature disappeared. The meek and affable duchess turned out an ungracious and haughty queen.‡ The misfortunes which she subsequently endured have made her an object of some interest; but that interest

would be not a little heightened if it could be shown that, in the season of her greatness she saved, or even tried to save, one single victim from the most frightful proscription that England has ever seen. Unhappily, the only request that she is known to have preferred touching the rebels was that a hundred of those who were sentenced to transportation might be given to her.\* The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage, can not be estimated at less than a thousand guineas. We can not wonder that her attendants should have imitated her unprincipled greediness and her unwomanly cruelty. They exacted a thousand pounds from Roger Hoare, a merchant of Bridgewater, who had contributed to the military chest of the rebel army. But the prey on which they pounced most eagerly was one which it might have been thought that even the most ungentle natures would have spared. Already some of the girls who had presented the standard to Monmouth at Taunton had cruelly expiated their offense. One of them had been thrown into a prison where an infectious malady was raging. She had sickened and died there. Another had presented herself at the bar before Jeffreys to beg for mercy. "Take her, jailer," vociferated the judge, with one of those frowns which had often struck terror into stouter hearts than hers. She burst into tears, drew her hood over her face, followed the jailer out of court, fell ill of fright, and in a few hours was a corpse. Most of the young ladies, however, who had walked in the procession were still alive. Some of them were under ten years of age. All had acted under the orders of their schoolmistress, without knowing that they were committing a crime. The queen's maids of honor asked the royal permission to wring money out of the parents of the poor children, and the permission was granted. An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the maids of honor would not endure delay; that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming; and that by a reasonable sum was meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The maids of honor then requested William Penn to act for them,

\* Commons' Journals, Oct. 9. Nov. 10, Dec. 26, 1690; Oldmixon, 706; Panegyric on Jeffreys.

† Life and Death of Lord Jeffreys; Panegyric on Jeffreys; Kiffin's Memoirs.

‡ Burnet, i, 363; Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 4, 1684-5, July 13, 1686. In one of the satires of that time are these lines:

"When duchess, she was gentle, mild, and civil;  
When queen, she proved a raging, furious devil."

\* Sanderland to Jeffreys, Sept. 14, 1685.

and Penn accepted the commission; yet it should seem that a little of the pertinacious serupulosity which he had often shown about taking off his hat would not have been altogether out of place on this occasion. He probably silenced the remonstrances of his conscience by repeating to himself that none of the money which he extorted would go into his own pocket; that if he refused to be the agent of the ladies, they would find agents less humane; that by complying he should increase his influence at the court, and that his influence at the court had already enabled him, and might still enable him, to render great services to his oppressed brethren. The maids of honor were at last forced to content themselves with less than a third part of what they had demanded.\*

No English sovereign has ever given stronger proofs of a cruel nature than James the Second; yet his cruelty was not more odious than his merey; or, perhaps, it may be more correct to say that his merey and his cruelty were such that each reflects infamy on the other. Our horror at the fate of the simple clowns, the young lads, the delicate women, to whom he was inexorably severe, is increased when we find to whom and for what considerations he granted his pardon.

The rule by which a prince ought, after a rebellion, to be guided in selecting rebels for punishment is perfectly obvious. The ring-leaders, the men of rank, fortune, and education, whose power and whose artifices have led the multitude into error, are the proper objects of severity. The deluded populace, when once the slaughter on the field of battle is over, can scarcely be treated too leniently. This rule, so evidently agreeable to justice and humanity, was not only not observed, it was inverted. While those who ought to have been spared were slaughtered by hundreds, the few who might with propriety have been left to the utmost rigor of the law were spared. This eccentric elemeny has perplexed some writers, and has drawn forth ludicrous eulogies from others. It was neither at all mysterious nor at all praiseworthy. It may be distinctly traced in every ease either to a sordid or to a malignant motive, either to thirst for money or to thirst for blood.

In the case of Grey there was no mitigating circumstance. His parts and knowledge, the rank which he had inherited in the state, and the high command which he had borne in the rebel army, would have pointed him out to a just government as a much fitter object of punishment than Alice Lisle, than

William Hewling, than any of the hundreds of ignorant peasants whose skulls and quarters were exposed in Somersetshire. But Grey's estate was large, and was strictly entailed. He had only a life interest in his property, and he could forfeit no more interest than he had. If he died, his lands at once devolved on the next heir. If he were pardoned, he would be able to pay a large ransom. He was therefore suffered to redeem himself by giving a bond for forty thousand pounds to the lord treasurer, and smaller sums to other courtiers.\*

Sir John Cochrane had held among the Scotch rebels the same rank which had been held by Grey in the west of England. That Cochrane should be forgiven by a prince vindictive beyond all example, seemed incredible; but Cochrane was the younger son of a rich family; it was therefore only by sparing him that money could be made out of him. His father, Lord Dundonald, offered a bribe of five thousand pounds to the priests of the royal household, and a pardon was granted.†

Samuel Storey, a noted sower of sedition, who had been commissary in the rebel army, and who had inflamed the ignorant populace of Somersetshire by vehement harangues in which James had been described as an incendiary and a poisoner, was admitted to merey; for Storey was able to give important assistance to Jeffreys in wringing fifteen thousand pounds out of Prideaux.‡

None of the traitors had less right to expect favor than Wade, Goodenough, and Ferguson. These three chiefs of the rebellion had fled together from the field of Sedgemoor, and had reached the coast in safety; but they had found a frigate cruising near the spot where they had hoped to embark. They had then separated. Wade and Goodenough were soon discovered and brought up to London. Deeply as they had been implicated in the Rye House Plot, conspicuous as they had been among the chiefs of the western insurrection, they were suffered to live, because they had it in their power to give information which enabled the king to slaughter and plunder some persons whom he hated, but to whom he had never yet been able to bring home any crime.§

How Ferguson escaped was, and still is, a mystery. Of all the enemies of the government, he was, without doubt, the most deeply criminal. He was the original author of the

\* Burnet, i, 646, and Speaker Onslow's note; Clarendon to Rochester, May 8, 1686.

† Burnet, i, 674.

‡ Calamy's Memoirs; Commons' Journals, Dec. 26, 1690; Privy Council Book, Feb. 26, 1685-6.

§ Lansdowne MS., 1152; Harl. MS., 6845; London Gazette, July 20, 1685.

\* Locke's Western Rebellion; Tonlin's History of Tannton, edited by Savage; Letter of the Duke of Somerset to Sir F. Warr; Letter of Sunderland to Penn, Feb. 13, 1685-6, from the State Paper Office, in the Mackintosh Collection.

plot for assassinating the royal brothers. He had written that declaration which, for insolence, malignity, and mendacity, stands unrivaled even among the libels of those stormy times. He had instigated Monmouth first to invade the kingdom, and then to usurp the crown. It was reasonable to expect that a strict search would be made for the arch-traitor, as he was often called; and such a search a man of so singular an aspect and dialect could scarcely have eluded. It was confidently reported in the coffee-houses of London that Ferguson was taken, and this report found credit with men who had excellent opportunities of knowing the truth. The next thing that was heard of him was that he was safe on the Continent. It was strongly suspected that he had been in constant communication with the government against which he was constantly plotting; and that he had, while urging his associates to every excess of rashness, sent to Whitehall just so much information about their proceedings as might suffice to save his own neck, and that, therefore, orders had been given to let him escape.\*

And now Jeffreys had done his work, and returned to claim his reward. He arrived at Windsor from the west, leaving carnage, mourning, and terror behind him. The hatred with which he was regarded by the people of Somersetshire has no parallel in our history. It was not to be quenched by time or by political changes, was long transmitted from generation to generation, and raged fiercely against his innocent progeny. When he had been many years dead, when his name and title were extinct, his granddaughter, the Countess of Pomfret, traveling along the western road, was insulted by the populace, and found that she could not safely venture herself among the descendants of those who had witnessed the bloody assizes.†

But at the court Jeffreys was cordially welcomed. He was a judge after his master's own heart. James had watched the circuit with interest and delight. In his drawing-

room and at his table he had frequently talked of the havoc which was making among his disaffected subjects with a glee at which the foreign ministers stood aghast. With his own hand he had penned accounts of what he facetiously called his lord chief justice's campaign in the west. Some hundreds of rebels, his majesty wrote to the Hague, had been condemned. Some of them had been hanged; more should be so; and the rest should be sent to the plantations. It was to no purpose that Ken wrote to implore mercy for the misguided people, and described with pathetic eloquence the frightful state of his diocese. He complained that it was impossible to walk along the highways without seeing some terrible spectacle, and that the whole air of Somersetshire was tainted with death. The king read, and remained, according to the saying of Churchill, hard as the marble chimney-pieces of Whitehall. At Windsor the great seal of England was put into the hands of Jeffreys, and in the next London Gazette it was solemnly notified that this honor was the reward of the many eminent and faithful services which he had rendered to the crown.\*

At a later period, when all men of all parties spoke with horror of the bloody assizes, the wicked judge and the wicked king attempted to vindicate themselves by throwing the blame on each other. Jeffreys, in the Tower, protested that, in his utmost cruelty, he had not gone beyond his master's express orders; nay, that he had fallen short of them. James, at Saint Germain's, would willingly have had it believed that his own inclinations had been on the side of clemency, and that unmerited obloquy had been brought on him by the violence of his minister; but neither of these hard-hearted men must be absolved at the expense of the other. The plea set up for James can be proved under his own hand to be false in fact. The plea of Jeffreys, even if it be true in fact, is utterly worthless.

The slaughter in the west was over. The slaughter in London was about to begin. The government was peculiarly desirous to find victims among the great Whig merchants of the city. They had, in the last reign, been a formidable part of the strength of the Opposition. They were wealthy; and their wealth was not, like that of many noblemen and country gentlemen, protected by entail against forfeiture. In the case of Grey, and of men situated like him, it was impossible to gratify cruelty and rapacity at once; but a rich trader might be both hanged and plundered. The commercial grandees, however,

\* Many writers have asserted, without the slightest foundation, that a pardon was granted to Ferguson by James. Some have been so absurd as to cite this imaginary pardon, which, if it were real, would prove only that Ferguson was a court spy, in proof of the magnanimity and benignity of the prince who beheaded Alice Lisle and burned Elizabeth Gaunt. Ferguson was not only not specially pardoned, but was excluded by name from the general pardon published in the following spring.—(London Gazette, March 15, 1685-6.) If, as the public suspected, and as seems probable, indulgence was shown to him, it was indulgence of which James was, not without reason, ashamed, and which was, as far as possible, kept secret. The reports which were current in London at the time are mentioned in the *Observator*, Aug. 1, 1685.

Sir John Reresby, who ought to have been well informed, positively affirms that Ferguson was taken three days after the battle of Sedgemoor; but Sir John was certainly wrong as to the date, and may therefore have been wrong as to the whole story. From the London Gazette, and from Goodenough's confession (Lansdowne MS., 1152), it is clear that, a fortnight after the battle, Ferguson had not been caught, and was supposed to be still lurking in England.

† Granger's Biographical History, "Jeffreys."

\* Burnet, i, 648; James to the Prince of Orange, Sept. 10 and 24, 1685; Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs; London Gazette, Oct. 1, 1685.

though in general hostile to popery and to arbitrary power, had yet been too scrupulous or too timid to incur the guilt of high treason. One of the most considerable among them was Henry Cornish. He had been an alderman under the old charter of the city, and had filled the office of sheriff when the question of the Exclusion Bill occupied the public mind. In politics he was a Whig; his religious opinions leaned toward Presbyterianism; but his temper was cautious and moderate. It is not proved by trustworthy evidence that he ever approached the verge of treason. He had, indeed, when sheriff, been very unwilling to employ as his deputy a man so violent and unprincipled as Goodenough. When the Rye House plot was discovered, great hopes were entertained at Whitehall that Cornish would appear to have been concerned; but these hopes were disappointed. One of the conspirators, indeed, John Rumsey, was ready to swear anything; but a single witness was not sufficient, and no second witness could be found. More than two years had elapsed. Cornish thought himself safe; but the eye of the tyrant was upon him. Goodenough, terrified by the near prospect of death, and still harboring malice on account of the unfavorable opinion which had always been entertained of him by his old master, consented to supply the testimony which had hitherto been wanting. Cornish was arrested while transacting business on the Exchange, was hurried to jail, was kept there some days in solitary confinement, and was brought altogether unprepared to the bar of the Old Bailey. The case against him rested wholly on the evidence of Rumsey and Goodenough. Both were, by their own confession, accomplices in the plot with which they charged the prisoner. Both were impelled by the strongest pressure of hope and fear to criminate him. Evidence was produced which proved that Goodenough was also under the influence of personal enmity. Rumsey's story was inconsistent with the story which he had told when he appeared as a witness against Lord Russell. But these things were urged in vain. On the bench sat three judges who had been with Jeffreys in the west; and it was remarked by those who watched their deportment that they had come back from the carnage of Taunton in a fierce and excited state. It is indeed but too true that the taste for blood is a taste which even men not naturally cruel may, by habit, speedily acquire. The bar and the bench united to browbeat the unfortunate Whig. The jury, named by a courtly sheriff, readily found a verdict of guilty; and, in spite of the indignant murmurs of the public, Cornish suffered

death within ten days after he had been arrested. That no circumstance of degradation might be wanting, the gibbet was set up where King Street meets Cheapside, in sight of the house where he had long lived in general respect, of the Exchange where his credit had always stood high, and of the Guildhall where he had distinguished himself as a popular leader. He died with courage and with many pious expressions, but showed, by look and gesture, such strong resentment at the barbarity and injustice with which he had been treated, that his enemies spread a calumnious report concerning him. He was drunk, they said, or out of his mind, when he was turned off. William Penn, however, who stood near the gallows, and whose prejudices were all on the side of the government, afterward said that he could see in Cornish's deportment nothing but the natural indignation of an innocent man slain under the forms of law. The head of the murdered magistrate was placed over the Guildhall.\*

Black as this case was, it was not the blackest which disgraced the sessions of that autumn at the Old Bailey. Among the persons concerned in the Rye House Plot was a man named James Burton. By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discussed by his accomplices. When the conspiracy was detected, a reward was offered for his apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron of the Anabaptist persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt. This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her sect, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the jails. Her political and theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money which, for her means, was very large. Burton, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in White Chapel. Fernley was very poor. He was besieged by creditors. He knew that a reward of a hundred pounds had been offered by the government for the apprehension of Burton; but the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come under the shadow

\* Trial of Cornish in the Collection of State Trials; Sir J. Hawley's Remarks on Mr. Cornish's State; Burnet, i, 651; Bloody Assizes; Stat. 1 Gul. & Mar.



of his roof. Unhappily, it was soon noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels than against the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and the forehead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted. Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake. Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it impossible that these judgments should be carried into execution. But the king was without pity. Fernley was hanged. Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn on the same day on which Cornish suffered death in Cheapside. She left a paper, written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror. "My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it." She complained of the insolence of the judges, of the ferocity of the jailer, and of the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure she and so many other victims had been sacrificed. In as far as they had injured herself, she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause which would yet revive and flourish, she left them to the judgment of the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humane men generally avoid seem to have had a strong attraction, hastened from Cheapside, where he had seen Cornish hanged, to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterward related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, all the bystanders burst into tears. It was much noticed that, while the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrating, a tempest burst forth, such as had not been known since that great hurricane which had raged round the death-bed of Oliver. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, not without a gloomy satisfaction, the houses which had been blown down, and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted the earth. Since that terrible

day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offense.\*

It was not thought that Goodenough had yet earned his pardon. The government was bent on destroying a victim of no high rank, a surgeon in the city named Bateman. He had attended Shaftesbury professionally, and had been a zealous exclusionist. He may possibly have been privy to the Whig plot, but it is certain that he had not been one of the leading conspirators; for, in the great mass of depositions published by the government, his name occurs only once, and then not in connection with any crime bordering on high treason. From his indictment, and from the scanty account which remains of his trial, it seems clear that he was not even accused of participating in the design of murdering the royal brothers. The malignity with which so obscure a man, guilty of so slight an offense, was hunted down, while traitors far more criminal and far more eminent were allowed to ransom themselves by giving evidence against him, seemed to require explanation; and a disgraceful explanation was found. When Oates, after his scourging, was carried into Newgate insensible, and, as all thought, in the last agony, he had been bled and his wounds had been dressed by Bateman. This was an offense not to be forgiven. Bateman was arrested and indicted. The witnesses against him were men of infamous character; men, too, who were swearing for their own lives. None of them had yet got his pardon; and it was a popular saying, that they fished for prey, like tame cormorants, with ropes round their necks. The prisoner, stupefied by illness, was unable to articulate or to understand what passed. His son and daughter stood by him at the bar. They read as well as they could some notes which he had set down, and examined his witnesses. It was to little purpose. He was convicted, hanged, and quartered.†

Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time. Never had spies been so actively employed in detecting congregations. Never had magistrates, grand jurors, rectors, and church-wardens been so much on the alert. Many Dissenters were cited before the ecclesiastical courts. Others found it necessary to purchase the connivance of the agents of the government by presents of hogsheads of wine, and of gloves stuffed with guineas. It was impossible for the sec-

\* Trials of Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt in the Collection of State Trials; Burnet, i, 649; Bloody Assizes; Sir J. Bramston's Memoirs; Luttrell's Diary, Oct. 22, 1685.

† Bateman's Trial in the Collection of State Trials; Sir John Hawles's Remarks. It is worth while to compare Thomas Lee's evidence on this occasion with his confession previously published by authority.

taries to pray together without precautions such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meeting were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day and sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock was gathered together sentinels were posted to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. The minister in disguise was introduced through the garden and the back yard. In some houses there were trap-doors through which, in case of danger, he might descend. Where Nonconformists lived next door to each other, the walls were often broken open, and secret passages were made from dwelling to dwelling. No psalm was sung; and many contrivances were used to prevent the voice of the preacher, in his moments of fervor, from being heard beyond the walls. Yet, with all this care, it was often found impossible to elude the vigilance of informers. In the suburbs of London, especially, the law was enforced with the utmost rigor. Several opulent gentlemen were accused of holding conventicles. Their houses were strictly searched, and distresses were levied to the amount of many thousands of pounds. The fiercer and bolder sectaries, thus driven from the shelter of roofs, met in the open air, and determined to repel force by force. A Middlesex justice, who had learned that a nightly prayer-meeting was held in a gravel pit about two miles from London, took with him a strong body of constables, broke in upon the assembly, and seized the preacher; but the congregation, which consisted of about two hundred men, soon rescued their pastor, and put the magistrate and his officers to flight.\* This, however, was no ordinary occurrence. In general,

\* Citters, Oct. 13-23, 1685.

the Puritan spirit seemed to be more effectually cowed at this conjuncture than at any moment before or since. The Tory pamphleteers boasted that not one fanatic dared to move tongue or pen in defense of his religious opinions. Dissenting ministers, however blameless in life, however eminent for learning and abilities, could not venture to walk the streets for fear of outrages, which were not only not repressed, but encouraged, by those whose duty it was to preserve the peace. Some divines of great fame were in prison. Among these was Richard Baxter. Others, who had, during a quarter of a century, borne up against oppression, now lost heart, and quitted the kingdom. Among these was John Howe. Great numbers of persons who had been accustomed to frequent conventicles repaired to the parish churches. It was remarked that the schismatics who had been terrified into this show of conformity might easily be distinguished by the difficulty which they had in finding out the collect, and by the awkward manner in which they bowed at the name of Jesus.\*

Through many years the autumn of 1685 was remembered by the Nonconformists as a time of misery and terror; yet in that autumn might be discerned the first faint indications of a great turn of fortune; and, before eighteen months had elapsed, the intolerant king and the intolerant Church were eagerly bidding against each other for the support of the party which both had so deeply injured.

\* Neale's History of the Puritans, Calamy's Account of the ejected Ministers, and the Nonconformist Memorial, contain abundant proofs of the severity of this persecution. Howe's farewell letter to his flock will be found in the interesting life of that great man, by Mr. Rogers. Howe complains that he could not venture to show himself in the streets of London, and that his health had suffered from want of air and exercise. But the most vivid picture of the distress of the Nonconformists is furnished by their deadly enemy, Lestrangle, in the Observators of September and October, 1685.

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THE

# HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF JAMES II.

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULEY.

VOLUME II.

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# HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

## CHAPTER VI.

JAMES WAS now at the height of power and prosperity. Both in England and in Scotland he had vanquished his enemies, and had punished them with a severity which had indeed excited their bitterest hatred, but had, at the same time, effectually quelled their courage. The Whig party seemed extinct. The name of Whig was never used except as a term of reproach. The parliament was devoted to the king; and it was in his power to keep that Parliament to the end of his reign. The Church was louder than ever in professions of attachment to him, and had, during the late insurrection, acted up to those professions. The judges were his tools; and, if they ceased to be so, it was in his power to remove them. The corporations were filled with his creatures. His revenues far exceeded those of his predecessors. His pride rose high. He was not the same man who, a few months before, in doubt whether his throne might not be overturned in an hour, had implored foreign help with unkingly supplications, and had accepted it with tears of gratitude. Visions of dominion and glory rose before him. He already saw himself, in imagination, the umpire of Europe, the champion of many States oppressed by one too powerful monarchy. So early as the month of June he had assured the United Provinces that, as soon as the affairs of England were settled, he would show the world how little he feared France. In conformity with these assurances, he, within a month after the battle of Sedgemoor, concluded with the States-General a defensive treaty, framed in the very spirit of the Triple League. It was regarded both at the Hague and at Versailles as a most significant circumstance, that Halifax, who was the constant and mortal enemy of French ascendancy, and who had scarcely ever before been consulted on any grave affair since the beginning of the reign, took the lead on this occasion, and seemed to have the royal ear. It was a circumstance not less significant that no previous communication was made to Barillon. Both he and his master were taken by surprise. Louis was much troubled, and expressed great, and not un-

reasonable anxiety as to the ulterior designs of the prince who had lately been his pensioner and vassal. There were strong rumors that William of Orange was busied in organizing a great confederacy, which was to include both branches of the house of Austria, the United Provinces, the kingdom of Sweden, and the electorate of Brandenburg. It now seemed that this confederacy would have at its head the king and parliament of England.\*

In fact, negotiations tending to such a result were actually opened. Spain proposed to form a close alliance with James; and he listened to the proposition with favor, though it was evident that such an alliance would be little less than a declaration of war against France; but he postponed his final decision until after the parliament should have reassembled. The fate of Christendom depended on the temper in which he might then find the Commons. If they were disposed to acquiesce in his plans of domestic government, there would be nothing to prevent him from interfering with vigor and authority in the great dispute which must soon be brought to an issue on the Continent. If they were refractory, he must relinquish all thought of arbitrating between contending nations; must again implore French assistance; must again submit to French dictation; must sink into a potentate of the third or fourth class; and must indemnify himself for the contempt with which he would be regarded abroad by triumphs over law and public opinion at home.

It seemed, indeed, that it would not be easy for him to demand more than the Commons were disposed to give. Already they had abundantly proved that they were desirous to maintain his prerogatives unimpaired, and that they were by no means extreme to mark his encroachments on the rights of the people. Indeed, eleven twelfths of the members were either dependents of the court or zealous Cavaliers from the country. There were few things which such an assembly could pertinaciously refuse to the sovereign; and, happily for the nation, those few things were

\* *Avaux Neg.* Aug. 6-16, 1685; *Dispatch of Citters and his colleagues, inclosing the treaty, Aug. 14-24; Louis to Barillon, Aug. 14-24, 20-30.*

the very things on which James had set his heart.

One of his objects was to obtain a repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act, which he hated, as it was natural that a tyrant should hate the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny. This feeling remained deeply fixed in his mind to the last, and appears in the instructions which he drew up, when in exile, for the guidance of his son.\* But the Habeas Corpus Act, though passed during the ascendancy of the Whigs, was not more dear to the Whigs than to the Tories. It is, indeed, not wonderful that this great law should be highly prized by all Englishmen without distinction of party; for it is a law which, not by circuitous, but by direct operation, adds to the security and happiness of every inhabitant of the realm.†

James had yet another design, odious to the great party which had set him on the throne and which had upheld him there. He wished to form a great standing army. He had taken advantage of the late insurrection to make large additions to the military force which his brother had left. The bodies now designated as the first six regiments of Dragoon Guards, the third and fourth regiments of Dragoons, and the nine regiments of infantry of the line, from the seventh to the fifteenth inclusive, had just been raised.‡ The effect of these augmentations, and of the recall of the garrison of Tangier, was, that the number of regular troops in England had, in a few months, been increased from six thousand to near twenty thousand. No English king had ever, in time of peace, had such a force at his command; yet even with this force James was not content. He often repeated that no confidence could be placed in the fidelity of the train-bands; that they sympathized with all the passions of the class to which they belonged; that at Sedgemoor there had been more militia-men in the rebel army than in the royal encampment, and that, if the throne had been defended only by the array of the counties, Monmouth would have marched in triumph from Lyme to London.

The revenue, large as it was when compared with that of former kings, barely sufficed to meet this new charge. A great part of the produce of the new taxes was absorbed by the naval charge. At the close of the late reign, the whole cost of the army, the Tangier regiments included, had been under three

hundred thousand pounds a year. Six hundred thousand pounds a year would not now suffice.\* If any further augmentation were made, it would be necessary to demand a supply from Parliament; and it was not likely that Parliament would be in a complying mood. The very name of standing army was hateful to the whole nation, and to no part of the nation more hateful than to the Cavalier gentlemen who filled the Lower House. In their minds, a standing army was inseparably associated with the Rump, with the Protector, with the spoliation of the Church, with the purgation of the Universities, with the abolition of the peerage, with the murder of the king, with the sullen reign of the Saints, with cant and asceticism, with fines and sequestrations, with the insults which major generals, sprung from the dregs of the people, had offered to the oldest and most honorable families of the kingdom. There was, moreover, scarcely a baronet or a squire in the Parliament who did not owe part of his importance in his own county to his rank in the militia. If that national force were set aside, the gentry of England must lose much of their dignity and influence. It was therefore probable that the king would find it more difficult to obtain funds for the support of his army than even to obtain the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act.

But both the designs which have been mentioned were subordinate to one great design on which the king's whole soul was bent, but which was abhorred by the Tory gentlemen who were ready to shed their blood for his rights; abhorred by that Church which had never, during three generations of civil discord, wavered in fidelity to his house; abhorred even by that army on which, in the last extremity, he must rely.

His religion was still under proscription. Many rigorous laws against Roman Catholics appeared on the Statute Book, and had, within no long time, been rigorously executed. The Test Act excluded from civil and military office all who dissented from the Church of England; and, by a subsequent act, passed when the fictions of Oates had driven the nation wild, it had been provided that no person should sit in either house of Parliament without solemnly abjuring the doctrine of transubstantiation. That the king should wish to obtain for the Church to which he belonged a complete toleration, was natural and right; nor is there any reason to doubt that, by a little patience, prudence, and

\* Instructions headed "For my son the Prince of Wales, 1692," in the Stuart Papers.

† "The Habeas Corpus," said Johnson, the most bigoted of Tories, to Boswell, "is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries."

‡ See the Historical Records of Regiments, published under the supervision of the Adjutant General.

\* Barillon, Dec. 3-13, 1685. He had studied the subject much. "C'est un detail," he says, "dont j'ai connoissance." It appears from the Treasury Warrant Book that the charge of the army for the year 1687 was fixed on the first of January at £62,104 9s. 11d.

justice, such a toleration might have been obtained.

The extreme antipathy and dread with which the English people regarded his religion was not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to theological animosity. That salvation might be found in the Church of Rome—nay, that some members of that Church had been among the brightest examples of Christian virtue, was admitted by all divines of the Anglican communion and by the most illustrious Nonconformists. It is notorious that the penal laws against popery were strenuously defended by many who thought Arianism, Quakerism, and Judaism more dangerous, in a spiritual point of view, than popery, and who yet showed no disposition to enact similar laws against Arians, Quakers, or Jews.

It is easy to explain why the Roman Catholic was treated with less indulgence than was shown to men who renounced the doctrine of the Nicene fathers, and even to men who had not been admitted by baptism within the Christian pale. There was among the English a strong conviction that the Roman Catholic, where the interests of his religion were concerned, thought himself free from all the ordinary rules of morality; nay, that he thought it meritorious to violate those rules, if, by so doing, he could avert injury or scandal from the Church of which he was a member. Nor was this opinion destitute of a show of reason. It was impossible to deny that Roman Catholic casuists of great eminence had written in defense of equivocation, of mental reservation, of perjury, and even of assassination. Nor, it was said, had the speculations of this odious school of sophists been barren of results. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the murder of the first William of Orange, the murder of Henry the Third of France, the numerous conspiracies which had been formed against the life of Elizabeth, and, above all, the gunpowder treason, were constantly cited as instances of the close connection between vicious theory and vicious practice. It was alleged that every one of these crimes had been prompted or applauded by Roman Catholic divines. The letters which Everard Digby wrote in lemon-juice from the Tower to his wife had recently been published and were often quoted. He was a scholar and a gentleman, upright in all ordinary dealings, and strongly impressed with a sense of duty to God; yet he had been deeply concerned in the plot for blowing up King, Lords, and Commons, and had, on the brink of eternity, declared that it was incomprehensible to him how any Roman Catholic should think such a design sinful. The in-

ference popularly drawn from these things was, that however fair the general character of a papist might be, there was no excess of fraud or cruelty of which he was not capable when the safety and honor of his Church were at stake.

The extraordinary success of the fables of Oates is to be chiefly ascribed to the prevalence of this opinion. It was to no purpose that the accused Roman Catholic appealed to the integrity, humanity, and loyalty which he had shown through the whole course of his life. It was to no purpose that he called crowds of respectable witnesses, of his own persuasion, to contradict monstrous romances invented by the most infamous of mankind. It was to no purpose that, with the halter round his neck, he invoked on himself the whole vengeance of the God before whom, in a few moments, he must appear, if he had been guilty of meditating any ill to his prince or to his Protestant fellow-countrymen. The evidence which he produced in his favor proved only how little popish oaths were worth. His very virtues raised a presumption of his guilt. That he had before him death and judgment in immediate prospect only made it more likely that he would deny what, without injury to the holiest of causes, he could not confess. Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a remarkable and well-attested circumstance that Berry's last words did more to shake the credit of the plot than the dying declarations of all the pious and honorable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate.\*

It was not only by the ignorant populace, it was not only by zealots in whom fanaticism had extinguished all reason and charity, that the Roman Catholic was regarded as a man the very tenderness of whose conscience might make him a false witness, an incendiary, or a murderer, as a man who, where his Church was concerned, shrank from no atrocity and could be bound by no oath. If there were in that age two persons inclined by their judgment and by their temper to toleration, those persons were Tillotson and Locke; yet Tillotson, whose indulgence for various kinds of schismatics and heretics brought on him the reproach of heterodoxy, told the House of Commons from the pulpit that it was their duty to make effectual provision against the propagation of a religion more mischievous than irreligion itself, of a religion which demanded from its followers services directly opposed to the first principles of morality.

\* *Barnet*, i, 447.

His temper, he truly said, was prone to lenity; but his duty to the community forced him to be, in this one instance, severe. He declared that, in his judgment, pagans who had never heard the name of Christ, and who were guided only by the light of nature, were more trustworthy members of civil society than men who had been formed in the schools of the popish casuists.\* Locke, in the celebrated treatise in which he labored to show that even the grossest forms of idolatry ought not to be prohibited under penal sanctions, contended that the Church which taught men not to keep faith with heretics had no claim to toleration.†

It is evident that, in such circumstances, the greatest service which an English Roman Catholic could render to his brethren in the faith was to convince the public that, whatever some rash men might, in times of violent excitement, have written or done, his Church did not hold that any end could sanctify means inconsistent with morality. And this great service it was in the power of James to render. He was king. He was more powerful than any English king had been within the memory of the oldest man. It depended on him whether the reproach which lay on his religion should be taken away or should be made permanent.

Had he conformed to the laws, had he fulfilled his promises, had he abstained from employing any unrighteous methods for the propagation of his own theological tenets, had he suspended the operation of the penal statutes by a large exercise of his unquestionable prerogative of mercy, but, at the same time, carefully abstained from violating the civil or ecclesiastical constitution of the realm, the feeling of his people must have undergone a rapid change. So conspicuous an example of good faith punctiliously observed by a popish prince toward a Protestant nation would have quieted the public apprehensions. Men who saw that a Roman Catholic might safely be suffered to direct the whole executive administration, to command the army and navy, to convoke and dissolve the Legislature, to appoint the bishops and deans of the Church of England, would soon have ceased to fear that any great evil would arise from allowing a Roman Catholic to be captain of a company or alderman of a borough. It is probable that, in a few years, the sect so long detested by the nation would, with general applause, have been admitted to office and to Parliament.

If, on the other hand, James should attempt

to promote the interest of his Church by violating the fundamental laws of his kingdom and the solemn promises which he had repeatedly made in the face of the whole world, it could hardly be doubted that the charges which it had been the fashion to bring against the Roman Catholic religion would be considered by all Protestants as fully established; for, if ever a Roman Catholic could be expected to keep faith with heretics, James might have been expected to keep faith with the Anglican clergy. To them he owed his crown. But for their strenuous opposition to the Exclusion Bill he would have been a banished man. He had repeatedly and emphatically acknowledged his obligations to them, and had vowed to maintain them in all their legal rights. If he could not be bound by ties like these, it must be evident that, where his superstition was concerned, no tie of gratitude or of honor could bind him. To trust him would thenceforth be impossible; and, if his people could not trust him, what member of his Church could they trust? He was not supposed to be constitutionally or habitually treacherous. To his blunt manner and to his want of consideration for the feelings of others he owed a much higher reputation for sincerity than he at all deserved. His eulogists affected to call him James the Just. If, then, it should appear that, in turning papist, he had also turned dissembler and promise-breaker, what conclusion was likely to be drawn by a nation already disposed to believe that popery had a pernicious influence on the moral character?

On these grounds many of the most eminent Roman Catholics of that age, and among them the supreme pontiff, were of opinion that the interest of their Church in our island would be most effectually promoted by a moderate and constitutional policy; but such reasoning had no effect on the slow understanding and imperious temper of James. In his eagerness to remove the disabilities under which the professors of his religion lay, he took a course which convinced the most enlightened and tolerant Protestants of his time that those disabilities were essential to the safety of the state. To his policy the English Roman Catholics owed three years of lawless and insolent triumph, and a hundred and forty years of subjection and degradation.

Many members of his Church held commissions in the newly-raised regiments. This breach of the law for a time passed uncensured; for men were not disposed to note every irregularity which was committed by a king suddenly called upon to defend his crown and his life against rebels. But the danger was now over. The insurgents had been van-

\* Tillotson's Sermon, preached before the House of Commons, Nov. 5, 1673.

† Locke, First Letter on Toleration.



quished and punished. Their unsuccessful attempt had strengthened the government which they had hoped to overthrow. Yet still James continued to grant commissions to unqualified persons; and speedily it was announced that he was determined to be no longer bound by the Test Act; that he hoped to induce the Parliament to repeal that act; but that, if the Parliament proved refractory, he would not the less have his own way.

As soon as this was known, a deep murmur, the forerunner of a tempest, gave him warning that the spirit before which his grandfather, his father, and his brother had been compelled to recede, though dormant, was not extinct. Opposition appeared first in the cabinet. Halifax did not attempt to conceal his disgust and alarm. At the council board he courageously gave utterance to those feelings which, as it soon appeared, pervaded the whole nation. None of his colleagues seconded him, and the subject dropped. He was summoned to the royal closet, and had two long conferences with his master. James tried the effect of compliments and blandishments, but to no purpose. Halifax positively refused to promise that he would give his vote in the House of Lords for the repeal either of the Test Act or of the Habeas Corpus Act.

Some of those who were about the king advised him not, on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, to drive the most eloquent and accomplished statesman of the age into opposition. They represented that Halifax loved the dignity and emoluments of office; that, while he continued to be lord president, it would be hardly possible for him to put forth his whole strength against the government; and that to dismiss him from his high post was to emancipate him from all restraint. The king was peremptory. Halifax was informed that his services were no longer needed, and his name was struck out of the Council Book.\*

His dismissal produced a great sensation, not only in England, but also at Paris, at Vienna, and at the Hague; for it was well known that he had always labored to counteract the influence exercised by the court of Versailles on English affairs. Louis expressed great pleasure at the news. The ministers of the United Provinces and of the house of Austria, on the other hand, extolled the wisdom and virtue of the discarded statesman in a manner which gave great offense at Whitehall. James was particularly angry with the secretary of the imperial legation, who did not scruple to say that the eminent

service which Halifax had performed in the debate on the Exclusion Bill had been requited with gross ingratitude.\*

It soon became clear that Halifax would have many followers. A portion of the Tories, with their old leader, Danby, at their head, began to hold Whiggish language. Even the prelates hinted that there was a point at which the loyalty due to the prince must yield to higher considerations. The discontent of the chiefs of the army was still more extraordinary and still more formidable. Already began to appear the first symptoms of that feeling which, three years later, impelled so many officers of high rank to desert the royal standard. Men who had never before had a scruple, had on a sudden become strangely scrupulous. Churchill gently whispered that the king was going too far. Kirke, just returned from his western butchery, swore to stand by the Protestant religion. Even if he abjured the faith, in which he had been bred, he would never, he said, become a papist. He was already bespoken. If ever he did apostatize, he was bound by a solemn promise to the Emperor of Morocco to turn Mussulman.†

While the nation, agitated by many strong emotions, looked anxiously forward to the reassembling of the houses, tidings, which increased the prevailing excitement, arrived from France.

The long and heroic struggle which the Huguenots had maintained against the government had been brought to a final close by the ability and vigor of Richelieu. That great statesman vanquished them; but he confirmed to them the liberty of conscience which had been bestowed on them by the Edict of Nantes. They were suffered, under some restraints of no galling kind, to worship God according to their own ritual, and to write in defense of their own doctrine. They were admissible to political and military employment; nor did their heresy, during a considerable time, practically impede their rise in the world. Some of them commanded the armies of the state, and others presided over important departments of the civil administration. At length a change took place. Louis the Fourteenth had, from an early age, regarded the Calvinists with an aversion at once religious and political. As a zealous Roman Catholic, he detested their theological dogmas. As a prince fond of arbitrary power, he detested those Republican theories which were intermingled with the Genevese divinity.

\* Barillon, Oct. 26–Nov. 5, 1685; Louis to Barillon, Oct. 27–Nov. 6, Nov. 6–16.

† There is a remarkable account of the first appearance of the symptoms of discontent among the Tories in a letter of Halifax to Chesterfield, written in October, 1685. Burnet, i, 684.

\* Council Book. The erasure is dated Oct. 21, 1685. Halifax to Chesterfield; Barillon, Oct. 19–29.

He gradually retrenched all the privileges which the schismatics enjoyed. He interfered with the education of Protestant children, confiscated property bequeathed to Protestant consistories, and on frivolous pretexes shut up Protestant churches. The Protestant ministers were harassed by the tax-gatherers. The Protestant magistrates were deprived of the honor of nobility. The Protestant officers of the royal household were informed that his majesty dispensed with their services. Orders were given that no Protestant should be admitted into the legal profession. The oppressed sect showed some faint signs of that spirit which in the preceding century had bidden defiance to the whole power of the house of Valois. Massacres and executions followed. Dragoons were quartered in the towns where the heretics were numerous, and in the country seats of the heretic gentry; and the cruelty and licentiousness of these rude missionaries was sanctioned or leniently censured by the government. Still, however, the Edict of Nantes, though practically violated in its most essential provisions, had not been formally rescinded; and the king repeatedly declared in solemn public acts that he was resolved to maintain it. But the bigots and flatterers who had his ear gave him advice which he was but too willing to take. They represented to him that his rigorous policy had been eminently successful; that little or no resistance had been made to his will; that thousands of Huguenots had already been converted; that, if he would take the one decisive step which yet remained, those who were still obstinate would speedily submit, France would be purged from the taint of heresy, and her prince would have earned a heavenly crown not less glorious than that of Saint Louis. These arguments prevailed. The final blow was struck. The Edict of Nantes was revoked; and a crowd of decrees against the sectaries appeared in rapid succession. Boys and girls were torn from their parents, and sent to be educated in convents. All Calvinistic ministers were commanded either to abjure their religion, or to quit their country within a fortnight. The other professors of the Reformed faith were forbidden to leave the kingdom; and, in order to prevent them from making their escape, the out-ports and frontiers were strictly guarded. It was thought that the flocks, thus separated from the evil shepherds, would soon return to the true fold; but, in spite of all the vigilance of the military police, there was a vast emigration. It was calculated that, in a few months, fifty thousand families quitted France forever. Nor were the refugees such as a country can well spare.

They were generally persons of intelligent minds, of industrious habits, and of austere morals. In the list are to be found names eminent in war, in science, in literature, and in art. Some of the exiles offered their swords to William of Orange, and distinguished themselves by the fury with which they fought against their persecutor. Others avenged themselves with weapons still more formidable, and, by means of the presses of Holland, England, and Germany, inflamed, during thirty years, the public mind of Europe against the French government. A more peaceful class erected silk manufactories in the eastern suburb of London. One detachment of emigrants taught the Saxons to make the stuffs and hats of which France had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly. Another planted the first vines in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope.\*

In ordinary circumstances, the courts of Spain and of Rome would have eagerly applauded a prince who had made vigorous war on heresy; but such was the hatred inspired by the injustice and haughtiness of Louis, that, when he became a persecutor, the courts of Spain and Rome took the side of religious liberty, and loudly reprobated the cruelty of turning a savage and licentious soldiery loose on an unoffending people.† One cry of grief and rage rose from the whole of Protestant Europe. The tidings of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes reached England about a week before the day to which the Parliament stood adjourned. It was clear then that the spirit of Gardiner and of Alva was still the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. Louis was not inferior to James in generosity and humanity, and was certainly far superior to James in all the abilities and acquirements of a statesman. Louis had, like James, repeatedly promised to respect the privileges of his Protestant subjects; yet Louis was now avowedly a persecutor of the Reformed religion. What reason was there, then, to doubt that James waited only for an opportunity to follow the example? He was already forming, in defiance of the law, a military force officered to a great extent by Roman Catholics. Was there anything unreasonable in the apprehension that this force might be employed to do what the French Dragoons had done?

James was almost as much disturbed as his subjects by the conduct of the court of Ver-

\* The cotemporary tracts in various languages on the subject of this persecution are innumerable. An eminently clear, terse, and spirited summary will be found in Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV.*

† "Misionarios embotados," says Ronquillo. "Apostoli armati," says Innocent. There is, in the Mackintosh Collection, a remarkable letter on this subject from Ronquillo, dated March 26-April 5, 1686. See Venier, *Relazione di Francia, 1689*, quoted by Professor Ranke in his *Romischen Papste*, book viii.

sailles. In truth, that court had acted as if it had meant to embarrass and annoy him. He was about to ask from a Protestant Legislature a full toleration for Roman Catholics. Nothing, therefore, could be more unwelcome to him than the intelligence that, in a neighboring country, toleration had just been withdrawn by a Roman Catholic government from Protestants. His vexation was increased by a speech which the Bishop of Valence, in the name of the Gallican clergy, addressed at this time to Louis the Fourteenth. The Pious sovereign of England, the orator said, looked to the most christian king, the eldest son of the Church, for support against a heretical nation. It was remarked that the members of the House of Commons showed particular anxiety to procure copies of this harangue, and that it was read by all Englishmen with indignation and alarm.\* James was desirous to counteract the impression which these things had made, and was also, at that moment, by no means unwilling to let all Europe see that he was not the slave of France. He therefore declared publicly that he disapproved of the manner in which the Huguenots had been treated, granted to the exiles some relief from his privy purse, and, by letters under his great seal, invited his subjects to imitate his liberality. In a very few months it became clear that all this compassion was simulated merely for the purpose of cajoling his Parliament; that he regarded the refugees with moral hatred, and that he regretted nothing so much as his own inability to do what Louis had done.

On the ninth of November the houses met. The Commons were summoned to the bar of the Lords, and the king spoke from the throne. His speech had been composed by himself. He congratulated his loving subjects on the suppression of the rebellion in the west; but he added that the speed with which that rebellion had risen to a formidable height, and the length of time during which it had continued to rage, must convince all men how little dependance could be placed on the militia. He had, therefore, made additions to the regular army. The charge of that army would henceforth be more than double of what it had been, and he trusted that the Commons would grant him the means of defraying the increased expense. He then informed his hearers that he had employed some officers who had not taken the tests; but he knew them to be fit for public trust. He feared that artful men might avail themselves of this irregularity to disturb the harmony which existed between himself and his Parliament.

\* "Mi dicono che tutti questi parlamentarij ne hanno voluto copia, il che assolutamente avra causate pessime impressioni."—ADDA, NOV. 9-19, 1685. See Evelyn's Diary, Nov. 3.

But he would speak out. He was determined not to part with servants on whose fidelity he could rely, and whose help he might, perhaps, soon need.\*

This explicit declaration that he had broken the laws which were regarded by the nation as the chief safeguard of the established religion, and that he was resolved to persist in breaking those laws, was not likely to soothe the excited feelings of his subjects. The Lords, seldom disposed to take the lead in opposition to a government, consented to vote him formal thanks for what he had said; but the Commons were in a less complying mood. When they had returned to their own house there was a long silence, and the faces of many of the most respectable members expressed deep concern. At length Middleton rose and moved the House to go instantly into committee on the king's speech; but Sir Edmund Jennings, a zealous Tory from Yorkshire, who was supposed to speak the sentiments of Danby, protested against this course, and demanded time for consideration. Sir Thomas Clarges, maternal uncle of the Duke of Albemarle, and long distinguished in Parliament as a man of business and a vigilant steward of the public money, took the same side. The feeling of the House could not be mistaken. Sir John Ernley, chancellor of the Exchequer, insisted that the delay should not exceed forty-eight hours; but he was overruled; and it was resolved that the discussion should be postponed for three days.†

The interval was well employed by those who took the lead against the court. They had, indeed, no light work to perform. In three days a country party was to be organized. The difficulty of the task is in our age not easily to be appreciated, for in our age all the nation may be said to assist at every deliberation of the Lords and Commons. What is said by the leaders of the ministry and of the Opposition after midnight is read by the whole metropolis at dawn, by the inhabitants of Northumberland and Cornwall in the afternoon, and in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland on the morrow. In our age, therefore, the stages of legislation, the rules of debate, the tactics of faction, the opinions, temper, and style of every active member of either house, are familiar to hundreds of thousands. Every man who now enters Parliament possesses what, in the seventeenth century, would have been called a great stock of

\* Lords' Journals, Nov. 9, 1685. "Vengo assienrato," says Adda, "che S. M. stessa abbia composto il discorso."—DISPATCH OF NOV. 16-26, 1685.

† Commons' Journals; Bramston's Memoirs; James von Leeuwen to the States-General, Nov. 10-20, 1685. Leeuwen was secretary of the Dutch embassy, and conducted the correspondence in the absence of Citters. As to Clarges, see Burnet, i, 98.

parliamentary knowledge. Such knowledge was then to be obtained only by actual parliamentary service. The difference between an old and a new member was as great as the difference between a veteran soldier and a recruit just taken from the plow; and James's Parliament contained a most unusual proportion of new members, who had brought from their country seats to Westminster no political knowledge and many violent prejudices. These gentlemen hated the papists, but hated the Whigs not less intensely, and regarded the king with superstitious veneration. To form an opposition out of such materials was a feat which required the most skillful and delicate management. Some men of great weight, however, undertook the work, and performed it with success. Several experienced Whig politicians, who had not seats in that Parliament, gave useful advice and information. On the day preceding that which had been fixed for the debate, many meetings were held, at which the leaders instructed the novices; and it soon appeared that these exertions had not been thrown away.\*

The foreign embassies were all in a ferment. It was well understood that a few days would now decide the great question whether the King of England was or was not to be the vassal of the King of France. The ministers of the house of Austria were most anxious that James should give satisfaction to his Parliament. Innocent had sent to London two persons charged to inculcate moderation, both by admonition and example. One of them was John Leyburn, an English Dominican, who had been secretary to Cardinal Howard, and who, with some learning and a rich vein of natural humor, was the most cautious, dexterous, and taciturn of men. He had recently been consecrated Bishop of Adrumetum, and named vicar apostolic in Great Britain. Ferdinand, count of Adda, an Italian of no eminent abilities, but of mild temper and courtly manners, had been appointed nuncio. These functionaries were eagerly welcomed by James. No Roman Catholic bishop had exercised spiritual functions in the island during more than half a century. No nuncio had been received here during the hundred and twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the death of Mary. Leyburn was lodged in Whitehall, and received a pension of a thousand pounds a year. Adda did not yet assume a public character. He passed for a foreigner of rank, whom curiosity had brought to London, appeared daily at court, and was treated with high consideration. Both the

papal emissaries did their best to diminish, as much as possible, the odium inseparable from the offices which they filled, and to restrain the rash zeal of James. The nuncio, in particular, declared that nothing could be more injurious to the interests of the Church of Rome than a rupture between the king and the Parliament.\*

Barillon was active on the other side. The instructions which he received from Versailles on this occasion well deserve to be studied, for they furnish a key to the policy systematically pursued by his master toward England during the twenty years which preceded our Revolution. The advices from Madrid, Louis wrote, were alarming. Strong hopes were entertained there that James would ally himself closely with the house of Austria as soon as he should be assured that his Parliament would give him no trouble. In these circumstances, it was evidently the interest of France that the Parliament should prove refractory. Barillon was therefore directed to act, with all possible precautions against detection, the part of a makebate. At court he was to omit no opportunity of stimulating the religious zeal and the kingly pride of James; but, at the same time, it might be desirable to have some secret communication with the malecontents. Such communication would indeed be hazardous, and would require the utmost adroitness; yet it might, perhaps, be in the power of the ambassador, without committing himself or his government, to animate the zeal of the Opposition for the laws and liberties of England, and to let it be understood that those laws and liberties were not regarded by his master with an unfriendly eye.†

Louis, when he dictated these instructions, did not foresee how speedily and how completely his uneasiness would be removed by the obstinacy and stupidity of James. On the twelfth of November the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee on the royal speech. The solicitor general, Henage Finch, was in the chair. The debate was conducted by the chiefs of the new country party with rare tact and address. No expression indicating disrespect to the sovereign or sympathy for rebels was suffered to escape. The western insurrection was always mentioned with abhorrence. Nothing was said of the barbarities of Kirke and Jeffreys. It

\* Dodd's Church History; Leeuwen, Nov. 17-27, 1685; Barillon, Dec. 24, 1685. Barillon says of Adda, "On l'avoit fait prevenir que la surete et l'avantage des Catholiques consistoient dans une reunion entiere de sa majeste Britannique et de son Parlement." Letters of Innocent to James, dated July 27-Aug. 6, and Sept. 23-Oct. 3, 1685; Dispatches of Adda, Nov. 9-19, and Nov. 16-26, 1685. The very interesting correspondence of Adda, copied from the papal archives, is in the British Museum. Additional MSS., No. 15,395.

† This most remarkable dispatch bears date the 9th-19th of November, 1685, and will be found in the Appendix to Mr. Fox's History.

\* Barillon, Nov. 16-26, 1685.

was admitted that the heavy expenditure which had been occasioned by the late troubles justified the king in asking some further supply; but strong objections were made to the augmentation of the army and to the infraction of the Test Act.

The subject of the Test Act the courtiers appear to have carefully avoided. They harangued, however, with some force on the great superiority of a regular army to a militia. One of them tauntingly asked whether the defense of the kingdom was to be intrusted to the beef-eaters. Another said that he should be glad to know how the Devonshire train-bands, who had fled in confusion before Monmouth's seythemen, would have faced the household troops of Louis. But these arguments had little effect on Cavaliers who still remembered with bitterness the stern rule of the Protector. The general feeling was forcibly expressed by the first of the Tory country gentlemen of England, Edward Seymour. He admitted that the militia was not in a satisfactory state, but maintained that it might be remodeled. The remodeling might require money; but, for his own part, he would rather give a million to keep up a force from which he had nothing to fear, than half a million to keep up a force of which he must ever be afraid. Let the train-bands be disciplined; let the navy be strengthened; and the country would be secure. A standing army was at best a mere drain on the public resources. The soldier was withdrawn from all useful labor. He produced nothing; he consumed the fruits of the industry of other men; and he domineered over those by whom he was supported. But the nation was now threatened, not only with a standing army, but with a popish standing army; with a standing army officered by men who might be very amiable and honorable, but who were on principle enemies to the constitution of the realm. Sir William Twisden, member for the county of Kent, spoke on the same side with great keenness and loud applause. Sir Richard Temple, one of the few Whigs who had a seat in that Parliament, dexterously accommodating his speech to the temper of his audience, reminded the House that a standing army had been found, by experience, to be as dangerous to the just authority of princes as to the liberty of nations. Sir John Maynard, the most learned lawyer of his time, took part in the debate. He was now more than eighty years old, and could well remember the political contests of the reign of James the First. He had sat in the Long Parliament, and had taken part with the Roundheads, but had always been for lenient counsels, and had labored to bring about a reconciliation between

the king and the houses. His abilities, which age had not impaired, and his professional knowledge, which had long overawed all Westminster Hall, commanded the ear of the House of Commons. He, too, declared himself against the augmentation of the regular forces.

After much debate, it was resolved that a supply should be granted to the crown, but it was also resolved that a bill should be brought in for making the militia more efficient. This last resolution was tantamount to a declaration against the standing army. The king was greatly displeased; and it was whispered that, if things went on thus, the session would not be of long duration.\*

On the morrow the contention was renewed. The language of the country party was perceptibly bolder and sharper than on the preceding day. That paragraph of the king's speech which related to supply preceded the paragraph which related to the test. On this ground Middleton proposed that the paragraph relating to supply should be first considered in committee. The Opposition moved the previous question. They contended that the reasonable and constitutional practice was to grant no money until grievances had been redressed, and that there would be an end of this practice if the House thought itself bound servilely to follow the order in which matters were mentioned by the king from the throne.

The division was taken on the question whether Middleton's motion should be put. The noes were ordered by the speaker to go forth into the lobby. They resented this much, and complained loudly of his servility and partiality; for they conceived that, according to the intricate and subtle rule which was then in force, and which, in our time, was superseded by a more rational and convenient practice, they were entitled to keep their seats; and it was held by all the parliamentary tacticians of that age that the party which stayed in the House had an advantage over the party which went out, for the accommodation on the benches was then so deficient that no person who had been fortunate enough to get a good seat was willing to lose it. Nevertheless, to the dismay of the ministers,

\* Commons' Journals, Nov. 12, 1685; Leenwen, Nov. 13-23; Brillon, Nov. 16-26; Sir John Bramston's Memoirs. The best report of the debates of the Commons in November, 1685, is one of which the history is somewhat curious. There are two manuscript copies of it in the British Museum, Harl., 7187; Lans., 253. In these copies the names of the speakers are given at length. The authors of the Life of James published in 1702 transcribed this report but gave only the initials of the speakers. The editors of Chandler's Debates and of the Parliamentary History guessed from these initials at the names, and sometimes guessed wrong. They ascribe to Waller a very remarkable speech, which will hereafter be mentioned, and which was really made by Windham, member for Salisbury. It was with some concern that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honorable to him.

many persons on whose votes the court had absolutely depended were seen moving toward the door. Among them was Charles Fox, paymaster of the forces, and son of Sir Stephen Fox, clerk of the Green Cloth. The paymaster had been induced by his friends to absent himself during part of the discussion. But his anxiety had become insupportable. He came down to the speaker's chamber, heard part of the debate, withdrew, and, after hesitating for a short time between conscience and five thousand pounds a year, took a manly resolution and rushed into the House just in time to vote. Two officers of the army, Colonel John Darcy, son of the Lord Conyers, and Captain James Kendall, withdrew to the lobby. Middleton went down to the bar and expostulated warmly with them. He particularly addressed himself to Kendall, a needy retainer of the court, who had, in obedience to the royal mandate, been sent to Parliament by a packed corporation in Cornwall, and who had recently obtained a grant of a hundred head of rebels sentenced to transportation. "Sir," said Middleton, "have not you a troop of horse in his majesty's service?" "Yes, my lord," answered Kendall; "but my elder brother is just dead, and has left me seven hundred a year."

When the tellers had done their office, it appeared that the ayes were one hundred and eighty-two, and the noes one hundred and eighty-three. In that House of Commons which had been brought together by the unscrupulous use of chicanery, of corruption, and of violence, in that House of Commons of which James had said that more than eleven twelfths of the members were such as he would himself have nominated, the court had sustained a defeat on a vital question.\*

In consequence of this vote, the expressions which the king had used respecting the test were, on the thirteenth of November, taken into consideration. It was resolved, after much discussion, that an address should be presented to him, reminding him that he could not legally continue to employ officers who refused to qualify, and pressing him to give such directions as might quiet the apprehensions and jealousies of his people.†

A motion was then made that the Lords should be requested to join in the address. Whether this motion was honestly made by the Opposition, in the hope that the concurrence of the peers would add weight to the

remonstrance, or artfully made by the courtiers, in the hope that a breach between the houses might be the consequence, it is now impossible to discover. The proposition was rejected.\*

The House then resolved itself into committee for the purpose of considering the amount of supply to be granted. The king wanted fourteen hundred thousand pounds; but the ministers saw that it would be vain to ask for so large a sum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer mentioned twelve hundred thousand pounds. The chiefs of the Opposition replied that to vote for such a grant would be to vote for the permanence of the present military establishment: they were disposed to give only so much as might suffice to keep the regular troops on foot until the militia could be remodeled, and they therefore proposed four hundred thousand pounds. The courtiers exclaimed against this motion as unworthy of the House and disrespectful to the king; but they were manfully encountered. One of the western members, John Windham, who sat for Salisbury, especially distinguished himself. He had always, he said, looked with dread and aversion on standing armies, and recent experience had strengthened those feelings. He then ventured to touch on a theme which had hitherto been studiously avoided. He described the desolation of the western counties. The people, he said, were weary of the oppression of the troops, weary of free quarters, of depredations, of still fouler crimes which the law called felonies, but for which, when perpetrated by this class of felons, no redress could be obtained. The king's servants had indeed told the House that excellent rules had been laid down for the government of the army, but none could venture to say that these rules had been observed. What, then, was the inevitable inference? Did not the contrast between the paternal injunctions issued from the throne and the insupportable tyranny of the soldiers prove that the army was even now too strong for the prince as well as for the people? The Commons might surely, with perfect consistency, while they

\* The conflict of testimony on this subject is most extraordinary; and, after long consideration, I must own that the balance seems to me to be exactly poised. In the *Life of James* [1702], the motion is represented as a court motion. This account is confirmed by a remarkable passage in the *Stuart Papers*, which was corrected by the Pretender himself.—[*Clarke's Life of James the Second*, ii, 55.] On the other hand, *Resesby*, who was present, and *Barillon*, who ought to have been well informed, represent the motion as an Opposition motion. The *Harleian* and *Lansdowne* manuscripts differ in the single word on which the whole depends. Unfortunately, *Bramston* was not at the House that day. *James Van Leeuwen* mentions the motion, but does not add a word which can throw the smallest light on the state of parties. I must own myself unable to draw with confidence any inference from the names of the tellers, *Sir Joseph Williamson* and *Sir Francis Russell* for the majority, and *Lord Ancram* and *Sir Henry Goodricke* for the minority. I should have thought *Lord Ancram* likely to go with the court, and *Sir Henry Goodricke* likely to go with the Opposition.

\* *Commons' Journals*, Nov. 13, 1685; *Bramston's Memoirs*; *Resesby's Memoirs*; *Barillon*, Nov. 16-26; *Leeuwen*, Nov. 13-23; *Memoirs of Sir Stephen Fox*, 1717; *The Case of the Church of England* fairly stated; *Burnet*, i, 666; and *Speaker Onslow's Note*.

† *Commons' Journals*, Nov., 1685; *Harl. MS.*, 7187; *Lans. MS.*, 253.

reposed entire confidence in the intentions of his majesty, refuse to make any addition to a force which it was clear that his majesty could not manage.

The motion that the sum to be granted should not exceed four hundred thousand pounds, was lost by twelve votes. This victory of the ministers was little better than a defeat. The leaders of the country party, nothing disheartened, retreated a little, made another stand, and proposed the sum of seven hundred thousand pounds. The committee divided again, and the courtiers were beaten by two hundred and twelve votes to one hundred and seventy.\*

On the following day the Commons went in procession to Whitehall with their address on the subject of the test. The king received them on his throne. The address was drawn up in respectful and affectionate language; for the great majority of those who had voted for it were zealous and even superstitiously loyal, and had readily agreed to insert some complimentary phrases, and to omit every word which the courtiers thought offensive. The answer of James was a cold and sullen reprimand. He declared himself greatly displeased and amazed that the Commons should have profited so little by the admonition which he had given them. "But," said he, "however you may proceed on your part, I will be very steady in all the promises which I have made to you."†

The Commons reassembled in their chamber, disoriented, yet somewhat overawed. To most of them the king was still an object of filial reverence. Three more years filled with injuries, and with insults more galling than injuries, were scarcely sufficient to dissolve the ties which bound the Cavalier gentry to the throne.

The speaker repeated the substance of the king's reply. There was, for some time, a solemn stillness; then the order of the day was read in regular course, and the House went into committee on the bill for remodeling the militia.

In a few hours, however, the spirit of the Opposition revived. When, at the close of the day, the speaker resumed the chair, Wharton, the boldest and most active of the Whigs, proposed that a time should be appointed for taking his majesty's answer into consideration. John Coke, member for Derby, though a noted Tory, seconded Wharton. "I hope," he said, "that we are all Englishmen, and that we shall not be frightened from our duty by a few high words."

It was manfully, but not wisely spoken. The whole House was in a tempest. "Take down his words," "To the bar," "To the Tower," resounded from every side. Those who were most lenient proposed that the offender should be reprimanded, but the ministers vehemently insisted that he should be sent to prison. The House might pardon, they said, offenses committed against itself, but had no right to pardon an insult offered to the crown. Coke was sent to the Tower. The indiscretion of one man had deranged the whole system of tactics which had been so ably concerted by the chiefs of the Opposition. It was in vain that, at that moment, Edward Seymour attempted to rally his followers, exhorted them to fix a day for discussing the king's answer, and expressed his confidence that the discussion would be conducted with the respect due from subjects to the sovereign. The members were so much cowed by the royal displeasure, and so much incensed by the rudeness of Coke, that it would not have been safe to divide.\*

The House adjourned, and the ministers flattered themselves that the spirit of opposition was quelled. But on the morrow, the nineteenth of November, new and alarming symptoms appeared. The time had arrived for taking into consideration the petitions which had been presented from all parts of England against the late elections. When, on the first meeting of the Parliament, Seymour had complained of the force and fraud by which the government had prevented the sense of constituent bodies from being fairly taken, he had found no seconder. But many who had then flinched from his side had subsequently taken heart, and, with Sir John Lowther, member for Cumberland, at their head, had, before the recess, suggested that there ought to be an inquiry into the abuses which had so much excited the public mind. The House was now in a much more angry temper, and many voices were boldly raised in menace and accusation. The ministers were told that the nation expected, and should have, signal redress. Meanwhile, it was dexterously intimated that the best atonement which a gentleman who had been brought into the House by irregular means could make to the public was to use his ill-acquired power in defense of the religion and liberties of his country. No member who, in that crisis, did his duty, had anything to fear. It might be necessary to unseat him, but the whole influence of the Opposition should be employed to procure his re-election.†

\* Commons' Journals, Nov. 16, 1685; Harl. MS., 7187; Lans. MS., 235.

† Commons' Journals, Nov. 17, 18, 1685.

\* Commons' Journals, Nov. 18, 1685; Harl. MS., 7187; Lans. MS., 235; Burnet, i, 667.

† Lonsdale's Memoirs. Burnet tells us [i, 667] that a sharp

On the same day it became clear that the spirit of opposition had spread from the Commons to the Lords, and even to the episcopal bench. William Cavendish, earl of Devonshire, took the lead in the Upper House, and he was well qualified to do so. In wealth and influence he was second to none of the English nobles, and the general voice designated him as the finest gentleman of his time. His magnificence, his taste, his talents, his classical learning, his high spirit, the grace and urbanity of his manners, were admitted by his enemies. His eulogists, unhappily, could not pretend that his morals had escaped untainted from the wide-spread contagion of that age. Though an enemy of popery and of arbitrary power, he had been averse to extreme courses; had been willing, when the Exclusion Bill was lost, to agree to a compromise; and had never been concerned in the illegal and imprudent schemes which had brought discredit on the Whig party; but, though regretting part of the conduct of his friends, he had not, on that account, failed to perform zealously the most arduous and perilous duties of friendship. He had stood near Russell at the bar, had parted from him on the sad morning of the execution with close embraces and with many bitter tears, nay, had offered to manage an escape at the hazard of his own life.\* This great nobleman now proposed that a day should be fixed for considering the royal speech. It was contended, on the other side, that the Lords, by voting thanks for the speech, had precluded themselves from complaining of it; but this objection was treated with contempt by Halifax. "Such thanks," he said, with the sarcastic pleasantry in which he excelled, "imply no approbation. We are thankful whenever our gracious sovereign deigns to speak to us. Especially thankful are we when, as on the present occasion, he speaks out, and gives us fair warning of what we are to suffer."† Doctor Henry Compton, bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the House with respect, for he was one of the few clergymen who could, in that age, boast of noble blood. His own loyalty, and the loyalty of his family, had been signally proved. His father, the

second Earl of Northampton, had fought bravely for King Charles the First, and, surrounded by the parliamentary soldiers, had fallen, sword in hand, refusing to give or take quarter. The bishop himself, before he was ordained, had borne arms in the Life Guards; and, though he generally did his best to preserve the gravity and sobriety befitting a prelate, some flashes of his military spirit would, to the last, occasionally break forth. He had been intrusted with the religious education of the two princesses, and had acquitted himself of that important duty in a manner which had satisfied all good Protestants, and had secured to him considerable influence over the minds of his pupils, especially of the Lady Anne.\* He now declared that he was empowered to speak the sense of his brethren, and that, in their opinion and in his own, the whole civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the realm was in danger.

One of the most remarkable speeches of that day was made by a young man, whose eccentric career was destined to amaze Europe. This was Charles Mordaunt, Viscount Mordaunt, widely renowned, many years later, as Earl of Peterborough. Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on rivaling Bourdaloue and Bossuet. Though an avowed free-thinker, he had sat up all night at sea to compose sermons, and had with difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man-of-war with his pious oratory.† He now addressed the House of Peers, for the first time, with characteristic eloquence, sprightliness, and audacity. He blamed the Commons for not having taken a bolder line. "They have been afraid," he said, "to speak out. They have talked of apprehensions and jealousies. What have apprehension and jealousy to do here? Apprehension and jealousy are the feelings with which we regard future and uncertain evils. The evil which we are considering is neither future nor uncertain. A standing army exists. It is officered by papists. We have no foreign enemy. There is no rebellion in the land. For what, then, is this force maintained, except for the purpose of subverting our laws, and establishing that arbitrary power which is so justly abhorred by Englishmen?"‡

debate about elections took place in the House of Commons after Coke's committal. It must therefore have been on the 19th of November, for Coke was committed late on the 18th, and the Parliament was prorogued on the 20th. Burnet's narrative is confirmed by the Journals, from which it appears that several elections were under discussion on the 19th.

\* Burnet, i. 560; Funeral Sermon of the Duke of Devonshire, preached by Kennet, 1708; Travels of Cosmo III, in England.

† Bramston's Memoirs. Burnet is incorrect both as to the time when this remark was made and as to the person who made it.

\* Wood, Ath. Ox.; Gooch's Funeral Sermon on Bishop Compton.

† Teonge's Diary.

‡ Barillon has given the best account of this debate. I will extract his report of Mordaunt's speech. "Milord Mordaunt,



Jeffreys spoke against the motion in the coarse and savage style of which he was a master; but he soon found that it was not quite so easy to browbeat the proud and powerful barons of England in their own hall, as to intimidate barristers whose bread depended on his favor, or prisoners whose necks were at his mercy. A man whose life has been passed in attacking and domineering, whatever may be his talents and courage, generally makes a mean figure when he is vigorously assailed; for, being unaccustomed to stand on the defensive, he becomes confused; and the knowledge that all those whom he has insulted are enjoying his confusion, confuses him still more. Jeffreys was now, for the first time since he had become a great man, encountered on equal terms by adversaries who did not fear him. To the general delight, he passed at once from the extreme of insolence to the extreme of meanness, and could not refrain from weeping with rage and vexation.\* Nothing, indeed, was wanting to his humiliation; for the House was crowded by about a hundred peers, a larger number than had voted even on the great day of the Exclusion Bill. The king, too, was present. His brother had been in the habit of attending the sittings of the Lords for amusement, and used often to say that a debate was as entertaining as a comedy. James came, not to be diverted, but in the hope that his presence might impose some restraint on the discussion. He was disappointed. The sense of the House was so strongly manifested, that, after a closing speech of great keenness from Halifax, the courtiers did not venture to divide. An early day was fixed for taking the royal speech into consideration; and it was ordered that every peer who was not at a distance from Westminster should be in his place.†

On the following morning the king came

down, in his robes, to the House of Lords. The usher of the black rod summoned the Commons to the bar; and the chancellor announced that the Parliament was prorogued to the tenth of February.\* The members who had voted against the court were dismissed from the public service. Charles Fox quitted the pay office. The Bishop of London ceased to be dean of the chapel royal, and his name was struck from the list of privy counselors.

The effect of the prorogation was to put an end to a legal proceeding of the highest importance. Thomas Grey, earl of Stamford, sprung from one of the most illustrious houses of England, had been recently arrested and committed close prisoner to the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was accused of having been concerned in the Rye House Plot. A true bill had been found against him by the grand jury of the city of London, and had been removed into the House of Lords, the only court before which a peer of the realm can, during a session of Parliament, be arraigned for any offense higher than a misdemeanor. The first of December had been fixed for the trial, and orders had been given that Westminster Hall should be fitted up with seats and hangings. In consequence of the prorogation, the hearing of the cause was postponed for an indefinite period, and Stamford soon regained his liberty.‡

Three other Whigs of great eminence were in confinement when the session closed, Charles Gerard, Lord Gerard of Brandon, eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield, John Hampden, grandson of the great leader of the Long Parliament, and Henry Booth, Lord Delamere. Gerard and Hampden were accused of having taken part in the Rye House Plot, Delamere of having abetted the western insurrection.

It was not the intention of the government to put either Gerard or Hampden to death. Grey had stipulated for their lives before he consented to become a witness against them.‡ But there was a still stronger reason for sparing them. They were heirs to large property; but their fathers were still living. The court could therefore get little in the way of ransom. Gerard was tried, and, from the very scanty accounts which have come down to us, seems to have defended himself with great spirit and force. He boasted of the exertions and sacrifices made by his family in the cause of Charles the First, and proved Rumsey, the witness who had murdered

quoique jeune, parla avec eloquence et force. Il dit que la question n'etoit pas reduite, comme le Chabro des Communes le pretendoit, a guerir des jalousies et defiances, qui avoient lieu dans les choses incertaines; mais que ce qui se passoit ne l'etoit pas, qu'il y avoit une armee sur pied qui subsistoit, et qui etoit remplie d'officiers Catholiques, qui ne pouvoit estre conservee que pour le renversement des loix, et que la subsistance de l'armee, quand il n'y a aeneue guerre ni au dedans ni au dehors, etoit l'etablissement du gouvernement arbitraire, pour lequel les Anglois ont une aversion si bien fondee."

\* He was very easily moved to tears. "He could not," says the author of the Panegyric, "refrain from weeping on bold affronts." And again: "They talk of his hectoring and proud carriage; what could be more humble than for a man in his great post to cry and sob?" In the answer to the Panegyric, it is said that "his having no command of his tears spoiled him for a hypocrite."

† Lords' Journals, Nov. 19, 1685; Barillon, Nov. 23-Dec. 3; Dutch Dispatch, Nov. 20-20; Luttrell's Diary, Nov. 19; Burnet, i, 665. The closing speech of Halifax is mentioned by the nuncio in his dispatch of November 16-26. Adda, about a month later, bears strong testimony to Halifax's powers.

"Da questo uomo che ha gran credito nel Parlamento, e grande eloquenza, noi si possono attendere che fiera contradizioni, e nel partito Regio non vi e un uomo da contrapporsi."

Dec. 21-31.

\* Lords' and Commons' Journals, Nov. 20, 1685.

† Lords' Journals, Nov. 11, 17, 18, 1685.

‡ Burnet, i, 646.

Russell by telling one story and Cornish by telling another, to be utterly undeserving of credit. The jury, with some hesitation, found a verdict of guilty. After long imprisonment, Gerard was suffered to redeem himself.\* Hampden had inherited the political opinions and a large share of the talents of his grandfather, but had degenerated from the uprightness and the courage by which his grandfather had been distinguished. It appears that the prisoner was, with cruel cunning, long kept in an agony of suspense, in order that his family might be induced to pay largely for mercy. His spirit sank under the terrors of death. When brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, he not only pleaded guilty, but disgraced the illustrious name which he bore by abject submissions and entreaties. He protested that he had not been privy to the design of assassination; but he owned that he had meditated rebellion, professed deep repentance for his offense, implored the intercession of the judges, and vowed that, if the royal clemency were extended to him, his whole life should be passed in evincing his gratitude for such goodness. The Whigs were furious at his pusillanimity, and loudly declared him to be far more deserving of blame than Grey, who, even in turning king's evidence, had preserved a certain decorum. Hampden's life was spared; but his family paid several thousand pounds to the chancellor. Some courtiers of less note succeeded in extorting smaller sums. The unhappy man had spirit enough to feel keenly the degradation to which he had stooped. He survived the day of his ignominy several years. He lived to see his party triumphant, to be once more an important member of it, to rise high in the state, and to make his persecutors tremble in their turn; but his prosperity was embittered by one insupportable recollection. He never regained his cheerfulness, and at length died by his own hand.†

That Delamere, if he had needed the royal mercy, would have found it, is not very probable. It is certain that every advantage which the letter of the law gave to the government was used against him without scruple or shame. He was in a different situation from that in which Stamford stood. The indictment against Stamford had been removed into the House of Lords during the session of Parliament, and therefore could not be prosecuted until that House should reassemble. All the peers would then have voices, and would be judges as well of law as of fact. But the bill against Delamere was

not found until after the prorogation.\* He was therefore within the jurisdiction of the Court of the Lord High Steward. This court, to which belongs, during a recess of Parliament, the cognizance of treasons and felonies committed by temporal peers, was then so constituted that no prisoner charged with a political offense could expect an impartial trial. The crown named a lord high steward. The lord high steward named, at his discretion, certain peers to sit on their accused brother. The number to be summoned was indefinite. No challenge was allowed. A simple majority, provided that it consisted of twelve, was sufficient to convict. The high steward was sole judge of the law; and the lords triers formed merely a jury to pronounce on the question of fact. Jeffreys was appointed high steward. He selected thirty triers; and the selection was characteristic of the man and of the times. All the thirty were in politics vehemently opposed to the prisoner. Fifteen of them were colonels of regiments, and might be removed from their lucrative commands at the pleasure of the king. Among the remaining fifteen were the lord treasurer, the principal secretary of state, the steward of the household, the controller of the household, the captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners, the queen's chamberlain, and other persons who were bound by strong ties of interest to the court. Nevertheless, Delamere had some great advantages over the humbler culprits who had been arraigned at the Old Bailey. There the jurymen, bitter partisans, taken for a single day by courtly sheriffs from the mass of society, and speedily sent back to mingle with that mass, were under no restraint of shame, and, being little accustomed to weigh evidence, followed without scruple the directions of the bench. But in the High Steward's Court every trier was a man of some experience in grave affairs. Every trier filled a considerable space in the public eye. Every trier, beginning from the lowest, had to rise separately and to give in his verdict, on his honor, before a great concourse. That verdict, accompanied with his name, would go to every part of the world, and would live in history. Moreover, though the selected nobles were all Tories, and almost all placemen, many of them had begun to look with uneasiness on the king's proceedings, and to doubt whether the case of Delamere might not soon be their own.

Jeffreys conducted himself, as was his wont, insolently and unjustly. He had, indeed, an old grudge to stimulate his zeal.

\* Bramston's Memoirs; Luttrell's Diary.

† The trial in the Collection of State Trials; Bramston's Memoirs; Burnet, i, 647; Lords' Journals, Dec. 20, 1689.

\* Lords' Journals. Nov. 9, 10, 16, 1685.

He had been chief justice of Chester when Delamere, then Mr. Booth, represented that county in Parliament. Booth had bitterly complained to the Commons that the dearest interests of his constituents were intrusted to a drunken jack-pudding.\* The revengeful judge was now not ashamed to resort to artifices which even in an advocate would have been culpable. He reminded the lords triers, in very significant language, that Delamere had, in Parliament, objected to the bill for attainting Monmouth; a fact which was not, and could not be, in evidence. But it was not in the power of Jeffreys to overawe a synod of peers as he had been in the habit of overawing common juries. The evidence for the crown would probably have been thought amply sufficient on the western circuit or at the city sessions, but could not for a moment impose on such men as Rochester, Godolphin, and Churchill; nor were they, with all their faults, depraved enough to condemn a man to death against the plainest rules of justice. Grey, Wade, and Goodenough were produced, but could only repeat what they had heard said by Monmouth and by Wildman's emissaries. The principal witness for the prosecution, a miscreant named Saxton, who had been concerned in the rebellion, and was now laboring to earn his pardon by swearing against all who were obnoxious to the government, was proved by overwhelming evidence to have told a series of falsehoods. All the triers, from Churchill, who, as junior baron, spoke first, up to the treasurer, pronounced, on their honor, that Delamere was not guilty. The gravity and pomp of the whole proceeding made a deep impression even on the nuncio, accustomed as he was to the ceremonies of Rome; ceremonies which, in solemnity and splendor, exceed all that the rest of the world can show.† The king, who was present, and was unable to complain of a decision evidently just, went into a rage with Saxton, and vowed that the wretch should first be pilloried before Westminster Hall for perjury, and then sent down to the west to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for treason.‡

The public joy at the acquittal of Delamere was great. The reign of terror was over. The innocent began to breathe freely, and false accusers to tremble. One letter written on this occasion is scarcely to be read without tears. The widow of Russell, in her retirement, learned the good news with mingled

feelings. "I do bless God," she wrote, "that he has caused some stop to be put to the shedding of blood in this poor land. Yet when I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or another, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs."\*‡

And now the tide was on the turn. The death of Stafford, witnessed with signs of tenderness and remorse by the populace to whose rage he was sacrificed, marks the close of one proscription. The acquittal of Delamere marks the close of another. The crimes which had disgraced the stormy tribuneship of Shaftesbury had been fearfully expiated. The blood of innocent papists had been avenged more than tenfold by the blood of zealous Protestants. Another great reaction had commenced. Factions were fast taking new forms. Old allies were separating. Old enemies were uniting. Discontent was spreading fast through all the ranks of the party lately dominant. A hope, still, indeed, faint and indefinite, of victory and revenge, animated the party which had lately seemed to be extinct. Amid such circumstances the eventful and troubled year 1685 terminated, and the year 1686 began.

The prorogation had relieved the king from the gentle remonstrances of the houses; but he had still to listen to remonstrances, similar in effect, though uttered in a tone even more cautious and subdued. Some men who had hitherto served him but too strenuously for their own fame and for the public welfare had begun to feel painful misgivings, and occasionally ventured to hint a small part of what they felt.

During many years, the zeal of the English Tory for hereditary monarchy and his zeal for the established religion had grown up together and had strengthened each other. It had never occurred to him that the two sentiments, which seemed inseparable and even identical, might one day be found to be not only distinct, but incompatible. From the commencement of the strife between the Stuarts and the Commons, the cause of the crown and the cause of the hierarchy had, to all appearance, been one. Charles the First was regarded by the Church as her martyr. If Charles the Second had plotted against her, he had plotted in secret. In public he had ever professed

\* Speech on the Corruption of the Judges in Lord Delamere's works, 1694.

† Fu una funzione piena di gravità, di ordine, e di gran speciosità. Adda, Jan. 15-25. 1686

‡ The trial is in the Collection of State Trials. Leeuwen, Jan. 15-25, 19-29, 1686.

\* Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, Jan. 15, 1686.

himself her grateful and devoted son, had knelt at her altars, and, in spite of his loose morals, had succeeded in persuading the great body of her adherents that he felt a sincere preference for her. Whatever conflicts, therefore, the honest Cavalier might have had to maintain against Whigs and Roundheads, he had, at least, been hitherto undisturbed by conflict in his own mind. He had seen the path of duty plain before him. Through good and evil he was to be true to Church and king. But if those two august and venerable powers, which had hitherto seemed to be so closely connected that those who were true to one could not be false to the other, should be divided by a deadly enmity, what course was the orthodox Royalist to take? What situation could be more trying than that in which he would be placed, distracted between two duties equally sacred, between two affections equally ardent? How was he to give to Cæsar all that was Cæsar's, and yet to withhold from God no part of what was God's? None who felt thus could have watched, without deep concern and gloomy forebodings, the dispute between the king and the Parliament on the subject of the test. If James could even now be induced to reconsider his course, to let the houses reassemble, and to comply with their wishes, all might yet be well.

Such were the sentiments of the king's two kinsmen, the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester. The power and favor of these noblemen seemed to be great indeed. The younger brother was lord treasurer and prime minister; and the elder, after holding the privy seal during some months, had been appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. The venerable Ormond took the same side. Middleton and Preston, who, as managers of the House of Commons, had recently learned by proof how dear the established religion was to the loyal gentry of England, were also for moderate counsels.

At the very beginning of the new year these statesmen and the great party which they represented had to suffer a cruel mortification. That the late king had been at heart a Roman Catholic had been, during some months, suspected and whispered, but not formally announced. The disclosure, indeed, could not be made without great scandal. Charles had, times without number, declared himself a Protestant, and had been in the habit of receiving the Eucharist from the bishops of the established Church. Those Protestants who had stood by him in his difficulties, and who still cherished an affectionate remembrance of him, must be filled with shame and indignation by learning that his whole life had been a lie; that, while he

professed to belong to their communion, he had really regarded them as heretics; and that the demagogues who had represented him as a concealed papist had been the only people who had formed a correct judgment of his character. Even Louis understood enough of the state of public feeling in England to be aware that the divulging of the truth might do harm, and had, of his own accord, promised to keep the conversion of Charles strictly secret.\* James, while his power was still new, had thought that on this point it was advisable to be cautious, and had not ventured to inter his brother with the rites of the Church of Rome. For a time, therefore, every man was at liberty to believe what he wished. The papists claimed the deceased prince as their proselyte. The Whigs execrated him as a hypocrite and a renegade. The Tories regarded the report of his apostasy as a calumny which papists and Whigs had, for very different reasons, a common interest in circulating. James now took a step which greatly disconcerted the whole Anglican party. Two papers in which were set forth very concisely the arguments ordinarily used by Roman Catholics in controversy with Protestants, had been found in Charles's strong box, and appeared to be in his handwriting. These papers James showed triumphantly to several Protestants, and declared that, to his knowledge, his brother had lived and died a Roman Catholic.† One of the persons to whom the manuscripts were exhibited was Archbishop Sancroft. He read them with much emotion, and remained silent. Such silence was only the natural effect of a struggle between respect and vexation. But James supposed that the primate was struck dumb by the irresistible force of reason, and eagerly challenged his grace to produce, with the help of the whole episcopal bench, a satisfactory reply. "Let me have a solid answer, and in a gentlemanlike style, and it may have the effect which you so much desire of bringing me over to your Church." The Archbishop mildly said that, in his opinion, such an answer might, without much difficulty, be written, but declined the controversy on the plea of reverence for the memory of his deceased master. This plea the king considered as the subterfuge of a vanquished disputant.‡ Had he been well acquainted with the polemical literature of the preceding century and a half, he would have known that the documents to which he attached so much value might have been composed by any lad of fifteen in the college of Douay, and contained

\* Louis to Barillon, Feb. 10-20, 1685-6.

† Evelyn's Diary, Oct. 2, 1685.

‡ Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 9, Orig. Mem.

nothing which had not, in the opinion of all Protestant divines, been ten thousand times refuted. In his ignorant exultation, he ordered these tracts to be printed with the utmost pomp of typography, and appended to them a declaration attested by his sign manual, and certifying that the originals were in his brother's own hand. James himself distributed the whole edition among his courtiers and among the people of humbler rank who crowded round his coach. He gave one copy to a young woman of mean condition whom he supposed to be of his own religious persuasion, and assured her that she would be greatly edified and comforted by the perusal. In requital of his kindness, she delivered to him, a few days later, an epistle adjuring him to come out of the mystical Babylon, and to dash from his lips the cup of fornications.\*

These things gave great uneasiness to Tory churchmen. Nor were the most respectable Roman Catholic noblemen much better pleased. They might, indeed, have been excused if passion had, at this conjuncture, made them deaf to the voice of prudence and justice, for they had suffered much. Protestant jealousy had degraded them from the rank to which they were born, had closed the doors of the Parliament House on the heirs of barons who had signed the Charter, had pronounced the command of a company of foot too high a trust for the descendants of the generals who had conquered at Flodden and Saint Quentin. There was scarcely one eminent peer attached to the old faith whose honor, whose estate, whose life had not been in jeopardy, who had not passed months in the Tower, who had not often anticipated for himself the fate of Stafford. Men who had been so long and cruelly oppressed might have been pardoned if they had eagerly seized the first opportunity of obtaining at once greatness and revenge. But neither fanaticism nor ambition, neither resentment for past wrongs nor the intoxication produced by sudden good fortune, could prevent the most eminent Roman Catholics from perceiving that the prosperity which they at length enjoyed was only temporary, and, unless wisely used, might be fatal to them. They had been taught, by a cruel experience, that the antipathy of the nation to their religion was not a fancy which would yield to the mandate of a prince, but a profound sentiment, the growth of five generations, diffused through all ranks and parties, and intertwined not less closely with the principles of the Tory than with the principles of the Whig. It was indeed in the power of the king, by the exer-

cise of his prerogative of mercy, to suspend the operation of the penal laws. It might hereafter be in his power, by discreet management, to obtain from the Parliament a repeal of the acts which imposed civil disabilities on those who professed his religion; but if he attempted to subdue the Protestant feeling of England by rude means, it was easy to see that the violent compression of so powerful and elastic a spring would be followed by as violent a recoil. The Roman Catholic peers, by prematurely attempting to force their way into the Privy Council and the House of Lords, might lose their mansions and their ample estates, and might end their lives as traitors on Tower Hill, or as beggars at the porches of Italian convents.

Such was the feeling of William Herbert, earl of Powis, who was generally regarded as the chief of the Roman Catholic aristocracy, and who, according to Oates, was to have been prime minister if the Popish Plot had succeeded. John Lord Bellasyse took the same view of the state of affairs. In his youth he had fought gallantly for Charles the First, had been rewarded after the restoration with high honors and commands, and had quitted them when the Test Act was passed. With these distinguished leaders all the noblest and most opulent members of their Church concurred, except Lord Arundell of Wardour, an old man fast sinking into second childhood.

But there was at the court a small knot of Roman Catholics whose hearts had been ulcerated by old injuries, whose heads had been turned by recent elevation, who were impatient to climb to the highest honors of the state, and who, having little to lose, were not troubled by thoughts of the day of reckoning. One of these was Roger Palmer, earl of Castlemaine in Ireland, and husband of the Duchess of Cleveland. His title had notoriously been purchased by his wife's dishonor and his own. His fortune was small. His temper, naturally ungentle, had been exasperated by his domestic vexations, by the public reproaches, and by what he had undergone in the days of the Popish Plot. He had been long a prisoner, and had at length been tried for his life. Happily for him, he was not put to the bar until the first burst of popular rage had spent itself, and until the credit of the false witnesses had been blown upon. He had therefore escaped, though very narrowly.\* With Castlemaine was allied one of the most favored of his wife's hundred lovers, Henry Jermy, whom James had lately ere-

\* Leeuwen, Jan. 1-11, and 12-22, 1686. Her letter, though very long and very absurd, was thought worth sending to the States-General as a sign of the times.

\* See his trial in the Collection of State Trials, and his curious manifesto, printed in 1681.

ated a peer by the title of Lord Dover. Jermyan had been distinguished more than twenty years before by his vagrant amours and his desperate duels. He was now ruined by play, and was eager to retrieve his fallen fortunes by means of lucrative posts from which the laws excluded him.\* To the same party belonged an intriguing, pushing Irishman named White, who had been much abroad, who had served the house of Austria as something between an envoy and a spy, and who had been rewarded for his services with the title of Marquess of Albeville.†

Soon after the prorogation this reckless faction was strengthened by an important reinforcement. Richard Talbot, earl of Tyrconnel, the fiercest and most uncompromising of all those who hated the liberties and religion of England, arrived at court from Dublin.

Talbot was descended from an old Norman family which had been long settled in Leinster, which had there sunk into degeneracy, which had adopted the manners of the Celts, which had, like the Celts, adhered to the old religion, and which had taken part with the Celts in the rebellion of 1641. In his youth he had been one of the most noted sharpers and bullies of London. He had been introduced to Charles and James when they were exiles in Flanders, as a man fit and ready for the infamous service of assassinating the Protector. Soon after the Restoration, Talbot attempted to obtain the favor of the royal family by a service more infamous still. A plea was wanted which might justify the Duke of York in breaking that promise of marriage by which he had obtained from Anne Hyde the last proof of female affection. Such a plea Talbot, in concert with some of his dissolute companions, undertook to furnish. He affirmed that he had triumphed over the young lady's virtue, made up a long romance about the interviews with which she had indulged him, and related how, in one of his secret visits to her, he had unluckily overturned the chancellor's inkstand upon a pile of papers, and how cleverly she had averted a discovery by laying the blame of the accident on her monkey. These stories, which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of any but the basest of mankind, were pure inventions. Talbot was soon forced to own that they were so; and he owned it without a blush. The injured lady became Duchess of York. Had her husband been a man really upright and honorable, he would have driven from his presence

with indignation and contempt the wretches who had slandered her. But one of the peculiarities of James's character was that no act, however wicked and shameful, which had been prompted by a desire to gain his favor, ever seemed to him deserving of disapprobation. Talbot continued to frequent the court, appeared daily with brazen front before the princess whose ruin he had plotted, and was installed into the lucrative post of chief pander to her husband. In no long time Whitehall was thrown into confusion by the news that Dick Talbot, as he was commonly called, had laid a plan to murder the Duke of Ormond. The bravo was sent to the Tower; but in a few days he was again swaggering about the galleries, and carrying billets backward and forward between his patron and the ugliest maids of honor. It was in vain that old and discreet counselors implored the royal brothers not to countenance this bad man, who had nothing to recommend him except his fine person and his taste in dress. Talbot was not only welcome at the palace when the bottle or the dice-box was going round, but was heard with attention on matters of business. He affected the character of an Irish patriot, and pleaded with great audacity, and sometimes with success, the cause of his countrymen whose estates had been confiscated. He took care, however, to be well paid for his services, and succeeded in acquiring, partly by the sale of his influence, partly by gambling, and partly by pimping, an estate of three thousand pounds a year; for, under an outward show of levity, profusion, improvidence, and eccentric impudence, he was, in truth, one of the most mercenary and crafty of mankind. He was now no longer young; but advancing age had made no essential change in his character and manners. He still, whenever he opened his mouth, ranted, cursed, and swore with such frantic violence that superficial observers set him down for the wildest of libertines. The multitude was unable to conceive that a man who, even when sober, was more furious and boastful than others when they were drunk, and who seemed utterly incapable of disguising any emotion or keeping any secret, could really be a cold-hearted, far-sighted, scheming sycophant: yet such a man was Talbot. In truth, his hypocrisy was of a far higher and rarer sort than the hypocrisy which had flourished in Barebones's Parliament; for the consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show a stalking horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his interest to hide.

\* *Memoires de Grammont; Pepys's Diary, Aug. 19, 1662; Bonrepaux to Seignelay, Feb. 1-11, 1686.*

† *Bonrepaux to Seignelay, Feb. 1-11, 1686.*

Talbot, raised by James to the earldom of Tyrconnel, had commanded the troops in Ireland during the nine months which elapsed between the death of Charles and the commencement of the vicereignty of Clarendon. When the new lord lieutenant was about to leave London for Dublin, the general was summoned from Dublin to London. Dick Talbot had long been well known on the road which he now had to travel. Between Chester and the capital there was not an inn where he had not been in a brawl. Wherever he came he pressed horses in defiance of law, swore at the cooks and postillions, and almost raised mobs by his insolent rodomontades. The Reformation, he told the people, had ruined everything. But fine times were coming. The Catholics would soon be uppermost. The heretics should pay for all. Raving and blaspheming incessantly, like a demoniac, he came to the court.\* As soon as he was there, he allied himself closely with Castlemaine, Dover, and Albeville. These men called with one voice for war on the constitution of the Church and the State. They told their master that he owed it to his religion and to the dignity of his crown to stand firm against the outcry of heretical demagogues, and to let the Parliament see from the first that he would be master in spite of opposition, and that the only effect of opposition would be to make him a hard master.

Each of the two parties into which the court was divided had zealous foreign allies. The ministers of Spain, of the Empire, and of the States-General were now as anxious to support Rochester as they had formerly been to support Halifax. All the influence of Barillon was employed on the other side; and Barillon was assisted by another French agent, inferior to him in station, but far superior in abilities, Bonrepaux. Barillon was not without parts, and possessed in large measure the graces and accomplishments which then distinguished the French gentry. But his abilities were scarcely equal to what his great place required. He had become sluggish and self-indulgent, liked the pleasures of society and of the table better than business, and on great emergencies generally waited for admonitions and even for reprimands from Versailles before he showed much activity.† Bonrepaux had raised himself from obscurity by the intelligence and industry which he had exhibited as a clerk in the de-

partment of the marine, and was esteemed an adept in the mystery of mercantile politics. At the close of the year 1685 he was sent to London, charged with several special commissions of high importance. He was to lay the ground for a treaty of commerce; he was to ascertain and report the state of the English fleets and dock-yards; and he was to make some overtures to the Huguenot refugees, who, it was supposed, had been so effectually tamed by penny and exile, that they would thankfully accept almost any terms of reconciliation. The new envoy's origin was plebeian; his stature was dwarfish, his countenance was ludicrously ugly, and his accent was that of his native Gascony; but his strong sense, his keen penetration, and his lively wit eminently qualified him for his post. In spite of every disadvantage of birth and figure, he was soon known as a most pleasing companion and as a most skillful diplomatist. He contrived, while flirting with the Duchess of Mazarin, discussing literary questions with Waller and Saint Evremond, and corresponding with La Fontaine, to acquire a considerable knowledge of English politics. His skill in maritime affairs recommended him to James, who had, during many years, paid close attention to the business of the Admiralty, and understood that business as well as he was capable of understanding anything. They conversed every day long and freely about the state of the shipping and the dock-yards. The result of this intimacy was, as might have been expected, that the keen and vigilant Frenchman conceived a great contempt for the king's abilities and character. The world, he said, had much overrated his Britannic majesty, who had less capacity than Charles, and not more virtues.\*

The two envoys of Louis, though pursuing one object, very judiciously took different paths. They made a partition of the court. Bonrepaux lived chiefly with Rochester and Rochester's adherents. Barillon's connections were chiefly with the opposite faction. The consequence was, that they sometimes saw the same event in different points of view. The best account now extant of the contest which at this time agitated Whitehall is to be found in their dispatches.

As each of the two parties at the court of James had the support of foreign princes, so each had also the support of an ecclesiastical authority to which the king paid great deference. The supreme pontiff was for legal and moderate courses, and his sentiments were expressed by the nuncio and by the

\* *Memoires de Grammont*; Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon; Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, *passim*, particularly the letter dated Dec. 29, 1685; Sheridan MS., among the Stuart Papers; Ellis Correspondence, Jan. 12, 1686.

† See his later correspondence, *passim*. St. Evremond, *passim*; Madame de Sevigné's Letters in the beginning of 1689. See, also, the instructions to Tallard after the peace of Ryswick, in the French Archives.

\* St. Simon *Memoires*, 1697, 1719; St. Evremond; La Fontaine; Bonrepaux to Seignelay, Jan. 28-Feb. 7, Feb. 8-18, 1686.

vicar apostolic.\* On the other side was a body of which the weight balanced even the weight of the papacy, the mighty order of Jesus.

That at this conjuncture these two great spiritual powers, once, as it seemed, inseparably allied, should have been opposed to each other, is a most important and remarkable circumstance. During a period of little less than a thousand years the regular orders had been the chief support of the Holy See. By that see they had been protected from episcopal interference; and the protection which they had received had been amply repaid. But for their exertions it is probable that the Bishop of Rome would have been merely the honorary president of a vast aristocracy of prelates. It was by the aid of the Benedictines that Gregory the Seventh was enabled to contend at once against the Franco-German Cæsars and against the secular clergy. It was by the aid of the Dominicans and Franciscans that Innocent the Third crushed the Albigensian sectaries. In the sixteenth century, the pontificate, exposed to new dangers more formidable than had ever before threatened it, was saved by a new religious order, which was animated by intense enthusiasm and organized with exquisite skill. When the Jesuits came to the rescue of the papacy, they found it in extreme peril; but from that moment the tide of battle turned. Protestantism, which had, during a whole generation, carried all before it, was stopped in its progress, and rapidly beaten back from the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic. Before the order had existed a hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith. No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished; none had extended its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the counsels of kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, catechisms, and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands, and was conducted by

them with conspicuous ability. They appear to have discovered the precise point to which intellectual culture can be carried without risk of intellectual emancipation. Enmity itself was compelled to own that, in the art of managing and forming the tender mind, they had no equals. Meanwhile they assiduously and successfully cultivated the eloquence of the pulpit. With still greater assiduity and still greater success they applied themselves to the ministry of the confessional. Throughout Catholic Europe the secrets of every government and of almost every family of note were in their keeping. They glided from one Protestant country to another under innumerable disguises, as gay Cavaliers, as simple rustics, as Puritan preachers. They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the Observatory at Peking. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet, whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling-place or his avocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our own time, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe; when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks; when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession,

\* Adda, Nov. 16-26, Dec. 7-17, and Dec. 21-31, 1685. In these dispatches Adda gives strong reasons for compromising matters by abolishing the penal laws and leaving the test. He calls the quarrel with the Parliament a "gran disgrazia." He repeatedly hints that the king might, by a constitutional policy, have obtained much for the Roman Catholics, and that the attempt to relieve them illegally is likely to bring great calamities on them.



and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer.

But with the admirable energy, disinterestedness, and self-devotion which were characteristic of the society, great vices were mingled. It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and of mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful, and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interest of his society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted that he had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real. He had, indeed, labored with a wonderful show of success, to reduce the world under her laws, but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard until it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the remote regions of the East; but it was reported that from some of these converts the facts on which the whole theology of the Gospel depends had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to avoid persecution by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating Paters and Aves. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practiced. It was not strange that people of all ranks and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the confessionals in the Jesuit temples, for from those confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigor as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan Church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tone of the primitive fathers; but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong, he followed a very different system. Since he could not reclaim them from guilt, it was his business to save them

from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry which had been written by his brethren, and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The pander was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favor of dueling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what the society of Jesus assured them they might with a safe conscience do.

So strangely were good and evil intermixed in the character of these celebrated brethren; and the intermixture was the secret of their gigantic power. That power could never have belonged to mere hypocrites. It could never have belonged to rigid moralists. It was to be attained only by men sincerely enthusiastic in the pursuit of a great end, and at the same time unscrupulous as to the choice of means.

From the first the Jesuits had been bound by a peculiar allegiance to the pope. Their mission had been not less to quell all mutiny within the Church than to repel the hostility of her avowed enemies. Their doctrine was in the highest degree what has been called on our side of the Alps, Ultramontane, and differed almost as much from the doctrine of Bossuet as from that of Luther. They condemned the Gallican liberties, the claim of oecumenical councils to control the Holy See, and the claim of bishops to an independent commission from heaven. Lainez, in the name of the whole fraternity, proclaimed at Trent, amid the applause of the creatures of Pius the Fourth and the murmurs of French and Spanish prelates, that the government of the faithful had been committed by Christ to the pope alone; that in the pope alone all sacerdotal authority was concentrated; and that through the pope alone priests and bishops derived whatever divine authority they

possessed.\* During many years the union between the supreme pontiffs and the order had continued unbroken. Had that union been still unbroken when James the Second ascended the English throne; had the influence of the Jesuits, as well as the influence of the pope, been exerted in favor of a moderate and constitutional policy, it is probable that the great revolution which in a short time changed the whole state of European affairs would never have taken place. But, even before the middle of the seventeenth century, the society, proud of its services and confident in its strength, had become impatient of the yoke. A generation of Jesuits sprang up who looked for protection and guidance rather to the court of France than to the court of Rome; and this disposition was not a little strengthened when Innocent the Eleventh was raised to the papal throne.

The Jesuits were, at that time, engaged in a war to the death against an enemy whom they had at first disdained, but whom they had at length been forced to regard with respect and fear. Just when their prosperity was at the height, they were braved by a handful of opponents, who had indeed no influence with the rulers of this world, but who were strong in religious faith and intellectual energy. Then followed a long, a strange, a glorious conflict of genius against power. The Jesuit called cabinets, tribunals, universities to his aid; and they responded to the call. Port Royal appealed not in vain to the hearts and to the understandings of millions. The dictators of Christendom found themselves, on a sudden, in the position of culprits. They were arraigned on a charge of having systematically debased the standard of evangelical morality for the purpose of increasing their own influence; and the charge was enforced in a manner which at once arrested the attention of all Europe, for the chief accuser was Blaise Pascal. His intellectual powers were such as have rarely been bestowed on any of the children of men; and the vehemence of the zeal which animated him was but too well proved by the cruel penances and vigils under which his macerated frame sank into an early grave. His spirit was the spirit of Saint Bernard; but the delicacy of his wit, the purity, the energy, the simplicity of his rhetoric, had never been equaled except by the great masters of Attic eloquence. All Europe read and admired, laughed and wept. The Jesuits attempted to reply, but their feeble answers were received by the public with shouts of mockery. They wanted, it is true, no talent or accomplishment into which

men can be drilled by elaborate discipline; but such discipline, though it may bring out the powers of ordinary minds, has a tendency to suffocate, rather than to develop, original genius. It was universally acknowledged that, in the literary contest, the Jansenists were completely victorious. To the Jesuits nothing was left but to oppress the sect which they could not confute. Louis the Fourteenth was now their chief support. His conscience had, from boyhood, been in their keeping; and he had learned from them to abhor Jansenism quite as much as he abhorred Protestantism, and very much more than he abhorred atheism. Innocent the Eleventh, on the other hand, leaned to the Jansenist opinions. The consequence was, that the society found itself in a situation never contemplated by its founder. The Jesuits were estranged from the supreme pontiff, and they were closely allied with a prince who proclaimed himself the champion of the Gallican liberties and the enemy of Ultramontane pretensions. Thus the order became in England an instrument of the designs of Louis, and labored, with a success which the Roman Catholics afterward long and bitterly deplored, to widen the breach between the king and the Parliament, to thwart the nuncio, to undermine the power of the lord treasurer, and to support the most desperate schemes of Tyrconnel.

Thus, on one side, were the Hydes and the whole body of Tory Churchmen, Powis and all the most respectable lords and gentlemen of the king's own faith, the States-General, the house of Austria, and the pope. On the other side were a few Roman Catholic adventurers, of broken fortune and tainted reputation, backed by France and by the Jesuits.

The chief representative of the Jesuits at Whitehall was an English brother of the order, who had, during some time, acted as vice provincial, who had been long regarded by James with peculiar favor, and who had lately been made clerk of the closet. This man, named Edward Petre, was descended from an honorable family. His manners were courtly; his speech was flowing and plausible; but he was weak and vain, covetous and ambitious. Of all the evil counselors who had access to the royal ear, he bore, perhaps, the largest part in the ruin of the house of Stuart.

The obstinate and imperious nature of the king gave great advantages to those who advised him to be firm, to yield nothing, and to make himself feared. One state maxim had taken possession of his small understanding, and was not to be dislodged by reason. To reason, indeed, he was not in the habit of attending. His mode of arguing, if it is to be

\* Fra Paolo, lib. vii; Pallavicino, lib. xviii, cap. 15.

so called, was one not uncommon among dull and stubborn persons, who are accustomed to be surrounded by their inferiors. He asserted a proposition; and, as often as wiser people ventured respectfully to show that it was erroneous, he asserted it again, in exactly the same words, and conceived that, by doing so, he at once disposed of all objections.\* "I will make no concessions," he often repeated; "my father made concessions, and he was beheaded."† If it were true that concession had been fatal to Charles the First, a man of sense would have known that a single experiment is not sufficient to establish a general rule even in sciences much less complicated than the science of government; that, since the beginning of the world, no two political experiments were ever made of which all the conditions were exactly alike; and that the only way to learn civil prudence from history is to examine and compare an immense number of cases. But, if the single instance on which the king relied proved anything, it proved that he was in the wrong. There can be little doubt that, if Charles had frankly made to the Short Parliament, which met in the spring of 1640, but one half of the concessions which he made, a few months after, to the Long Parliament, he would have lived and died a powerful king. On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that, if he had refused to make any concession to the Long Parliament, and had resorted to arms in defense of the ship-money and of the Star-Chamber, he would have seen, in the hostile ranks, Hyde and Falkland side by side with Hollis and Hampden. But, in truth, he would not have been able to resort to arms, for not twenty Cavaliers would have joined his standard. It was to his large concessions alone that he owed the support of that great body of noblemen and gentlemen who fought so long and so gallantly in his cause. But it would have been useless to represent these things to James.

Another fatal delusion had taken possession of his mind, which was never dispelled until it had ruined him. He firmly believed that, do what he might, the members of the Church of England would act up to their principles. It had, he knew, been proclaimed from ten thousand pulpits, it had been solemnly declared by the University of Oxford, that even tyranny as frightful as that of the most depraved of the Cæsars did not justify subjects

in resisting the royal authority, and hence he was weak enough to conclude that the whole body of Tory gentlemen and clergymen would let him plunder, oppress, and insult them without lifting an arm against him. It seems strange that any man should have passed his fiftieth year without discovering that people sometimes do what they think wrong; and James had only to look into his own heart for abundant proof that even a strong sense of religious duty will not always prevent frail human beings from indulging their passions in defiance of divine laws, and at the risk of awful penalties. He must have been conscious that, though he thought adultery sinful, he was an adulterer; but nothing could convince him that any man who professed to think rebellion sinful would ever, in any extremity, be a rebel. The Church of England was, in his view, a passive victim, which he might, without danger, outrage and torture at his pleasure; nor did he ever see his error until the universities were preparing to coin their plate for the purpose of supplying the military chest of his enemies, and until a bishop, long renowned for loyalty, had thrown aside his cassock, girt on a sword, and taken the command of a regiment of insurgents.

In these fatal follies the king was artfully encouraged by a minister who had been an exclusionist, and who still called himself a Protestant, the Earl of Sunderland. The motives and conduct of this unprincipled politician have often been misrepresented. He was, in his own life-time, accused by the Jacobites of having, even before the beginning of the reign of James, determined to bring about a revolution in favor of the Prince of Orange, and of having, with that view, recommended a succession of outrages on the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the realm. This idle story has been repeated down to our own days by ignorant writers; but no well-informed historian, whatever might be his prejudices, has condescended to adopt it, for it rests on no evidence whatever; and scarcely any evidence would convince reasonable men that Sunderland deliberately incurred guilt and infamy in order to bring about a change by which it was clear that he could not possibly be a gainer, and by which, in fact, he lost immense wealth and influence. Nor is there the smallest reason for resorting to so strange an hypothesis, for the truth lies on the surface. Crooked as this man's course was, the law which determined it was simple. His conduct is to be ascribed to the alternate influence of cupidity and fear on a mind highly susceptible of both those passions, and quick-sighted rather than far-sighted. He wanted more power and more money. More power

\* This was the practice of his daughter Anne; and Marlborough said that she had learned it from her father.—VINDICATION OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

† Down to the time of the trial of the bishops, James went on telling Adda that all the calamities of Charles the First were "per la troppa indulgenza."—DISPATCH OF JUNE 29—JULY 9, 1688.

he could obtain only at Rochester's expense; and the obvious way to obtain power at Rochester's expense was to encourage the dislike which the king felt for Rochester's moderate counsels. Money could be most easily and most largely obtained from the court of Versailles, and Sunderland was eager to sell himself to that court. He had no jovial generous views. He cared little for wine or for beauty, but he desired riches with an ungovernable and insatiable desire. The passion for play raged in him without measure, and had not been tamed by ruinous losses. His hereditary fortune was ample. He had long filled lucrative posts, and had neglected no art which could make them more lucrative; but his ill luck at the hazard-table was such that his estates were daily becoming more and more encumbered. In the hope of extricating himself from his embarrassments, he betrayed to Barillon all the schemes adverse to France which had been meditated in the English cabinet, and hinted that a secretary of state could in such times render services for which it might be wise in Louis to pay largely. The ambassador told his master that six thousand guineas was the smallest gratification that could be offered to so important a minister. Louis consented to go as high as twenty-five thousand crowns, equivalent to about five thousand six hundred pounds sterling. It was agreed that Sunderland should receive this sum yearly, and that he should, in return, exert all his influence to prevent the reassembling of the Parliament.\*

He joined himself, therefore, to the Jesuitical cabal, and made so dexterous a use of the influence of that cabal that he was appointed to succeed Halifax in the high dignity of lord president without being required to resign the far more active and lucrative post of secretary.† He felt, however, that he could never hope to obtain paramount influence in the court while he was supposed to belong to the Established Church. All religions were the same to him. In private circles, indeed, he was in the habit of talking with profane contempt of the most sacred things. He therefore determined to let the king have the delight and glory of effecting a conversion. Some management, however, was necessary. No man is utterly without regard for the opinion of his fellow-creatures; and even Sunderland, though not very sensible to shame, flinched from the infamy of public apostasy. He played his part with rare adroitness. To the world he showed himself a Protestant. In the royal closet he

assumed the character of an earnest inquirer after truth, who was almost persuaded to declare himself a Roman Catholic, and who, while waiting for fuller illumination, was disposed to render every service in his power to the professors of the old faith. James, who was never very discerning, and who, in religious matters, was absolutely blind, suffered himself, notwithstanding all he had seen of human knavery, of the knavery of courtiers as a class, and of the knavery of Sunderland in particular, to be duped into the belief that divine grace had touched the most false and callous of human hearts. During many months the wily minister continued to be regarded at court as a promising catechumen, without exhibiting himself to the public in the character of a renegade.\*

He early suggested to the king, the expediency of appointing a secret committee of Roman Catholics to advise on all matters affecting the interests of their religion. This committee met sometimes at Chiffinch's lodgings, and sometimes at the official apartments of Sunderland, who, though still nominally a Protestant, was admitted to all its deliberations, and soon obtained a decided ascendancy over the other members. Every Friday the Jesuitical cabal dined with the secretary. The conversation at table was free, and the weaknesses of the prince whom the confederates hoped to manage were not spared. To Petre Sunderland promised a cardinal's hat; to Castlemaine, a splendid embassy to Rome; to Dover, a lucrative command in the Guards; and to Tyreconnel, high employment in Ireland. Thus bound together by the strongest ties of interest, these men addressed themselves to the task of subverting the treasurer's power.†

There were two Protestant members of the cabinet who took no decided part in the struggle. Jeffreys was at that time tortured by a cruel internal malady which had been aggravated by intemperance. At a dinner which a wealthy alderman gave to some of the leading members of the government, the lord treasurer and the lord chancellor were so drunk that they stripped themselves almost stark naked, and were with difficulty prevented from climbing up a sign-post to drink his majesty's health. The pious treasurer escaped with nothing but the scandal of the debauch, but the chancellor brought on a violent fit of his complaint. His life was

\* Barillon, Nov. 16-26, 1685; Louis to Barillon, Nov. 26-December 6.

† It appears from the Council Book that he took his place as president on the 4th of December, 1685.

\* Bonrepaux was not so easily deceived as James. "En son particulier il [Sunderland] n'en professe aucune [religion], et en parle fort librement. Ces sortes de discours seroient en execration en France. Ici ils sont ordinaires parmi un certain nombre de gens du pais."—BONREPAUX TO SEIGNELAY, May 25-June 4, 1687.

† Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 74, 77, Orig. Mem.; Sheridan MS.; Barillon, March 19-29, 1686.

for some time thought to be in serious danger. James expressed great uneasiness at the thought of losing a minister who suited him so well, and said, with some truth, that the loss of such a man could not be easily repaired. When Jeffreys became convalescent, he promised his support to both the contending parties, and waited to see which of them would prove victorious. Some curious proofs of his duplicity are still extant. The two French agents who were then resident in London had very judiciously divided the English court between them. Bonrepaux was constantly with Rochester, and Barillon lived with Sunderland. Louis was informed in the same week by Bonrepaux that the chancellor was entirely with the treasurer, and by Barillon that the chancellor was in league with the secretary.\*

Godolphin, cautious and taciturn, did his best to preserve neutrality. His opinions and wishes were undoubtedly with Rochester, but his office made it necessary for him to be in constant attendance on the queen, and he was naturally unwilling to be on bad terms with her.† There is, indeed, reason to believe that he regarded her with an attachment more romantic than often finds place in the hearts of veteran statesmen; and circumstances, which it is now necessary to relate, had thrown her entirely into the hands of the Jesuitical cabal.

The king, stern as was his temper and grave as was his deportment, was scarcely less under the influence of female attractions than his more lively and amiable brother had been. The beauty, indeed, which distinguished the favorite ladies of Charles, was not necessary to James. Barbara Palmer, Eleanor Gwynn, and Louisa de Querouaille were among the finest women of their time. James, when young, had surrendered his liberty, descended below his rank, and incurred the displeasure of his family for the coarse features of Anne Hyde. He had soon, to the great diversion of the whole court, been drawn away from his plain consort by a plainer mistress, Arabella Churchill. His second wife, though twenty years younger than himself, and of no unpleasing face or figure, had frequent reason to complain of his inconstancy; but of all his illieit attachments, the strongest was that which bound him to Catharine Sedley.

This woman was the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, one of the most brilliant and profligate wits of the Restoration. The licentiousness of his writings is not redeemed by

much grace or vivacity, but the charms of his conversation were acknowledged even by sober men who had no esteem for his character. To sit near him at the theater, and to hear his criticisms on a new play, was regarded as a privilege.\* Dryden had done him the honor to make him a principal interlocutor in the dialogue on dramatic pöesy. The morals of Sedley were such as, even in that age, gave great scandal. He on one occasion, after a wild revel, exhibited himself without a shred of clothing in the balcony of a tavern near Covent Garden, and harangued the people who were passing in language so indecent and profane that he was driven in by a shower of briekbats, was prosecuted for a misdemeanor, was sentenced to a heavy fine, and was reprimanded by the Court of King's Bench in the most cutting terms.† His daughter had inherited his abilities and his impudence. Personal charms she had none, with the exception of two brilliant eyes, the luster of which, to men of delicate taste, seemed fierce and unfeminine. Her form was lean, her countenance haggard. Charles, though he liked her conversation, laughed at her ugliness, and said that the priests must have recommended her to his brother by way of penance. She well knew that she was not handsome, and jested freely on her own ugliness; yet, with strange inconsistency, she loved to adorn herself magnificently, and drew on herself much keen ridicule by appearing in the theater and the ring plastered, painted, clad in Brussels lace, glittering with diamonds, and affecting all the graces of eighteen.‡

The nature of her influence over James is not easily to be explained. He was no longer young. He was a religious man; at least he was willing to make for his religion exertions and sacrifices from which the great majority of those who are called religious men would shrink. It seems strange that any attractions should have drawn him into a course of life which he must have regarded as highly criminal, and in this case none could understand where the attraction lay. Catharine herself was astonished by the violence of his passion. "It can not be my beauty," she said, "for he must see that I have none; and it can not be my wit, for he has not enough to know that I have any."

At the moment of the king's accession, a sense of the new responsibility which lay on him made his mind for a time peculiarly open to religious impressions. He formed and announced many good resolutions, spoke in public with great severity of the impious and

\* Resesby's Memoirs; Luttrell's Diary, Feb. 2, 1685-6; Barillon, Feb. 4-14, Jan. 28-Feb. 7; Bonrepaux, Jan. 25-Feb. 4.  
† Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 621.

\* Pepys, Oct. 4, 1664.

† Pepys, July 1, 1663.

‡ See Dorset's satirical lines on her.

licentious manners of the age, and in private assured his queen and his confessor that he would see Catharine Sedley no more. He wrote to his mistress entreating her to quit the apartments which she occupied at Whitehall, and to go to a house in Saint James's Square which had been splendidly furnished for her at his expense. He at the same time promised to allow her a large pension from his privy purse. Catharine, clever, strong-minded, intrepid, and conscious of her power, refused to stir. In a few months it began to be whispered that the services of Cliffinch were again employed, and that the mistress frequently passed and repassed through that private door through which Father Huddleston had borne the host to the bedside of the late king. The King's Protestant ministers had, it seems, conceived a hope that their master's infatuation for this woman might cure him of the more pernicious infatuation which impelled him to attack their religion. She had all the talents which qualified her to play on his feelings, to make game of his scruples, to set before him in a strong light the difficulties and dangers into which he was running headlong. Rochester, the champion of the Church, exerted himself to strengthen her influence. Ormond, who is popularly regarded as the personification of all that is pure and high-minded in the English Cavalier, encouraged the design. Even Lady Rochester was not ashamed to co-operate, and that in the very worst way. Her office was to direct the jealousy of the injured wife toward a young lady who was perfectly innocent. The whole court took notice of the coldness and rudeness with which the queen treated the poor girl on whom suspicion had been thrown; but the cause of her majesty's ill humor was a mystery. For a time the intrigue went on prosperously and secretly. Catharine often told the king plainly what the Protestant lords of the council only dared to hint in the most delicate phrases. His crown, she said, was at stake; the old dotard Arundell and the blustering Tyreonnell would lead him to his ruin. It is possible that her caresses might have done what the united exhortations of the Lords and the Commons, of the house of Austria and of the Holy See, had failed to do, but for a strange mishap which changed the whole face of affairs. James, in a fit of fondness, determined to make his mistress Countess of Dorchester in her own right. Catharine saw all the peril of such a step, and declined the invidious honor. Her lover was obstinate, and himself forced the patent into her hands. She at last accepted it on one condition, which shows her confidence in her own power and in his weak-

ness. She made him give her a solemn promise, not that he would never quit her, but that, if he did so, he would himself announce his resolution to her, and grant her one parting interview.

As soon as the news of her elevation got abroad, the whole palace was in an uproar. The warm blood of Italy boiled in the veins of the queen. Proud of her youth and of her charms, of her high rank and of her stainless chastity, she could not, without agonies of grief and rage, see herself deserted and insulted for such a rival. Rochester, perhaps remembering how patiently, after a short struggle, Catharine of Braganza had consented to treat the mistresses of Charles with politeness, had expected that, after a little complaining and pouting, Mary of Modena would be equally submissive. It was not so. She did not even attempt to conceal from the eyes of the world the violence of her emotions. Day after day, the courtiers who came to see her dine observed that the dishes were removed untasted from the table. She suffered the tears to stream down her cheeks unconcealed in the presence of the whole circle of courtiers and envoys. To the king she spoke with wild vehemence. "Let me go," she cried. "You have made your woman a countess: make her a queen! Put my crown on her head! Only let me hide myself in some convent, where I may never see her more." Then, more soberly, she asked him how he reconciled his conduct to his religious professions. "You are ready," she said, "to put your kingdom to hazard for the sake of your soul, and yet you are throwing away your soul for the sake of that creature." Father Petre, on bended knees, seconded these remonstrances. It was his duty to do so; and his duty was not the less strenuously performed because it coincided with his interest. The king went on for a time sinning and repenting. In his hours of remorse his penances were severe. Mary treasured up to the end of her life, and at her death bequeathed to the convent of Chaillot, the scourge with which he had vigorously avenged her wrongs upon his own shoulders. Nothing but Catharine's absence could put an end to this struggle between an ignoble love and an ignoble superstition. James wrote, imploring and commanding her to depart. He owned that he had promised to bid her farewell in person. "But I know too well," he added, "the power which you have over me. I have not strength of mind enough to keep my resolution if I see you." He offered her a yacht to convey her with all dignity to Flanders, and threatened that if she did not go quietly, she should be sent

away by force. She at one time worked on his feelings by pretending to be ill. Then she assumed the airs of a martyr, and impudently proclaimed herself a sufferer for the Protestant religion. Then again she adopted the style of John Hampden. She defied the king to remove her. She would try the right with him. While the Great Charter and the Habeas Corpus Act were the law of the land, she would live where she pleased. "And Flanders," she cried; "never! I have learned one thing from my friend, the Duchess of Mazarin, and that is, never to trust myself in a country where there are convents." At length she selected Ireland as the place of her exile, probably because the brother of her patron Rochester was viceroy there. After many delays she departed, leaving the victory to the queen.\*

The history of this extraordinary intrigue would be imperfect if it were not added that there is still extant a religious meditation, written by the treasurer, with his own hand, on the very same day on which the intelligence of his attempt to govern his master by means of a concubine was dispatched by Bonrepaux to Versailles. No composition of Ken or Leighton breathes a spirit of more fervent and exalted piety than this effusion. Hypocrisy cannot be suspected, for the paper was evidently meant only for the writer's own eye, and was not published until he had been more than a century in his grave.† So much is history stranger than fiction, and so true is it that Nature has caprices which Art dares not imitate. A dramatist would scarcely venture to bring on the stage a grave prince, in the decline of life, ready to sacrifice his crown in order to serve the interests of his religion, indefatigable in making proselytes, and yet deserting and insulting a wife who had youth and beauty, for the sake of a profligate paramour who had neither. Still less, if possible, would a dramatist venture to introduce

a statesman stooping to the wicked and shameful part of a procurer, and calling in his wife to aid him in that dishonorable office, yet, in his moments of leisure, retiring to his closet, and there secretly pouring out his soul to his God in penitent tears and devout ejaculations.

The treasurer soon found that, in using scandalous means for the purpose of attaining a laudable end, he had committed, not only a crime, but a folly. The queen was now his enemy. She affected, indeed, to listen with civility while the Hydes excused their recent conduct as well as they could, and she occasionally pretended to use her influence in their favor, but she must have been more or less than woman if she had really forgiven the conspiracy which had been formed against her dignity and her domestic happiness by the family of her husband's first wife. The Jesuits strongly represented to the king the danger which he had so narrowly escaped. His reputation, they said, his peace, his soul, had been put in peril by the machinations of his prime minister. The nuncio, who would gladly have counteracted the influence of the violent party, and co-operated with the moderate members of the cabinet, could not honestly or decently separate himself on this occasion from Father Petre. James himself, when parted by the sea from the charms which had so strongly fascinated him, could not but regard with resentment and contempt those who had sought to govern him by means of his vices. What had passed must have had the effect of raising his own Church in his esteem, and of lowering the Church of England. The Jesuits, whom it was the fashion to represent as the most unsafe of spiritual guides, as sophists who refined away the whole system of evangelical morality, as sycophants who owed their influence chiefly to the indulgence with which they treated the sins of the great, had reclaimed him from a life of guilt by rebukes as sharp and bold as those which David had heard from Nathan and Herod from the Baptist. On the other hand, zealous Protestants, whose favorite theme was the laxity of popish casuists, and the wickedness of doing evil that good might come, had attempted to obtain advantages for their own Church in a way which all Christians regarded as highly criminal. The victory of the cabal of evil counselors was therefore complete. The king looked coldly on Rochester. The courtiers and foreign ministers soon perceived that the lord treasurer was prime minister only in name. He continued to offer his advice daily, and had the mortification to find it daily rejected;

\* The chief materials for the history of this intrigue are the dispatches of Barillon and Bonrepaux at the beginning of the year 1686. See Barillon, Jan. 25-Feb. 4, Jan. 28-Feb. 7, Feb. 11, Feb. 2-18, Feb. 19-29, and Bonrepaux under the first four dates; Evelyn's Diary, Jan. 19; Reresby's Memoirs; Burnet, i. 682; Sheridan MS.; Challot MS.; Adda's Dispatches, Jan. 22-Feb. 1, and Jan. 29-Feb. 8, 1686. Adda writes like a pious, but weak and ignorant man. He appears to have known nothing of James's past life.

† The meditation bears date Jan. 25-Feb. 4, 1685-6. Bonrepaux, in his dispatch of the same day, says, "L'intrigue avoit ete conduite par Milord Rochester et sa femme. . . Leur projet etoit de faire gouverner le Roy d'Angleterre par la nouvelle comtesse. Ils s'etoient assures d'elle." While Bonrepaux was writing thus, Rochester was writing as follows: "O God, teach me so to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. Teach me to number the days that I have spent in vanity and idleness, and teach me to number those that I have spent in sin and wickedness. O God, teach me to number the days of my affliction too, and to give thanks for all that is come to me from thy hand. Teach me likewise to number the days of this world's greatness, of which I have so great a share; and teach me to look upon them as vanity and vexation of spirit."

yet he could not prevail on himself to relinquish the outward show of power, and the emoluments which he directly and indirectly derived from his great place. He did his best, therefore, to conceal his vexations from the public eye; but his violent passions and his intemperate habits disqualified him for the part of a dissembler. His gloomy looks, when he came out of the council chamber, showed how little he was pleased with what had passed at the board; and, when the bottle had gone round freely, words escaped him which betrayed his uneasiness.\*

He might, indeed, well be uneasy. Indiscreet and unpopular measures followed each other in rapid succession. All thought of returning to the policy of the Triple Alliance was abandoned. The king explicitly avowed to the ministers of those Continental powers with which he had lately intended to ally himself, that all his views had undergone a change, and that England was still to be, as she had been under his grandfather, his father, and his brother, of no account in Europe. "I am in no condition," he said to the Spanish ambassador, "to trouble myself about what passes abroad. † It is my resolution to let foreign affairs take their course, to establish my authority at home, and to do something for my religion." A few days later he announced the same intentions to the States-General. ‡ From that time to the close of his ignominious reign, he made no serious effort to escape from vassalage, though, to the last, he could never hear, without transports of rage, that men called him a vassal.

The two events which proved to the public that Sunderland and Sunderland's party were victorious were the prorogation of the Parliament from February to May, and the departure of Castlemaine for Rome with the appointments of an ambassador of the highest rank. †

Hitherto all the business of the English government at the papal court had been transacted by John Caryll. This gentleman was known to his cotemporaries as a man of fortune and fashion, and as the author of two successful plays—a tragedy in rhyme, which had been made popular by the action and recitation of Betterton, and a comedy, which owes all its value to scenes borrowed from Moliere. These pieces have long been forgotten; but what Caryll could not do for himself has been done for him by a more

powerful genius. Half a line in the Rape of the Lock has made his name immortal.

Caryll, who was, like all the other respectable Roman Catholics, an enemy to violent courses, had acquitted himself of his delicate errand at Rome with good sense and good feeling. The business confided to him was well done; but he assumed no public character, and carefully avoided all display. His mission, therefore, put the government to scarcely any charge, and excited scarcely any murmurs. His place was now most unwisely supplied by a costly and ostentatious embassy, offensive in the highest degree to the people of England, and by no means welcome to the court of Rome. Castlemaine had it in charge to demand a cardinal's hat for his confederate Petre.

About the same time the king began to show, in an unequivocal manner, the feeling which he really entertained toward the banished Huguenots. While he had still hoped to cajole his Parliament into submission, and to become the head of a European coalition against France, he had affected to blame the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and to pity the unhappy men whom persecution had driven from their country. He had caused it to be announced that, at every church in the kingdom, a collection would be made under his sanction for their benefit. A proclamation on this subject had been drawn up in terms which might have wounded the pride of a sovereign less sensitive and vainglorious than Louis. But all was now changed. The principles of the treaty of Dover were again the principles of the foreign policy of England. Ample apologies were therefore made for the discourtesies with which the English government had acted toward France in showing favor to exiled Frenchmen. The proclamation which had displeased Louis was recalled.\* The Huguenot ministers were admonished to speak with reverence of their oppressor in their public discourses, as they would answer it at their peril: James not only ceased to express commiseration for the sufferers, but declared that he believed them to harbor the worst designs, and owned that he had been guilty of an error in countenancing them. One of the most eminent of the refugees, John Claude, had published on the Continent a small volume in which he described with great force the sufferings of his brethren. Barillon demanded that some opprobrious mark should be put on his book. James complied, and in full council declared it to be his pleasure that Claude's libel should be burned by the hangman before the Royal

\* "Je vis Milord Rochester comme il sortoit du conseil fort chagrin; et, sur la fin du sonper, il lui en echappa quelque chose."  
—BONREPAUX, Feb. 18-22, 1686. See, also, Barillon, March 1-11, 4-14.

† Barillon, March 22—April 1, April 12-22, 1686.

‡ London Gazette, Feb. 11, 1685-6; Luttrell's Diary, Feb. 8; Leeuwen, Feb. 9-19; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 75, Orig. Mem.

\* Leeuwen, February 22—March 5, 1686.



Exchange. Even Jeffreys was startled, and ventured to represent that such a proceeding was without example; that the book was written in a foreign tongue; that it had been printed at a foreign press; that it related entirely to transactions which had taken place in a foreign country; and that no English government had ever animadverted on such works. James would not suffer the question to be discussed. "My resolution," he said, "is taken. It has become the fashion to treat kings disrespectfully, and they must stand by each other. One king should always take another's part; and I have particular reasons for showing this respect to the King of France." There was silence at the board. The order was forthwith issued, and Claude's pamphlet was committed to the flames, not without the deep murmurs of many who had always been reputed steady Loyalists.\*

The promised collection was long put off under various pretexts. The king would gladly have broken his word; but it was pledged so solemnly that he could not, for very shame, retract.† Nothing, however, which could eol the zeal of congregations was omitted. It had been expected that, according to the practice usual on such occasions, the people would be exhorted to liberality from the pulpits. But James was determined not to tolerate declamations against his religion and his ally. The Archbishop of Canterbury was therefore commanded to inform the clergy that they must merely read the brief, and must not presume to preach on the sufferings of the French Protestants.‡ Nevertheless, the contributions were so large, that, after all deductions, the sum of forty thousand pounds was paid into the chamber of London. Perhaps none of the munificent subscriptions of our own age has borne so great a proportion to the means of the nation.§

The king was bitterly mortified by the large amount of the collection which had been made in obedience to his own call. He knew, he said, what all this liberality meant. It was mere Whiggish spite to himself and his religion.||

He had already resolved that the money should be of no use to those whom the donors wished to benefit. He had been, during some weeks, in close communication with the French embassy on this subject, and had, with the approbation of the court of Versailles, determined on a course which it is not very easy to reconcile with those principles of toleration to which he afterward pretended to be attached. The refugees were zealous for the Calvinistic discipline and worship. James therefore gave orders that none should receive a crust of bread or a basket of coals who did not first take the sacrament according to the Anglican ritual.\* It is strange that this inhospitable rule should have been devised by a prince who affected to consider the Test Act as an outrage on the rights of conscience; for, however unreasonable it may be to establish a sacramental test for the purpose of ascertaining whether men are fit for civil and military office, it is surely much more unreasonable to establish a sacramental test for the purpose of ascertaining whether, in their extreme distress, they are fit objects of charity. Nor had James the plea which may be urged in extenuation of the guilt of almost all other persecutors; for the religion which he commanded the refugees to profess, on pain of being left to starve, was not his own religion. His conduct toward them was therefore less excusable than that of Lewis, for Louis oppressed them in the hope of bringing them over from a damnable heresy to the true Church; James oppressed them only for the purpose of forcing them to apostatize from one damnable heresy to another.

Several commissioners, of whom the chancellor was one, had been appointed to dispense the public alms. When they met for the first time, Jeffreys announced the royal pleasure. The refugees, he said, were too generally enemies of monarchy and episcopacy. If they wished for relief, they must become members of the Church of England, and take the sacrament from the hands of his chaplain. Many exiles, who had come full of gratitude and hope to apply for succor, heard their sentence, and went broken-hearted away.†

May was now approaching, and that month had been fixed for the meeting of the houses; but they were again prorogued to November.‡ It was not strange that the king did not then wish to meet them, for he had determined to adopt a policy which he knew to be, in the highest degree, odious to them. From his

\* Barillon, April 26-May 6, May 2-13, 1686; Citters, May 7-17; Evelyn's Diary, May 5; Luttrell's Diary of the same date; Privy Council Book, May 2.

† Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, Jan. 22, 1686; Barillon, Feb. 15-25, Feb. 22-Mar. 4, 1686. "Ce prince temoigne," says Barillon, "une grande aversion pour eux, et auroit bien voulu se dispenser de la collecte, qui est ordonnee en leur faveur: mais il n'a pas cru que cela fut possible."

‡ Barillon, Feb. 22-Mar. 4, 1686.

§ Account of the commissioners, dated March 15, 1688.

|| "Le Roi d'Angleterre connoit bien que les gens mal intentionnes pour lui sont les plus prompts et les plus disposes a donner considerablement. . . . Sa majeste Britannique connoit bien qu'il auroit etc a propos de ne point ordonner de collecte, et que les gens mal intentionnes contre la religion Catholique et contre lui se servent de cette occasion pour temoigner leur zele."—BARILLON, April 19-29, 1686.

\* Barillon, Feb. 15-25, Feb. 22-Mar. 4, April 19-29, 1686; Louis to Barillon, March 5-15.

† Barillon, April 19-29, 1686; Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, April 14. "He sent away many," she says, "with sad hearts."  
‡ London Gazette of May 13, 1686.

predecessors he had inherited two prerogatives, of which the limits had never been defined with strict accuracy, and which, if exerted without any limit, would of themselves have sufficed to overturn the whole polity of the State and of the Church. These were the dispensing power and the ecclesiastical supremacy. By means of the dispensing power the king purposed to admit Roman Catholics, not merely to civil and military, but to spiritual offices. By means of the ecclesiastical supremacy he hoped to make the Anglican clergy his instruments for the destruction of their own religion.

This scheme developed itself by degrees. It was not thought safe to begin by granting to the whole Roman Catholic body a dispensation from all statutes imposing penalties and tests, for nothing was more fully established than that such a dispensation was illegal. The Cabal had, in 1672, put forth a general declaration of indulgence. The Commons, as soon as they met, had protested against it. Charles the Second had ordered it to be canceled in his presence, and had, both by his own mouth and by a written message, assured the houses that the step which had caused so much complaint should never be drawn into precedent. It would have been difficult to find in all the inns of court a barrister of reputation to argue in defense of a prerogative which the sovereign, seated on his throne in full Parliament, had solemnly renounced a few years before. But it was not quite so clear that the king might not, on special grounds, grant exemptions to individuals by name. The first object of James, therefore, was to obtain from the courts of common law an acknowledgment that, to this extent at least, he possessed the dispensing power.

But, though his pretensions were moderate when compared with those which he put forth a few months later, he soon found that he had against him almost the whole sense of Westminster Hall. Four of the Judges gave him to understand that they could not, on this occasion, serve his purpose; and it is remarkable that all the four were violent Tories, and that among them were men who had accompanied Jeffreys on his bloody circuit, and who had consented to the death of Cornish and of Elizabeth Gaunt. Jones, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, a man who had never before shrunk from any drudgery, however cruel or servile, now held in the royal closet language which might have become the lips of the purest magistrates in our history. He was plainly told that he must give up either his opinion or his place. "For my place," he answered, "I care little. I am old, and worn out in the service of the crown;

but I am mortified to find that your majesty thinks me capable of giving a judgment which none but an ignorant or a dishonest man could give." "I am determined," said the king, "to have twelve judges who will be all of my mind as to this matter." "Your majesty," answered Jones, "may find twelve judges of your mind, but hardly twelve lawyers."\* He was dismissed, together with Montague, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and two puisne judges, Neville and Charlton. One of the new judges was Christopher Milton, younger brother of the great poet. Of Christopher little is known except that, in the time of the civil war, he had been a Royalist, and that he now, in his old age, leaned toward popery. It does not appear that he was ever formally reconciled to the Church of Rome, but he certainly had scruples about communicating with the Church of England, and had, therefore, a strong interest in supporting the dispensing power.†

The king found his counsel as refractory as his judges. The first barrister who learned that he was expected to defend the dispensing power was the solicitor general Heneage Finch. He peremptorily refused, and was turned out of office on the following day.‡ The attorney general, Sawyer, was ordered to draw warrants authorizing members of the Church of Rome to hold benefices belonging to the Church of England. Sawyer had been deeply concerned in some of the harshest and most unjustifiable prosecutions of that age, and the Whigs abhorred him as a man stained with the blood of Russel and Sidney; but on this occasion he showed no want of honesty or of resolution. "Sir," said he, "this is not merely to dispense with a statute; it is to annul the whole statute law from the accession of Elizabeth to this day. I dare not do it; and I implore your majesty to consider whether such an attack upon the rights of the Church be in accordance with your late gracious promises."§ Sawyer would have been instantly dismissed, as Finch had been, if the government could have found a successor; but this was no easy matter. It was necessary for the protection of the rights of the crown that one at least of the crown lawyers should be a man of learning, ability, and experience, and no such man was willing to defend the dispensing power. The attorney general was therefore permitted to retain his place during some months. Thomas Powis, an insignificant man, who had no qualification

\* Reresby's Memoirs; Eachard, iii, 797; Kennet, iii, 451.

† London Gazette, April 22 and 29, 1686; Barillon, April 19-29; Evelyn's Diary, June 2; Luttrell, June 8; Dodd's Church History.

‡ North's Life of Guildford, 283.

§ Reresby's Memoirs.

for high employment except servility, was appointed solicitor.

The preliminary arrangements were now complete. There was a solicitor general to argue for the dispensing power, and twelve judges to decide in favor of it. The question was therefore speedily brought to a hearing. Sir Edward Hales, a gentleman of Kent, had been converted to popery in days when it was not safe for any man of note openly to declare himself a papist. He had kept his secret, and, when questioned, had affirmed that he was a Protestant with a solemnity which did little credit to his principles. When James had ascended the throne, disguise was no longer necessary. Sir Edward publicly apostatized, and was rewarded with the command of a regiment of foot. He had held his commission more than three months without taking the sacrament. He was therefore liable to a penalty of five hundred pounds, which an informer might recover by action of debt. A menial servant was employed to bring a suit for this sum in the Court of King's Bench. Sir Edward did not dispute the facts alleged against him, but pleaded that he had letters patent authorizing him to hold his commission notwithstanding the Test Act. The plaintiff demurred, that is to say, admitted Sir Edward's plea to be true in fact, but denied that it was a sufficient answer. Thus was raised a simple issue of law to be decided by the court. A barrister, who was notoriously a tool of the government, appeared for the mock plaintiff, and made some feeble objections to the defendant's plea. The new solicitor general replied. The attorney general took no part in the proceedings. Judgment was given by the lord chief justice, Sir Edward Herbert. He announced that he had submitted the question to all the judges, and that, in the opinion of eleven of them, the king might lawfully dispense with penal statutes in particular cases, and for special reasons of grave importance. The single dissentient, Baron Street, was not removed from his place. He was a man of morals so bad that his own relations shrank from him, and that the Prince of Orange, at the time of the Revolution, was advised not to see him. The character of Street makes it impossible to believe that he would have been more scrupulous than his brethren. The character of James makes it impossible to believe that a refractory baron of the Exchequer would have been permitted to retain his post. There can be no reasonable doubt that the dissenting judge was, like the plaintiff and the plaintiff's counsel, acting collusively. It was important that there should be a great preponderance of authority in favor of the dispens-

ing power; yet it was important that the bench, which had been carefully packed for the occasion, should appear to be independent. One judge, therefore, the least respectable of the twelve, was permitted, or more probably commanded, to give his voice against the prerogative.\*

The power which the courts of law had thus recognized was not suffered to lie idle. Within a month after the decision of the King's Bench had been pronounced, four Roman Catholic lords were sworn of the Privy Council. Two of these, Powis and Bellaysse, were of the moderate party, and probably took their seats with reluctance and with many sad forebodings. The other two, Arundell and Dover, had no such misgivings.†

The dispensing power was, at the same time, employed for the purpose of enabling Roman Catholics to hold ecclesiastical preferment. The new solicitor readily drew the warrants in which Sawyer had refused to be concerned. One of these warrants was in favor of a wretch named Edward Selater, who had two livings, which he was determined to keep at all costs and through all changes. He administered the sacrament to his parishioners according to the rites of the Church of England on Palm Sunday, 1686. On Easter Sunday, only seven days later, he was at mass. The royal dispensation authorized him to retain the emoluments of his benefices. To the remonstrances of the patrons from whom he had received his preferment he replied in terms of insolent defiance, and, while the Roman Catholic cause prospered, put forth an absurd treatise in defense of his apostasy; but, a very few weeks after the Revolution, a great congregation assembled at St. Mary's in the Savoy to see him received again into the bosom of the Church which he had deserted. He read his recantation with tears flowing from his eyes, and pronounced a bitter invective against the popish priests whose arts had seduced him.‡

Scarcely less infamous was the conduct of Obadiah Walker. He was an aged priest of the Church of England, and was well known in the University of Oxford as a man of learning. He had in the late reign been suspected of leaning toward popery, but had outwardly conformed to the established religion, and had at length been chosen Master of Univer-

\* See the account of the case in the Collection of State Trials; Citters, May 4-14, June 22-July 2, 1686; Evelyn's Diary, June 27; Luttrell's Diary, June 21. As to Street, see Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 27, 1688.

† London Gazette, July 19, 1686.

‡ See the letters patent in Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*. The date is the 3d of May, 1686. Selater's *Consensus Veterum*; Gee's reply, entitled *Veteres Vindicati*; Dr. Anthony Horneck's account of Mr. Selater's recantation of the errors of Popery on the 5th of May, 1689; Dodd's *Church History*, part viii, book ii, art. 3.

sity College. Soon after the accession of James, Walker determined to throw off the disguise which he had hitherto worn. He absented himself from the public worship of the Church of England, and, with some fellows and under-graduates whom he had perverted, heard mass daily in his own apartments. One of the first acts performed by the new solicitor general was to draw up an instrument which authorized Walker and his proselytes to hold their benefices, notwithstanding their apostasy. Builders were immediately employed to turn two sets of rooms into an oratory. In a few weeks the Roman Catholic rites were publicly performed in University College. A Jesuit was quartered there as chaplain. A press was established there under royal license for the printing of Roman Catholic tracts. During two years and a half Walker continued to make war on Protestantism with all the rancor of a renegade; but when fortune turned he showed that he wanted the courage of a martyr. He was brought to the bar of the House of Commons to answer for his conduct, and was base enough to protest that he had never changed his religion, that he had never cordially approved of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and that he had never tried to bring any other person within the pale of that Church. It was hardly worth while to violate the most sacred obligations of law and of pledged faith for the purpose of making such converts as these.\*

In a short time the king went a step further. Selater and Walker had only been permitted to keep, after they became papists, the preferment which had been bestowed on them while they passed for Protestants. To confer a high office in the Established Church on an avowed enemy of that Church was a far bolder violation of the laws and of the royal word. But no course was too bold for James. The deanery of Christ Church became vacant. That office was, both in dignity and in emolument, one of the highest in the University of Oxford. The dean was charged with the government of a greater number of youths of high connections and of great hopes than could then be found in any other college. He was also the head of a cathedral. In both characters it was necessary that he should be a member of the Church of England. Nevertheless, John Massey, who was notoriously a member of the Church of Rome, and who had not one single recommendation except that he was a member of the Church of Rome, was appointed by virtue of the dis-

pensing power; and soon within the walls of Christ Church an altar was decked, at which mass was daily celebrated.\* To the nuncio the king said that what had been done at Oxford should very soon be done at Cambridge.†

Yet even this was a small evil compared with that which Protestants had good ground to apprehend. It seemed but too probable that the whole government of the Anglican Church would shortly pass into the hands of her deadly enemies. Three important sees had lately become vacant, that of York, that of Chester, and that of Oxford. The bishopric of Oxford was given to Samuel Parker, a parasite, whose religion, if he had any religion, was that of Rome, and who called himself a Protestant only because he was incumbent with a wife. "I wished," the king said to Adda, "to appoint an avowed Catholic; but the time is not yet come. Parker is well inclined to us; he is one of us in feeling; and, by degrees, he will bring round his clergy."‡ The bishopric of Chester, vacant by the death of John Pearson, a great name both in philology and divinity, was bestowed on Thomas Cartwright, a still viler sycophant than Parker. The archbishopric of York remained several years vacant. As no good reason could be found for leaving so important a place unfilled, men suspected that the nomination was delayed only until the king could venture to place the miter on the head of an avowed papist. It is, indeed, highly probable that the Church of England was saved from this outrage by the good sense and good feeling of the pope. Without a special dispensation from Rome, no Jesuit could be a bishop, and Innocent could not be induced to grant such a dispensation to Petre.

James did not even make any secret of his intention to exert vigorously and systematically for the destruction of the Established Church all the powers which he possessed as her head. He plainly said that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, the Act of Supremacy would be the means of healing the fatal breach which it had caused. Henry and Elizabeth had usurped a dominion which rightfully belonged to the Holy See. That dominion had, in the course of succession, descended to an orthodox prince, and would be held by him in trust for the Holy See. He was authorized by law to repress spiritual abuses; and the first spiritual abuse which he would repress should be the liberty which the Anglican clergy assumed of de-

\* Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*; Dodd, viii, 2, 3; Wood, *Ath. Ox.*; Ellis *Correspondence*, Feb. 27, 1686; *Commons' Journals*, Oct. 26, 1689.

\* Gutch's *Collectanea Curiosa*; Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*; *Dialogue between a Churchman and a Dissenter*, 1689.

† Adda, July 9-19, 1686.

‡ Adda, July 20-Aug. 9, 1686.

fending their own religion and of attacking the doctrines of Rome.\*

But he was met by a great difficulty. The ecclesiastical supremacy which had devolved on him was by no means the same great and terrible prerogative which Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First had possessed. The enactment which annexed to the crown an almost boundless visitatorial authority over the Church, though it had never been formally repealed, had really lost a great part of its force. The substantive law remained, but it remained unaccompanied by any formidable sanction or by any efficient system of procedure, and was, therefore, little more than a dead letter.

The statute which restored to Elizabeth the spiritual dominion assumed by her father and resigned by her sister, contained a clause authorizing the sovereign to constitute a tribunal which might investigate, reform, and punish all ecclesiastical delinquencies. Under the authority given by this clause, the Court of High Commission was created. That court was, during many years, the terror of Nonconformists, and, under the harsh administration of Laud, became an object of fear and hatred even to those who most loved the Established Church. When the Long Parliament met, the High Commission was generally regarded as the most grievous of the many grievances under which the nation labored. An act was therefore somewhat hastily passed, which not only took away from the crown the power of appointing visitors to superintend the Church, but abolished all ecclesiastical courts without distinction.

After the Restoration, the Cavaliers who filled the House of Commons, zealous as they were for the prerogative, still remembered, with bitterness, the tyranny of the High Commission, and were by no means disposed to revive an institution so odious. They at the same time thought, and not without reason, that the statute which had swept away all the courts christian of the realm, without providing any substitute, was open to grave objection. They accordingly repealed that statute, with the exception of the part which related to the High Commission. Thus the Archidiaconal Courts, the Consistory Courts, the Court of Arches, the Court of Peculiars, and the Court of Delegates, were revived;

\* "Ce prince m'a dit que Dieu avoit permis que toutes les loix qui ont ete faites pour etabli la religion Protestante, et detruire la religion Catholique, servent presentement de fondement a ce qu'il veut faire pour l'establissement de la vraie religion, et le mettent en droit d'exercer un pouvoir encore plus grand que celui qu'ont les rois Catholiques sur les affaires ecclesiastiques dans les autres pays."—BARILLO, July 12-22, 1686. To Adda his majesty said, a few days later, "Che l'autorita concessale dal Parlamento sopra l'eclesiastico senza alcun limite con fine contrario fosse adesso per servire al vantaggio de' medesimi Cattolici," July 23-Aug. 2.

but the enactment by which Elizabeth and her successors had been empowered to appoint commissioners with visitatorial authority over the Church was not only not revived, but was declared, with the utmost strength of language, to be completely abrogated. It is therefore as clear as any point of constitutional law can be, that James the Second was not competent to appoint a commission with power to visit and govern the Church of England;\* but, if this were so, it was to little purpose that the Act of Supremacy, in high-sounding words, empowered him to amend what was amiss in that Church. Nothing but a machinery as stringent as that which the Long Parliament had destroyed could force the Anglican clergy to become his agents for the destruction of the Anglican doctrine and discipline. He therefore, as early as the month of April, 1686, determined to create a new Court of High Commission. This design was not immediately executed. It encountered the opposition of every minister who was not devoted to France and to the Jesuits. It was regarded by lawyers as an outrageous violation of the law, and by Churchmen as a direct attack upon the Church. Perhaps the contest might have lasted longer but for an event which wounded the pride and inflamed the rage of the king. He had, as supreme ordinary, put forth directions, charging the clergy of the establishment to abstain from touching in their discourses on controverted points of doctrine. Thus, while sermons in defense of the Roman Catholic religion were preached on every Sunday and holiday within the precincts of the royal palaces, the Church of the state, the Church of the great majority of the nation, was forbidden to explain and vindicate her own principles. The spirit of the whole clerical order rose against this injustice. William Sherlock, a divine of distinguished abilities, who had written with sharpness against Whigs and Dissenters, and had been rewarded by the government with the mastership of the Temple and with a pension, was one of the first who incurred the royal displeasure. His pension was stopped, and he was severely reprimanded.† John Sharp, dean of Norwich and rector of St. Giles's in the Fields, soon gave still greater offense. He was a man of learning and fervent piety, a preacher of great fame, and an exemplary parish priest. In politics he was, like most of his brethren, a Tory, and had just been appointed one of the

\* The whole question is incidentally and unanswerably argued in a little cotemporary tract, entitled "The King's Power in Matters Ecclesiastical fairly stated." See, also, a concise but forcible argument by Archbishop Sancroft. Doyly's Life of Sancroft, i, 229.

† Letter from James to Clarendon, Feb. 12, 1685-6.

royal chaplains. He received an anonymous letter which purported to come from one of his parishioners who had been staggered by the arguments of Roman Catholic theologians, and who was anxious to be satisfied that the Church of England was a branch of the true Church of Christ. No divine, not utterly lost to all sense of religious duty and of professional honor, could refuse to answer such a call. On the following Sunday Sharp delivered an animated discourse against the high pretensions of the See of Rome. Some of his expressions were exaggerated, distorted, and carried by tale-bearers to Whitehall. It was falsely said that he had spoken with contumely of the theological disquisitions which had been found in the strong box of the late king, and which the present king had published. Compton, the bishop of London, received orders to suspend Sharp until the royal pleasure should be further known. The bishop was in great perplexity. His recent conduct in the House of Lords had given deep offense to the court. Already his name had been struck out of the list of privy counselors. Already he had been dismissed from his office in the royal chapel. He was unwilling to give fresh provocation; but the act which he was directed to perform was a judicial act. He felt that it was unjust, and he was assured by the best advisers that it was also illegal, to inflict punishment without giving any opportunity for defense. He accordingly, in the humblest terms, represented his difficulties to the king, and privately requested Sharp not to appear in the pulpit for the present. Reasonable as were Compton's scruples, obsequious as were his apologies, James was greatly incensed. What insolence to plead either natural justice or positive law in opposition to an express command of his sovereign! Sharp was forgotten. The bishop became a mark for the whole vengeance of the government.\* The king felt more painfully than ever the want of that tremendous engine which had once coerced refractory ecclesiastics. He probably knew that, for a few angry words uttered against his father's government, Bishop Williams had been suspended by the High Commission from all ecclesiastical dignities and functions. The design of reviving that formidable tribunal was pushed on more eagerly than ever. In July, London was alarmed by the news that the king had, in direct defiance of two acts of Parliament, drawn in the strongest terms, intrusted the whole government of the Church to seven commissioners.† The words

in which the jurisdiction of these officers was described were loose, and might be stretched to almost any extent. All colleges and grammar schools, even those founded by the liberality of private benefactors, were placed under the authority of the new board. All who depended for bread on situations in the Church or in academical institutions, from the primate down to the youngest curate, from the vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge down to the humblest pedagogue who taught Corderius, were at the royal mercy. If any one of those many thousands was suspected of doing or saying anything distasteful to the government, the commissioners might cite him before them. In their mode of dealing with him they were fettered by no rules. They were themselves at once prosecutors and judges. The accused party was furnished with no copy of the charge. He was examined and cross-examined. If his answers did not give satisfaction, he was liable to be suspended from his office, to be ejected from it, to be pronounced incapable of holding any preferment in future. If he were contumacious, he might be excommunicated, or, in other words, be deprived of all civil rights and imprisoned for life. He might also, at the discretion of the court, be loaded with all the costs of the proceeding by which he had been reduced to beggary. No appeal was given. The commissioners were directed to execute their office notwithstanding any law which might be, or might seem to be, inconsistent with these regulations. Lastly, lest any person should doubt that it was intended to revive that terrible court from which the Long Parliament had freed the nation, the new tribunal was directed to use a seal bearing exactly the same device and the same superscription with the seal of the old High Commission.\*

The chief commissioner was the chancellor. His presence and assent were necessary to every proceeding. All men knew how unjustly, insolently, and barbarously he had acted in courts where he had been, to a certain extent, restrained by the known laws of England. It was, therefore, not difficult to foresee how he would conduct himself in a situation in which he was at entire liberty to make forms of procedure and rules of evidence for himself.

Of the other six commissioners, three were prelates and three laymen. The name of Archbishop Sancroft stood first. But he was

Council Book, July 17; Ellis Correspondence, July 17; Evelyn's Diary, July 14; Luttrell's Diary, Aug. 5, 6.

\* The device was a rose and a crown. Before the device was the initial letter of the sovereign's name; after it the letter R. Round the seal was this inscription: "Sigillum commissariorum regie majestatis ad causas ecclesiasticas."

\* The best account of these transactions is in the Life of Sharp, by his son. Citters, June 29-July 9, 1686.

† Barillon, July 21-Aug. 1, 1686. Citters, July 16-26; Privy

fully convinced that the court was illegal, that all its judgments would be null, and that by sitting in it he should incur a serious responsibility. He therefore determined not to comply with the royal mandate. He did not, however, act on this occasion with that courage and sincerity which he showed when driven to extremity two years later. He begged to be excused on the plea of business and ill health. The other members of the board, he added, were men of too much ability to need his assistance. These disingenuous apologies ill became the primate of all England at such a crisis; nor did they avert the royal displeasure. Sancroft's name was not, indeed, struck out of the list of privy counselors, but, to the bitter mortification of the friends of the Church, he was no longer summoned to any meeting of the board. "If," said the king, "he is too sick or too busy to go to the commission, it is a kindness to relieve him from attendance at council."\*

The government found no similar difficulty with Nathaniel Crewe, bishop of the great and opulent see of Durham, a man nobly born, and raised so high in his profession that he could scarcely wish to rise higher, but mean, vain, and cowardly. He had been made dean of the Chapel Royal when the Bishop of London was banished from the palace. The honor of being an ecclesiastical commissioner turned Crewe's head. It was to no purpose that some of his friends represented to him the risk which he ran by sitting in an illegal tribunal. He was not ashamed to answer that he could not live out of the royal smile, and exultingly expressed his hope that his name would appear in history, a hope which has not been altogether disappointed.†

Thomas Sprat, bishop of Rochester, was the third clerical commissioner. He was a man to whose talents posterity has scarcely done justice. Unhappily for his fame, it has been usual to print his verses in collections of the British poets, and those who judge of him by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner; but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was, indeed, a great master of our language, and possessed at once the eloquence of the orator, of the controversialist, and of the historian. His moral character might have passed with little censure had he belonged to a less sacred profession, for the worst that can be said of him is

that he was indolent, luxurious, and worldly; but such failings, though not commonly regarded as very heinous in men of secular callings, are scandalous in a prelate. The archbishopric of York was vacant; Sprat hoped to obtain it, and therefore accepted a seat at the ecclesiastical board; but he was too good-natured a man to behave harshly, and he was too sensible a man not to know that he might at some future time be called to a serious account by a Parliament. He therefore, though he consented to act, tried to do as little mischief, and to make as few enemies, as possible.\*

The three remaining commissioners were the lord treasurer, the lord president, and the chief justice of the King's Bench. Rochester, disapproving and murmuring, consented to serve. Much as he had to endure at court, he could not bear to quit it. Much as he loved the Church, he could not bring himself to sacrifice for her sake his white staff, his patronage, his salary of eight thousand pounds a year, and the far larger indirect emoluments of his office. He excused his conduct to others, and perhaps to himself, by pleading that, as a commissioner, he might be able to prevent much evil, and that, if he refused to act, some person less attached to the Protestant religion would be found to replace him. Sunderland was the representative of the Jesuitical cabal. Herbert's recent decision on the question of the dispensing power seemed to prove that he would not flinch from any service which the king might require.

As soon as the commission had been opened, the Bishop of London was cited before the new tribunal. He appeared. "I demand of you," said Jeffreys, "a direct and positive answer. Why did not you suspend Dr. Sharp?"

The bishop requested a copy of the commission, in order that he might know by what authority he was thus interrogated. "If you mean," said Jeffreys, "to dispute our authority, I shall take another course with you. As to the commission, I do not doubt that you have seen it. At all events, you may see it in any coffee-house for a penny." The insolence of the chancellor's reply appears to have shocked the other commissioners, and he was forced to make some awkward apologies. He then returned to the point from which he started. "This," he said, "is not a court in which written charges are exhibited. Our proceedings are summary, and by word of mouth. The question is a plain one. Why did you not obey the king?" With some difficulty Compton obtained a brief delay, and the assistance of counsel.

\* Appendix to Clarendon's Diary; Citters, Oct. 8-18, 1686; Barillon, Oct. 11-21; Doyly's Life of Sancroft.

† Burnet, i, 676.

\* Burnet, i, 675; ii, 629; Sprat's Letters to Dorset.

When the case had been heard, it was evident to all men that the bishop had done only what he was bound to do. The treasurer, the chief justice, and Bishop Sprat were for acquittal. The king's wrath was moved. It seemed that his ecclesiastical commission would fail him as his Tory Parliament had failed him. He offered Rochester a simple choice, to pronounce the bishop guilty, or to quit the Treasury. Rochester was base enough to yield. Compton was suspended from all spiritual functions, and the charge of his great diocese was committed to his judges, Sprat and Crewe. He continued, however, to reside in his palace, and to receive his revenues; for it was known that, had any attempt been made to deprive him of his temporalities, he would have put himself under the protection of the common law; and Herbert himself declared that, at common law, judgment must be given against the crown. This consideration induced the king to pause. Only a few weeks had elapsed since he had packed the courts of Westminster Hall in order to obtain a decision in favor of his dispensing power. He now found that, unless he packed them again, he should not be able to obtain a decision in favor of the proceedings of his ecclesiastical commission. He determined, therefore, to postpone for a short time the confiscation of the freehold property of refractory clergymen.\*

The temper of the nation was indeed such as might well make him hesitate. During some months discontent had been steadily and rapidly increasing. The celebration of the Roman Catholic worship had long been prohibited by act of Parliament. During several generations, no Roman Catholic clergyman had dared to exhibit himself in any public place with the badges of his office. Against the regular clergy, and against the restless and subtle Jesuits by name, had been enacted a succession of rigorous statutes. Every Jesuit who set foot in this country was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. A reward was offered for his detection. He was not allowed to take advantage of the general rule, that men are not bound to accuse themselves. Whoever was suspected of being a Jesuit, might be interrogated, and, if he refused to answer, might be sent to prison for life.† These laws, though they had not, except when there was supposed to be some peculiar danger, been strictly executed, and though they had never prevented Jesuits from resorting to England, had made disguise necessary. But

all disguise was now thrown off. Injudicious members of the king's Church, encouraged by him, took a pride in defying statutes which were still of undoubted validity, and feelings which had a stronger hold of the national mind than at any former period. Roman Catholic chapels rose all over the country. Cowls, girdles of ropes, and strings of beads constantly appeared in the streets, and astonished a population, the oldest of whom had never seen a conventual garb except on the stage. A convent rose at Clerkenwell on the site of the ancient cloister of Saint John. The Franciscans occupied a mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Carmelites were quartered in the city. A society of Benedictine monks was lodged in Saint James's Palace. In the Savoy, a spacious house, including a church and a school, was built for the Jesuits.\* The skill and care with which those fathers had, during several generations, conducted the education of youth, had drawn forth reluctant praises from the wisest Protestants. Bacon had pronounced the mode of instruction followed in the Jesuit colleges to be the best yet known in the world, and had warmly expressed his regret that so admirable a system of intellectual and moral discipline should be subservient to the interests of a corrupt religion.† It was not improbable that the new academy in the Savoy might, under the royal patronage, prove a formidable rival to the great foundations of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester. Indeed, soon after the school was opened, the classes consisted of four hundred boys, about one half of whom were Protestants. The Protestant pupils were not required to attend mass; but there could be no doubt that the influence of able preceptors, devoted to the Roman Catholic Church, and versed in all the arts which win the confidence and affection of youth, would make many converts.

These tidings produced great excitement among the populace, which is always more moved by what impresses the senses than by what is addressed to the reason. Thousands of rude and ignorant men, to whom the dispensing power and the ecclesiastical commission were words without a meaning, saw with dismay and indignation a Jesuit college rising on the banks of the Thames, friars in hoods and gowns walking in the Strand, and crowds of devotees pressing in at the doors of temples where homage was paid to graven images. Riots broke out in several parts of the country. At Coventry and Worcester the Roman Catholic worship was violently

\* Barnet, i, 677; Barillon, Sept. 6-16, 1686. The public proceedings are in the Collection of State Trials.  
† 27 Eliz., c. 2; 2 Jac. I, c. 4; 3 Jac. I, c. 5.

\* Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 79, 80, Orig. Mem.  
† De Augustinis, i, 1; vi, 4.



interrupted.\* At Bristol, the rabble, countenanced, it is said, by the magistrates, performed a profane and indecent pageant, in which the Virgin Mary was represented by a buffoon, and in which a mock host was carried in procession. The garrison was called out to disperse the mob. The mob, then and ever since one of the fiercest in the kingdom, resisted. Blows were exchanged, and serious hurts inflicted.† The agitation was great in the capital, and greater in the city, properly so called, than at Westminster; for the people of Westminster had been accustomed to see among them the private chapels of Roman Catholic ambassadors; but the city had not, within living memory, been polluted by any idolatrous exhibition. Now, however, the resident of the Elector Palatine, encouraged by the king, fitted up a chapel in Lime Street. The heads of the corporation, though men selected for office on account of their known Toryism, protested against this illegal proceeding. The lord mayor was ordered to appear, before the Privy Council. "Take heed what you do," said the king. "Obey me; and do not trouble yourself either about gentlemen of the long robe or gentlemen of the short robe." The chancellor took up the word, and reprimanded the unfortunate magistrate with the genuine eloquence of the Old Bailey bar. The chapel was opened. All the neighborhood was soon in commotion. Great crowds assembled in Cheapside to attack the new mass house. The priests were insulted. A crucifix was taken out of the building and set up on the parish pump. The lord mayor came to quell the tumult, but was received with cries of "No wooden gods." The train-bands were ordered to disperse the crowd; but they shared in the popular feeling, and murmurs were heard from the ranks, "We cannot in conscience fight for popery."‡

The Elector Palatine was, like James, a sincere and zealous Catholic, and was, like James, the ruler of a Protestant people; but the two princes resembled each other little in temper and understanding. The Elector had promised to respect the rights of the Church which he found established in his dominions. He had strictly kept his word, and had not suffered himself to be provoked to any violence by the indiscretion of preachers who, in their antipathy to his faith, occasionally forgot the respect which they owed to his person.§ He learned, with

concern, that great offense had been given to the people of London by the injudicious act of his representative, and, much to his honor, declared that he would forego the privilege to which, as a sovereign prince, he was entitled, rather than endanger the peace of a great city. "I, too," he wrote to James, "have Protestant subjects, and I know with how much caution and delicacy it is necessary that a Catholic prince so situated should act." James, instead of expressing gratitude for this humane and considerate conduct, turned the letter into ridicule before the foreign ministers. It was determined that the elector should have a chapel in the city whether he would or not, and that, if the train-bands refused to do their duty, their place should be supplied by the Guards.\*

The effect of these disturbances on trade was serious. The Dutch minister informed the States-General that the business of the Exchange was at a stand. The commissioners of the customs reported to the king that, during the month which followed the opening of Lime Street Chapel, the receipt in the port of the Thames had fallen off by some thousands of pounds.† Several aldermen, who, though zealous Royalists appointed under the new charter, were deeply interested in the commercial prosperity of their city, and loved neither popery nor martial law, tendered their resignations. But the king was resolved not to yield. He formed a camp on Hounslow Heath, and collected there, within a circumference of about two miles and a half, fourteen battalions of foot and thirty-two squadrons of horse, amounting to thirteen thousand fighting men. Twenty-six pieces of artillery, and many wains laden with arms and ammunition, were dragged from the Tower through the city to Hounslow.‡ The Londoners saw this great force assembled in their neighborhood with a terror which familiarity soon diminished. A visit to Hounslow became their favorite amusement on holidays. The camp presented the appearance of a vast fair. Mingled with the musketeers and dragoons, a multitude of fine gentlemen and ladies from Soho Square, sharpers and painted women from Whitefriars, invalids in sedans, monks in hoods and gowns, lackeys in rich liveries, pedlers, orange girls, mischievous apprentices, and gaping clowns, were constantly passing and repassing through the long lanes of tents. From some pavilions were heard the noises

\* Citters, May 14-24, 1686.

† Citters, May 18-28, 1686. Adda, May 19-29.

‡ Ellis's Correspondence, April 27, 1686; Barillon, April 19-29; Citters, April 30-30; Privy Council Book, March 26; Luttrell's Diary; Adda, Feb. 26-March 8, March 26-April 5, April 2-12, April 23-May 3.

§ Burnet's Travels.

\* Barillon, May 27-June 6, 1686.

† Citters, May 27-June 4, 1686.

‡ Ellis's Correspondence, June 26, 1686; Citters, July 2-12; Luttrell's Diary, June 19.

of drunken revelry, from others the curses of gamblers. In truth, the place was merely a gay suburb of the capital. The king, as was amply proved two years later, had greatly miscalculated. He had forgotten that vicinity operates in more ways than one. He had hoped that his army would overawe London; but the result of his policy was, that the feelings and opinions of London took complete possession of his army.\*

Scarcely, indeed, had the encampment been formed, when there were rumors of quarrels between the Protestant and popish soldiers.† A little tract, entitled *A humble and hearty Address to all English Protestants in the Army*, had been actively circulated through the ranks. The writer vehemently exhorted the troops to use their arms in defense, not of the mass book, but of the Bible, of the Great Charter, and of the Petition of Right. He was a man already under the frown of power. His character was remarkable, and his history not uninteresting.

His name was Samuel Johnson. He was a priest of the Church of England, and had been chaplain to Lord Russell. Johnson was one of those persons who are mortally hated by their opponents, and less loved than respected by their allies. His morals were pure, his religious feelings ardent, his learning and abilities not contemptible, his judgment weak, his temper acrimonious, turbulent, and unconquerably stubborn. His profession made him peculiarly odious to the zealous supporters of monarchy; for a Republican in holy orders was a strange and almost an unnatural being. During the late reign Johnson had published a book entitled *Julian the Apostate*. The object of this work was to show that the Christians of the fourth century did not hold the doctrine of non-resistance. It was easy to produce passages from Chrysostom and Jerome written in a spirit very different from that of the Anglican divines who preached against the Exclusion Bill. Johnson, however, went further. He attempted to revive the odious imputation which had, for very obvious reasons, been thrown by Libanius on the Christian soldiers of Julian, and insinuated that the dart which slew the imperial renegade came, not from the enemy, but from some Rumbold or Ferguson in the Roman ranks. A hot controversy followed. Whig and Tory disputants wrangled fiercely about an obscure passage, in

which Gregory of Nazianus praises a pious bishop who was going to bastinado somebody. The Whigs maintained that the holy man was going to bastinado the emperor; the Tories that, at the worst, he was only going to bastinado a captain of the Guard. Johnson prepared a reply to his assailants, in which he drew an elaborate parallel between Julian and James, then Duke of York. Julian had, during many years, pretended to abhor idolatry, while in heart an idolater. Julian had, to serve a turn, occasionally affected respect for the rights of conscience. Julian had punished cities which were zealous for the true religion, by taking away their municipal privileges. Julian had, by his flatterers, been called the Just. James was provoked beyond endurance. Johnson was prosecuted for a libel, convicted, and condemned to a fine, which he had no means of paying. He was, therefore, kept in jail; and it seemed likely that his confinement would end only with his life.\*

Over the room which he occupied in the King's Bench prison lodged another offender, whose character well deserves to be studied. This was Hugh Speke, a young man of good family, but of a singularly base and depraved nature. His love of mischief and of dark and crooked ways amounted almost to madness. To cause confusion without being found out was his business and his pastime; and he had a rare skill in using honest enthusiasts as the instruments of his cold-blooded malice. He had attempted, by means of one of his puppets, to fasten on Charles and James the crime of murdering Essex in the Tower. On this occasion the agency of Speke had been traced; and, though he succeeded in throwing the greater part of the blame on his dupe, he had not escaped with impunity. He was now a prisoner; but his fortune enabled him to live with comfort, and he was under so little restraint that he was able to keep up regular communication with one of his confederates who managed a secret press.

Johnson was the very man for Speke's purposes, zealous and intrepid, a scholar and a practiced controversialist, yet as simple as a child. A close intimacy sprang up between the two fellow-prisoners. Johnson wrote a succession of bitter and vehement treatises, which Speke conveyed to the printer. When the camp was formed at Hounslow, Speke urged Johnson to compose an address which might excite the troops to mutiny. The paper was instantly drawn up. Many thou-

\* See the cotemporary poems, entitled *Hounslow Heath and Caesar's Ghost*; Evelyn's Diary, June 2, 1686. A ballad in the Pepysian Collection contains the following lines:

"I liked the place beyond expressing,

I ne'er saw a camp so fine,

Not a maid in a plain dressing,

But might taste a glass of wine."

† Luttrell's Diary, June 18, 1686.

\* See the *Memoirs of Johnson*, prefixed to the folio edition of his life, his Julian, and his answers to his opponents. See, also, Hickee's *Jovian*.

sands of copies were struck off and brought to Speke's room, whence they were distributed over the whole country, and especially among the soldiers. A milder government than that which then governed England would have been moved to high resentment by such a provocation. Strict search was made. A subordinate agent who had been employed to circulate the address saved himself by giving up Johnson, and Johnson was not the man to save himself by giving up Speke. An information was filed, and a conviction obtained without difficulty. Julian Johnson, as he was popularly called, was sentenced to stand thrice in the pillory, and to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. The judge, Sir Francis Withins, told the criminal to be thankful for the great lenity of the attorney general, who might have treated the case as one of high treason. "I owe him no thanks," answered Johnson, dauntlessly. "Am I, whose only crime is, that I have defended the Church and the laws, to be grateful for being scourged like a dog, while popish scribblers are suffered daily to insult the Church and to violate the laws with impunity?" The energy with which he spoke was such that both the judges and the crown lawyers thought it necessary to vindicate themselves, and protested that they knew of no popish publications such as those to which the prisoner alluded. He instantly drew from his pocket some Roman Catholic books and trinkets which were then freely exposed for sale under the royal patronage, read aloud the titles of the books, and threw a rosary across the table to the king's counsel. "And now," he cried, with a loud voice, "I lay this information before God, before this court, and before the English people. We shall soon see whether Mr. Attorney will do his duty."

It was resolved that, before the punishment was inflicted, Johnson should be degraded from the priesthood. The prelates who had been charged by the ecclesiastical commission with the care of the diocese of London cited him before them in the chapter house of Saint Paul's Cathedral. The manner in which he went through the ceremony made a deep impression on many minds. When he was stripped of his sacred robe, he exclaimed, "You are taking away my gown because I have tried to keep your gowns on your backs." The only part of the formalities which seemed to distress him was the plucking of the Bible out of his hand. He made a faint struggle to retain the sacred book, kissed it, and burst into tears. "You can not," he said, "deprive me of the hopes which I owe to it." Some attempts were made to obtain a remission of the flogging.

A Roman Catholic priest offered to intercede for two hundred pounds. The money was raised; and the priest did his best, but in vain. "Mr. Johnson," said the king, "has the spirit of a martyr, and it is fit that he should be one." William the Third said, a few years later, of one of the most acrimonious and intrepid Jacobites, "He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him." These two speeches would alone suffice to explain the widely different fates of the two princes.

The day appointed for the flogging came. A whip of nine lashes was used. Three hundred and seventeen stripes were inflicted; but the sufferer never winced. He afterward said that the pain was cruel, but that, as he was dragged at the tail of the cart, he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Mount Calvary, and was so much supported by the thought that, but for the fear of incurring the suspicion of vainglory, he would have sung a psalm with as firm and cheerful a voice as if he had been worshiping God in the congregation. It is impossible not to wish that so much heroism had been less alloyed by intemperance and intolerance.\*

Among the clergy of the Church of England Johnson found no sympathy. He had attempted to justify rebellion; he had even hinted approbation of regicide; and they still, in spite of much provocation, clung to the doctrine of non-resistance. But they saw with alarm and concern the progress of what they considered as a noxious superstition, and, while they abjured all thought of defending their religion by the sword, betook themselves manfully to weapons of a different kind. To preach against the errors of popery was now regarded by them as a point of duty and a point of honor. The London clergy, who were then in abilities and influence decidedly at the head of their profession, set an example which was bravely followed by their ruder brethren all over the country. Had only a few bold men taken this freedom, they would probably have been at once cited before the ecclesiastical commission; but it was hardly possible to punish an offense which was committed every Sunday by thousands of divines, from Berwick to Penzance. The presses of the capital, of Oxford, and of Cambridge never rested. In the last session of Parliament, the act of Charles the Second, which subjected literature to a censorship, had been revived; but this act did not seriously impede the activity of Protestant controversialists,

\* Life of Johnson, prefixed to his works; Secret History of the happy Revolution, by Hugh Speke; State Trials; Citters, Nov. 23-Dec. 3, 1686. Citters gives the best account of the trial. I have seen a broadside which confirms his narrative.

for it contained a proviso in favor of the two universities, and authorized the publication of theological works licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was therefore out of the power of the government to silence the defenders of the established religion. They were a numerous, an intrepid, and a well-appointed band of combatants. Among them were eloquent declaimers, expert dialecticians, scholars deeply read in the writings of the fathers and in all parts of ecclesiastical history. Some of them, at a later period, turned against each other the formidable arms which they had wielded against the common enemy, and by their fierce contentions and insolent triumphs brought reproach on the Church which they had saved. But at present they formed a united phalanx. In the van appeared a rank of steady and skillful veterans, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Prideaux, Whithy, Patrick, Tension, Wake. The rear was brought up by the most distinguished bachelors of arts who were studying for deacon's orders. Conspicuous among the recruits whom Cambridge sent to the field was a favorite pupil of the great Newton, Henry Wharton, who had, a few months before, been senior wrangler of his year, and whose early death was soon after deplored by men of all parties as an irreparable loss to letters.\* Oxford was not less proud of a youth whose great powers, first essayed in this conflict, afterward troubled the Church and the State during forty eventful years, Francis Atterbury. By such men as these every question in issue between the papists and the Protestants was debated, sometimes in a popular style which boys and women could comprehend, sometimes with the utmost subtlety of logic, and sometimes with an immense display of learning. The pretensions of the Holy See, the authority of tradition, purgatory, transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, the adoration of the host, the denial of the cup to the laity, confession, penance, indulgences, extreme unction, the invocation of saints, the adoration of images, the celibacy of the clergy, the monastic vows, the practice of celebrating public worship in a tongue unknown to the multitude, the corruptions of the court of Rome, the history of the Reformation, the characters of the chief Reformers, were copiously discussed. Great numbers of absurd legends about miracles wrought by saints and relics were translated from the Italian, and published as specimens of the priestcraft by which the greater part of Christendom had been fooled. Of the tracts put forth on these subjects by Anglican divines during

the short reign of James the Second, many have probably perished. Those which may still be found in our great libraries make up a mass of near twenty thousand pages.\*

The Roman Catholics did not yield the victory without a struggle. One of them, named Henry Hills, had been appointed printer to the royal household and chapel, and had been placed by the king at the head of a great office in London, from which theological tracts came forth by hundreds. Obadiah Walker's press was not less active at Oxford. But, with the exception of some bad translations of Bossuet's admirable works, these establishments put forth nothing of the smallest value. It was indeed impossible for any intelligent and candid Roman Catholic to deny that the champions of his Church were in every talent and acquirement completely overmatched. The ablest of them would not, on the other side, have been considered as of the third rate. Many of them, even when they had something to say, knew not how to say it. They had been excluded by their religion from English schools and universities; nor had they ever, until the accession of James, found England an agreeable, or even a safe residence. They had therefore passed the greater part of their lives on the Continent, and had almost unlearned their mother tongue. When they preached, their outlandish accent moved the derision of the audience. They spelt like washerwomen. Their diction was disfigured by foreign idioms; and, when they meant to be eloquent, they imitated, as well as they could, what was considered as fine writing in those Italian academies where rhetoric had then reached the last stage of corruption. Disputants laboring under these disadvantages would scarcely, even with truth on their side, have been able to make head against men whose style is eminently distinguished by simple purity and grace.†

The situation of England in the year 1686 can not be better described than in the words

\* This I can attest from my own researches. There is an excellent collection in the British Museum. Birch tells us, in his Life of Tillotson, that Archbishop Wake had not been able to form even a perfect catalogue of all the tracts published in this controversy.

† Cardinal Howard spoke strongly to Burnet at Rome on this subject. Burnet, i, 662. There is a curious passage to the same effect in a dispatch of Barillon, but I have mislaid the reference.

One of the Roman Catholic divines who engaged in this controversy, a Jesuit named Andrew Pulton, whom Mr. Oliver, in his biography of the order, pronounces to have been a man of distinguished ability, very frankly owns his deficiencies. "A. P. having been eighteen years out of his own country, pretends not yet to any perfection of the English expression or orthography." His orthography is indeed deplorable. In one of his letters wright is put for write, wood for would. He challenged Tension to dispute with him in Latin, that they might be on equal terms.

Another Roman Catholic, named William Clench, wrote a treatise on the pope's supremacy, and dedicated it to the queen in Italian. The following specimen of his style may suffice. "O del sagro marito fortunata consorte! O dolce alleviamento d'affari alti! O grato ristoro di pensieri noiosi, nel cui petto latteo, lucente specchio d'illibata matronal pudicizia, nel cui

\* See the preface to Henry Wharton's Posthumous Sermons.

of the French ambassador. "The discontent," he wrote, "is great and general, but the fear of incurring still worse evils restrains all who have anything to lose. The king openly expresses his joy at finding himself in a situation to strike bold strokes. He likes to be complimented on this subject. He has talked to me about it, and has assured me that he will not flinch."\*

Meanwhile, in other parts of the empire events of grave importance had taken place. The situation of the Episcopalian Protestants of Scotland differed widely from that in which their English brethren stood. In the south of the island the religion of the state was the religion of the people, and had a strength altogether independent of the strength derived from the support of the government. The Conformists were far more numerous than the papists and the Protestant Dissenters taken together. The established church of Scotland was the church of a small minority. The majority of the lowland population was firmly attached to the Presbyterian discipline. Prelacy was abhorred by the great body of Scottish Protestants, both as an unscriptural and as a foreign institution. It was regarded by the disciples of Knox as a relic of the abominations of Babylon the Great. It painfully reminded a people proud of the memory of Wallace and Bruce, that Scotland, since her sovereigns had succeeded to a fairer inheritance, had been independent only in name. The episcopal polity was also closely associated in the public mind with all the evils produced by twenty-five years of corrupt and cruel maladministration. Nevertheless, this polity stood, though on a narrow basis and amid fearful storms, tottering indeed, yet upheld by the civil magistrate, and leaning for support, whenever danger became serious, on the power of England. The records of the Scottish Parliament were thick set with laws denouncing vengeance on those who in any direction strayed from the prescribed pale. By an act passed in the time of Knox, and breathing his spirit, it was a high crime to hear mass, and the third offense was capital.† An act recently passed, at the instance of James, made it death to preach in any Pres-

byterian conventicle whatever, and even to attend such a conventicle in the open air.\* The Eucharist was not, as in England, degraded into a civil test; but no person could hold any office, could sit in Parliament, or could even vote for a member of Parliament, without subscribing, under the sanction of an oath, a declaration which condemned in the strongest terms the principles both of the papists and of the Covenanters.‡

In the Privy Council of Scotland there were two parties corresponding to the two parties which were contending against each other at Whitehall. William Douglas, duke of Queensberry, was lord treasurer, and had, during some years, been considered as first minister. He was nearly connected by affinity, by similarity of opinions, and by similarity of temper, with the treasurer of England. Both were Tories; both were men of hot temper and strong prejudices; both were ready to support their master in any attack on the civil liberties of his people; but both were sincerely attached to the Established Church. Queensberry had early notified to the court that, if any innovation affecting that church were contemplated, to such innovation he could be no party. But among his colleagues were several men not less unprincipled than Sunderland. In truth, the council chamber at Edinburgh had been, during a quarter of a century, a seminary of all public and private vices; and some of the politicians whose character had been formed there had a peculiar hardness of heart and forehead to which Westminster, even in that bad age, could hardly show anything quite equal. The chancellor, James Drummond, earl of Perth, and his brother, the secretary of state, John Lord Melfort, were bent on supplanting Queensberry. The chancellor had already an unquestionable title to the royal favor. He had brought into use a little steel thumb-screw which gave such exquisite torment that it had wrung confessions even out of men on whom his majesty's favorite boot had been tried in vain.‡ But it was well known that even barbarity was not so sure a way to the heart of James as apostasy. To apostasy, therefore, Perth and Melfort resorted with a certain audacious baseness which no English statesman could hope to emulate. They declared that the papers found in the strong box of Charles the Second had converted them both to the true faith; and they began to confess and to hear mass.§ How little conscience had to do with Perth's change of religion he amply proved by taking to wife, a

*seno odorato, come in porto d' amor, si ritira il Giacomo! O beata regia coppia! O felice inserto tra l' invincibil leoni e le candide aquile!*"

Clench's English is of a piece with his Tuscan. For example, "Peter signifies an inexpugnable rock, able to evacuate all the plots of hell's divan, and naufragate all the lurid designs of empoisoned heretics."

Another Roman Catholic treatise, entitled "The Church of England truly represented," begins by informing us that "the ignis futurus of reformation, which had grown to a comet by many acts of spoil and rapine, had been ushered into England, purified of the filth which it had contracted among the lakes of the Alps."

\* Barillon, July 19-29, 1686.

† Act Parl., Art. 24, 1560, Dec. 15, 1567.

\* Act Parl., May 8, 1685.

† Act Parl., Aug. 31, 1681.

‡ Burnet, i, 584.

§ *Ibid.*, i, 652, 653.

few weeks later, in direct defiance of the laws of the Church which he had just joined, a lady who was his cousin-german, without waiting for a dispensation. When the good pope learned this, he said, with scorn and indignation which well became him, that he wanted no such proselytes.\* But James was more easily satisfied. The apostates presented themselves at Whitehall, and there received such assurances of his favor that they ventured to bring direct charges against the treasurer. Those charges, however, were so evidently frivolous that James was forced to acquit the accused minister; and many thought that the chancellor had ruined himself by his malignant eagerness to ruin his rival. There were some, however, who judged more correctly. Halifax, to whom Perth expressed some apprehensions, answered with a sneer that there was no danger. "Be of good cheer, my lord; thy faith hath made thee whole." The prediction was correct. Perth and Melfort went back to Edinburgh the real heads of the government of their country.† Another member of the Scottish Privy Council, Alexander Stuart, earl of Murray, the descendant and heir of the regent, abjured the religion of which his illustrious ancestor had been the foremost champion, and declared himself a member of the Church of Rome. Devoted as Queensberry had always been to the cause of prerogative, he could not stand his ground against competitors who were willing to pay such a price for the favor of the court. He had to endure a succession of mortifications and humiliations similar to those which, about the same time, began to embitter the life of his friend Rochester. Royal letters came down authorizing papists to hold offices without taking the test. The clergy were strictly charged not to reflect on the Roman Catholic religion in their discourses. The chancellor took on himself to send the macers of the Privy Council round to the few printers and booksellers who could then be found in Edinburgh, charging them not to publish any work without his license. It was well understood that this order was intended to prevent the circulation of Protestant treatises. One honest stationer told the messengers that he had in his shop a book which reflected in very coarse terms on popery, and begged to know whether he might sell it. They asked to see it; and he showed them a copy of the Bible.‡ A cargo of images, beads, crosses, and censers arrived at Leith directed to Lord Perth. The importation of such articles had long been con-

sidered as illegal; but now the officers of the customs allowed the superstitious garments and trinkets to pass.\* In a short time it was known that a popish chapel had been fitted up in the chancellor's house, and that mass was regularly said there. The mob rose. The mansion where the idolatrous rites were celebrated was fiercely attacked. The iron bars which protected the windows were wrenched off. Lady Perth and some of her female friends were pelted with mud. One rioter was seized, and ordered by the Privy Council to be whipped. His fellows rescued him and beat the hangman. The city was all night in confusion. The students of the University mingled with the crowd and animated the tumult. Zealous burghers drank the health of the college lads and confusion to papists, and encouraged each other to face the troops. The troops were already under arms. Conspicuous among them were Claverhouse's dragoons, the dread and abhorrence of Scotland. They were now received with a shower of stones, which wounded an officer. Orders were given to fire, and several citizens were killed. The disturbance was serious; but the Drummonds, inflamed by resentment and ambition, exaggerated it strangely. Queensberry observed that their reports would lead any person who had not been a witness of the tumult to believe that a sedition as formidable as that of Masaniello had been raging at Edinburgh. They, in return, accused the treasurer, not only of extenuating the crime of the insurgents, but of having himself prompted it, and did all in their power to obtain evidence of his guilt. One of the ringleaders, who had been taken, was offered a pardon if he would own that Queensberry had set him on; but the same religious enthusiasm which had impelled the unhappy prisoner to criminal violence prevented him from purchasing his life by a calumny. He and several of his accomplices were hanged. A soldier who was accused of exclaiming, during the affray, that he should like to run his sword through a papist, was shot, and Edinburgh was again quiet; but the sufferers were regarded as martyrs, and the popish chancellor became an object of mortal hatred, which in no long time was largely gratified.‡

The king was much incensed. The news of the tumult reached him when the queen, assisted by the Jesuits, had just triumphed over Lady Dorchester and her Protestant allies. The malcontents should find, he de-

\* Fountainhall, Jan. 11, 1685-6.

† Fountainhall, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1, 1685-6; Burnet, i, 678; Trials of David Mowbray and Alexander Keith, in the Collection of State Trials; Bonrepaux, Feb. 11-21.

\* Burnet, i, 678.  
† Ibid., i, 653.

‡ Fountainhall, Jan. 23, 1685-6.

clared, that the only effect of the resistance offered to his will was to make him more and more resolute.\* He sent orders to the Scottish council to punish the guilty with the utmost severity, and to make unsparing use of the boot, a machine of which he seems to have retained a most pleasing recollection.† He pretended to be fully convinced of the treasurer's innocence, and wrote to that minister in gracious words; but the gracious words were accompanied by ungracious acts. The Scottish treasury was put into commission in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Rochester, who probably saw his own fate prefigured in that of his kinsman.‡ Queensberry was, indeed, named first commissioner, and was made president of the Privy Council; but his fall, though thus broken, was still a fall. He was also removed from the government of the Castle of Edinburgh, and was succeeded in that confidential post by the Duke of Gordon, a Roman Catholic.§

And now a letter arrived from London fully explaining to the Privy Council the intentions of the king. What he wanted was that the Roman Catholics should be exempted from all laws imposing penalties and disabilities on account of nonconformity, but that the persecution of the Covenanters should go on without mitigation.|| This scheme encountered strenuous opposition in the council. Some members were unwilling to see the existing laws relaxed. Others, who were by no means averse to some relaxation, yet felt that it would be monstrous to admit Roman Catholics to the highest honors of the state, and yet to leave unrepealed the act which made it death to attend a Presbyterian conventicle: The answer of the board was, therefore, less obsequious than usual. The king, in reply, sharply reprimanded his undutiful counselors, and ordered three of them, the Duke of Hamilton, Sir George Lockhart, and General Drummond, to attend him at Westminster. Hamilton's abilities and knowledge, though by no means such as would have sufficed to raise an obscure man to eminence, appeared highly respectable in one who was premier peer of Scotland and head of the princely house of Douglas. Lockhart had long been regarded as one of the first jurists, logicians, and orators that his country had produced, and enjoyed, also, that sort of consideration which is derived from large possessions, for his estate was such as at that time very few

Scottish nobles possessed.\* He had been lately appointed President of the Court of Session. Drummond, a younger brother of Perth and Melfort, was commander of the forces in Scotland. He was a loose and profane man; but a sense of honor which his two kinsmen wanted restrained him from a public apostasy. He lived and died, in the significant language of one of his countrymen, a bad Christian, but a good Protestant.†

James was pleased by the dutiful language which the three counselors used when first they appeared before him. He spoke highly of them to Barillon, and particularly extolled Lockhart as the ablest and most eloquent Scotchman living. They soon proved, however, less tractable than had been expected; and it was rumored at court that they had been perverted by the company which they had kept in London. Hamilton lived much with zealous churchmen; and it might be feared that Lockhart, who was related to the Wharton family, had fallen into still worse society. In truth, it was natural that statesmen fresh from a country where opposition in any other form than that of insurrection and assassination had long been almost unknown, and where all that was not lawless fury was abject submission, should have been struck by the earnest and stubborn, yet sober discontent which pervaded England, and should have been emboldened to try the experiment of constitutional resistance to the royal will. They indeed declared themselves willing to grant large relief to the Roman Catholics, but on two conditions: first, that similar indulgence should be extended to the Calvinistic sectaries; and, secondly, that the king should bind himself by a solemn promise not to attempt anything to the prejudice of the Protestant religion.

Both conditions were highly distasteful to James. He reluctantly agreed, however, after a dispute which lasted several days, that some indulgence should be granted to the Presbyterians, but he would by no means consent to allow them the full liberty which he demanded for members of his own communion.‡ To the second condition proposed by the three Scottish counselors he positively refused to listen. The Protestant religion, he said, was false; and he would not give any guarantee that he would not use his power to the prejudice of a false religion. The altercation

\* Barillon, April 19-29, 1686; Burnet i, 370.

† The words are in a letter of Johnstone of Waristoun.

\* Louis to Barillon, Feb. 18-23, 1686.  
† Fountainhall, Feb. 16; Wodrow, book iii, chap. x, sec. 3.  
‡ "We require," his majesty graciously wrote, "that you spare no legal trial by torture or otherwise."

‡ Bourrepaux, Feb. 18-23, 1686.

§ Fountainhall, March 11, 1686; Adda, March 1-11.

¶ This letter is dated March 4, 1686.

‡ Some words of Barillon deserve to be transcribed. They would alone suffice to decide a question which ignorance and party spirit have done much to perplex. "Cette liberte accordée aux Nonconformistes a fait une grande difficulté, et a été débattue pendant plusieurs jours. Le Roy d'Angleterre avoit fort envie que les Catholiques eussent seuls la liberte de l'exercice de leur religion."—April 19-29, 1686.

was long, and was not brought to a conclusion satisfactory to either party.\*

The time fixed for the meeting of the Scottish estates drew near, and it was necessary that the three counselors should leave London to attend their parliamentary duty at Edinburgh. On this occasion another affront was offered to Queensberry. In the late session he had held the office of lord high commissioner, and had in that capacity represented the majesty of the absent king. This dignity, the greatest to which a Scottish noble could aspire, was now transferred to the renegade Murray.

On the twenty-ninth of April the Parliament met at Edinburgh. A letter from the king was read. He exhorted the estates to give relief to his Roman Catholic subjects, and offered, in return, a free trade with England and an amnesty for political offenses. A committee was appointed to draw up an answer. That committee, though named by Murray, and composed of privy counselors and courtiers, framed a reply, full, indeed, of dutiful and respectful expressions, yet clearly indicating a determination to refuse what the king demanded. The estates, it was said, would go as far as their consciences would allow to meet his majesty's wishes respecting his subjects of the Roman Catholic religion. These expressions were far from satisfying the chancellor; yet, such as they were, he was forced to content himself with them, and even had some difficulty in persuading the Parliament to adopt them. Objection was taken by some zealous Protestants to the mention made of the Roman Catholic religion. There was no such religion. There was an idolatrous apostasy, which the laws punished with the halter, and to which it did not become Christian men to give flattering titles. To call such a superstition Catholic was to give up the whole question which was at issue between Rome and the reformed churches. The offer of a free trade with England was treated as an insult. "Our fathers," said one orator, "sold their king for southern gold, and we still lie under the reproach of that foul bargain. Let it not be said of us that we have sold our God!" Sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall, one of the senators of the College of Justice, suggested the words, "the persons commonly called Roman Catholics." "Would you nickname his majesty?" exclaimed the chancellor. The answer drawn by the committee was carried, but a large and respectable minority voted against the proposed words as too courtly.† It was re-

marked that the representatives of the towns were, almost to a man, against the government. Hitherto those members had been of small account in the Parliament, and had generally been considered as the retainers of powerful noblemen. They now showed, for the first time, an independence, a resolution, and a spirit of combination which alarmed the court.\*

The answer was so displeasing to James that he did not suffer it to be printed in the Gazette. Soon he learned that a law, such as he wished to see passed, would not even be brought in. The Lords of Articles, whose business was to draw up the acts on which the estates were afterward to deliberate, were virtually nominated by himself; yet even the Lords of Articles proved refractory. When they met, the three privy counselors who had lately returned from London took the lead in opposition to the royal will. Hamilton declared plainly that he could not do what was asked. He was a faithful and loyal subject; but there was a limit imposed by conscience. "Conscience!" said the chancellor; "conscience is a vague word, which signifies anything or nothing." Lockhart, who sat in Parliament as representative of the great county of Lanark, struck in. "If conscience," he said, "be a word without meaning, we will change it for another phrase which, I hope, means something. For conscience let us put the fundamental laws of Scotland." These words raised a fierce debate. General Drummond, who represented Perthshire, declared that he agreed with Hamilton and Lockhart. Most of the bishops present took the same side.‡

It was plain that, even in the committee of articles, James could not command a majority. He was mortified and irritated by the tidings. He held warm and menacing language, and punished some of his mutinous servants, in

\* Fountainhall, June 15, 1686.

† Citters, May 11-21, 1686. Citters informed the States that he had his intelligence from a sure hand. I will transcribe part of his narrative. It is an amusing specimen of the piccadil dialect in which the Dutch diplomatists of that age corresponded.

"Des konigs missive, boven en behalven den Hoog Commissaris aansprakke, aen het Parlement afgesonden, gelyck dat altoos gebruyckelyck is, waerby Synne Majesteyt nu in genere versocht hieft de mitigatie der rigourens ofte sanglante wetten van het Ryck jegens het Pausdom, in het Generale Comitee des Articles (soo men het daer naemt) na ordre gestelt en gelesen synde, in 't voteren, den Hertog van Hamilton onder anderen klaer nytt seyde dat hy daertoe niet soude verstaen, dat hy anders genegen was den konig in alleu voorval getrouw te dienen volgens het dictamen syner conscientie: 't gene reden gaf aen de Lord Chancellor de Grave Perts te seggen dat het woort conscientie niets en beduyde, en alleen een individuum vagum was, waerop der Chevalier Loquard dan verder gingh; wil man niet verstaen de betyckenis van het woort conscientie, soo sal ik in fortioribus seggen dat wy meynen volgens de fundamentale wetten van het ryck."

There is, in the Hind let loose, a curious passage, to which I should have given no credit but for this dispatch of Citters. "They can not endure so much as to hear of the name of conscience. One that was well acquainted with the council's humor in this point told a gentleman that was going before them, 'I beseech you, whatever you do, speak nothing of conscience before the lords, for they can not abide to hear that word.'"‡

\* Barillon, April 19-29, 1686; Citters, April 13-23, 20-30, May 9-19.

† Fountainhall, May 6, 1686.



the hope that the rest would take warning. Several persons were dismissed from the council board. Several were deprived of pensions, which formed an important part of their income. Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, was the most distinguished victim. He had long held the office of lord advocate, and had taken such a part in the persecution of the Covenanters that to this day he holds, in the estimation of the austere and godly peasantry of Scotland, a place not far removed from the unenviable eminence occupied by Claverhouse. The legal attainments of Mackenzie were not of the highest order; but as a scholar, a wit, and an orator, he stood high in the opinion of his countrymen, and his renown had spread even to the coffee-houses of London and the cloisters of Oxford. The remains of his forensic speeches prove him to have been a man of parts, but are somewhat disfigured by what he doubtless considered as Ciceronian graces, interjections which show more art than passion, and elaborate amplifications, in which epithet rises above epithet in wearisome climax. He had now, for the first time, been found scrupulous. He was, therefore, in spite of all his claims on the gratitude of the government, deprived of his office. He retired into the country, and soon after went up to London for the purpose of clearing himself, but was refused admission to the royal presence.\* While the king was thus trying to terrify the Lords of Articles into submission, the popular voice encouraged them to persist. The utmost exertions of the chancellor could not prevent the national sentiment from expressing itself through the pulpit and the press. One tract, written with such boldness and acrimony that no printer dared to put it in type, was widely circulated in manuscript. The papers which appeared on the other side of the question had much less effect, though they were disseminated at the public charge, and though the Scottish defenders of the government were assisted by an English auxiliary of great note, Lestranger, who had been sent down to Edinburgh, and had apartments in Holyrood House.†

At length, after three weeks of debate, the Lords of Articles came to a decision. They proposed merely that Roman Catholics should be permitted to worship God in private houses without incurring any penalty; and it soon appeared that, far as this measure was from coming up to the king's demands and expectations, the estates either would not pass it at all, or would pass it with great restrictions and modifications.

While the contest lasted, the anxiety in London was intense. Every report, every line from Edinburgh was eagerly devoured. One day the story ran that Hamilton had given way, and that the government would carry every point. Then came intelligence that the Opposition had rallied, and was more obstinate than ever. At the most critical moment orders were sent to the post-office that the bags from Scotland should be transmitted to Whitehall. During a whole week not a single private letter from beyond the Tweed was delivered in London. In our age such an interruption of communication would throw the whole island into confusion; but there was then so little trade and correspondence between England and Scotland that the inconvenience was probably much smaller than has been often occasioned in our own time by a short delay in the arrival of the Indian mail. While the ordinary channels of information were thus closed, the crowd in the galleries of Whitehall observed with attention the countenances of the king and his ministers. It was noticed, with great satisfaction, that, after every express from the north, the enemies of the Protestant religion looked more and more gloomy. At length, to the general joy, it was announced that the struggle was over, that the government had been unable to carry its measures, and that the lord high commissioner had adjourned the Parliament.\*

If James had not been proof to all warnings, these events would have sufficed to warn him. A few months before this time the most obsequious of English Parliaments had refused to submit to his pleasure. But the most obsequious of English Parliaments might be regarded as an independent and high-spirited assembly when compared with any Parliament that had ever sat in Scotland; and the servile spirit of Scottish Parliaments was always to be found in the highest perfection, extracted and condensed, among the Lords of Articles. Yet even the Lords of Articles had been refractory. It was plain that all those classes, all those institutions, which, up to this year, had been considered as the strongest supports of monarchical power, must, if the king persisted in his insane policy, be reckoned as parts of the strength of the Opposition. All these signs, however, were lost upon him. To every expostulation he had one answer: he would never give way, for concession had ruined his father; and his unconquerable firmness was loudly applauded by the French embassy and by the Jesuitical cabal.

\* Fountainhall, May 17, 1686.

† Wodrow III, x, 3.

\* Citters, May 2-June 7, June 1-11, June 4-14, 1686; Fountainhall, June 15; Luttrell's Diary, June 2, 16.

He now proclaimed that he had only been too gracious when he had condescended to ask the assent of the Scottish estates to his wishes. His prerogative would enable him not only to protect those whom he favored, but to punish those who had crossed him. He was confident that, in Scotland, his dispensing power would not be questioned by any court of law. There was a Scottish Act of Supremacy which gave to the sovereign such a control over the Church as might have satisfied Henry the Eighth. Accordingly, papists were admitted in crowds to offices and honors. The Bishop of Dunkeld, who, as a lord of Parliament, had opposed the government, was arbitrarily ejected from his see, and a successor was appointed. Queensberry was stripped of all his employments, and was ordered to remain at Edinburgh until the accounts of the Treasury during his administration had been examined and approved.\* As the representatives of the towns had been found the most unmanageable part of the Parliament, it was determined to make a revolution in every burgh throughout the kingdom. A similar change had recently been effected in England by judicial sentences, but in Scotland a simple mandate of the prince was thought sufficient. All elections of magistrates and of town councils were prohibited, and the king assumed to himself the right of filling up the chief municipal offices.† In a formal letter to the Privy Council, he announced his intention to fit up a Roman Catholic chapel in his palace of Holyrood; and he gave orders that the judges should be directed to treat all the laws against papists as null, on pain of his high displeasure. He, however, comforted the Protestant Episcopalians by assuring them that, though he was determined to protect the Roman Catholic Church against them, he was equally determined to protect them against any encroachment on the part of the fanatics. To this communication Perth proposed an answer couched in the most servile terms. The council now contained many papists; the Protestant members who still had seats had been cowed by the king's obstinacy and severity, and only a few faint murmurs were heard. Hamilton threw out against the dispensing power some hints which he made haste to explain away. Lockhart said that he would lose his head rather than sign such a letter as the chancellor had drawn, but took care to say this in a whisper which was heard only by friends. Perth's words were adopted with inconsiderable modifications, and the royal commands

were obeyed; but a sullen discontent spread through that minority of the Scottish nation by the aid of which the government had hitherto held the majority down.\*

When the historian of this troubled reign turns to Ireland, his task becomes peculiarly difficult and delicate. His steps—to borrow the fine image used on a similar occasion by a Roman poet—are on the thin crust of ashes, beneath which the lava is still glowing. The seventeenth century has, in that unhappy country, left to the nineteenth a fatal heritage of malignant passions. No amnesty for the mutual wrongs inflicted by the Saxon defenders of Londonderry, and by the Celtic defenders of Limerick, has ever been granted from the heart by either race. To this day a more than Spartan haughtiness alloys the many noble qualities which characterize the children of the victors, while a Helot feeling, compounded of awe and hatred, is but too often discernible in the children of the vanquished. Neither of the hostile castes can justly be absolved from blame; but the chief blame is due to that short-sighted and headstrong prince who, placed in a situation in which he might have reconciled them, employed all his power to inflame their animosity, and at length forced them to close in a grapple for life and death.

The grievances under which the members of his church labored in Ireland differed widely from those which he was attempting to remove in England and Scotland. The Irish Statute Book, afterward polluted by intolerance as barbarous as that of the Dark Ages, then contained scarce a single enactment, and not a single stringent enactment, imposing any penalty on papists as such. On our side of St. George's Channel, every priest who received a neophyte into the bosom of the Church of Rome was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the other side he incurred no such danger. A Jesuit who landed at Dover took his life in his hand; but he walked the streets of Dublin in security. Here no man could hold office, or even earn his livelihood as a barrister or a schoolmaster, without previously taking the Oath of Supremacy; but in Ireland a public functionary was not held to be under the necessity of taking that oath unless it were formally tendered to him.† It therefore did not exclude from employment any person whom the

\* Fountainhall, Sept. 16; Wodrow, III, x, 3.

† The provisions of the Irish Act of Supremacy, 2 Eliz., chap. 1, are substantially the same with those of the English Act of Supremacy, 1 Eliz., chap. 1; but the English act was soon found to be defective, and the defect was supplied by a more stringent act, 5 Eliz., chap. 1. No such supplementary law was made in Ireland. That the construction mentioned in the text was put on the Irish Act of Supremacy, we are told by Archbishop King.—STATE OF IRELAND, chap. ii, sec. 9. He calls this construction Jesuitical, but I can not see it in that light.

\* Fountainhall, June 21, 1686.

† *Ibid.*, September 16, 1686.

government wished to promote. The sacramental test and the declaration against transubstantiation were unknown; nor was either house of Parliament closed against any religious sect.

It might seem, therefore, that the Irish Roman Catholic was in a situation which his English and Scottish brethren in the faith might well envy. In fact, however, his condition was more pitiable and irritable than theirs; for, though not persecuted as a Roman Catholic, he was oppressed as an Irishman. In his country, the same line of demarcation which separated religions separated races; and he was of the conquered, the subjugated, the degraded race. On the same soil dwelt two populations, locally intermixed, morally and politically sundered. The difference of religion was by no means the only difference, and was, perhaps, not even the chief difference which existed between them. They sprang from different stocks. They spoke different languages. They had different national characters as strongly opposed as any two national characters in Europe. They were in widely different stages of civilization. There could, therefore, be little sympathy between them; and centuries of calamities and wrongs had generated a strong antipathy. The relation in which the minority stood to the majority resembled the relation in which the followers of William the Conqueror stood to the Saxon churls, or the relation in which the followers of Cortes stood to the Indians of Mexico.

The appellation of Irish was then given exclusively to the Celts, and to those families which, though not of Celtic origin, had in the course of ages degenerated into Celtic manners. These people, probably somewhat under a million in number, had, with few exceptions, adhered to the Church of Rome. Among them resided about two hundred thousand colonists, proud of their Saxon blood and of their Protestant faith.\*

The great preponderance of numbers on one side was more than compensated by a great superiority of intelligence, vigor, and organization on the other. The English settlers seem to have been, in knowledge, energy, and perseverance, rather above than below the average level of the population of the mother country. The aboriginal peasantry, on the contrary, were in an almost savage state. They never worked until they felt the sting of hunger. They were content with accommodation inferior to that which in happier countries was provided for domestic cattle. Already the potato, a root which can be cul-

tivated with scarcely any art, industry, or capital, and which can not be long stored, had become the food of the common people.\* From a people so fed, diligence and forethought were not to be expected. Even within a few miles of Dublin, the traveler, on a soil the richest and most verdant in the world, saw with disgust the miserable burrows out of which squalid and half naked barbarians stared wildly at him as he passed.†

The aboriginal aristocracy retained in no common measure the pride of birth, but had lost the influence which is derived from wealth and power. Their lands had been divided by Cromwell among his followers. A portion, indeed, of the vast territory which he had confiscated had, after the restoration of the house of Stuart, been given back to the ancient proprietors. But much the greater part was still held by English emigrants under the guarantee of an act of Parliament. This act had been in force a quarter of a century; and under it mortgages, settlements, sales, and leases without number had been made. The old Irish gentry were scattered over the whole world. Descendants of Milesian chieftains swarmed in all the courts and camps of the Continent. The despoiled proprietors who still remained in their native land brooded gloomily over their losses, pined for the opulence and dignity of which they had been deprived, and cherished wild hopes of another revolution. A person of this class was described by his countrymen as a gentleman who would be rich if justice were done, as a gentleman who had a fine estate if he could only get it.‡ He seldom betook himself to any peaceful calling. Trade, indeed, he thought a far more disgraceful resource than marauding. Sometimes he turned freebooter. Sometimes he contrived, in defiance of the law, to live by coshering, that is to say, by quartering himself on the old tenants of his family, who, wretched as was their own condition, could not refuse a portion of their pittance to one whom they still regarded as their rightful lord.§ The native gentleman who had been so fortunate as to keep or to regain some of his land too often lived like the petty prince of a savage tribe, and indemnified himself for the humiliations which the dominant race made him suffer by governing his vassals despotically, by keeping a rude harem, and by maddening or stupefying himself daily with strong drink.|| Politically he

\* Political Anatomy of Ireland, 1672; Irish Hudibras, 1689; John Dunton's Account of Ireland, 1699.

† Clarendon to Rochester, May 4, 1686.

‡ Bishop Malony's Letter to Bishop Tyrrel, March 8, 1689.

§ Statute 10 and 11 Charles I, chap. 16; King's State of the Protestants of Ireland, chap. ii, sec. 8.

|| King, chap. ii, sec. 3. Miss Edgeworth's King Conry belongs to a later and much more civilized generation; but who-

\* Political Anatomy of Ireland, 1672.

was insignificant. No statute, indeed, excluded him from the House of Commons; but he had almost as little chance of obtaining a seat there as a man of color has of being chosen a senator of the United States. In fact, only one papist had been returned to the Irish Parliament since the Restoration. The whole legislative and executive power was in the hands of the colonists; and the ascendancy of the ruling caste was upheld by a standing army of seven thousand men, on whose zeal for what was called the English interest full reliance could be placed.\*

On a close scrutiny, it would have been found that neither the Irishry nor the Englishry formed a perfectly homogeneous body. The distinction between those Irish who were of Celtic blood, and those Irish who sprang from the followers of Strongbow and De Burgh, was not altogether effaced. The Fitzes sometimes permitted themselves to speak with scorn of the Os and Macs, and the Os and Macs sometimes repaid that scorn with aversion. In the preceding generation, one of the most powerful of the O'Neills refused to pay any mark of respect to a Roman Catholic gentleman of old Norman descent. "They say that the family has been here four hundred years. No matter. I hate the clown as if he had come yesterday."† It seems, however, that such feelings were rare, and that the feud which had long raged between the aboriginal Celts and the degenerate English had nearly given place to the fiercer feud which separated both races from the modern and Protestant colony.

The colony had its own internal disputes, both national and religious. The majority was English; but a large minority came from the south of Scotland. One half of the settlers belonged to the Established Church; the other half were Dissenters. But in Ireland, Scot and Southron were strongly bound together by their common Saxon origin. Churchman and Presbyterian were strongly bound together by their common Protestantism. All the colonists had a common language and a common pecuniary interest. They were surrounded by common enemies, and could be safe only by means of common precautions and exertions. The few penal laws, therefore, which had been made in Ireland against Protestant Nonconformists, were a dead letter.‡ The bigotry of the most sturdy Churchman would not bear exportation across St.

George's Channel. As soon as the Cavalier arrived in Ireland, and found that, without the hearty and courageous assistance of his Puritan neighbors, he and all his family would run imminent risk of being murdered by rapparees, his hatred of Puritanism, in spite of himself, began to languish and die away. It was remarked by eminent men of both parties, that a Protestant who, in Ireland, was called a high Tory, would in England have been considered as a moderate Whig.\*

The Protestant Nonconformists, on their side, endured with more patience than could have been expected the sight of the most absurd ecclesiastical establishment that the world has ever seen. Four archbishops and eighteen bishops were employed in looking after about a fifth part of the number of Churchmen who inhabited the single diocese of London. Of the parochial clergy a large proportion were pluralists, and resided at a distance from their cures. There were some who drew from their benefices incomes of little less than a thousand a year, without ever performing any spiritual function. Yet this monstrous institution was much less disliked by the Puritans settled in Ireland than the Church of England by the English sectaries; for in Ireland religious divisions were subordinate to national divisions; and the Presbyterian, while, as a theologian, he could not but condemn the established hierarchy, yet looked on that hierarchy with a sort of complacency when he considered it as a sumptuous and ostentatious trophy of the victory achieved by the great race from which he sprang.†

Thus the grievances of the Irish Roman Catholic had hardly anything in common with the grievances of the English Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic of Lancashire or Staffordshire had only to turn Protestant, and he was at once, in all respects, on a level with his neighbors; but if the Roman Catholics of Munster and Connaught had turned Protestants, they would still have continued to be a subject people. Whatever evils the Roman Catholic suffered in England were the effects of harsh legislation, and might have been remedied by a more liberal legislation; but between the two populations which inhabited Ireland there was an unequal-

\* In a letter to James found among Bishop Tyrrell's papers, and dated August 14, 1686, are some remarkable expressions: "There are few or none Protestants in that country but such as are joined with the Whigs against the common enemy." And again: "Those that passed for Tories here" [that is, in England] "publicly espouse the Whig quarrel on the other side the water." Swift said the same thing to King William a few years later: "I remember when I was last in England I told the king that the highest Tories we had with us would make tolerable Whigs there."—LETTER CONCERNING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.

† The wealth and negligence of the established clergy of Ireland are mentioned in the strongest terms by the Lord Lieutenant Clarendon, a most unexceptionable witness.

ever has studied that admirable portrait can form some notion of what King Corny's great-grandfather must have been.

\* King, chap. iii, sec. 2.

† Sheridan MS.; Preface to the first volume of the *Hibernia Anglicana*, 1690; Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1689.

‡ "There was a free liberty of conscience by connivance, though not by the law."—King, chap. iii, sec. 1.

ity which legislation had not caused and could not remove. The dominion which one of those populations exercised over the other was the dominion of wealth over poverty, of knowledge over ignorance, of civilized over uncivilized man.

James himself seemed, at the commencement of his reign, to be perfectly aware of these truths. The distractions of Ireland, he said, arose, not from the differences between the Catholics and the Protestants, but from the differences between the Irish and the English.\* The consequences which he should have drawn from this just proposition were sufficiently obvious; but, unhappily for himself and for Ireland, he failed to perceive them.

If only national animosity could be allayed, there could be little doubt that religious animosity, not being kept alive, as in England, by cruel penal acts and stringent test acts, would of itself fade away. To assuage a national animosity such as that which the two races inhabiting Ireland felt for each other could not be the work of a few years; yet it was a work to which a wise and good prince might have contributed much, and James would have undertaken that work with advantages such as none of his predecessors or successors possessed. At once an Englishman and a Roman Catholic, he belonged half to the ruling and half to the subject caste, and was therefore peculiarly qualified to be a mediator between them. Nor is it difficult to trace the course which he ought to have pursued. He ought to have determined that the existing settlement of landed property should be inviolable; and he ought to have announced that determination in such a manner as effectually to quiet the anxiety of the new proprietors, and to extinguish any wild hopes which the old proprietors might entertain. Whether, in the great transfer of estates, injustice had or had not been committed, was immaterial. That transfer, just or unjust, had taken place so long ago that to reverse it would be to unfix the foundations of society. There must be a time of limitation to all rights. After thirty-five years of actual possession, after twenty-five years of possession solemnly guaranteed by statute, after innumerable leases and releases, mortgages and devises, it was too late to search for flaws in titles. Nevertheless, something might have been done to heal the lacerated feelings and to raise the fallen fortunes of the Irish gentry. The colonists were in a thriving condition. They had

greatly improved their property by building, planting, and fencing. The rents had almost doubled within a few years; trade was brisk; and the revenue, amounting to about three hundred thousand pounds a year, more than defrayed all the charges of the local government, and afforded a surplus which was remitted to England. There was no doubt that the next Parliament which should meet at Dublin, though representing almost exclusively the English interest, would, in return for the king's promise to maintain that interest in all its legal rights, have willingly granted to him a very considerable sum for the purpose of indemnifying, at least in part, such native families as had been wrongfully despoiled. It was thus that in our own time the French government put an end to the disputes engendered by the most extensive confiscation that ever took place in Europe; and thus, if James had been guided by the advice of his most loyal Protestant counselors, he would have at least greatly mitigated one of the chief evils which afflicted Ireland.\*

Having done this, he should have labored to reconcile the hostile races to each other by impartially protecting the rights and restraining the excesses of both. He should have punished with equal severity the native who indulged in the license of barbarism, and the colonist who abused the strength of civilization. As far as the legitimate authority of the crown extended—and in Ireland it extended far—no man who was qualified for office by integrity and ability should have been considered as disqualified by extraction or by creed for any public trust. It is probable that a Roman Catholic king, with an ample revenue absolutely at his disposal, would, without much difficulty, have secured the co-operation of the Roman Catholic prelates and priests in the great work of reconciliation. Much, however, must still have been left to the healing influence of time. The native race would still have had to learn from the colonists industry and forethought, the arts of life, and the language of England. There could not be equality between men who lived in houses and men who lived in sties, between men who were fed on bread and men who were fed on potatoes, between men who spoke the noble tongue of great philosophers and poets and men who, with a perverted pride, boasted that they could not writhe their mouths into chattering such a jargon as that in which the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Paradise Lost* were written.† Yet it is

\* Clarendon reminds the king of this in a letter dated March 14, 1685-6. "It certainly is," Clarendon adds, "a most true notion."

\* Clarendon strongly recommended this course, and was of opinion that the Irish Parliament would do its part. See his letter to Ormond, Aug. 28, 1686.

† It was an O'Neill of great eminence who said that it did not

not unreasonable to believe that, if the gentle policy which has been described had been steadily followed by the government, all distinctions would gradually have been effaced, and that there would now have been no more trace of the hostility which has been the curse of Ireland than there is of the equally deadly hostility which once raged between the Saxons and the Normans in England.

Unhappily, James, instead of becoming a mediator, became the fiercest and most reckless of partisans. Instead of allaying the animosity of the two populations, he inflamed it to a height before unknown. He determined to reverse their relative position, and to put the Protestant colonists under the feet of the popish Celts. To be of the established religion, to be of the English blood, was, in his view, a disqualification for civil and military employment. He meditated the design of again confiscating and again portioning out the soil of half the island, and showed his inclination so clearly that one class was soon agitated by terrors which he afterward vainly wished to soothe, and the other by hopes which he afterward vainly wished to restrain. But this was the smallest part of his guilt and madness. He deliberately resolved, not merely to give to the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland the entire possession of their own country, but also to use them as his instruments for setting up arbitrary government in England. The event was such as might have been foreseen. The colonists turned to bay with the stubborn hardihood of their race. The mother country justly regarded their cause as her own. Then came a desperate struggle for a tremendous stake. Everything dear to nations was wagered on both sides: nor can we justly blame either the Irishman or the Englishman for obeying, in that extremity, the law of self-preservation. The contest was terrible, but short. The weaker went down. His fate was cruel; and yet for the cruelty with which he was treated there was, not indeed a defense, but an excuse; for, though he suffered all that tyranny could inflict, he suffered nothing that he would not himself have inflicted. The effect of the insane attempt to subjugate England by means of Ireland was that the Irish became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the English. The old proprietors, by their effort to recover what they had lost, lost the greater part of what they had retained. The momentary ascendancy of popery produced such a series of barbarous laws against popery as made the statute-book of Ireland a proverb

of infamy throughout Christendom. Such were the bitter fruits of the policy of James.

We have seen that one of his first acts, after he became king, was to recall Ormond from Ireland. Ormond was the head of the English interest in that kingdom; he was firmly attached to the Protestant religion; and his power far exceeded that of an ordinary viceroy, first, because he was in rank and wealth the greatest of the colonists, and, secondly, because he was not only the chief of the civil administration, but also commander of the forces. The king was not at that time disposed to commit the government wholly to Irish hands. He had, indeed, been heard to say that a native viceroy would soon become an independent sovereign.\* For the present; therefore, he determined to divide the power which Ormond had possessed; to intrust the civil administration to an English and Protestant lord lieutenant, and to give the command of the army to an Irish and Roman Catholic general. The lord lieutenant was Clarendon; the general was Tyreconnel.

Tyreconnel sprang, as has already been said, from one of those degenerate families of the pale which were popularly classed with the aboriginal population of Ireland. He sometimes, indeed, in his rants, talked with Norman haughtiness of the Celtic barbarians;† but all his sympathies were really with the natives. The Protestant colonists he hated; and they returned his hatred. Clarendon's inclinations were very different; but he was, from temper, interest, and principle, an obsequious courtier. His spirit was mean; his circumstances were embarrassed; and his mind had been deeply imbued with the political doctrines which the Church of England had in that age too assiduously taught. His abilities, however, were not contemptible; and, under a good king, he would probably have been a respectable viceroy.

About three quarters of a year elapsed between the recall of Ormond and the arrival of Clarendon at Dublin. During that interval the king was represented by a board of lords justices; but the military administration was in Tyreconnel's hands. Already the designs of the court began gradually to unfold themselves. A royal order came from Whitehall for disarming the population. This order Tyreconnel strictly executed as respected the English. Though the country was infested by predatory bands, a Protestant gentleman

\* Sheridan MS. among the Stuart Papers. I ought to acknowledge the courtesy with which Mr. Glover assisted me in my search for this valuable manuscript. James appears, from the instructions which he drew up for his son in 1692, to have retained to the last the notion that Ireland could not, without danger, be intrusted to an Irish lord lieutenant.

† Sheridan MS.

could scarcely obtain permission to keep a brace of pistols. The native peasantry, on the other hand, were suffered to retain their weapons.\* The joy of the colonists was therefore great, when at length, in December, 1685, Tyreconnel was summoned to London and Clarendon set out for Dublin. But it soon appeared that the government was really directed, not at Dublin, but in London. Every mail that crossed St. George's Channel brought tidings of the boundless influence which Tyreconnel exercised on Irish affairs. It was said that he was to be a marquess, that he was to be a duke, that he was to have the command of the forces, that he was to be intrusted with the task of remodeling the army and the courts of justice.† Clarendon was bitterly mortified at finding himself a subordinate member of that administration of which he had expected to be the head. He complained that whatever he did was misrepresented by his detractors, and that the gravest resolutions touching the country which he governed were adopted at Westminster, made known to the public, discussed at coffee-houses, communicated in hundreds of private letters, some weeks before one hint had been given to the lord lieutenant. His own personal dignity, he said, mattered little; but it was no light thing that the representative of the majesty of the throne should be made an object of contempt to the people.‡ Panic spread fast among the English when they found that the viceroy, their fellow-countryman and fellow-Protestant, was unable to extend to them the protection which they had expected from him. They began to know by bitter experience what it is to be a subject caste. They were harassed by the natives with accusations of treason and sedition. This Protestant had corresponded with Monmouth; that Protestant had said something disrespectful of the king four or five years ago, when the Exclusion Bill was under discussion; and the evidence of the most infamous of mankind was ready to substantiate every charge. The lord lieutenant expressed his apprehension that, if these practices were not stopped, there would soon be at Dublin a reign of terror similar to that which he had seen in London, when every man held his life and honor at the mercy of Oates and Bedloe.§

Clarendon was soon informed, by a concise dispatch from Sunderland, that it had been resolved to make without delay a complete change in both the civil and the military government

of Ireland, and to bring a large number of Roman Catholics instantly into office. His majesty, it was most ungraciously added, had taken counsel on these matters with persons more competent to advise him than his inexperienced lord lieutenant could possibly be.\*

Before this letter reached the viceroy, the intelligence which it contained had, through many channels, arrived in Ireland. The terror of the colonists was extreme. Outnumbered as they were by the native population, their condition would be pitiable indeed if the native population were to be armed against them with the whole power of the State; and nothing less than this was threatened. The English inhabitants of Dublin passed each other in the streets with dejected looks. On the Exchange business was suspended. Landowners hastened to sell their estates for whatever could be got, and to remit the purchase money to England. Traders began to call in their debts and to make preparations for retiring from business. The alarm soon affected the revenue.† Clarendon attempted to inspire the dismayed settlers with a confidence which he was himself far from feeling. He assured them that their property would be held sacred, and that, to his certain knowledge, the king was fully determined to maintain the Act of Settlement which guaranteed their right to the soil. But his letters to England were in a very different strain. He ventured even to expostulate with the king, and, without blaming his majesty's intention of employing Roman Catholics, expressed a strong opinion that the Roman Catholics who might be employed should be Englishmen.‡

The reply of James was dry and cold. He declared that he had no intention of depriving the English colonists of their land, but that he regarded a large portion of them as his enemies, and that, since he consented to leave so much property in the hands of his enemies, it was the more necessary that the civil and military administration should be in the hands of his friends.§

Accordingly, several Roman Catholics were sworn to the Privy Council; and orders were sent to corporations to admit Roman Catholics to municipal advantages.|| Many officers of the army were arbitrarily deprived of their commissions and of their bread. It was to no purpose that the lord lieutenant pleaded the cause of some whom he knew to be good soldiers and loyal subjects. Among them were old Cavaliers, who had fought bravely

\* Clarendon to Rochester, Jan. 19, 1685-6; Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1690.

† Clarendon to Rochester, Feb. 27, 1685-6.

‡ Clarendon to Rochester and Sunderland, March 2, 1685-6, and to Rochester, March 14.

§ Clarendon to Sunderland, Feb. 26, 1685-6.

\* Sunderland to Clarendon, March 11, 1685-6.

† Clarendon to Rochester, March 14, 1685-6.

‡ Clarendon to James, March 4, 1685-6.

§ James to Clarendon, April 6, 1686.

|| Sunderland to Clarendon, May 22, 1686; Clarendon to Ormond, May 30; Clarendon to Sunderland, July 6, 11.

for monarchy, and who bore the marks of honorable wounds. Their places were supplied by men who had no recommendation but their religion. Of the new captains and lieutenants, it was said, some had been cow-herds, some footmen, some noted marauders; some had been so used to wear brogues that they stumbled and shuffled about strangely in their military jack-boots. Not a few of the officers who were discarded took refuge in the Dutch service, and enjoyed, four years later, the pleasure of driving their successors before them in ignominious rout through the waters of the Boyne.\*

The distress and alarm of Clarendon were increased by news which reached him through private channels. Without his approbation, without his knowledge, preparations were making for arming and drilling the whole Celtic population of the country of which he was the nominal governor. Tyreconnel from London directed the design, and the prelates of his Church were his agents. Every priest had been instructed to prepare an exact list of all his male parishioners capable of bearing arms, and to forward it to his bishop.†

It had already been rumored that Tyreconnel would soon return to Dublin armed with extraordinary and independent powers, and the rumor gathered strength daily. The lord lieutenant, whom no insult could drive to resign the pomp and emoluments of his place, declared that he should submit cheerfully to the royal pleasure, and approve himself in all things a faithful and obedient subject. He had never, he said, in his life, had any difference with Tyreconnel, and he trusted that no difference would now arise.‡ Clarendon appears not to have recollected that there had once been a plot to ruin the fame of his innocent sister, and that in that plot Tyreconnel had borne a chief part. This is not exactly one of the injuries which high-spirited men most readily pardon; but, in the wicked court where the Hydes had long been pushing their fortunes, such injuries were easily forgiven and forgotten, not from magnanimity or Christian charity, but from mere baseness and want of moral sensibility. In June, 1686, Tyreconnel came. His commission authorized him only to command the troops; but he brought with him royal instructions touching all parts of the administration, and at once took the real government of the island into his own hands. On the day after his arrival, he explicitly said that commissions must be largely given to Roman Catholic offi-

cers, and that room must be made for them by dismissing more Protestants. He pushed on the remodeling of the army eagerly and indefatigably. It was, indeed, the only part of the functions of a commander-in-chief which he was competent to perform; for, though courageous in brawls and duels, he knew nothing of military duty. At the very first review which he held, it was evident to all who were near to him that he did not know how to draw up a regiment.\* To turn Englishmen out and to put Irishmen in was, in his view, the beginning and the end of the administration of war. He had the insolence to cashier the captain of the lord lieutenant's own body-guard; nor was Clarendon aware of what had happened until he saw a Roman Catholic, whose face was quite unknown to him, escorting the state coach.† The change was not confined to the officers alone. The ranks were completely broken up and re-composed. Four or five hundred soldiers were turned out of a single regiment chiefly on the ground that they were below the proper stature; yet the most unpracticed eye at once perceived that they were taller and better-made men than their successors, whose wild and squalid appearance disgusted the beholders.‡ Orders were given to the new officers that no man of the Protestant religion was to be suffered to enlist. The recruiting parties, instead of beating their drums for volunteers at fairs and markets, as had been the old practice, repaired to places to which the Roman Catholics were in the habit of making pilgrimages for purposes of devotion. In a few weeks the general had introduced more than two thousand natives into the ranks, and the people about him confidently affirmed that by Christmas day not a man of English race would be left in the whole army.§

On all questions which arose in the Privy Council, Tyreconnel showed similar violence and partiality. John Keating, chief justice of the Common Pleas, a man distinguished by ability, integrity, and loyalty, represented with great mildness that perfect equality was all that the general could reasonably ask for his own Church. The king, he said, evidently meant that no man fit for public trust should be excluded because he was a Roman Catholic, and that no man unfit for public trust should be admitted because he was a Protestant. Tyreconnel immediately began to curse and swear. "I do not know what to say to

\* Clarendon to Rochester and Sunderland, June 1, 1686; to Rochester, June 12; King's State of the Protestants of Ireland, chap. ii, sec. 6, 7; Apology for the Protestants of Ireland, 1689.  
† Clarendon to Rochester, May 15, 1686.  
‡ Clarendon to Rochester, May 11, 1686.

\* Clarendon to Rochester, June 8, 1686.

† Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland.

‡ Clarendon to Rochester, June 26 and July 4, 1686; Apology for the Protestants of Ireland, 1689.

§ Clarendon to Rochester, July 4, 22, 1686; Sunderland, July 6; to the King, Aug. 14.



that; I would have all Catholics in."\* The most judicious Irishmen of his own religious persuasion were dismayed at his rashness, and ventured to remonstrate with him; but he drove them from him with imprecations.† His brutality was such that many thought him mad; yet it was less strange than the shameless volubility with which he uttered falsehoods. He had long before earned the nickname of Lying Dick Talbot; and at Whitehall, any wild fiction was commonly designated as one of Dick Talbot's truths. He now daily proved that he was well entitled to this unenviable reputation. Indeed, in him, mendacity was almost a disease. He would, after giving orders for the dismissal of English officers, take them into his closet, assure them of his confidence and friendship, and implore Heaven to confound him, sink him, blast him, if he did not take good care of their interests. Sometimes those to whom he had thus perjured himself learned, before the day closed, that he had cashiered them.‡

On his arrival, though he swore savagely at the Act of Settlement, and called the English interest a foul thing, a roguish thing, and a damned thing, he yet pretended to be convinced that the distribution of property could not, after the lapse of so many years, be altered.§ But, when he had been a few weeks at Dublin, his language changed. He began to harangue vehemently at the council board on the necessity of giving back the land to the old owners. He had not, however, as yet, obtained his master's sanction to this fatal project. National feeling still struggled feebly against superstition in the mind of James. He was an Englishman; he was an English king; and he could not, without some misgivings, consent to the destruction of the greatest colony that England had ever planted. The English Roman Catholics with whom he was in the habit of taking counsel were almost unanimous in favor of the Act of Settlement. Not only the honest and moderate Powis, but the dissolute and headstrong Dover, gave judicious and patriotic advice. Tyrconnel could hardly hope to counteract at a distance the effect which such advice must produce on the royal mind. He determined to plead the cause of his caste in person; and accordingly he set out, at the end of August, for England.

His presence and his absence were equally dreaded by the lord lieutenant. It was, indeed, painful to be daily brow-beaten by an

enemy, but it was not less painful to know that an enemy was daily breathing calumny and evil counsel in the royal ear. Clarendon was overwhelmed by manifold vexations. He made a progress through the country, and found that he was everywhere treated by the Irish population with contempt. The Roman Catholic priests exhorted their congregations to withhold from him all marks of honor. The native gentry, instead of coming to pay their respects to him, remained at their houses. The native peasantry everywhere sang Erse songs in praise of Tyrconnel, who would, they doubted not, soon return to complete the humiliation of their oppressors.\* The viceroy had scarcely returned to Dublin from his unpleasing tour when he received letters which informed him that he had incurred the king's serious displeasure. His majesty—so these letters ran—expected his servants not only to do what he commanded, but to do it from the heart, and with a cheerful countenance. The lord lieutenant had not, indeed, refused to co-operate in the reform of the army and of the civil administration, but his co-operation had been reluctant and perfunctory. His looks had betrayed his feelings, and everybody saw that he disapproved of the policy which he was employed to carry into effect.† In great anguish of mind, he wrote to defend himself; but he was sternly told that his defense was not satisfactory. He then, in the most abject terms, declared that he would not attempt to justify himself; that he acquiesced in the royal judgment, be it what it might; that he prostrated himself in the dust; that he implored pardon; that of all penitents he was the most sincere; that he should think it glorious to die in his sovereign's cause, but found it impossible to live under his sovereign's displeasure. Nor was this mere interested hypocrisy, but, at least in part, unaffected slavishness and poverty of spirit; for in confidential letters, not meant for the royal eye, he bemoaned himself to his family in the same strain. He was miserable; he was crushed; the wrath of the king was insupportable; if that wrath could not be mitigated, life would not be worth having.‡ The poor man's terror increased when he learned that it had been determined at Whitehall to recall him, and to appoint, as his successor, his rival and calumniator, Tyrconnel.§ Then, for a time, the prospect seemed to clear; the king was in better humor; and during a few days Clarendon flattered himself that his

\* Clarendon to Rochester, June 19, 1686.

† *Ibid.*, June 22, 1686.

‡ Sheridan MS.; King's State of the Protestants of Ireland, chap. iii, sec. 8. There is a most striking instance of Tyrconnel's impudent mendacity in Clarendon's letter to Rochester, July 22, 1686.

§ Clarendon to Rochester, June 8, 1686.

\* Clarendon to Rochester, Sept. 23 and Oct. 2, 1686; Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1690.

† Clarendon to Rochester, Oct. 6, 1686.

‡ Clarendon to the King and to Rochester, Oct. 23, 1686.

§ Clarendon to Rochester, Oct. 29, 30, 1686.

brother's intercession had prevailed, and that the crisis was passed.\*

In truth, the crisis was only beginning. While Clarendon was trying to lean on Rochester, Rochester was unable longer to support himself. As in Ireland the elder brother, though retaining the guard of honor, the sword of state, and the title of excellency, had really been superseded by the commander of the forces, so in England the younger brother, though holding the white staff, and walking, by virtue of his high office, before the greatest hereditary nobles, was fast sinking into a mere financial elerk. The Parliament was again prorogued to a distant day, in opposition to the treasurer's known wishes. He was not even told that there was to be another prorogation, but was left to learn the news from the Gazette. The real direction of affairs had passed to the cabal which dined with Sunderland on Fridays. The cabinet met only to hear the dispatches from foreign courts read; nor did those dispatches contain anything which was not known on the Royal Exchange; for all the English envoys had received orders to put into the official letters only the common talk of ante-chambers, and to reserve important secrets for private communications which were addressed to James himself, to Sunderland, or to Petre.† Yet the victorious faction was not content. The king was assured, by those whom he most trusted, that the obstinacy with which the nation opposed his designs was really to be imputed to Rochester. How could the people believe that their sovereign was unalterably resolved to persevere in the course on which he had entered, when they saw at his right hand, ostensibly first in power and trust among his counselors, a man who notoriously regarded that course with strong disapprobation? Every step which had been taken with the object of humbling the Church of England, and of elevating the Church of Rome, had been opposed by the treasurer. True it was that, when he had found opposition vain, he had gloomily submitted, nay, that he had sometimes even assisted in carrying into effect the very plans against which he had most earnestly contended. True it was that, though he disliked the ecclesiastical commission, he had consented to be a commissioner. True it was that he had, while declaring that he could see nothing blamable in the conduct of the Bishop of London, voted sullenly and reluctantly for the sentence of deprivation. But this was not enough. A prince, engaged in an enterprise so important and arduous as

that on which James was bent, had a right to expect from his first minister, not ungracious and unwilling acquiescence, but zealous and strenuous co-operation. While such advice was daily given to James by those in whom he reposed confidence, he received, by the penny post, many anonymous letters filled with malignant calumnies against the lord treasurer. This mode of attack had been contrived by Tyrconnel, and was in perfect harmony with every part of his infamous life.\*

The king hesitated long. He seems, indeed, to have really regarded his brother-in-law with personal kindness, the effect of near affinity, of long and familiar intercourse, and of many mutual good offices. It seemed probable that, as long as Rochester continued to submit himself, though tardily and with murmurs, to the royal pleasure, he would continue to be in name prime minister. Sunderland, therefore, with exquisite cunning, suggested to his master the propriety of asking the only proof of obedience which it was quite certain that Rochester never would give. At present—such was the language of the artful secretary—it was impossible to consult with the first of the king's servants respecting the object nearest to the king's heart. It was lamentable to think that religious prejudices should, at such a conjuncture, deprive the government of such valuable assistance. Perhaps those prejudices might not prove insurmountable. Then the deceiver whispered that, to his knowledge, Rochester had of late had some misgivings about the points in dispute between the Protestants and Catholics.‡ This was enough. The king eagerly caught at the hint. He began to flatter himself that he might at once escape from the disagreeable necessity of removing a friend and secure an able coadjutor for the great work which was in progress. He was also elated by the hope that he might have the merit and the glory of saving a fellow-creature from perdition. He seems, indeed, about this time, to have been seized with an unusually violent fit of zeal for his religion; and this is the more remarkable, because he had just relapsed, after a short interval of self-restraint, into debauchery which all Christian divines condemn as sinful, and which, in an elderly man married to an agreeable young wife, is regarded even by people of the world as disreputable. Lady Dorchester had returned from Dublin, and was again the king's mistress. Her return was politically of no importance. She had learned by experience the folly of attempting

\* Clarendon to Rochester, Nov. 27, 1686.

† Barillon, Sept. 13-23, 1686; Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, ii, 99.

\* Sheridan MS.

‡ Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, ii, 100.

to save her lover from the destruction to which he was running headlong. She therefore suffered the Jesuits to guide his political conduct, and they, in return, suffered her to wheedle him out of money. She was, however, only one of several abandoned women who at this time shared, with his beloved Church, the dominion over his mind.\* He seems to have determined to make some amends for neglecting the welfare of his own soul by taking care of the souls of others. He set himself, therefore, to labor, with real good-will, but with the good-will of a coarse, stern, and arbitrary mind, for the conversion of his kinsman. Every audience which the treasurer obtained was spent in argument about the authority of the Church and the worship of images. Rochester was firmly resolved not to abjure his religion; but he had no scruple about employing in self-defense artifices as discreditable as those which had been used against him. He affected to speak like a man whose mind was not made up, professed himself desirous to be enlightened if he was in error, borrowed popish books, and listened with civility to popish divines. He had several interviews with Leyburn, the vicar apostolic, with Godden, the chaplain and almoner of the queen dowager, and with Bonaventure Giffard, a theologian trained to polemics in the schools of Douay. It was agreed that there should be a formal disputation between these doctors and some Protestant clergymen. The king told Rochester to choose any ministers of the Established Church, with two exceptions. The proscribed persons were Tillotson and Stillingfleet. Tillotson, the most popular preacher of that age, and in manners the most inoffensive of men, had been much connected with some leading Whigs; and Stillingfleet, who was renowned as a consummate master of all the weapons of controversy, had given still deeper offense by publishing an answer to the papers which had been found in the strong box of Charles the Second. Rochester took the two royal chaplains who happened to be in waiting. One of them was Simon Patrick, whose commentaries on the Bible still form a part of theological libraries; the other was Jane, a vehement Tory, who had assisted in drawing up that decree by which the University of Oxford had solemnly adopted the worst follies of Filmer. The conference took place at Whitehall on the thirtieth of November. Rochester, who did not wish it to be known that he had even consented to hear the arguments of popish priests, stipulated for secrecy. No auditor was suffered to be present except the

king. The subject discussed was the real presence. The Roman Catholic divines took on themselves the burden of the proof. Patrick and Jane said little; nor was it necessary that they should say much, for the earl himself undertook to defend the doctrine of his Church, and, as was his habit, soon warmed with conflict, lost his temper, and asked with great vehemence whether it was expected that he should change his religion on such frivolous grounds. Then he remembered how much he was risking, began again to dissemble, complimented the disputants on their skill and learning, and asked time to consider what had been said.\*

Slow as James was, he could not but see that this was mere trifling. He told Barillon that Rochester's language was not that of a man honestly desirous of arriving at the truth. Still, the king did not like to propose directly to his brother-in-law the simple choice, apostasy or dismissal; but, three days after the conference, Barillon waited on the treasurer, and, with much circumlocution and many expressions of friendly concern, broke the unpleasant truth. "Do you mean," said Rochester, bewildered by the involved and ceremonious phrases in which the intimation was made, "that, if I do not turn Catholic, the consequence will be that I shall lose my place?" "I say nothing about consequences," answered the wary diplomatist. "I only come as a friend to express a hope that you will take care to keep your place." "But surely," said Rochester, "the plain meaning of all this is that I must turn Catholic or go out." He put many questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether the communication was made by authority, but could extort only vague and mysterious replies. At last, affecting a confidence which he was far from feeling, he declared that Barillon must have been imposed upon by idle or malicious reports. "I tell you," he said, "that the king will not dismiss me, and I will not resign. I know him; he knows me; and I fear nobody." The Frenchman answered that he was charmed, that he was ravished to hear it, and that his only motive for interfering was a sincere anxiety for the prosperity and dignity of his excellent friend the treasurer. And thus the two statesmen parted, each flattering himself that he had duped the other.†

Meanwhile, in spite of all injunctions of secrecy, the news that the lord treasurer had

\* Barillon, Dec. 2-12, 1686; Burnet, i, 624; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 100; Dodd's Church History. I have tried to frame a fair narrative out of these conflicting materials. It seems clear to me, from Rochester's own papers, that he was on this occasion by no means so stubborn as he has been represented by Burnet and by the biographer of James.

† From Rochester's Minutes, dated Dec. 3, 1686.

\* Barillon, Sept. 13-23, 1686; Bonrepaux, June 4, 1687.

consented to be instructed in the doctrines of popery had spread fast through London. Patriek and Jane had been seen going in at that mysterious door which led to Chiffinch's apartments. Some Roman Catholics about the court had, indiscreetly or artfully, told all, and more than all, that they knew. The Tory Churehmen waited anxiously for fuller information. They were mortified to think that their leader should even have pretended to waver in his opinion; but they could not believe that he would stoop to be a renegade. The unfortunate minister, tortured at once by his fierce passions and his low desires, annoyed by the censures of the public, annoyed by the hints which he had received from Barillon, afraid of losing character, afraid of losing office, repaired to the royal closet. He was determined to keep his place, if it could be kept by any villany but one. He would pretend to be shaken in his religious opinions, and to be half a convert; he would promise to give strenuous support to that poliey which he had hitherto opposed; but, if he were driven to extremity, he would refuse to change his religion. He began, therefore, by telling the king that the business in which his majesty took so much interest was not sleeping; that Jane and Giffard were engaged in consulting books on the points in dispute between the churehes; and that, when these researehes were over, it would be desirable to have another conference. Then he complained bitterly that all the town was apprised of what ought to have been carefully concealed, and that some persons, who, from their station, might be supposed to be well informed, reported strange things as to the royal intentions. "It is whispered," he said, "that, if I do not do as your majesty would have me, I shall not be suffered to continue in my present station." The king said, with some general expressions of kindness, that it was difficult to prevent people from talking, and that loose reports were not to be regarded. These vague phrases were not likely to quiet the perturbed mind of the minister. His agitation became violent, and he began to plead for his place as if he had been pleading for his life. "Your majesty sees that I do all in my power to obey you. Indeed, I will do all that I can to obey you in everything. I will serve you in your own way. Nay," he cried, in an agony of baseness, "I will do what I can to believe as you would have me. But do not let me be told, while I am trying to bring my mind to this, that, if I find it impossible to comply, I must lose all; for I must needs tell your majesty that there are other considerations." "Oh, you must needs," exclaimed the king, with an

oath; for a single word of honest and manly sound, eseaping in the midst of all this abject supplication, was sufficient to move his anger. "I hope, sir," said poor Roehester, "that I do not offend you. Surely your majesty could not think well of me if I did not say so." The king recollected himself, protested that he was not offended, and advised the treasurer to disregard idle rumors, and to confer again with Jane and Giffard.\*

After this conversation, a fortnight elapsed before the decisive blow fell. That fortnight Roehester passed in intriguing and imploring. He attempted to interest in his favor those Roman Catholics who had the greatest influence at Court. He could not, he said, renounce his own religion; but, with that single reservation, he would do all that they could desire. Indeed, if he might only keep his place, they should find that he could be more useful to them as a Protestant than as one of their own communion.† His wife, who was on a sick bed, had already, it is said, solicited the honor of a visit from the much-injured queen, and had attempted to work on her majesty's feelings of compassion.‡ But the Hydes abased themselves in vain. Petre regarded them with peculiar malevolence, and was bent on their ruin.§ On the evening of the seventeenth of December the earl was called into the royal closet. James was unusually discomposed, and even shed tears. The occasion, indeed, could not but call up some recollections which might well soften even a hard heart. He expressed his regret that his duty made it impossible for him to indulge his private partialities. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that those who had the chief direction of his affairs should partake his opinions and feelings. He owned that he had very great personal obligations to Roehester, and that no fault could be found with the way in which the financial business had lately been done; but the office of lord treasurer was of such high importance, that, in general, it ought not to be intrusted to a single person, and could not safely be intrusted by a Roman Catholic king to a person zealous for the Church of England. "Think better of it, my lord," he continued. "Read again the papers from my brother's box. I will give you a little more time for consideration, if you desire it." Roehester saw that all was over, and that the wisest course left to him was to make his retreat with as much money and as much credit as possible. He succeeded in both objects. He

\* From Roehester's Minutes, December 4, 1686.

† Barillon, Dec. 20-30, 1686.

‡ Burnet, i, 684.

§ Bonrepaux, May 25-June 4, 1687.

obtained a pension of four thousand pounds a year for two lives on the post-office. He had made great sums out of the estates of traitors, and carried with him, in particular, Grey's bond for forty thousand pounds, and a grant of all the estate which the crown had in Grey's extensive property.\* No person had ever quitted office on terms so advantageous. To the applause of the sincere friends of the Established Church, Rochester had, indeed, very slender claims. To save his place, he had sat in that tribunal which had been illegally created for the purpose of persecuting her. To save his place, he had given a dishonest vote for degrading one of her most eminent ministers, had affected to doubt her orthodoxy, had listened with the outward show of docility to teachers who called her schismatical and heretical, and had offered to co-operate strenuously with her deadliest enemies in their designs against her. The highest praise to which he was entitled was this, that he had shrunk from the exceeding wickedness and baseness of publicly abjuring, for lucre, the religion in which he had been brought up, which he believed to be true, and of which he had long made an ostentatious profession. Yet he was extolled by the great body of churchmen as if he had been the bravest and purest of martyrs. The Old and New Testaments, the Martyrologies of Eusebius and of Fox, were ransacked to find parallels for his heroic piety. He was Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach in the fiery furnace, Peter in the dungeon of Herod, Paul at the bar of Nero, Ignatius in the amphitheater, Latimer at the stake. Among the many facts which prove that the standard of honor and virtue among the public men of that age was low, the admiration excited by Rochester's constancy is, perhaps, the most decisive.

In his fall he dragged down Clarendon. On the seventh of January, 1687, the Gazette announced to the people of London that the treasury was put into commission. On the eighth arrived at Dublin a dispatch formally signifying that in a month Tyreconnel would assume the government of Ireland. It was not without great difficulty that this man had surmounted the numerous impediments which stood in the way of his ambition. It was well known that the extermination of the English colony in Ireland was the object on which his heart was set. He had, therefore, to overcome some scruples in the royal mind. He had to surmount the opposition, not merely of all the Protestant members of the government, not merely of the moderate and

respectable heads of the Roman Catholic body, but even of several members of the Jesuitical cabal.\* Sunderland shrunk from the thought of an Irish revolution, religious, political, and social. To the queen Tyreconnel was personally an object of aversion. Powis was therefore suggested as the man best qualified for the vice-royalty. He was of illustrious birth; he was a sincere Roman Catholic; and yet he was generally allowed by candid Protestants to be an honest man and a good Englishman. All opposition, however, yielded to Tyreconnel's energy and cunning. He fawned, bullied, and bribed indefatigably. Petre's help was secured by flattery. Sunderland was plied at once with promises and menaces. An immense price was offered for his support, no less than an annuity of five thousand pounds a year from Ireland, redeemable by payment of fifty thousand pounds down. If this proposal were rejected, Tyreconnel threatened to let the king know that the lord president had, at the Friday dinners, described his majesty as a fool who must be governed either by a woman or by a priest. Sunderland, pale and trembling, offered to procure for Tyreconnel supreme military command, enormous appointments, anything but the vice-royalty; but all compromise was rejected; and it was necessary to yield. Mary of Modena herself was not free from suspicion of corruption. There was in London a renowned chain of pearls which was valued at ten thousand pounds. It had belonged to Prince Rupert, and by him it had been left to Margaret Hughes, a courtesan who, toward the close of his life, had exercised a boundless empire over him. Tyreconnel loudly boasted that with this chain he had purchased the support of the queen. There were those, however, who suspected that this story was one of Dick Talbot's truths, and that it had no more foundation than the calumnies which, twenty-six years before, he had invented to blacken the fame of Anne Hyde. To the Roman Catholic courtiers he spoke of the uncertain tenure by which they held offices, honors, and emoluments. The king might die to-morrow, and might leave them at the mercy of a hostile government and a hostile rabble; but if the old faith could be made dominant in Ireland, if the Protestant interest in that country could be destroyed, there would still be, in

\* Bishop Malony, in a letter to Bishop Tyrrel, says, "Never a Catholic or other English will ever think or make a step, nor suffer the king to make a step for your restauration, but leave you as you were hitherto, and leave your enemies over your heads; nor is there any Englishman, Catholic or other, of what quality or degree soever alive, that will stick to sacrifice all Ireland for to save the least interest of his own in England, and would as willingly see all Ireland over inhabited by English of whatsoever religion as by the Irish."

\* Rochester's Minutes, Dec. 19, 1686; Barillon, Dec. 30-Jan. 9, 1686-7; Burnet, i, 685; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 102; Treasury Warrant Book, Dec. 29, 1686.

the worst event, an asylum at hand to which they might retreat, and where they might negotiate or defend themselves with advantage. A popish priest was hired with the promise of the miter of Waterford to preach at St. James's against the Act of Settlement; and his sermon, though heard with deep disgust by the English part of the auditory, was not without its effect. The struggle which patriotism had for a time maintained against bigotry in the royal mind was at an end. "There is work to be done in Ireland," said James, "which no Englishman will do.\*"

All obstacles were at length removed; and in February, 1687, Tyreconnel began to rule his native country with the power and appointments of lord lieutenant, but with the humbler title of lord deputy.

His arrival spread dismay through the whole English population. Clarendon was accompanied, or speedily followed, across St. George's Channel, by a large proportion of the most respectable inhabitants of Dublin, gentlemen, tradesmen, and artificers. It was said that fifteen hundred families emigrated in a few days. The panic was not unreasonable. The work of putting the colonists down under the feet of the natives went rapidly on. In a short time almost every privy counselor, judge, sheriff, mayor, alderman, and justice of the peace was a Celt and a Roman Catholic. It seemed that things would soon be ripe for a general election, and that a House of Commons bent on abrogating the Act of Settlement would easily be assembled.† Those who had lately been the lords of the island now cried out, in the bitterness of their souls, that they had become a prey and a laughing-stock to their own serfs and menials; that houses were burned and cattle stolen with impunity; that the new soldiers roamed the country, pillaging, insulting, ravishing, maiming, tossing one Protestant in a blanket, tying up another by the hair and scourging him; that to appeal to the law was vain; that Irish judges, sheriffs, juries, and witnesses were all in a league to save Irish criminals; and that, even without an act of Parliament, the whole soil would soon change hands; for that, in every action of ejection tried under the administration of Tyreconnel, judgment had been given for the native against the Englishman.‡

While Clarendon was at Dublin, the privy seal had been in the hands of commissioners. His friends hoped that it would, on his return

to London, be again delivered to him. But the king and the Jesuitical cabal had determined that the disgrace of the Hydes should be complete. Lord Arundell, of Wardour, a Roman Catholic, received the privy seal. Bellasyse, a Roman Catholic, was made first lord of the treasury; and Dover, another Roman Catholic, had a seat at the board. The appointment of a ruined gambler to such a trust would alone have sufficed to disgust the public. The dissolute Etherege, who then resided at Ratisbon as English envoy, could not refrain from expressing, with a sneer, his hope that his old boon companion, Dover, would keep the king's money better than his own.\*

The dismissal of the two brothers is a great epoch in the reign of James. From that time it was clear that what he really wanted was not liberty of conscience for the members of his own Church, but liberty to persecute the members of other churches. Pretending to abhor tests, he had himself imposed a test. He thought it hard, he thought it monstrous, that able and loyal men should be excluded from the public service solely for being Roman Catholics. Yet he had himself turned out of office a treasurer, whom he admitted to be both loyal and able, solely for being a Protestant. The cry was that a general proscription was at hand, and that every public functionary must make up his mind to lose his soul or to lose his place.† Who, indeed, could hope to stand where the Hydes had fallen? They were the brothers-in-law of the king, the uncles and natural guardians of his children, his friends from early youth, his steady adherents in adversity and peril, his obsequious servants since he had been on the throne. Their sole crime was their religion; and for this crime they had been discarded. In great perturbation, men began to look round for help; and soon all eyes were fixed on one whom a rare concurrence both of personal qualities and of fortuitous circumstances pointed out as the deliverer.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE place which William Henry, prince of Orange Nassau, occupies in the history of England and of mankind is so great that it may be desirable to portray with some minuteness the strong lineaments of his character.‡

\* London Gazette, January 6 and March 14, 1686-7; Evelyn's Diary, March 10. Etherege's letter to Dover is in the British Museum.

† "Pare che gli animi sono inaspriti della voce che corre per il popolo, d'esser cacciato il detto ministro per non essere Cattolico, perciò tirarsi al estermínio de' Protestanti."—ADDA, Deo. 31-Jan. 10, 1687.

‡ The chief materials from which I have taken my description

\* The best account of these transactions is in the Sheridan MS.

† Sheridan MS.; Oldmixon's Memoires of Ireland; King's State of the Protestants of Ireland, particularly chap. iii; Apology for the Protestants of Ireland, 1689.

‡ Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1690.

He was now in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counselors. Sculptors, painters, and medalists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivaling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humored man. But it indicates, in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler, and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the Republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigi-

lant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young State prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile, he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favor and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had, indeed, some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a horn-work. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English and German, inelegantly, it is true, and in exactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

of the Prince of Orange will be found in Burnet's History, in Temple's and Gourville's Memoirs, in the Negotiations of the Counts of Estrades and Avaux, in Sir George Downing's Letters to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, in Wagenaar's voluminous History, in Van Kamper's Karakterkunde der Vadorlandische Geschiedenis, and, above all, in William's own confidential correspondence, of which the Duke of Portland permitted Sir James Mackintosh to take a copy.

One class of philosophical questions had been forced on his attention by circumstances, and seems to have interested him more than might have been expected from his general character. Among the Protestants of the United Provinces, as among the Protestants of our island, there were two great religious parties which almost exactly coincided with two great political parties. The chiefs of the municipal oligarchy were Arminians, and were commonly regarded by the multitude as little better than papists. The Princes of Orange had generally been the patrons of the Calvinistic divinity, and owed no small part of their popularity to their zeal for the doctrines of election and final perseverance, a zeal not always enlightened by knowledge or tempered by humanity. William had been carefully instructed from a child in the theological system to which his family was attached, and regarded that system with even more than the partiality which men generally feel for an hereditary faith. He had ruminated on the great enigmas which had been discussed in the Synod of Dort, and had found in the austere and inflexible logic of the Genevese school something which suited his intellect and his temper. That example of intolerance, indeed, which some of his predecessors had set, he never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions where it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation or by silence. His theological opinions, however, were even more decided than those of his ancestors. The tenet of predestination was the keystone of his religion. He even declared that if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief in a superintending Providence, and must become a mere Epicurean. Except in this single instance, all the sap of his vigorous mind was early drawn away from the speculative to the practical. The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of great affairs ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since Octavius the world had seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skillful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations which at seventeen the prince made on public affairs, and still more surprised to see the lad, in situations in which he might have been expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sat among the fathers of the Commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed

at the head of the administration. At twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age.

His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than a statesman; but he, like his great-grandfather, the silent prince who founded the Batavian commonwealth, occupies a far higher place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailling test of the abilities of a commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William; for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to captains who were consummate masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own; yet there is reason to believe that he was by no means equal, as a general in the field, to some who ranked far below him in intellectual powers. To those whom he trusted he spoke on this subject with the magnanimous frankness of a man who had done great things, and who could well afford to acknowledge some deficiencies. He had never, he said, served an apprenticeship to the military profession. He had been placed, while still a boy, at the head of an army. Among his officers there had been none competent to instruct him. His own blunders and their consequences had been his only lessons. "I would give," he once exclaimed, "a good part of my estates to have served a few campaigns under the Prince of Condé before I had to command against him." It is not improbable that the circumstance which prevented William from attaining any eminent dexterity in strategy may have been favorable to the general vigor of his intellect. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they entitled him to be called a great man. No disaster could for one moment deprive him of his firmness or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvelous celerity that, before his enemies had sung the *Te Deum*, he was again ready for conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier without disgrace through a campaign is possessed, or might, under proper training, be acquired, by the great majority of men; but courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and



constant risk of assassination, a risk which has shaken very strong nerves, a risk which severely tried even the adamant fortitude of Cromwell; yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. His advisers could with difficulty induce him to take any precaution against the pistols and daggers of conspirators.\* Old sailors were amazed at the composure which he preserved amid roaring breakers on a perilous coast. In battle his bravery made him conspicuous even among tens of thousands of brave warriors, drew forth the generous applause of hostile armies, and was never questioned even by the injustice of hostile factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like a man who sought for death; was always foremost in the charge and last in the retreat; fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press; and, with a musket ball in his arm and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground and waved his hat under the hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Conde, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had in all things borne himself like an old general, except in exposing himself like a young soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty, and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required, that he was always at the post of danger. The troops which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary that their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And, in truth, more than one day which had seemed hopelessly lost was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions, and cut down with his own hand the cowards who set the example of flight. Sometimes, however, it seemed that he had a strange pleasure in venturing his person. It was remarked that his spirits were never so high and his manners never so gracious and easy as amid the tumult and carnage of a battle. Even in his pastimes he liked the excitement of danger. Cards, chess, and billiards gave him no pleasure. The chase was his favorite recreation; and he loved it most when it was most hazardous. His leaps were sometimes such

that his boldest companions did not like to follow him. He seems even to have thought the most hardy field-sports of England effeminate, and to have pined in the great park of Windsor for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders, wolves, and wild boars, and huge stags with sixteen antlers.\*

The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small-pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude, his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief; but those who knew him well and saw him near were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself; but when he was really enraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was, indeed, scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection

\* William was earnestly entreated by his friends, after the peace of Ryswick, to speak seriously to the French ambassador about the schemes of assassination which the Jacobites of St. Germain's were constantly contriving. The cold magnanimity with which these intimations of danger were received is singularly characteristic. To Bentinck, who had sent from Paris very alarming intelligence, William merely replied at the end of a long letter of business, "Pour les assassins je ne luy en ay pas voulu parler, croyant que c'estoit au desous de moy."—May 2-12, 1698. I keep the original orthography, if it is to be so called.

\* From Windsor he wrote to Bentinck, then ambassador at Paris, "J'ay pris avent hier un cerf dans la forest avec les chains du Pr. de Denm. et ay fait un assez jolie chasse, autant que ce vilain pais le permet."—March 20—April 1, 1698. The spelling is bad, but not worse than Napoleon's. William wrote in better humor from Loo: "Nous avons pris deux gros cerfs, le premier dans Dorewaert, qui est un des plus gros que je sache avoir jamais pris. Il porte seize."—Oct. 25—Nov. 4, 1697.

was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation. Highest in his favor stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Bata-vian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his highness was. At length his complaint took a favorable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid and indefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine. By Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed and laid down in it. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple, with great tenderness, "I know not; but this I know, that, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever until his master was pronounced convalescent. Then, at length, Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time; for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and, as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

Sueh was the origin of a friendship as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records. The descendants of Bentinck still preserve many letters written by William to their ancestor; and it is not

too much to say that no person who has not studied those letters can form a correct notion of the prince's character. He whom even his admirers generally accounted the most distant and frigid of men, here forgets all distinctions of rank, and pours out all his feelings with the ingenuousness of a school-boy. He imparts without reserve secrets of the highest moment. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. Mingled with his communications on such subjects are other communications of a very different, but perhaps not of a less interesting kind. All his adventures, all his personal feelings, his long run after enormous stags, his earousals on St. Hubert's day, the growth of his plantations, the failure of his melons, the state of his stud, his wish to procure an easy pad-nag for his wife, his vexation at learning that one of his household, after ruining a girl of good family, refused to marry her, his fits of sea sickness, his coughs, his headaches, his devotional moods, his gratitude for the Divine protection after a great escape, his struggles to submit himself to the Divine will after a disaster, are described with an amiable garrulity hardly to have been expected from the most discreet and sedate statesman of the age. Still more remarkable is the careless effusion of his tenderness, and the brotherly interest which he takes in his friend's domestic felicity. When an heir is born to Bentinck, "He will live, I hope," says William, "to be as good a fellow as you are; and, if I should have a son, our children will love each other, I hope, as we have done."\* Through life he continues to regard the little Bentincks with paternal kindness. He calls them by endearing diminutives; he takes charge of them in their father's absence, and, though vexed at being forced to refuse them any pleasure, will not suffer them to go on a hunting party, where there would be risk of a push from a stag's horn, or to sit up late at a riotous supper.† When their mother is taken ill during her husband's absence, William, in the midst of business of the highest moment, finds time to send off several expresses in one day with short notes containing intelligence of her state.‡ On one occasion, when she is pronounced out of danger after a severe attack, the prince breaks forth into fervent expressions of

\* March 3, 1679.

† "Voilà un peu de mot le detail de nostre St. Hubert. Et j'ay eu Voire que M. Woodstoc" [Bentinck's eldest son] "n'a point este a la chasse, bien moins au soupe, quoyqu'il fit icy. Vous pouvez pourtant croire que de n'avoir pas chasse l'a un peu mortifié, mais je ne l'ay pas ause prendre sur moy, puisque vous m'aviez dit que vous ne la souhaitiez pas." From Loo, Nov. 4, 1697.

‡ On the 15th of June, 1688.

gratitude to God. "I write," he says, "with tears of joy in my eyes."\* There is a singular charm in such letters, penned by a man whose irresistible energy and inflexible firmness extorted the respect of his enemies, whose cold and ungracious demeanor repelled the attachment of almost all his partisans, and whose mind was occupied by gigantic schemes which have changed the face of the world.

His kindness was not misplaced. Bentinck was early pronounced by Temple to be the best and truest servant that ever prince had the good fortune to possess, and continued through life to merit that honorable character. The friends were indeed made for each other. William wanted neither a guide nor a flatterer. Having a firm and just reliance on his own judgment, he was not partial to counselors who dealt much in suggestions and objections. At the same time, he had too much discernment, and too much elevation of mind, to be gratified by sycophany. The confidant of such a prince ought to be a man, not of inventive genius or commanding spirit, but brave and faithful, capable of executing orders punctually, of keeping secrets inviolably, of observing facts vigilantly, and of reporting them truly; and such a man was Bentinck.

William was not less fortunate in marriage than in friendship; yet his marriage had not at first promised much domestic happiness. His choice had been determined chiefly by political considerations; nor did it seem likely that any strong affection would grow up between a handsome girl of sixteen, well disposed, indeed, and naturally intelligent, but ignorant and simple, and a bridegroom who, though he had not completed his twenty-eighth year, was in constitution older than her father, whose manner was chilling, and whose head was constantly occupied by public business or by field-sports. For a time William was a negligent husband. He was, indeed, drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares.† He was, indeed, ashamed of his errors, and spared no pains to conceal them; but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her. Spies and tale-bearers, encouraged by her father, did their best to inflame her resentment. A man of a very different character, the excellent Ken, who was her chaplain at the Hague during

some months, was so much incensed by her wrongs, that he, with more zeal than discretion, threatened to reprimand her husband severely.\* She, however, bore her injuries with a meekness and patience which deserved, and gradually obtained, William's esteem and gratitude. Yet there still remained one cause of estrangement. A time would probably come when the princess, who had been educated only to work embroidery, to play on the spinet, and to read the Bible and the Whole Duty of Man, would be the chief of a great monarchy, and would hold the balance of Europe, while her lord, ambitious, versed in affairs, and bent on great enterprises, would find in the British government no place marked out for him, and would hold power only from her bounty and during her pleasure. It is not strange that a man so fond of authority as William, and so conscious of a genius for command, should have strongly felt that jealousy which, during a few hours of royalty, put dissension between Guildford Dudley and the Lady Jane, and which produced a rupture still more tragical between Darnley and the Queen of Scots. The Princess of Orange had not the faintest suspicion of her husband's feelings. Her preceptor, Bishop Compton, had instructed her carefully in religion, and had especially guarded her mind against the arts of Roman Catholic divines, but had left her profoundly ignorant of the English Constitution and of her own position. She knew that her marriage vow bound her to obey her husband; and it had never occurred to her that the relation in which they stood to each other might one day be inverted. She had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William's discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general, his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than to give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed by a very natural delicacy. At length, a complete explanation and reconciliation were brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet.

The fame of Burnet has been attacked with singular malice and pertinacity. The attack began early in his life, and is still carried on with undiminished vigor, though he has now been more than a century and a quarter in his grave. He is, indeed, as fair a mark as factious animosity and petulant wit could desire. The faults of his understanding and temper lie on the surface, and can not be missed. They were not the faults which are ordinarily considered as belonging to his country. Alone

\* Sept. 6, 1679.

† See Swift's account of her in the *Journal to Stella*.

\* Henry Sidney's Journal of March 31, 1680, in Mr. Blencowe's interesting collection.

among the many Scotchmen who have raised themselves to distinction and prosperity in England, he had that character which satirists, novelists, and dramatists have agreed to ascribe to Irish adventurers. His high animal spirits, his boastfulness, his undisssembled vanity, his propensity to blunder, his provoking indiscretion, his unabashed audacity, afforded inexhaustible subjects of ridicule to the Tories. Nor did his enemies omit to compliment him, sometimes with more pleasantry than delicacy, on the breadth of his shoulders, the thickness of his calves, and his success in matrimonial projects on amorous and opulent widows. Yet Burnet, though open in many respects to ridicule, and even to serious censure, was no contemptible man. His parts were quick, his industry unwearied, his reading various and most extensive. He was at once a historian, an antiquary, a theologian, a preacher, a pamphleteer, a debater, and an active political leader; and in every one of those characters made himself conspicuous among able competitors. The many spirited tracts which he wrote on passing events are now known only to the curious; but his History of his Own Times, his History of the Reformation, his Exposition of the Articles, his Discourse of Pastoral Care, his Life of Hale, his Life of Wilmot, are still reprinted, nor is any good private library without them. Against such a fact as this all the efforts of detractors are vain. A writer, whose voluminous works, in several branches of literature, find numerous readers a hundred and thirty years after his death, may have had great faults, but must also have had great merits; and Burnet had great merits, a fertile and vigorous mind, and a style far indeed removed from faultless purity, but always clear, often lively, and sometimes rising to solemn and fervid eloquence. In the pulpit, the effect of his discourses, which were delivered without any note, was heightened by a noble figure and by pathetic action. He was often interrupted by the deep hum of his audience; and when, after preaching out the hour-glass, which in those days was part of the furniture of the pulpit, he held it up in his hand, the congregation clamorously encouraged him to go on until the sand had run off once more.\* In his moral character, as in his intellect, great blemishes were more than compensated by great excellence. Though often misled by prejudice and passion, he was emphatically an honest man. Though he was not secure from the seductions of vanity, his spirit was raised high above the influence either of eupidity or of fear. His nature was kind, generous,

grateful, forgiving.\* His religious zeal, though steady and ardent, was in general restrained by humanity, and by a respect for the rights of conscience. Strongly attached to what he regarded as the spirit of Christianity, he looked with indifference on rites, names, and forms of ecclesiastical polity, and was by no means disposed to be severe even on infidels and heretics whose lives were pure, and whose errors appeared to be the effect rather of some perversion of the understanding than of the depravity of the heart. But, like many other good men of that age, he regarded the ease of the Church of Rome as an exception to all ordinary rules.

Burnet, during some years, had had a European reputation. His history of the Reformation had been received with loud applause by all Protestants, and had been felt by the Roman Catholics as a severe blow. The greatest doctor that the Church of Rome has produced since the schism of the sixteenth century, Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, was engaged in framing an elaborate reply. Burnet had been honored by a vote of thanks from one of the zealous Parliaments which had sat during the excitement of the Popish Plot, and had been exhorted, in the name of the Commons of England, to continue his historical researches. He had been admitted to familiar conversation both with Charles and James, had lived on terms of close intimacy with several distinguished statesmen, particularly with Halifax, and had been the spiritual director of some persons of the highest note. He had reclaimed from atheism and from licentiousness one of the most brilliant libertines of the age, John Wilmot, earl of Rochester. Lord Stafford, the victim of Oates, had, though a Roman Catholic, been edified in his last hours by Burnet's exhortations touching those points on which all Christians agree. A few years later, a more illustrious sufferer, Lord Russell, had been accompanied by Burnet from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The court had neglected no means of gaining so active and able a divine. Neither royal blandishments nor promises of valuable preferment had been spared. But Burnet, though infected in early

\* No person has contradicted Burnet more frequently or with more asperity than Dartmouth; yet Dartmouth says, "I do not think he designedly published anything he believed to be false." Even Swift has the justice to say, "After all, he was a man of generosity and good nature."—SHORT REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

It is usual to censure Burnet as a singularly inaccurate historian, but I believe the charge to be altogether unjust. He appears to be singularly inaccurate only because his narrative has been subjected to a scrutiny singularly severe and unfriendly. If any Whig thought it worth while to subject Reresby's Memoirs, North's Examen, Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution, or the Life of James the Second, edited by Clarke, to a similar scrutiny, it would soon appear that Burnet was far indeed from being the most inexact writer of his time.

\* Speaker Onslow's note on Burnet, i, 596; Johnson's Life of Sprat.

youth by those servile doctrines which were commonly held by the clergy of that age, had become, on conviction, a Whig, and firmly adhered, through all vicissitudes, to his principles. He had, however, no part in that conspiracy which brought so much disgrace and calamity on the Whig party, and not only abhorred the murderous designs of Goodenough and Ferguson, but was of opinion that even his beloved and honored friend Russell had gone to unjustifiable lengths against the government. A time at length arrived when innocence was not a sufficient protection. Burnet, though not guilty of any legal offense, was pursued by the vengeance of the court. He retired to the Continent, and, after passing about a year in those wanderings through Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, of which he has left us an agreeable narrative, reached the Hague in the summer of 1686, and was received there with kindness and respect. He had many free conversations with the princess on politics and religion, and soon became her spiritual director and confidential adviser. William proved a much more gracious host than could have been expected; for, of all faults, officiousness and indiscretion were the most offensive to him, and Burnet was allowed even by friends and admirers to be the most officious and indiscreet of mankind; but the sagacious prince perceived that this pushing, talkative divine, who was always blabbing secrets, asking impertinent questions, obtruding unasked advice, was nevertheless an upright, courageous, and able man, well acquainted with the temper and the views of British sects and factions. The fame of Burnet's eloquence and erudition was also widely spread. William was not himself a reading man. But he had now been many years at the head of the Dutch administration, in an age when the Dutch press was one of the most formidable engines by which the public mind of Europe was moved, and, though he had no taste for literary pleasures, was far too wise and too observant to be ignorant of the value of literary assistance. He was aware that a popular pamphlet might sometimes be of as much service as a victory in the field. He also felt the importance of having always near him some person well informed as to the civil and ecclesiastical polity of our island; and Burnet was eminently qualified to be of use as a living dictionary of British affairs; for his knowledge, though not always accurate, was of immense extent, and there were in England and Scotland few eminent men of any political or religious party with whom he had not conversed. He was therefore admitted to as large a share of favor and confidence as was granted to any but those who composed

the very small inmost knot of the prince's private friends. When the doctor took liberties, which was not seldom the case, his patron became more than usually cold and sullen, and sometimes uttered a short, dry sarcasm, which would have struck dumb any person of ordinary assurance. In spite of such occurrences, however, the amity between this singular pair continued, with some temporary interruptions, until it was dissolved by death. Indeed, it was not easy to wound Burnet's feelings. His self-complacency, his animal spirits, and his want of tact was such that, though he frequently gave offense, he never took it.

All the peculiarities of his character fitted him to be the peace-maker between William and Mary. Where persons who ought to esteem and love each other are kept asunder, as often happens, by some cause which three words of frank explanation would remove, they are fortunate if they possess an indiscreet friend who blurts out the whole truth. Burnet plainly told the princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband's mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that when she became Queen of England William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give. Burnet, with many apologies, and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her Parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. "But," he added, "your royal highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution; for it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted." "I want no time for consideration," answered Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William; but William was many miles off after a stag. It was not until the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know until yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule; and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From

that time until the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant, and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a passion fond even to idolatry.

The service which Burnet had rendered to his country was of high moment. A time had arrived at which it was important to the public safety that there should be entire concord between the prince and the princess.

Until after the suppression of the western insurrection, grave causes of dissension had separated William both from Whigs and Tories. He had seen with displeasure the attempts of the Whigs to strip the executive government of some powers which he thought necessary to its efficiency and dignity. He had seen with still deeper displeasure the countenance given by a large section of that party to the pretensions of Monmouth. The Opposition, it seemed, wished first to make the crown of England not worth the wearing, and then to place it on the head of a bastard and impostor. At the same time, the prince's religious system differed widely from that which was the badge of the Tories. They were Arminians and prelatists. They looked down on the Protestant churches of the Continent, and regarded every line of their own Liturgy and rubric as scarcely less sacred than the Gospels. His opinions touching the metaphysics of theology were Calvinistic. His opinions respecting ecclesiastical polity and modes of worship were latitudinarian. He owned that episcopacy was a lawful and convenient form of church government, but he spoke with sharpness and scorn of the bigotry of those who thought episcopal ordination essential to a Christian society. He had no scruple about the vestments and gestures prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, but he avowed that he should like the rites of the Church of England better if they reminded him less of the rites of the Church of Rome. He had been heard to utter an ominous growl when first he saw, in his wife's private chapel, an altar decked after the Anglican fashion, and had not seemed well pleased at finding her with Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity in her hands.\*

He therefore long observed the contest between the English factions attentively, but without feeling a strong predilection for either side; nor, in truth, did he ever, to the end of his life, become either a Whig or a

Tory. He wanted that which is the common groundwork of both characters, for he never became an Englishman. He saved England, it is true, but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance, and quitted with delight. Even when he rendered to her those services of which, at this day, we feel the happy effects, her welfare was not his chief object. Whatever patriotic feeling he had was for Holland. There was the stately tomb where slept the great politician whose blood, whose name, whose temperament, and whose genius he had inherited. There the very sound of his title was a spell which had, through three generations, called forth the affectionate enthusiasm of boors and artisans. The Dutch language was the language of his nursery. Among the Dutch gentry he had chosen his early friends. The amusements, the architecture, the landscape of his native country, had taken hold on his heart. To her he turned with constant fondness from a prouder and fairer rival. In the gallery of Whitehall he pined for the familiar house in the wood at the Hague, and never was so happy as when he could quit the magnificence of Windsor for his far humbler seat at Loo. During his splendid banishment it was his consolation to create round him by building, planting, and digging, a scene which might remind him of the formal piles of red brick, of the long canals, and of the symmetrical flower-beds amid which his early life had been passed. Yet even his affection for the land of his birth was subordinate to another feeling which early became supreme in his soul, which mixed itself with all his passions, which impelled him to marvelous enterprises, which supported him when sinking under mortification, pain, sickness, and sorrow, which, toward the close of his career, seemed during a short time to languish, but which soon broke forth again fiercer than ever, and continued to animate him even while the prayer for the departing was read at his bedside. That feeling was enmity to France, and to the magnificent king who, in more than one sense, represented France, and who, to virtues and accomplishments eminently French, joined in large measure that unquiet, unscrupulous, and vainglorious ambition which has repeatedly drawn on France the resentment of Europe.

It is not difficult to trace the progress of the sentiment which gradually possessed itself of William's whole soul. When he was little more than a boy, his country had been attacked by Louis in ostentatious defiance of justice and public law, had been overrun, had been desolated, had been given up to every

\* Dr. Hooper's MS. narrative, published in the Appendix to Lord Dunsannon's Life of William.

excess of rapacity, licentiousness, and cruelty. The Dutch had, in dismay, humbled themselves before the conqueror, and had implored mercy. They had been told, in reply, that if they desired peace, they must resign their independence, and do annual homage to the house of Bourbon. The injured nation, driven to despair, had opened its dikes, and had called in the sea as an ally against the French tyranny. It was in the agony of that conflict, when peasants were flying in terror before the invaders, when hundreds of fair gardens and pleasure-houses were buried beneath the waves, when the deliberations of the States were interrupted by the fainting and the loud weeping of ancient senators who could not bear the thought of surviving the freedom and glory of their native land, that William had been called to the head of affairs. For a time it seemed to him that resistance was hopeless. He looked round for succor, and looked in vain. Spain was unnerved, Germany distracted, England corrupted. Nothing seemed left to the young stadtholder but to perish sword in hand, or to be the Æneas of a great emigration, and to create another Holland in countries beyond the reach of the tyranny of France. No obstacle would then remain to check the progress of the house of Bourbon. A few years, and that house might add to its dominions Lorraine and Flanders, Castile and Aragon, Naples and Milan, Mexico and Peru. Louis might wear the imperial crown, might place a prince of his family on the throne of Poland, might be sole master of Europe from the Seythian deserts to the Atlantic Ocean, and of America from regions north of the Tropic of Cancer to regions south of the Tropic of Capricorn. Such was the prospect which lay before William when first he entered on public life, and which never ceased to haunt him until his latest day. The French monarchy was to him what the Roman republic was to Hannibal, what the Ottoman power was to Scanderbeg, what the southern domination was to Wallace. Religion gave her sanction to that intense and unquenchable animosity. Hundreds of Calvinistic preachers proclaimed that the same power which had set apart Samson from the womb to be the scourge of the Philistine, and which had called Gideon from the threshing-floor to smite the Midianite, had raised up William of Orange to be the champion of all free nations and of all pure churches; nor was this notion without influence on his own mind. To the confidence which the heroic fatalist placed in his high destiny and in his sacred cause is to be partly attributed his singular indifference to danger. He had a great work to do; and

until it was done, nothing could harm him. Therefore it was that, in spite of the prognostications of physicians, he recovered from maladies which seemed hopeless, that bands of assassins conspired in vain against his life, that the open skiff to which he trusted himself in a starless night, on a raging ocean, and near a treacherous shore, brought him safe to land, and that, on twenty fields of battle, the cannon balls passed him by to right and left. The ardor and perseverance with which he devoted himself to his mission have scarcely any parallel in history. In comparison with his great object, he held the lives of other men as cheap as his own. It was but too much the habit, even of the most humane and generous soldiers of that age, to think very lightly of the bloodshed and devastation inseparable from great martial exploits; and the heart of William was steeled, not only by professional insensibility, but by that sterner insensibility which is the effect of a sense of duty. Three great coalitions, three long and bloody wars in which all Europe from the Vistula to the Western Ocean was in arms, are to be ascribed to his unconquerable energy. When, in 1678, the States-General, exhausted and disheartened, were desirous of repose, his voice was still against sheathing the sword. If peace was made, it was made only because he could not breathe into other men a spirit as fierce and determined as his own. At the very last moment, in the hope of breaking off the negotiation which he knew to be all but concluded, he fought one of the most bloody and obstinate battles of that age. From the day on which the treaty of Nimeguen was signed, he began to meditate a second coalition. His contest with Louis, transferred from the field to the cabinet, was soon exasperated by a private feud. In talents, temper, manners, and opinions, the rivals were diametrically opposed to each other. Louis, polite and dignified, profuse and voluptuous, fond of display and averse from danger, a munificent patron of arts and letters, and a cruel persecutor of Calvinists, presented a remarkable contrast to William, simple in tastes, ungracious in demeanor, indefatigable and intrepid in war, regardless of all the ornamental branches of knowledge, and firmly attached to the theology of Geneva. The enemies did not long observe those courtesies which men of their rank, even when opposed to each other at the head of armies, seldom neglect. William, indeed, went through the form of tendering his best services to Louis. But this civility was rated at its true value, and requited with a dry reprimand. The great king affected contempt for the petty prince who was the ser-

vant of a confederacy of trading towns; and to every mark of contempt the dauntless stadtholder replied by a fresh defiance. William took his title, a title which the events of the preceding century had made one of the most illustrious in Europe, from a city which lies on the banks of the Rhone not far from Avignon, and which, like Avignon, though inclosed on every side by the French territory, was properly a fief, not of the French, but of the imperial crown. Louis, with that ostentatious contempt of public law which was characteristic of him, occupied Orange, dismantled the fortifications, and confiscated the revenues. William declared aloud at his table before many persons that he would make the most Christian king repent the outrage, and, when questioned about these words by the Count of Avaux, positively refused either to retract them or to explain them away. The quarrel was carried so far that the French minister could not venture to present himself at the drawing-room of the princess for fear of receiving some affront.\*

The feeling with which William regarded France explains the whole of his policy toward England. His public spirit was a European public spirit. The chief object of his care was not our island, not even his native Holland, but the great community of nations threatened with subjugation by one too powerful member. Those who commit the error of considering him as an English statesman must necessarily see his whole life in a false light, and will be unable to discover any principle, good or bad, Whig or Tory, to which his most important acts can be referred; but when we consider him as a man whose especial task was to join a crowd of feeble, divided, and dispirited states in firm and energetic union against a common enemy, when we consider him as a man in whose eyes England was important chiefly because, without her, the great coalition which he projected must be incomplete, we shall be forced to admit that no long career recorded in history has been more uniform from the beginning to the close than that of this great prince.†

The elow of which we are now possessed will enable us to track without difficulty the course, in reality consistent, though in appearance sometimes tortuous, which he pur-

sued toward our domestic factions. He clearly saw what had not escaped persons far inferior to him in sagacity, that the enterprise on which his whole soul was intent would probably be successful if England were on his side, would be of uncertain issue if England were neutral, and would be hopeless if England acted as she had acted in the days of the Cabal. He saw not less clearly that between the foreign policy and the domestic policy of the English government there was a close connection; that the sovereign of this country, acting in harmony with the Legislature, must always have a great sway in the affairs of Christendom, and must also have an obvious interest in opposing the undue aggrandizement of any continental potentate; that, on the other hand, the sovereign, distrusted and thwarted by the Legislature, could be of little weight in European politics, and that the whole of that little weight would be thrown into the wrong scale. The Prince's first wish, therefore, was, that there should be concord between the throne and the Parliament. How that concord should be established, and on which side concession should be made, were, in his view, questions of secondary importance. He would have been best pleased, no doubt, to see a complete reconciliation effected without the sacrifice of one tittle of the prerogative; for in the integrity of that prerogative he had a reversionary interest, and he was, by nature, at least as covetous of power and as impatient of restraint as any of the Stuarts. But there was no flower of the crown which he was not prepared to sacrifice, even after the crown had been placed on his own head, if he could only be convinced that such a sacrifice was indispensably necessary to his great design. In the days of the Popish Plot, therefore, though he disapproved of the violence with which the Opposition attacked the royal authority, he exhorted the government to give way. The conduct of the Commons, he said, as respected domestic affairs, was most unreasonable; but while the Commons were discontented, the liberties of Europe could never be safe; and to that paramount consideration every other consideration ought to yield. On these principles he acted when the Exclusion Bill had thrown the nation into convulsions. There is no reason to believe that he encouraged the opposition to bring forward that bill or to reject the offers of compromise which were repeatedly made from the throne. But when it became clear that, unless that bill were carried, there would be a serious breach between the Commons and the Court, he indicated very intelligibly,

\* Avaux Negotiations, Aug. 10-20, Sept. 14-24, Sept. 23-Oct. 8, Dec. 7-17, 1682.

† I can not deny myself the pleasure of quoting Massillon's unfriendly, yet discriminating and noble character of William: "Un prince profond dans ses vnes; habile a former des liguees et a reunir les esprits; plus heureux a exciter les guerres qu'a combattre; plus a craindre encore dans le secret du cabinet, qu'a la tete des armes; un ennemi que la haine du nom Francois avoit rendu capable d'imaginer de grandes choses et de les exécuter; un de ces genies qui semblent étre nés pour mouvoit a leur gre les peuples et les souverains; un grand homme, s'il n'avoit jamais voulu étre roi."—ORAIION FUNEBRE DE M. LE DAUPHIN.



though with decorous reserve, his opinion that the representatives of the people ought to be conciliated at any price. When a violent and rapid reflux of public feeling had left the Whig party for a time utterly helpless, he attempted to attain his grand object by a new road perhaps more agreeable to his temper than that which he had previously tried. In the altered temper of the nation, there was little chance that any Parliament disposed to cross the wishes of the sovereign would be elected. Charles was for a time master. To gain Charles, therefore, was the prince's first wish. In the summer of 1683, almost at the moment at which the detection of the Rye House Plot made the discomfiture of the Whigs and the triumph of the king complete, events took place elsewhere which William could not behold without extreme anxiety and alarm. The Turkish armies advanced to the suburbs of Vienna. The great Austrian monarchy, on the support of which the prince had reckoned, seemed to be on the point of destruction. Bentinck was therefore sent in haste from the Hague to London, was charged to omit nothing which might be necessary to conciliate the English court, and was particularly instructed to express in the strongest terms the horror with which his master regarded the Whig conspiracy.

During the eighteen months which followed there was some hope that the influence of Halifax would prevail, and that the court of Whitehall would return to the policy of the Triple Alliance. To that hope William fondly clung. His first object was to propitiate Charles. The hospitality which Monmouth found at the Hague is chiefly to be ascribed to the prince's anxiety to gratify the real wishes of Monmouth's father. As soon as Charles died, William, still adhering unchangeably to his object, again changed his tack. He had sheltered Monmouth to please the late king. That the present king might have no reason to complain, Monmouth was dismissed. We have seen that, when the western insurrection broke out, the British regiments in the Dutch service were, by the active exertions of the prince, sent over to their own country on the first requisition. Indeed, William even offered to command in person against the rebels; and that the offer was made in perfect sincerity can not be doubted by those who have perused his confidential letters to Bentinck.\* The prince

was evidently at this time inclined to hope that the great plan to which in his mind everything else was subordinate might obtain the approbation and support of his father-in-law. The high tone which James was then holding toward France, the readiness with which he consented to a defensive alliance with the United Provinces, the inclination which he showed to connect himself with the house of Austria, encouraged this expectation. But in a short time the prospect was darkened. The disgrace of Halifax, the breach between James and the Parliament, the prorogation, the announcement distinctly made by the king to the foreign ministers that continental politics should no longer divert his attention from internal measures tending to strengthen his prerogative and to promote the interest of his Church, put an end to the delusion. It was plain that, when the European crisis came, England would, if James were her master, either remain inactive, or act in conjunction with France. And the European crisis was drawing near. The house of Austria had, by a succession of victories, been secured from danger on the side of Turkey, and was no longer under the necessity of submitting patiently to the encroachments and insults of Louis. Accordingly, in July, 1686, a treaty was signed at Augsburg, by which the princes of the empire bound themselves closely together for the purpose of mutual defense. The Kings of Spain and Sweden were parties to this compact, the King of Spain as sovereign of the provinces contained in the circle of Burgundy, and the King of Sweden as Duke of Pomerania. The confederates declared that they had no intention to attack and no wish to offend any power, but that they were determined to tolerate no infraction of those rights which the Germanic body held under the sanction of public law and public faith. They pledged themselves to stand by each other in case of need, and fixed the amount of force which each member of the League was to furnish if it should be necessary to repel aggression.\* The name of William did not appear in this instrument; but all men knew that it was his work, and foresaw that he would in no long time be again the captain of a coalition against France. Between him and the vassal of France there could, in such circumstances, be no cordial good-will. There was no open rupture, no interchange of menaces or re-

\* For example, "Je crois M. Feversham un tres brave et honeste homme. Mais je doute s'il a assez d'experience a diriger une si grande affaire qu'il a sur le bras. Dieu lui donne un succes prompt et heureux. Mais je ne suis pas hors d'inquietude."—July 7-17, 1685. Again, after he had received the news of the battle of Sedgemoor, "Dieu soit loue du bon succes que les

troupes du Roy ont eu contre les rebelles. Je ne doute pas que cette affaire ne soit entierement assoupie, et que le regne du Roy sera heureux, ce que Dieu veuille."—July 19-29.

\* The treaty will be found in the *Recueil des Traites*, iv, No. 209.

proaches; but the father-in-law and the son-in-law were separated completely and forever.

At the very time at which the prince was thus estranged from the English court, the causes which had hitherto produced a coolness between him and the two great sections of the English people disappeared. A large portion, perhaps a numerical majority of the Whigs, had favored the pretensions of Monmouth; but Monmouth was now no more. The Tories, on the other hand, had entertained apprehensions that the interests of the Anglican Church might not be safe under the rule of a man bred among Dutch Presbyterians, and well known to hold latitudinarian opinions about robes, ceremonies, and bishops; but, since that beloved Church had been threatened by far more formidable dangers from a very different quarter, these apprehensions had lost almost all their power. Thus, at the same moment, both the great parties began to fix their hopes and their affections on the same leader. Old Republicans could not refuse their confidence to one who had worthily filled, during many years, the highest magistracy of a republic. Old Royalists conceived that they acted according to their principles in paying profound respect to a prince so near to the throne. At this juncture, it was of the highest moment that there should be entire union between William and Mary. A misunderstanding between the presumptive heiress of the crown and her husband must have produced a schism in that vast mass which was from all quarters gathering round one common rallying point. Happily, all risk of such misunderstanding was averted in the critical instant by the interposition of Burnet, and the prince became the unquestioned chief of the whole of that party which was opposed to the government, a party almost coextensive with the nation.

There is not the least reason to believe that he at this time meditated the great enterprise to which a stern necessity afterward drove him. He was aware that the public mind of England, though heated by grievances, was by no means ripe for revolution. He would doubtless gladly have avoided the scandal which must be the effect of a mortal quarrel between persons bound together by the closest ties of consanguinity and affinity. Even his ambition made him unwilling to owe to violence that greatness which might be his in the ordinary course of nature and of law; for he well knew that, if the crown descended to his wife regularly, all its prerogatives would descend unimpaired with it, and that, if it were obtained by election, it must be taken subject to such conditions as the electors might think fit to im-

pose. He meant, therefore, as it appears, to wait with patience for the day when he might govern by an undisputed title, and to content himself in the meantime with exercising a great influence on English affairs, as first prince of the blood, and as head of the party which was decidedly preponderant in the nation, and which was certain, whenever a Parliament should meet, to be decidedly preponderant in both houses.

Already, it is true, he had been urged by an adviser, less sagacious and more impetuous than himself, to try a bolder course. This adviser was the young Lord Mordaunt. That age had produced no more inventive genius and no more daring spirit. But, if a design was splendid, Mordaunt seldom inquired whether it were practicable. His life was a wild romance, made up of mysterious intrigues, both political and amorous, of violent and rapid changes of scenes and fortune, and of victories resembling those of Amadis and Lancelot rather than those of Luxembourg and Eugene. The episodes interspersed in this strange story were of a piece with the main plot. Among them were midnight encounters with generous robbers, and rescues of noble and beautiful ladies from ravishers. Mordaunt, having distinguished himself by the eloquence and audacity with which, in the House of Lords, he had opposed the court, repaired, soon after the prorogation, to the Hague, and strongly recommended an immediate descent on England. He had persuaded himself that it would be as easy to surprise three great kingdoms as he long afterward found it to surprise Barcelona. William listened, meditated, and replied, in general terms, that he took a great interest in English affairs, and would keep his attention fixed on them.\* Whatever his purpose had been, it is not likely that he would have chosen a rash and vain-glorious knight-errant for his confidant. Between the two men there was nothing in common except personal courage, which rose in both to the height of fabulous heroism. Mordaunt wanted merely to enjoy the excitement of conflict, and to make men stare. William had one great end ever before him. Toward that end he was impelled by a strong passion which appeared to him under the guise of a sacred duty. Toward that end he toiled with a patience resembling, as he once said, the patience with which he had once seen a boatman on a canal strain against an adverse eddy, often swept back, but never ceasing to pull, and content if, by the labor of hours, a few yards could be gained.† Exploits which

\* Burnet, i, 762.

† Temple's Memoirs.

brought the prince no nearer to his object, however glorious they might be in the estimation of the vulgar, were in his judgment boyish vanities, and no part of the real business of life.

He determined to reject Mordaunt's advice; and there can be no doubt that the determination was wise. Had William, in 1686, or even in 1687, attempted to do what he did with such signal success in 1688, it is probable that many Whigs would have risen in arms at his call. But he would have found that the nation was not yet prepared to welcome an armed deliverer from a foreign country, and that the Church had not yet been provoked and insulted into forgetfulness of the tenet which had long been her peculiar badge. The old Cavaliers would have flocked to the royal standard. There would probably have been in all the three kingdoms a civil war as long and fierce as that of the preceding generation. While that war was raging in the British isles, what might not Louis attempt on the Continent? And what hope would there be for Holland, drained of her troops and abandoned by her stadtholder?

William therefore contented himself for the present with taking measures to unite and animate that mighty opposition of which he had become the head. This was not difficult. The fall of the Hydes had excited throughout England strange alarm and indignation. Men felt that the question now was, not whether Protestantism should be dominant, but whether it should be tolerated. The treasurer had been succeeded by a board, of which a papist was the head. The Privy Seal had been intrusted to a papist. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had been succeeded by a man who had absolutely no claim to high place except that he was a papist. The last person whom a government having in view the general interests of the empire would have sent to Dublin as deputy was Tyrconnel. His brutal manners made him unfit to represent the majesty of the crown. The feebleness of his understanding and the violence of his temper made him unfit to conduct grave business of state. The deadly animosity which he felt toward the possessors of the greater part of the soil of Ireland made him especially unfit to rule that kingdom. But the intemperance of his bigotry was thought amply to atone for the intemperance of all his other passions; and, in consideration of the hatred which he bore to the Reformed faith, he was suffered to indulge without restraint his hatred of the English name. This, then, was the real meaning of his majesty's respect for the rights of conscience. He wished his Parliament to remove all the disabilities which had been im-

posed on papists merely in order that he might himself impose disabilities equally galling on Protestants. It was plain that, under such a prince, apostasy was the only road to greatness. It was a road, however, which few ventured to take; for the spirit of the nation was thoroughly roused, and every renegade had to endure such an amount of public scorn and detestation as can not be altogether unfelt even by the most callous natures.

It is true that several remarkable conversions had recently taken place; but they were such as did little credit to the Church of Rome. Two men of high rank had joined her communion: Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, and James Cecil, earl of Salisbury. But Peterborough, who had been an active soldier, courtier, and negotiator, was now broken down by years and infirmities; and those who saw him totter about the galleries of Whitehall, leaning on a stick, and swathed up in flannels and plasters, comforted themselves for his defection by remarking that he had not changed his religion until he had outlived his faculties.\* Salisbury was foolish to a proverb. His figure was so bloated by sensual indulgence as to be almost incapable of moving, and this sluggish body was the abode of an equally sluggish mind. He was represented in popular lampoons as a man made to be duped, as a man who had hitherto been the prey of gamblers, and who might as well be the prey of friars. A pasquinade, which, about the time of Rochester's retirement, was fixed upon the door of Salisbury House, in the Strand, described in coarse terms the horror with which the wise Robert Cecil, if he could rise from his grave, would see to what a creature his honors had descended.†

These were the highest in station among the proselytes of James. There were other renegades of a very different kind, needy men of parts who were destitute of principle and of all sense of personal dignity. There is reason to believe that among these was William Wycherley, the most licentious and hard-hearted writer of a singularly licentious and hard-hearted school.‡ It is certain that Matthew Tindal, who, at a later period, acquired great notoriety by writing against Christianity, was at this time received into the bosom of the infallible Church; a fact which, as may be easily supposed, the divines with whom he was subsequently engaged in controversy did not suffer to sink into oblivion.§ A still more

\* See the poems entitled *The Converts* and *The Delusion*.

† The lines are in the *Collection of State Poems*.

‡ Our information about Wycherley is very scanty; but two things are certain: that in his later years he called himself a papist, and that he received money from James. I have very little doubt that he was a hired convert.

§ See the article on him in the *Biographia Britannica*.

infamous apostate was Joseph Haines, whose name is now almost forgotten, but who was well known in his own time as an adventurer of versatile parts, sharper, coiner, false witness, sham bail, dancing master, buffoon, poet, comedian. Some of his prologues and epilogues were much admired by his contemporaries, and his merit as an actor was universally acknowledged. This man professed himself a Roman Catholic, and went to Italy in the retinue of Castlemaine, but was soon dismissed for misconduct. If any credit is due to a tradition which was long preserved in the green-room, Haines had the impudence to affirm that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and called him to repentance. After the Revolution, he attempted to make his peace with the town by a penance more scandalous than his offense. One night, before he acted in a farce, he appeared on the stage in a white sheet with a torch in his hand, and recited some profane and indecent doggerel, which he called his recantation.\*

With the name of Haines was joined, in many libels, the name of a more illustrious renegade, John Dryden. Dryden was now approaching the decline of life. After many successes and many failures, he had at length attained, by general consent, the first place among living English poets. His claims on the gratitude of James were superior to those of any other man of letters in the kingdom. But James cared little for verses and much for money. From the day of his accession he set himself to make small economical reforms, such as bring on a government the reproach of meanness without producing any perceptible relief to the finances. One of the victims of his injudicious parsimony was the poet laureate. Orders were given that, in the new patent which the demise of the crown made necessary, the annual butt of sack originally granted to Jonson, and continued to Jonson's successors, should be omitted.† This was the only notice which the king, during the first year of his reign, deigned to bestow on the mighty satirist who, in the very crisis of the great struggle of the Exclusion Bill, had spread terror through the Whig ranks. Dryden was poor and impatient of poverty. He knew little and cared little about religion. If any sentiment was deeply fixed in him, that sentiment was an aversion to priests of all persuasions, Levites, augurs, muttis, Roman Catholic divines, Presbyterian divines, divines of the Church of England. He was not naturally a man of high spirit;

and his pursuits had been by no means such as were likely to give elevation or delicacy to his mind. He had, during many years, earned his daily bread by pandering to the vicious taste of the pit, and by grossly flattering rich and noble patrons. Self-respect and a fine sense of the becoming were not to be expected from one who had led a life of mendicancy and adulation. Finding that, if he continued to call himself a Protestant, his services would be overlooked, he declared himself a papist. The king's parsimony instantly relaxed. Dryden was gratified with a pension of a hundred pounds a year, and was employed to defend his new religion both in prose and verse.

Two eminent men, Samuel Johnson and Walter Scott, have done their best to persuade themselves and others that this memorable conversion was sincere. It was natural that they should be desirous to remove a disgraceful stain from the memory of one whose genius they justly admired, and with whose political feelings they strongly sympathized; but the impartial historian must with regret pronounce a very different judgment. There will always be a strong presumption against the sincerity of a conversion by which the convert is directly a gainer. In the case of Dryden there is nothing to countervail this presumption. His theological writings abundantly prove that he had never sought with diligence and anxiety to learn the truth, and that his knowledge both of the Church which he quitted and of the Church which he entered was of the most superficial kind. Nor was his subsequent conduct that of a man whom a strong sense of duty had constrained to take a step of awful importance. Had he been such a man, the same conviction which had led him to join the Church of Rome would surely have prevented him from violating grossly and habitually rules which that Church, in common with every other Christian society, recognizes as binding. There would have been a marked distinction between his earlier and his later compositions. He would have looked back with remorse on a literary life of near thirty years, during which his rare powers of diction and versification had been systematically employed in spreading moral corruption. Not a line tending to make virtue contemptible, or to inflame licentious desire, would thenceforward have proceeded from his pen. The truth unhappily is, that the dramas which he wrote after his pretended conversion are in no respect less impure or profane than those of his youth. Even when he professed to translate he constantly wandered from his originals in search of images which, if he had found them in his

\* See James Quin's account of Haines in Davies's *Miscellanies*; Tom Brown's *Works*; *Lives of Sharpers*; Dryden's *Epilogue to the Secular Masque*.

† This fact, which escaped the minute researches of Malone, appears from the *Treasury Letter Book* of 1685.

originals, he ought to have shunned. What was bad became worse in his versions. What was innocent contracted a taint from passing through his mind. He made the grossest satires of Juvenal more gross, interpolated loose descriptions in the tales of Boccaccio, and polluted the sweet and limpid poetry of the Georgics with filth which would have moved the loathing of Virgil.

The help of Dryden was welcome to those Roman Catholic divines who were painfully sustaining a conflict against all that was most illustrious in the Established Church. They could not disguise from themselves the fact that their style, disfigured with foreign idioms which had been picked up at Rome and Douay, appeared to little advantage when compared with the eloquence of Tillotson and Sherlock. It seemed that it was no light thing to have secured the co-operation of the greatest living master of the English language. The first service which he was required to perform in return for his pension was to defend his Church in prose against Stillingfleet. But the art of saying things well is useless to a man who has nothing to say; and this was Dryden's case. He soon found himself unequally paired with an antagonist whose whole life had been one long training for controversy. The veteran gladiator disarmed the novice, inflicted a few contemptuous scratches, and turned away to encounter more formidable combatants. Dryden then betook himself to a weapon at which he was not likely to find his match. He retired for a time from the bustle of coffee-houses and theaters to a quiet retreat in Huntingdonshire, and there composed, with unwonted care and labor, his celebrated poem on the points in dispute between the Churches of Rome and England. The Church of Rome he represented under the similitude of a milk-white hind, ever in peril of death, yet fated not to die. The beasts of the field were bent on her destruction. The quaking hare, indeed, observed a timorous neutrality; but the Socinian fox, the Presbyterian wolf, the Independent bear, the Anabaptist boar, glared fiercely at the spotless creature. Yet she could venture to drink with them at the common watering-place under the protection of her friend, the kingly lion. The Church of England was typified by the panther, spotted indeed, but beautiful, too beautiful for a beast of prey. The hind and the panther, equally hated by the ferocious population of the forest, conferred apart on their common danger. They then proceeded to discuss the points on which they differed, and, while wagging their tails and licking their jaws, hold a long dialogue touching the real presence, the

authority of popes and councils, the penal laws, the Test Act, Oates's perjuries, Butler's unrequited services to the Cavalier party, Stillingfleet's pamphlets, and Burnet's broad shoulders and fortunate matrimonial speculations.

The absurdity of this plan is obvious. In truth, the allegory could not be preserved unbroken through ten lines together. No art of execution could redeem the faults of such a design. Yet the tale of the Hind and the Panther is undoubtedly the most valuable addition which was made to English literature during the short and troubled reign of James the Second. In none of Dryden's works can be found passages more pathetic and magnificent, greater ductility and energy of language, or a more pleasing and various music.

The poem appeared with every advantage which royal patronage could give. A superb edition was printed for Scotland at the Roman Catholic press established in Holyrood House. But men were in no humor to be charmed by the transparent style and melodious numbers of the apostate. The disgust excited by his venality, the alarm excited by the policy of which he was the eulogist, were not to be sung to sleep. The just indignation of the public was inflamed by many who were smarting from his ridicule, and by many who were envious of his renown. In spite of all the restraints under which the press lay, attacks on his life and writings appeared daily. Sometimes he was Bayes, sometimes Poet Squab. He was reminded that in his youth he had paid to the house of Cromwell the same servile court which he was now paying to the house of Stuart. One set of his assailants maliciously reprinted the sarcastic verses which he had written against popery in days when he could have got nothing by being a papist. Of the many satirical pieces which appeared on this occasion, the most successful was the joint work of two young men who had lately quitted Cambridge, and had been welcomed as promising novices in the literary coffee-houses of London, Charles Montague and Matthew Prior. Montague was of noble descent; the origin of Prior was so obscure that no biographer has been able to trace it; but both the adventurers were poor and aspiring; both had keen and vigorous minds; both afterward climbed high; both united in a remarkable degree the love of letters with skill in those departments of business for which men of letters generally have a strong distaste. Of the fifty poets whose lives Johnson has written, Montague and Prior were the only two who were distinguished by an intimate know-

ledge of trade and finance. Soon their paths diverged widely. Their early friendship was dissolved. One of them became the chief of the Whig party, and was impeached by the Tories. The other was intrusted with all the mysteries of Tory diplomacy, and was long kept close prisoner by the Whigs. At length, after many eventful years, the associates, so long parted, were reunited in Westminster Abbey.

Whoever has read the tale of the Hind and Panther with attention must have perceived that, while that work was in progress, a great alteration took place in the views of those who used Dryden as their interpreter. At first the Church of England is mentioned with tenderness and respect, and is exhorted to ally herself with the Roman Catholics against the Puritan sects; but at the close of the poem, and in the preface, which was written after the poem had been finished, the Protestant Dissenters are invited to make common cause with the Roman Catholics against the Church of England.

This change in the language of the court poet was indicative of a great change in the policy of the court. The original purpose of James had been to obtain for the Church of which he was a member, not only complete immunity from all penalties and from all civil disabilities, but also an ample share of ecclesiastical and academical endowments, and at the same time to enforce with rigor the laws against the Puritan sects. All the special dispensations which he had granted had been granted to Roman Catholics. All the laws which bore hardest on the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, had been for a time severely executed by him. While Hales commanded a regiment, while Powis sat at the council board, while Massey held a deanery, while breviaries and mass books were printed at Oxford under a royal license, while the host was publicly exposed in London under the protection of the pikes and muskets of the Foot Guards, while friars and monks walked the streets of London in their robes, Baxter was in jail; Howe was in exile; the Five Mile Act and the Conventicle Act were in full vigor; Puritan writers were compelled to resort to foreign or to secret presses; Puritan congregations could meet only by night or in waste places, and Puritan ministers were forced to preach in the garb of colliers or of sailors. In Scotland, the king, while he spared no exertion to extort from the estates full relief for Roman Catholics, had demanded and obtained new statutes of unprecedented severity against the Presbyterians. His conduct to the exiled Huguenots had indicated not less clearly his feelings. We have seen

that, when the public munificence had placed in his hands a large sum for the relief of those unhappy men, he, in violation of every law of hospitality and good faith, required them to renounce the Calvinistic ritual to which they were strongly attached, and to conform to the Church of England, before he would dole out to them any portion of the alms which had been intrusted to his care.

Such had been his policy as long as he could cherish any hope that the Church of England would consent to share ascendancy with the Church of Rome. That hope at one time amounted to confidence. The enthusiasm with which the Tories had hailed his accession, the elections, the dutiful language and ample grants of his Parliament, the suppression of the western insurrection, the complete prostration of the party which had attempted to exclude him from the crown, elated him beyond the bounds of reason. He felt an assurance that every obstacle would give way before his power and his resolution. His Parliament withstood him. He tried the effects of frowns and menaces. Frowns and menaces failed. He tried the effect of prorogation. From the day of the prorogation the opposition to his designs had been growing stronger and stronger. It seemed clear that, if he effected his purpose, he must effect it in defiance of that great party which had given such signal proofs of fidelity to his office, to his family, and to his person. The whole Anglican priesthood, the whole Cavalier gentry, were against him. In vain had he, by virtue of his ecclesiastical supremacy, enjoined the clergy to abstain from discussing controverted points. Every parish in the nation was warned every Sunday against the errors of Rome; and these warnings were only the more effective, because they were accompanied by professions of reverence for the sovereign, and of a determination to endure with patience whatever it might be his pleasure to inflict. The Royalist knights and esquires who, through forty-five years of war and faction, had stood so manfully by the throne, now expressed, in no measured phrase, their resolution to stand as manfully by the Church. Dull as was the intellect of James, despotic as was his temper, he felt that he must change his course. He could not safely venture to outrage all his Protestant subjects at once. If he could bring himself to make concessions to the party which predominated in both houses, if he could bring himself to leave to the established religion all its dignities, emoluments, and privileges unimpaired, he might still break up Presbyterian meetings, and fill the jails with Baptist preachers. But if he was determined to plunder the

hierarchy, he must make up his mind to forego the luxury of persecuting the Dissenters. If he was henceforward to be at feud with his old friends, he must make a truce with his old enemies. He could overpower the Anglican Church only by forming against her an extensive coalition, including sects which, differing in doctrine and government far more widely from each other than from her, might yet be induced by their common jealousy of her greatness, and by their common dread of her intolerance, to suspend their animosities until she was no longer able to oppress them.

This plan seemed to him to have one strong recommendation. If he could only succeed in conciliating the Protestant Nonconformists, he might flatter himself that he was secure against all chance of rebellion. According to the Anglican divines, no subject could, on any provocation, be justified in withstanding the Lord's anointed by force. The theory of the Puritan sectaries was very different. Those sectaries had no scruple about smiting tyrants with the sword of Gideon. Many of them did not shrink from using the dagger of Ehud. They were probably even now meditating another western insurrection, or another Rye House Plot. James, therefore, conceived that he might safely persecute the Church if he could only gain the Dissenters. The party whose principles afforded him no guarantee would be attached to him by interest. The party whose interests he attacked would be restrained from insurrection by principle.

Influenced by such considerations as these, James, from the time at which he parted in anger with his Parliament, began to meditate a general league of all Nonconformists, Catholic and Protestant, against the established religion. So early as Christmas, 1685, the agents of the United Provinces informed the States-General that the plan of a general toleration had been arranged and would soon be disclosed.\* The reports which had reached the Dutch embassy proved to be premature. The separatists appear, however, to have been treated with more lenity during the year 1686 than during the year 1685. But it was only by slow degrees and after many struggles that the king could prevail on himself to form an alliance with all that he most abhorred. He had to overcome an animosity not slight or capricious, not of recent origin or hasty growth, but hereditary in his line, strengthened by great wrongs inflicted and suffered through a hundred and twenty eventful years, and intertwined with all his feelings, religious,

political, domestic, and personal. Four generations of Stuarts had waged a war to the death with four generations of Puritans; and, through that long war, there had been no Stuart who had hated the Puritans so much, or who had been so much hated by them, as himself. They had tried to blast his honor and to exclude him from his birthright; they had called him incendiary, cut-throat, poisoner; they had driven him from the Admiralty and the Privy Council; they had repeatedly chased him into banishment; they had plotted his assassination; they had risen against him in arms by thousands. He had avenged himself on them by havoc such as England had never before seen. Their heads and quarters were still rotting on poles in all the market-places of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire. Aged women held in high honor among the sectaries for piety and charity had, for offenses which no good prince would have thought deserving even of a severe reprimand, been beheaded and burned alive. Such had been, even in England, the relations between the king and the Puritans; and in Scotland the tyranny of the king and the fury of the Puritans had been such as Englishmen could hardly conceive. To forget an enmity so long and so deadly was no light task for a nature singularly harsh and implacable.

The conflict in the royal mind did not escape the eye of Barillon. At the end of January, 1687, he sent a remarkable letter to Versailles. The king—such was the substance of this document—had almost convinced himself that he could not obtain entire liberty for Roman Catholics and yet maintain the laws against Protestant Dissenters. He leaned, therefore, to the plan of a general indulgence; but at heart he would be far better pleased if he could, even now, divide his protection and favor between the Church of Rome and the Church of England, to the exclusion of all other religious persuasions.\*

A very few days after this dispatch had been written, James made his first hesitating and ungracious advances toward the Puritans. He had determined to begin with Scotland, where his power to dispense with acts of Parliament had been admitted by the obsequious estates. On the twelfth of February, accordingly, was published at Edinburgh a proclamation granting relief to scrupulous consciences.† This proclamation fully proves the correctness of Barillon's judgment. Even in the very act of making concessions to the Presbyterians, James could not conceal the

\* Barillon, Jan. 31—Feb. 10, 1686-7. "Je crois que, dans le fonds, si on ne pouvoit laisser que la religion Anglicane et la Catholique établies par les loix, le Roy d'Angleterre en seroit bien plus content."

† It will be found in Wedrow, Appendix, vol. ii, No. 129.

loathing with which he regarded them. The toleration given to the Catholics was complete. The Quakers had little reason to complain. But the indulgence vouchsafed to the Presbyterians, who constituted the great body of the Scottish people, was clogged by conditions which made it almost worthless. For the old test, which excluded Catholics and Presbyterians alike from office, was substituted a new test, which admitted the Catholics, but excluded most of the Presbyterians. The Catholics were allowed to build chapels, and even to carry the host in procession anywhere except in the high streets of royal burghs; the Quakers were suffered to assemble in public edifices; but the Presbyterians were interdicted from worshipping God anywhere but in private dwellings; they were not to presume to build meeting houses; they were not even to use a barn or an out-house for religious exercises; and it was distinctly notified to them that, if they dared to hold conventicles in the open air, the law, which denounced death against both preachers and hearers, should be enforced without mercy. Any Catholic priest might say mass; any Quaker might harangue his brethren; but the Privy Council was directed to see that no Presbyterian minister presumed to preach without a special license from the government. Every line of this instrument, and of the letters by which it was accompanied, shows how much it cost the king to relax in the smallest degree the rigor with which he had ever treated the old enemies of his house.\*

There is reason, indeed, to believe that, when he published this proclamation, he had by no means fully made up his mind to a coalition with the Puritans, and that his object was to grant just so much favor to them as might suffice to frighten the Churchmen into submission. He therefore waited a month, in order to see what effect the edict put forth at Edinburgh would produce in England. That month he employed assiduously, by Petre's advice, in what was called eloseting. London was very full. It was expected that the Parliament would shortly meet for the dispatch of business; and many members were in town. The king set himself to canvass them man by man. He flattered himself that zealous Tories—and of such, with few exceptions, the House of Commons consisted—would find it difficult to resist his earnest request, addressed to them, not collectively, but separately; not from the throne, but in the familiarity of conversation. The members, therefore, who came to pay their duty at Whitehall were taken aside, and honored with long private in-

terviews. The king pressed them, as they were loyal gentlemen, to gratify him in the one thing on which his heart was fixed. The question, he said, touched his personal honor. The laws enacted in the late reign by factious Parliaments against the Roman Catholics had really been aimed at himself. Those laws had put a stigma on him, had driven him from the Admiralty, had driven him from the Council Board. He had a right to expect that in the repeal of those laws all who loved and revered him would concur. When he found his hearers obdurate to exhortation, he resorted to intimidation and corruption. Those who refused to pleasure him in this matter were plainly told that they must not expect any mark of his favor. Penurious as he was, he opened and distributed his hoards. Several of those who had been invited to confer with him left his bed-chamber carrying with them money received from the royal hand. The judges, who were at this time on their spring circuits, were directed by the king to see those members who remained in the country, and to ascertain the intentions of each. The result of this investigation was, that a great majority of the House of Commons seemed fully determined to oppose the measures of the court.\* Among those whose firmness excited general admiration was Arthur Herbert, brother of the chief justice, member for Dover, master of the robes, and rear admiral of England. Arthur Herbert was much loved by the sailors, and was reputed one of the best of the aristocratical class of naval officers. It had been generally supposed that he would readily comply with the royal wishes; for he was heedless of religion; he was fond of pleasure and expense; he had no private estate; his places brought him in four thousand pounds a year; and he had long been reckoned among the most devoted personal adherents of James. When, however, the rear admiral was closeted, and required to promise that he would vote for the repeal of the Test Act, his answer was, that his honor and conscience would not permit him to give any such pledge. "Nobody doubts your honor," said the king; "but a man who lives as you do ought not to talk about his conscience." To this reproach, a reproach which came with a bad grace from the lover of Catharine Sedley, Herbert manfully replied, "I have my faults, sir; but I could name people who talk much more about conscience than I am in the habit of doing, and yet lead lives as loose as mine." He was dismissed from all his places; and the account of what he

\* Wodrow, Appendix, vol. ii, Nos. 128, 129, 132.

\* Barillon, Feb. 28—March 10, 1686-7; Citters, Feb. 15-25; Reresby's Memoirs; Bonrepaux, May 25—June 4, 1687.



had disbursed and received as master of the robes was scrutinized with great, and, as he complained, with unjust severity.\*

It was now evident that all hope of an alliance between the Churches of England and of Rome, for the purpose of sharing offices and emoluments, and of crushing the Puritan sects, must be abandoned. Nothing remained but to try a coalition between the Church of Rome and the Puritan sects against the Church of England.

On the eighteenth of March the king informed the Privy Council that he had determined to prorogue the Parliament until the end of November, and to grant, by his own authority, entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects.† On the fourth of April appeared the memorable Declaration of Indulgence.

In this declaration the king avowed that it was his earnest wish to see his people members of that Church to which he himself belonged; but, since that could not be, he announced his intention to protect them in the free exercise of their religion. He repeated all those phrases which, eight years before, when he was himself an oppressed man, had been familiar to his lips, but which he had ceased to use from the day on which a turn of fortune had put it into his power to be an oppressor. He had long been convinced, he said, that conscience was not to be forced, that persecution was unfavorable to population and to trade, and that it never attained the ends which persecutors had in view. He repeated his promise, already often repeated and often violated, that he would protect the Established Church in the enjoyment of her legal rights. He then proceeded to annul, by his own sole authority, a long series of statutes. He suspended all penal laws against all classes of Nonconformists. He authorized both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to perform their worship publicly. He forbade his subjects, on pain of his highest displeasure, to molest any religious assembly. He also abrogated all those acts which imposed any religious test as a qualification for any civil or military office.‡

That the Declaration of Indulgence was unconstitutional is a point on which both the great English parties have always been entirely agreed. Every person capable of reasoning on a political question must perceive that a monarch who is competent to issue such a declaration is nothing less than an ab-

solute monarch. Nor is it possible to urge in defense of this act of James those pleas by which many arbitrary acts of the Stuarts have been vindicated or excused. It can not be said that he mistook the bounds of his prerogative because they had not been accurately ascertained; for the truth is, that he trespassed with a recent landmark full in his view. Fifteen years before that time, a Declaration of Indulgence had been put forth by his brother with the advice of the Cabal. That declaration, when compared with the declaration of James, might be called modest and cautious. The declaration of Charles dispensed only with penal laws. The declaration of James dispensed also with all religious tests. The declaration of Charles permitted the Roman Catholics to celebrate their worship only in private dwellings. Under the declaration of James they might build and decorate temples, and even walk in procession along Fleet Street with crosses, images, and censers. Yet the declaration of Charles had been pronounced illegal in the most formal manner. The Commons had resolved that the king had no power to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. Charles had ordered the obnoxious instrument to be canceled in his presence, had torn off the seal with his own hand, and had, both by message under his sign manual, and with his own lips from his throne in full Parliament, distinctly promised the two houses that the step which had given so much offense should never be drawn into precedent. The two houses had then, without one dissentient voice, joined in thanking him for this compliance with their wishes. No constitutional question had ever been decided more deliberately, more clearly, or with more harmonious consent.

The defenders of James have frequently pleaded in his excuse the judgment of the Court of King's Bench on the information collusively laid against Sir Edward Hales; but the plea is of no value. That judgment James had notoriously obtained by solicitation, by threats, by dismissing scrupulous magistrates, and by placing on the bench other magistrates more courtly; and yet that judgment, though generally regarded by the bar and by the nation as unconstitutional, went only to this extent, that the sovereign might, for special reasons of state, grant to individuals by name exemptions from disabling statutes. That he could by one sweeping edict authorize all his subjects to disobey whole volumes of laws, no tribunal had ventured, in the face of the solemn parliamentary decision of 1673, to affirm.

Such, however, was the position of parties, that James's declaration of indulgence, though the most audacious of all the attacks made by

\* Barillon, March 14-24, 1687; Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, April 1; Burnet, i, 671, 672. The conversation is somewhat differently related in Clarke's *Life of James*, ii, 204. But that passage is not part of the king's memoirs.

† London Gazette, March 21, 1686-7.

‡ *Ibid.*, April 7, 1687.

the Stuarts on public freedom, was well calculated to please that very portion of the community by which all the other attacks of the Stuarts on public freedom had been most strenuously resisted. It could scarcely be hoped that the Protestant Nonconformist, separated from his countrymen by a harsh code harshly enforced, would be inclined to dispute the validity of a decree which relieved him from intolerable grievances. A cool and philosophical observer would undoubtedly have pronounced that all the evil arising from all the intolerant laws which Parliament had framed was not to be compared to the evil which would be produced by a transfer of the legislative power from the Parliament to the sovereign. But such coolness and philosophy are not to be expected from men who are smarting under present pain, and who are tempted by the offer of immediate ease. A Puritan divine could not indeed deny that the dispensing power now claimed by the crown was inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Constitution. But he might perhaps be excused if he asked, What was the Constitution to him? The act of Uniformity had ejected him, in spite of royal promises, from a benefice which was his freehold, and had reduced him to beggary and dependence. The Five Mile Act had banished him from his dwelling, from his relations, from his friends, from almost all places of public resort. Under the Conventicle Act his goods had been distrained, and he had been flung into one noisome jail after another, among highwaymen and housebreakers. Out of prison he had constantly had the officers of justice on his track; had been forced to pay hush-money to informers; had stolen, in ignominious disguises, through windows and trap-doors to meet his flock; and had, while pouring the baptismal water, or distributing the eucharistic bread, been anxiously listening for the signal that the tipstaves were approaching. Was it not moekery to call on a man thus plundered and oppressed to suffer martyrdom for the property and liberty of his plunderers and oppressors? The declaration, despotie as it might seem to his prosperous neighbors, brought deliverance to him. He was called upon to make his choice, not between freedom and slavery, but between two yokes; and he might not unnaturally think the yoke of the king lighter than that of the Church.

While thoughts like these were working in the minds of many Dissenters, the Anglican party was in amazement and terror. This new turn in affairs was indeed alarming. The house of Stuart leagued with Republican and regicide seats against the old Cavaliers of England; popery leagued with Puritanism

against an ecclesiastical system with which the Puritans had no quarrel except that it had retained too much that was popish: these were portents which confounded all the calculations of statesmen. The church was then to be attacked at once on every side, and the attack was to be under the direction of him who, by her constitution, was her head. She might well be struck with surprise and dismay. And mingled with surprise and dismay came other bitter feelings—resentment against the perjured prince whom she had served too well, and remorse for the cruelties in which he had been her accomplice, and for which he was now, as it seemed, about to be her punisher. Her chastisement was just. She repented that which she had sown. After the Restoration, when her power was at the height, she had breathed nothing but vengeance. She had encouraged, urged, almost compelled the Stuarts to requite with perfidious ingratitude the recent services of the Presbyterians. Had she, in that season of her prosperity, pleaded, as became her, for her enemies, she might now, in her distress, have found them her friends. Perhaps it was not yet too late. Perhaps she might still be able to turn the tactics of her faithless oppressor against himself. There was among the Anglican clergy a moderate party which had always felt kindly toward the Protestant Dissenters. That party was not large; but the abilities, requirements, and virtues of those who belonged to it made it respectable. It had been regarded with little favor by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries, and had been mercilessly reviled by bigots of the school of Laud; but from the day on which the Declaration of Indulgence appeared to the day on which the power of James ceased to inspire terror, the whole Church seemed to be animated by the spirit, and guided by the counsels of the calumniated Latitudinarians.

Then followed an auction, the strangest that history has recorded. On one side the king, on the other the Church, began to bid eagerly against each other for the favor of those whom up to that time king and Church had combined to oppress. The Protestant Dissenters, who, a few months before, had been a despised and proscribed class, now held the balance of power. The harshness with which they had been treated was universally condemned. The court tried to throw all the blame on the hierarchy. The hierarchy flung it back on the court. The king declared that he had unwillingly persecuted the separatists only because his affairs had been in such a state that he could not venture to disoblige the established clergy. The established clergy protested that they

had borne a part in severities uncongenial to their feelings only from deference to the authority of the king. The king got together a collection of stories about rectors and vicars who had by threats of prosecution wrung money out of Protestant Dissenters. He talked on this subject much and publicly, threatened to institute an inquiry which would exhibit the parsons in their true character to the whole world, and actually issued several commissions empowering persons on whom he thought that he could depend to ascertain the amount of the sums extorted in different parts of the country by professors of the dominant religion from sectaries. The advocates of the Church, on the other hand, cited instances of honest parish priests who had been reprimanded and menaced by the court for recommending toleration in the pulpit, and for refusing to spy out and hunt down little congregations of Nonconformists. The king asserted that some of the Churchmen whom he had closeted had offered to make large concessions to the Catholics on condition that the persecution of the Puritans might go on. The accused Churchmen vehemently denied the truth of this charge, and alleged that, if they would have complied with what he demanded for his own religion, he would most gladly have suffered them to indemnify themselves by harassing and pillaging Protestant Dissenters.\*

The court had changed its face. The scarf and cassock could hardly appear there without calling forth sneers and malicious whispers. Maids of honor forbore to giggle, and lords of the bed-chamber bowed low, when the puritanical visage and the puritanical garb, so long the favorite subjects of mockery in fashionable circles, were seen in the galleries. Taunton, which had been during two generations the stronghold of the Roundhead party in the west, which had twice resolutely repelled the armies of Charles the First, which had risen as one man to support Monmouth, and which had been turned into a shambles by Kirke and Jeffreys, seemed to have suddenly succeeded to the place which Oxford had once occupied in the royal favor.† The king constrained himself to show even fawning courtesy to eminent Dissenters. To some he offered money, to some municipal honors, to some pardons for their relations

and friends who, having been implicated in the Rye House Plot, or having joined the standard of Monmouth, were now wandering on the Continent, or toiling among the sugar-canes of Barbadoes. He affected even to sympathize with the kindness which the English Puritans felt for their foreign brethren. A second and a third proclamation were published at Edinburgh, which greatly extended the nugatory toleration granted to the Presbyterians by the edict of February.\* The banished Huguenots, on whom the king had frowned during many months, and whom he had defrauded of the alms contributed by the nation, were now relieved and caressed. An order of council was issued, appealing again in their behalf to the public liberality. The rule which required them to qualify themselves for the receipt of charity, by conforming to the Anglican worship, seems to have been at this time silently abrogated; and the defenders of the king's policy had the effrontery to affirm that this rule, which, as we know from the best evidence, was really devised by himself in concert with Barillon, had been adopted at the instance of the prelates of the Established Church.†

While the king was thus courting his old adversaries, the friends of the Church were not less active. Of the acrimony and scorn with which prelates and priests had, since the Restoration, been in the habit of treating the sectaries, scarcely a trace was discernible. Those who had lately been designated as schismatics and fanatics were now dear fellow-Protestants, weak brethren it might be, but still brethren, whose scruples were entitled to tender regard. If they would but be true at this crisis to the cause of the English Constitution and of the Reformed religion, their generosity should be speedily and largely rewarded. They should have, instead of an indulgence which was of no legal validity, a real indulgence, secured by act of Parliament. Nay, many Churchmen, who had hitherto been distinguished by their inflexible attachment to every gesture and every word prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, now declared themselves favorable, not only to toleration, but even to comprehension. The dispute, they said, about surplices and attitudes had too long divided those who were agreed as to the essentials of religion. When the struggle for life and death against the common enemy was over, it would be found that the Anglican clergy would be ready to make every fair conces-

\* Warrant Book of the Treasury. See particularly the instructions dated March 8, 1687-8; Burnet, i. 715; Reflections on his Majesty's Proclamation for a Toleration in Scotland; Letters containing some Reflections on his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience; Apology for the Church of England with relation to the spirit of Persecution for which she is accused, 1687-8. But it is impossible for me to cite all the pamphlets from which I have formed my notion of the state of parties at this time.

† Letter to a Dissenter.

\* Wodrow, Appendix, vol. ii, Nos. 132, 134.

† London Gazette, April 21, 1687; Animadversions on a late paper entitled A Letter to a Dissenter, by H. C. [Henry Care] 1687.

sion. If the Dissenters would demand only what was reasonable, not only civil, but ecclesiastical dignities would be open to them; and Baxter and Howe would be able, without any stain on their honor or their conscience, to sit on the episcopal bench.

Of the numerous pamphlets in which the cause of the court and the cause of the Church were at this time eagerly and anxiously pleaded before the Puritan, now, by a strange turn of fortune, the arbiter of the fate of his persecutors, one only is still remembered, the Letter to a Dissenter. In this masterly little tract, all the arguments which could convince a Nonconformist that it was his duty and his interest to prefer an alliance with the Church to an alliance with the court, were condensed into the smallest compass, arranged in the most perspicuous order, illustrated with lively wit, and enforced by an eloquence earnest indeed, yet never in its utmost vehemence transgressing the limits of exact good sense and good breeding. The effect of this paper was immense; for, as it was only a single sheet, more than twenty thousand copies were circulated by the post; and there was no corner of the kingdom in which the effect was not felt. Twenty-four answers were published, but the town pronounced that they were all bad, and that LeStrange's was the worst of the twenty-four.\* The government was greatly irritated, and spared no pains to discover the author of the letter; but it was found impossible to procure legal evidence against him. Some imagined that they recognized the sentiments and diction of Temple.† But, in truth, that amplitude and acuteness of intellect, that vivacity of fancy, that terse and energetic style, that placid dignity, half courtly, half philosophical, which the utmost excitement of conflict could not for a moment derange, belonged to Halifax, and to Halifax alone.

The Dissenters wavered; nor is it any reproach to them that they did so. They were suffering, and the king had given them relief. Some eminent pastors had emerged from confinement; others had ventured to return from exile. Congregations which had hitherto met only by stealth and in darkness, now assembled at noon-day, and sang psalms aloud in the hearing of magistrates, churchwardens, and constables. Modest buildings for the worship of God after the Puritan fashion began to arise all over England. An observant

traveler will still remark the date of 1687 on some of the oldest meeting-houses. Nevertheless, the offers of the Church were, to a prudent Dissenter, far more attractive than those of the king. The Declaration was, in the eye of the law, a nullity. It suspended the penal statutes against nonconformity only for so long a time as the fundamental principles of the Constitution and the rightful authority of the Legislature should remain suspended. What was the value of privileges which must be held by a tenure at once so ignominious and so insecure? There might soon be a demise of the crown. A sovereign attached to the established religion might sit on the throne. A Parliament composed of churchmen might be assembled. How deplorable would then be the situation of Dissenters who had been in league with Jesuits against the Constitution! The Church offered an indulgence very different from that granted by James, an indulgence as valid and as sacred as the Great Charter. Both the contending parties promised religious liberty to the separatist; but one party required him to purchase it by sacrificing civil liberty, the other party invited him to enjoy civil and religious liberty together.

For these reasons, even if it could be believed that the court was sincere, a Dissenter might reasonably have determined to cast in his lot with the Church. But what guarantee was there for the sincerity of the court? All men knew what the conduct of James had been up to that very time. It was not impossible, indeed, that a persecutor might be convinced by argument and by experience of the advantages of toleration. But James did not pretend to have been recently convinced. On the contrary, he omitted no opportunity of protesting that he had, during many years, been, on principle, adverse to all intolerance. Yet, within a few months, he had persecuted men, women, young girls, to the death for their religion. Had he been acting against light and against the convictions of his conscience then? Or was he uttering a deliberate falsehood now? From this dilemma there was no escape: and either of the two suppositions was fatal to the king's character for honesty. It was notorious, also, that he had been completely subjugated by the Jesuits. Only a few days before the publication of the Indulgence, that order had been honored, in spite of the well-known wishes of the Holy See, with a new mark of his confidence and approbation. His confessor, Father Mansuete, a Franciscan, whose mild temper and irreproachable life commanded general respect, but who had long been hated by Tyreconnel and Petre, had been

\* LeStrange's Answer to a Letter to a Dissenter; Care's Animadversions on a Letter to a Dissenter; Dialogue between Harry and Roger; that is to say, Harry Care and Roger LeStrange.

† The letter was signed T. W. Care says, in his Animadversions, "This Sir Politic T. W. or W. T.; for some critics think that the truer reading."

discarded. The vacant place had been filled by an Englishman named Warner, who had apostatized from the religion of his country, and had turned Jesuit. To the moderate Roman Catholics and to the nuncio this change was far from agreeable. By every Protestant it was regarded as a proof that the dominion of the Jesuits over the royal mind was absolute.\* Whatever praises those fathers might justly claim, flattery itself could not ascribe to them either wide liberality or strict veracity. That they had never scrupled, when the interest of their faith or of their order was at stake, to call in the aid of the civil sword, or to violate the laws of truth and of good faith, had been proclaimed to the world, not only by Protestant accusers, but by men whose virtue and genius were the glory of the Church of Rome. It was incredible that a devoted disciple of the Jesuits should be on principle zealous for freedom of conscience; but it was neither incredible nor improbable that he might think himself justified in disguising his real sentiments, in order to render a service to his religion. It was certain that the king at heart preferred the churchmen to the Puritans. It was certain that, while he had any hope of gaining the churchmen, he had never shown the smallest kindness to the Puritans. Could it then be doubted that, if the churchmen would even now comply with his wishes, he would willingly sacrifice the Puritans? His word, repeatedly pledged, had not restrained him from invading the legal rights of that clergy which had given such signal proofs of affection and fidelity to his house. What security, then, could his word afford to sects divided from him by the recollection of a thousand inexpiable wounds inflicted and endured?

When the first agitation produced by the publication of the Indulgence had subsided, it appeared that a breach had taken place in the Puritan party. The minority, headed by a few busy men whose judgment was defective or was biased by interest, supported the king. Henry Care, who had long been the bitterest and most active pamphleteer among the Nonconformists, and who had, in the days of the Popish Plot, assailed James with the utmost fury in a weekly journal entitled the *Packet of Advice from Rome*, was now as loud in adulation as he had formerly been in calumny and insult.† The chief agent who was employed by the government to manage the Presbyterians was Vincent Alsop, a divine

of some note both as a preacher and a writer. His son, who had incurred the penalties of treason, received a pardon; and the whole influence of the father was thus engaged on the side of the court.\* With Alsop was joined Thomas Rosewell. Rosewell had, during that persecution of the Dissenters which followed the detection of the Rye House Plot, been falsely accused of preaching against the government, had been tried for his life by Jeffreys, and had, in defiance of the clearest evidence, been convicted by a packed jury. The injustice of the verdict was so gross that the very courtiers cried shame. One Tory gentleman who had heard the trial went instantly to Charles, and declared that the neck of the most loyal subject in England would not be safe if Rosewell suffered. The jurymen themselves were stung by remorse when they thought over what they had done, and exerted themselves to save the life of the prisoner. At length a pardon was granted; but Rosewell remained bound under heavy recognizances to good behavior during life, and to periodical appearance in the Court of King's Bench. His recognizances were now discharged by the royal command, and in this way his services were secured.‡

The business of gaining the Independents was principally intrusted to one of their ministers named Stephen Lobb. Lobb was a weak, violent, and ambitious man. He had gone such lengths in opposition to the government, that he had been by name proscribed in several proclamations. He now made his peace, and went as far in servility as he had ever done in faction. He joined the Jesuitical cabal, and eagerly recommended measures from which the wisest and most honest Roman Catholics recoiled. It was remarked that he was constantly at the palace and frequently in the closet, that he lived with a splendor to which the Puritan divines were little accustomed, and that he was perpetually surrounded by suitors imploring his interest to procure them offices or pardons.‡

With Lobb was closely connected William Penn. Penn had never been a strong-headed man: the life which he had been leading during two years had not a little impaired his moral sensibility; and, if his conscience ever reproached him, he comforted himself by repeating that he had a good and noble end in view, and that he was not paid for his services in money.

\* Ellis Correspondence, March 15, July 27, 1686. Barillon, Feb. 28—March 10, March 3—13, March 6—16, 1687; Ronquillo, March 9—19, 1687, in the Mackintosh Collection.

† Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*; *Observer*; *Heraclitus Rileus*, *passim*. But Care's own writings furnish the best materials for an estimate of his character.

\* Calamy's *Account of the Ministers ejected or silenced after the Restoration*, Northamptonshire; Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*; *Biographia Britannica*.

‡ *State Trials*; Samuel Rosewell's *Life of Thomas Rosewell*, 1718, Calamy's *Account*.

‡ *London Gazette*, March 15, 1685-6; Nichols's *Defense of the Church of England*; Price's *Viudication of the Dissenters*.

By the influence of these men, and of others less conspicuous, addresses of thanks to the king were procured from several bodies of Dissenters. Tory writers have with justice remarked that the language of these compositions was as fulsomely servile as anything that could be found in the most florid eulogies pronounced by bishops on the Stuarts; but, on close inquiry, it will appear that the disgrace belongs to but a small part of the Puritan party. There was scarcely a market-town in England without at least a knot of separatists. No exertion was spared to induce them to express their gratitude for the Indulgence. Circular letters, imploring them to sign, were sent to every corner of the kingdom in such numbers that the mail-bags, it was sportively said, were too heavy for the post-horses. Yet all the addresses which could be obtained from all the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists scattered over England did not in six months amount to sixty; nor is there any reason to believe that any of these addresses was numerously signed.\*

The great body of Protestant Nonconformists, firmly attached to civil liberty, and distrusting the promises of the king and of the Jesuits, steadily refused to return thanks for a favor which, it might well be suspected, concealed a snare. This was the temper of all the most illustrious chiefs of the party. One of these was Baxter. He had, as we have seen, been brought to trial soon after the accession of James, had been brutally insulted by Jeffreys, and had been convicted by a jury such as the courtly sheriffs of those times were in the habit of selecting. Baxter had been about a year and a half in prison when the court began to think seriously of gaining the Nonconformists. He was not only set at liberty, but was informed that, if he chose to reside in London, he might do so without fearing that the Five Mile Act would be enforced against him. The government probably hoped that the recollection of past sufferings and the sense of present ease would produce the same effect on him as on Roswell and Lobb. The hope was disappointed. Baxter was neither to be corrupted nor to be deceived. He refused to join in any address of thanks for the Indulgence, and exerted all his influence to promote good feeling between the Church and the Presbyterians.†

If any man stood higher than Baxter in the estimation of the Protestant Dissenters, that man was John Howe. Howe had, like Baxter, been personally a gainer by the recent change of measures. The same tyranny

which had flung Baxter into jail had driven Howe into banishment; and, soon after Baxter had been let out of the King's Bench prison, Howe returned from Utrecht to England. It was expected at Whitehall that Howe would exert in favor of the court all the authority which he possessed over his brethren. The king himself condescended to ask the help of the subject whom he had oppressed. Howe appears to have hesitated; but the influence of the Hampdens, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy, kept him steady to the cause of the Constitution. A meeting of Presbyterian ministers was held at his house, to consider the state of affairs, and to determine on the course to be adopted. There was great anxiety at the palace to know the result. Two royal messengers were in attendance during the discussion. They carried back the unwelcome news that Howe had declared himself decidedly adverse to the dispensing power, and that he had, after long debate, carried with him the majority of the assembly.\*

To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior, John Bunyan. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that he had sold Christ, that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense and so long continued. At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair, the penitent passed to a state of serene feli-

\* The Addresses will be found in the London Gazettes.  
† Calamy's Life of Baxter.

\* Calamy's Life of Howe. The share which the Hampden family had in the matter I learned from a letter of Johnstone of Waristoun, dated June 13, 1688.

city. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed.\* He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception, an important exception undoubtedly, of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstasy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was, in his own life-time, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a master-piece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love.†

It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching; but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through back doors, with a smock frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the Indulgence with delight. He was now, at length, free to pray

and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he originally resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting-house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait intended to lure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognize the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the government.\*

Great as was the authority of Bunyan with the Baptists, that of William Kiffin was still greater. Kiffin was the first man among them in wealth and station. He was in the habit of exercising his spiritual gifts at their meetings; but he did not live by preaching. He traded largely; his credit on the Exchange of London stood high; and he had accumulated an ample fortune. Perhaps no man could, at that conjuncture, have rendered more valuable services to the court. But between him and the court was interposed the remembrance of one terrible event. He was the grandfather of the two Hewlings, those gallant youths who, of all the victims of the Bloody Assizes, had been the most generally lamented. For the sad fate of one of them James was in a peculiar manner responsible. Jeffreys had respited the younger brother. The poor lad's sister had been ushered by Churchill into the royal presence, and had begged for mercy; but the king's heart had been obdurate. The misery of the whole family had been great; but Kiffin was most to be pitied. He was seventy years old when he was left destitute, the survivor of those who should have survived him. The heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall, judging by themselves, thought that the old man would be easily propitiated by an alderman's gown, and by some compensation in money for the property which his grandsons had forfeited. Penn was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose. The king determined to try what effect his own civilities would produce. Kiffin was ordered to attend at the palace. He found a brilliant circle of noblemen and gentlemen assembled. James immediately came to him, spoke to him very graciously, and concluded by saying,

\* Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*.

† Young classes Bunyan's prose with Dufsey's poetry. The people of fashion in the Spiritual Quixote rank the *Pilgrim's Progress* with Jack the Giant Killer. Late in the eighteenth century Cowper did not venture to do more than allude to the great allegorist:

"I name thee not, lest so despised a name  
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

\* The continuation of Bunyan's *Life* appended to his *Grace Abounding*.

"I have put you down, Mr. Kiffin, for an alderman of London." The old man looked fixedly at the king, burst into tears, and made answer, "Sir, I am worn out; I am unfit to serve your majesty or the city. And, sir, the death of my poor boys broke my heart. That wound is as fresh as ever. I shall carry it to my grave." The king stood silent for a minute in some confusion, and then said, "Mr. Kiffin, I will find a balsam for that sore." Assuredly James did not mean to say anything cruel or insolent; on the contrary, he seems to have been in an unusually gentle mood. Yet no speech that is recorded of him gives so unfavorable a notion of his character as these few words. They are the words of a hard-hearted and low-minded man, unable to conceive any laceration of the affections for which a place or a pension would not be a full compensation.\*

The section of the dissenting body which was favorable to the king's new policy had from the first been a minority, and soon began to diminish; for the Nonconformists perceived in no long time that their spiritual privileges had been abridged rather than extended by the Indulgence. The chief characteristic of the Puritan was abhorrence of the peculiarities of the Church of Rome. He had quitted the Church of England only because he conceived that she too much resembled her superb and voluptuous sister, the sorecress of the golden cup and of the scarlet robe. He now found that one of the implied conditions of that alliance which some of his pastors had formed with the court was that the religion of the court should be respectfully and tenderly treated. He soon began to regret the days of persecution. While the penal laws were enforced, he had heard the words of life in secret and at his peril; but still he had heard them. When the brethren were assembled in the inner chamber, when the sentinels had been posted, when the doors had been locked, when the preacher, in the garb of a butcher or a drayman, had come in over the tiles, then at least God was truly worshiped. No portion of Divine truth was suppressed or softened down for any worldly object. All the distinctive doctrines of the Puritan theology were fully, and even coarsely set forth. To the errors of Rome no quarter was given. The beast, the anti-Christ, the man of sin, the mystical Jezebel, the mystical Babylon, were the phrases ordinarily employed to describe that august and fascinating superstition. Such had been once the style of Alsop, of Lobb, of Rosewell, and of other ministers who had of late been well re-

ceived at the palace, but such was now their style no longer. Divines who aspired to a high place in the king's favor and confidence could not venture to speak with asperity of the king's religion. Congregations therefore complained loudly that, since the appearance of the Declaration which purported to give them entire freedom of conscience, they had never once heard the Gospel boldly and faithfully preached. Formerly they had been forced to snatch their spiritual nutriment by stealth; but, when they had snatched it, they found it seasoned exactly to their taste. They were now at liberty to feed; but their food had lost all its savor. They met by daylight, and in commodious edifices; but they heard discourses far less to their taste than they would have heard from the rector. At the parish church, the will-worship and idolatry of Rome were every Sunday attacked with energy; but at the meeting-house, the pastor, who had a few months before reviled the established clergy as little better than papists, now carefully abstained from censuring popery, or conveyed his censures in language too delicate to shock even the ears of Father Petre. Nor was it possible to assign any creditable reason for this change. The Roman Catholic doctrines had undergone no alteration. Within living memory, never had Roman Catholic priests been so active in the work of making proselytes; never had so many Roman Catholic publications issued from the press; never had the attention of all who cared about religion been so closely fixed on the dispute between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. What could be thought of the sincerity of theologians who had never been weary of railing at popery when popery was comparatively harmless and helpless, and who now, when a time of real danger to the Reformed faith had arrived, studiously avoided uttering one word which could give offense to a Jesuit? Their conduct was indeed easily explained. It was known that some of them had obtained pardons. It was suspected that others had obtained money. Their prototype might be found in that weak apostle who from fear denied the Master and friend to whom he had boastfully professed the firmest attachment, or in that baser apostle who sold his Lord for a handful of silver.\*

Thus the dissenting ministers who had been gained by the court were rapidly losing the influence which they had once possessed over their brethren. On the other hand, the sectaries found themselves attracted by a

\* Kiffin's Memoirs; Luson's Letter to Brooke, May 11, 1773, in the Hughes Correspondence.

\* See, among other cotemporary pamphlets, one entitled A Representation of the threatening Dangers impending over Protestants.



strong religious sympathy toward those bishops and priests of the Church of England who, in spite of royal mandates, of threats, and of promises, were waging vigorous war with the Church of Rome. The Anglican body and the Puritan body, so long separated by a mortal enmity, were daily drawing nearer to each other, and every step which they made toward union increased the influence of him who was their common head. William was in all things fitted to be a mediator between these two great sections of the English nation. He could not be said to be a member of either; yet neither, when in a reasonable mood, could refuse to regard him as a friend. His system of theology agreed with that of the Puritans. At the same time, he regarded episcopacy, not, indeed, as a divine institution, but as a perfectly lawful and an eminently useful form of church government. Questions respecting postures, robes, festivals, and liturgies he considered of no vital importance. A simple worship, such as that to which he had been early accustomed, would have been most to his personal taste; but he was prepared to conform to any ritual which might be acceptable to the nation, and insisted only that he should not be required to persecute his brother Protestants whose consciences did not permit them to follow his example. Two years earlier he would have been pronounced by numerous bigots on both sides a mere Laodicean, neither cold nor hot, and fit only to be spewed out; but the zeal which had inflamed Churchmen against Dissenters and Dissenters against Churchmen had been so tempered by common adversity and danger, that the lukewarmness which had once been imputed to him as a crime was now reckoned among his chief virtues.

All men were anxious to know what he thought of the Declaration of Indulgence. For a time hopes were entertained at Whitehall that his known respect for the rights of conscience would at least prevent him from publicly expressing disapprobation of a policy which had a specious show of liberality. Penn sent copious disquisitions to the Hague, and even went thither in the hope that his eloquence, of which he had a high opinion, would prove irresistible; but, though he harangued on his favorite theme with a copiousness which tired his hearers out, and though he assured them that the approach of a golden age of religious liberty had been revealed to him by a man who was permitted to converse with angels, no impression was made on the prince.\* "You ask me," said William to one of the king's agents, "to

countenance an attack on my own religion. I cannot with a safe conscience do it, and I will not, no, not for the crown of England, nor for the empire of the world." These words were reported to the king, and disturbed him greatly.\* He wrote urgent letters with his own hand. Sometimes he took the tone of an injured man. He was the head of the royal family; he was, as such, entitled to expect the obedience of the younger branches; and it was very hard that he was to be crossed in a matter on which his heart was set. At other times, a bait which was thought irresistible was offered. If William would but give way on this one point, the English government would, in return, co-operate with him strenuously against France. He was not to be so deluded. He knew that James, without the support of a Parliament, would, even if not unwilling, be unable to render effectual service to the common cause of Europe; and there could be no doubt that, if a Parliament were assembled, the first demand of both houses would be that the Declaration should be canceled.

The princess assented to all that was suggested by her husband. Their joint opinion was conveyed to the king in firm but temperate terms. They declared that they deeply regretted the course which his majesty had adopted. They were convinced that he had usurped a prerogative which did not by law belong to him. Against that usurpation they protested, not only as friends to civil liberty, but as members of the royal house, who had a deep interest in maintaining the rights of that crown which they might one day wear; for experience had shown that in England arbitrary government could not fail to produce a reaction even more pernicious than itself; and it might reasonably be feared that the nation, alarmed and incensed by the prospect of despotism, might conceive a disgust even for constitutional monarchy. The advice, therefore, which they tendered to the king was, that he would in all things govern according to law. They readily admitted that the law might with advantage be altered by competent authority, and that some part of the Declaration well deserved to be embodied in an act of Parliament. They were not persecutors. They should with pleasure see Roman Catholics as well as Protestant Dissenters relieved in a proper manner from

\* "Le Prince d'Orange, qui avoit elude jusqu'alors de faire une pousse positive, dit . . . qu'il ne consentira jamais a la suppression de ces loix qui avoient etc. etablies pour le maintien et la surete de la religion Protestante, et que sa conscience ne le lui permettoit point, non seulement pour la succession du royaume d'Angleterre, mais meme pour l'empire du monde; en sorte que le roi d'Angleterre est plus aigri contre lui qu'il n'a jamais etc."—BONREPAX, June 11-21, 1687.

\* Burnet, i, 693, 694.

all penal statutes. They should with pleasure see Protestant Dissenters admitted in a proper manner to civil office. At that point they must stop. They could not but entertain grave apprehensions that, if Roman Catholics were made capable of public trust, great evils would ensue, and they intimated not obscurely that their apprehensions arose chiefly from the conduct of James.\*

The opinion expressed by the prince and princess respecting the disabilities to which the Roman Catholics were subject was that of almost all the statesmen and philosophers who were then zealous for political and religious freedom. In our age, on the contrary, enlightened men have often pronounced, with regret, that, on this one point, William appears to disadvantage when compared with his father-in-law. The truth is, that some considerations which are necessary to the forming of a correct judgment seem to have escaped the notice of many writers of the nineteenth century.

There are two opposite errors into which those who study the annals of our country are in constant danger of falling, the error of judging the present by the past, and the error of judging the past by the present. The former is the error of minds prone to reverence whatever is old, the latter of minds readily attracted by whatever is new. The former error may perpetually be observed in the reasonings of conservative politicians on the questions of their own day. The latter error perpetually infects the speculations of writers of the liberal school when they discuss the transactions of an earlier age. The former error is the more pernicious in a statesman, and the latter in a historian.

It is not easy for any person who, in our time, undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve with steadiness the happy mean between these two extremes. The question whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to Parliament and to office convulsed our country during the reign of James the Second, was set at rest by his downfall, and, having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years the contest went on in both houses of Parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of civil war. Even when

the struggle had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man whose mind was under the influence of those passions to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

One class of politicians, starting from the true proposition that the Revolution had been a great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervades the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

Perhaps, however, it will be found, on examination, that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of our own time.

Undoubtedly it is an evil that any citizen should be excluded from civil employment on account of his religious opinions; but a choice between evils is sometimes all that is left to human wisdom. A nation may be placed in such a situation that the majority must either impose disabilities or submit to them, and that what would, under ordinary circumstances, be justly condemned as persecution, may fall within the bounds of legitimate self-defense; and such was, in the year 1687, the situation of England.

According to the constitution of the realm, James possessed the right of naming almost all public functionaries, political, judicial, ecclesiastical, military, and naval. In the exercise of this right he was not, as our sovereigns now are, under the necessity of acting in conformity with the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. It was evident, therefore, that, unless he were strictly bound by law to bestow office on none but Protestants, it would be in his power to bestow office on none but Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics were few in number, and among them was not a single man whose services could be seriously missed by the Commonwealth. The proportion which they bore to the population of England was

\* Burnet, i. 710. Bonrepaux, May 24-June 4, 1687.

very much smaller than at present; for at present a constant stream of emigration runs from Ireland to our great towns; but in the seventeenth century there was not even in London an Irish colony. Forty-nine fiftieths of the inhabitants of the kingdom, forty-nine fiftieths of the property of the kingdom, almost all the political, legal, and military ability and knowledge to be found in the kingdom, were Protestant. Nevertheless, the king, under a strong infatuation, had determined to use his vast patronage as a means of making proselytes. To be of his Church was, in his view, the first of all qualifications for office. To be of the national Church was a positive disqualification. He reprobated, it is true, in language which has been applauded by some credulous friends of religious liberty, the monstrous injustice of that test which excluded a small minority of the nation from public trust; but he was, at the same time, instituting a test which excluded the majority. He thought it hard that a man who was a good financier and a loyal subject should be excluded from the post of lord treasurer merely for being a papist; but he had himself turned out a lord treasurer whom he admitted to be a good financier and a loyal subject merely for being a Protestant. He had repeatedly and distinctly declared his resolution never to put the white staff in the hands of any heretic. With many other great offices of state he had dealt in the same way. Already the lord president, the lord privy seal, the lord chamberlain, the groom of the stole, the first lord of the treasury, a secretary of state, the lord high commissioner of Scotland, the chancellor of Scotland, the secretary of Scotland, were, or pretended to be, Roman Catholics. Most of these functionaries had been bred Churchmen, and had been guilty of apostasy, open or secret, in order to obtain or to keep their high places. Those Protestants who still held important posts in the government held them in constant uncertainty and fear. It would be endless to recount the situations of a lower rank which were filled by the favored class. Roman Catholics already swarmed in every department of the public service. They were lords lieutenants, deputy lieutenants, judges, justices of the peace, commissioners of the customs, envoys to foreign courts, colonels of regiments, governors of fortresses. The share which in a few months they had obtained of the temporal patronage of the crown was much more than ten times as great as they would have had under an impartial system. Yet this was not the worst. They were made rulers of the Church of England. Men who had as-

sured the king that they held his faith sat in the High Commission, and exercised supreme jurisdiction in spiritual things over all the prelates and priests of the established religion. Ecclesiastical benefices of great dignity were bestowed, some on avowed papists, and some on half-concealed papists. And all this had been done while the laws against popery were still unrepealed, and while James had still a strong interest in simulating respect for the rights of conscience. What, then, was his conduct likely to be, if his subjects consented to free him, by a legislative act, from even the shadow of restraint? Is it possible to doubt that Protestants would have been as effectually excluded from employment by a strictly legal use of the royal prerogative, as ever Roman Catholics had been by act of Parliament?

How obstinately James was determined to bestow on the members of his own Church a share of patronage altogether out of proportion to their numbers and importance is proved by the instructions which, in exile and old age, he drew up for the guidance of his son. It is impossible to read without mingled pity and derision those effusions of a mind on which all the discipline of experience and adversity had been exhausted in vain. The pretender is advised, if ever he should reign in England, to make a partition of offices, and carefully to reserve for the members of the Church of Rome a portion which might have sufficed for them if they had been one half instead of one fiftieth part of the nation. One secretary of state, one commissioner of the treasury, the secretary at war, the majority of the great dignitaries of the household, the majority of the officers of the army, are always to be Catholics. Such were the designs of James after his perverse bigotry had drawn on him a punishment which had appalled the whole world. Is it then possible to doubt what his conduct would have been if his people, deluded by the empty name of religious liberty, had suffered him to proceed without any check?

Even Penn, intemperate and undiscerning as was his zeal for the Declaration, seems to have felt that the partiality with which honors and emoluments were heaped on Roman Catholics might not unnaturally excite the jealousy of the nation. He owned that, if the Test Act were repealed, the Protestants were entitled to some equivalent, and went so far as to suggest several equivalents. During some weeks the word equivalent, then lately imported from France, was in the mouths of all the coffee-house orators; but at length a few pages of keen logic and polished sarcasm written by Halifax put an end to these idle

projects. One of Penn's schemes was that a law should be passed dividing the patronage of the crown into three equal parts, and that to one only of those parts members of the Church of Rome should be admitted. Even under such an arrangement the members of the Church of Rome would have obtained near twenty times their fair portion of official appointments, and yet there is no reason to believe that even to such an arrangement the king would have consented; but, had he consented, what guarantee could he give that he would adhere to his bargain? The dilemma propounded by Halifax was unanswerable. If laws are binding on you, observe the law which now exists. If laws are not binding on you, it is idle to offer us a law as a security.\*

It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was not whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was king it was inevitable that there should be exclusion; and the only question was who should be excluded, papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen or five millions.

Such were the weighty arguments by which the Prince of Orange and the most enlightened of those who supported him conceived that they could reconcile the way in which they acted toward the English Roman Catholics with the principles of religious liberty. These arguments, it will be observed, had no reference to any part of the Roman Catholic theology. It will also be observed that they ceased to have any weight when the crown had been settled on a race of Protestant sovereigns, and when the power of the House of Commons in the state had become so decidedly preponderant that no sovereign, whatever might have been his opinions or his inclinations, could have imitated the example of James. The nation, however, after its terrors, its struggles, its narrow escape, was in a suspicious and vindictive mood. Means of defense, therefore, which necessity had once justified, and which necessity alone could justify, were obstinately used long after the necessity had ceased to exist, and were not abandoned until vulgar prejudice had maintained a contest of many years against reason. But in the time of James reason and vulgar prejudice were on the same side. The fanatical and ignorant wished to exclude the Roman Catholic from office because he worshiped stocks and stones, because he had the mark of the beast, because he had burned down London, because he had strangled Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey; and the most judicious and tolerant statesman, while smiling at the de-

lusions which imposed on the populace, was led, by a very different road, to the same conclusion.

The great object of William now was to unite in one body the numerous sections of the community which regarded him as their common head. In this work he had several able and trusty coadjutors, among whom two were pre-eminently useful, Burnet and Dykvelt.

The services of Burnet, indeed, it was necessary to employ with some caution. The kindness with which he had been welcomed at the Hague had excited the rage of James. Mary received from her father two letters filled with invectives against the insolent and seditious divine whom she protected; but these accusations had so little effect on her that she sent back answers dictated by Burnet himself. At length, in January, 1687, the king had recourse to stronger measures. Skelton, who had represented the English government in the United Provinces, was removed to Paris, and was succeeded by Albeville, the weakest and basest of all the members of the Jesuitical cabal. Money was Albeville's one object, and he took it from all who offered it. He was paid at once by France and by Holland; nay, he stooped below even the miserable dignity of corruption, and accepted bribes so small that they seemed better suited to a porter or a lackey than to an envoy who had been honored with an English baronetcy and a foreign marquise. On one occasion he pocketed very complacently a gratuity of fifty pistoles as the price of a service which he had rendered to the States-General. This man had it in charge to demand that Burnet should no longer be countenanced at the Hague. William, who was not inclined to part with a valuable friend, answered at first with his usual coldness, "I am not aware, sir, that, since the doctor has been here, he has done or said anything of which his majesty can justly complain." But James was peremptory; the time for an open rupture had not arrived; and it was necessary to give way. During more than eighteen months Burnet never came into the presence of either the prince or the princess; but he resided near them; he was fully informed of all that was passing; his advice was constantly asked; his pen was employed on all important occasions; and many of the sharpest and most effective tracts which about that time appeared in London were justly attributed to him.

The rage of James flamed high. He had always been more than sufficiently prone to the angry passions; but none of his enemies, not even those who had conspired against his

\* Johnstone, Jan. 13, 1688; Halifax's *Anatomy of an Equivalent*.

life, not even those who had attempted by perjury to load him with the guilt of treason and assassination, had ever been regarded by him with such animosity as he now felt for Burnet. His majesty railed daily at the doctor in unkingly language, and meditated plans of unlawful revenge. Even blood would not slake that frantic hatred. The insolent divine must be tortured before he was permitted to die. Fortunately, he was by birth a Scot; and in Scotland, before he was gibbeted in the Grass-market, his legs might be dislocated in the boot. Proceedings were accordingly instituted against him at Edinburgh; but he had been naturalized in Holland; he had married a woman of fortune who was a native of that province; and it was certain that his adopted country would not deliver him up. It was therefore determined to kidnap him. Ruffians were hired with great sums of money for this perilous and infamous service. An order for three thousand pounds on this account was actually drawn up for signature in the office of the secretary of state. Louis was apprised of the design, and took a warm interest in it. He would lend, he said, his best assistance to convey the villain to England, and would undertake that the ministers of the vengeance of James should find a secure asylum in France. Burnet was well aware of his danger; but timidity was not among his faults. He published a courageous answer to the charges which had been brought against him at Edinburgh. He knew, he said, that it was intended to execute him without a trial; but his trust was in the King of kings, to whom innocent blood would not cry in vain, even against the mightiest princes of the earth. He gave a farewell dinner to his friends, and, after the meal, took solemn leave of them, as a man who was doomed to death, and with whom they could no longer safely converse. Nevertheless, he continued to show himself in all the public places of the Hague so boldly that his friends reproached him bitterly with his foolhardiness.\*

While Burnet was William's secretary for

\* Burnet, i, 726-731; Answer to the Criminal Letters issued ont against Dr. Burnet; *Avaux Neg.*, July 7-17, 14-24; July 28-Aug. 7, 1687; Jan. 19-29, 1688; Louis to Barillon, Dec. 20, 1687-Jan. 9, 1688; Johnstone of Waristoun, Feb. 21, 1688; Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, Oct. 5, 1687. As it has been suspected that Burnet, who certainly was not in the habit of underrating his own importance, exaggerated the danger to which he was exposed, I will give the words of Louis and of Johnstone: "Qui que ce soit," says Louis, "qui entreprenne de Penlever en Hollande trouvera non seulement une retraite assuree et une entiere protection dans mes etats, mais aussi toute l'assistance qu'il pourra desirer pour faire conduire surment ce scelerat en Angleterre." "The business of Bamfield [Burnet] is certainly true," says Johnstone. "No man doubts of it here, and some concerned do not deny it. His friends say they hear he takes no care of himself, but out of vanity, to show his courage, shows his folly; so that, if ill happen on it, all people will laugh at it. Pray tell him so much from Jones [Johnstone]. If some could be caught making their coup d'essai on him, it will do much to frighten them from making any attempt on Ogle [the Prince]."

English affairs in Holland, Dykvelt had been not less usefully employed in London. Dykvelt was one of a remarkable class of public men, who, having been bred to politics in the noble school of John De Witt, had, after the fall of that great minister, thought that they should best discharge their duty to the Commonwealth by rallying round the Prince of Orange. Of the diplomatists in the service of the United Provinces none was, in dexterity, temper, and manners, superior to Dykvelt. In knowledge of English affairs none seems to have been his equal. A pretense was found for dispatching him, early in the year 1687, to England, on a special mission, with credentials from the States-General. But, in truth, his embassy was not to the government, but to the Opposition; and his conduct was guided by private instructions which had been drawn by Burnet, and approved by William.\*

Dykvelt reported that James was bitterly mortified by the conduct of the prince and princess. "My nephew's duty," said the king, "is to strengthen my hands; but he has always taken a pleasure in crossing me." Dykvelt answered that in matters of private concern his highness had shown, and was ready to show, the greatest deference to the king's wishes; but that it was scarcely reasonable to expect the aid of a Protestant prince against the Protestant religion.† The king was silenced, but not appeased. He saw, with ill humor which he could not disguise, that Dykvelt was mustering and drilling all the various divisions of the Opposition with a skill which would have been creditable to the ablest English statesman, and which was marvelous in a foreigner. The clergy were told that they would find the prince a friend to episcopacy and to the Book of Common Prayer. The Nonconformists were encouraged to expect from him, not only toleration, but also comprehension. Even the Roman Catholics were conciliated; and some of the most respectable among them declared, even to the king's face, that they were satisfied with what Dykvelt proposed, and that they would rather have a toleration secured by statute, than an illegal and precarious ascendancy.‡ The chiefs of all the great sections of the nation had frequent conferences in the presence of the dexterous envoy. At these meetings the sense of the Tory party was chiefly spoken by the Earls of

\* Burnet, i, 708; *Avaux Neg.*, Jan. 2-13, Feb. 6-16, 1687; Van Kamper, *Karakterkunde der Vaderlandshe Geschiedenis*.

† Burnet, i, 711. Dykvelt's dispatches to the States-General contain, as far as I have seen or can learn, not a word about the real object of his mission. His correspondence with the Prince of Orange was strictly private.

‡ Bonrepaux, *Sept.* 12-22, 1687.

Danby and Nottingham. Though more than eight years had elapsed since Danby had fallen from power, his name was still great among the old Cavaliers of England, and many even of those who had formerly persecuted him were now disposed to admit that he had suffered for faults not his own, and that his zeal for the prerogative, though it had often misled him, had been tempered by two feelings which did him honor, zeal for the established religion, and zeal for the dignity and independence of his country. He was also highly esteemed at the Hague, where it was never forgotten that he was the person who, in spite of the influence of France and of the papists, had induced Charles to bestow the hand of the Lady Mary on her cousin.

Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham, a nobleman whose name will frequently recur in the history of three eventful reigns, sprang from a family of unrivaled forensic eminence. His great-uncle had borne the seal of Charles the First, had prostituted eminent parts and learning to civil purposes, and had been pursued by the vengeance of the Commons of England with Falkland at their head. A more honorable renown had in the succeeding generation been obtained by Heneage Finch. He had, immediately after the Restoration, been appointed solicitor general. He had subsequently risen to be attorney general, lord keeper, lord chancellor, Baron Finch, and Earl of Nottingham. Through this prosperous career he had always held the prerogative as high as he honestly or decently could, but he had never been concerned in any machinations against the fundamental laws of the realm. In the midst of a corrupt court he had kept his personal integrity unsullied. He had enjoyed high fame as an orator, though his diction, formed on models anterior to the civil wars, was, toward the close of his life, pronounced stiff and pedantic by the wits of the rising generation. In Westminster Hall he is still mentioned with respect as the man who first educated out of the chaos anciently called by the name of equity a new system of jurisprudence, as regular and complete as that which is administered by the judges of the common law.\* A considerable part of the moral and intellectual character of this great magistrate had descended with the title of Nottingham to his eldest son. This son, Earl Daniel, was an honorable and virtuous man. Though enslaved by some absurd prejudices, and though liable to strange fits of caprice, he can not be accused of having deviated from the path of right in search either of unlawful gain or of

unlawful pleasure. Like his father, he was a distinguished speaker, impressive, but prolix, and too monotonously solemn. The person of the orator was in perfect harmony with his oratory. His attitude was rigidly erect, his complexion so dark that he might have passed for a native of a warmer climate than ours, and his harsh features were composed to an expression resembling that of a chief mourner at a funeral. It was commonly said that he looked rather like a Spanish grandee than like an English gentleman. The nicknames of Dismal, Don Dismallo, and Don Diego, were fastened on him by jesters, and are not yet forgotten. He had paid much attention to the science by which his family had been raised to greatness, and was, for a man born to rank and wealth, wonderfully well read in the laws of his country. He was a devoted son of the Church, and showed his respect for her in two ways not usual among those lords who in his time boasted that they were her especial friends, by writing tracts in defense of her dogmas, and by shaping his private life according to her precepts. Like other zealous Churchmen, he had, until recently, been a strenuous supporter of monarchical authority; but to the policy which had been pursued since the suppression of the western insurrection he was bitterly hostile, and not the less so because his younger brother Heneage had been turned out of the office of solicitor general for refusing to defend the king's dispensing power.\*

With these two great Tory earls was now united Halifax, the accomplished chief of the Trimmers. Over the mind of Nottingham, indeed, Halifax appears to have had, at this time, a great ascendancy. Between Halifax and Danby there was an enmity which began in the court of Charles, and which, at a later period, disturbed the court of William, but which, like many other enmities, remained suspended during the tyranny of James. The foes frequently met in the councils held by Dykvelt, and agreed in expressing dislike of the measures of the government and reverence for the Prince of Orange. The different characters of the two statesmen appeared strongly in their dealings with the Dutch envoy. Halifax showed an admirable talent for disquisition, but shrank from coming to any bold and irrevocable decision. Danby, far less acute and eloquent, displayed more energy, resolution, and practical sagacity.

Several eminent Whigs were in constant communication with Dykvelt, but the heads of the great houses of Cavendish and Russell

\* Johnstone's Correspondence; Mackay's Memoirs; Arbuthnot's John Bull; Swift's writings from 1710 to 1714, *passim*; Whiston's Letter to the Earl of Nottingham, and the Earl's answer.

\* See Lord Campbell's Life of him.

could not take quite so active and prominent a part as might have been expected from their station and their opinions. The fame and fortunes of Devonshire were at that moment under a cloud. He had an unfortunate quarrel with the court, arising, not from a public and honorable cause, but from a private brawl, in which even his warmest friends could not pronounce him altogether blameless. He had gone to Whitehall to pay his duty, and had there been insulted by a man named Colepepper, one of a set of braves who infested the purlieus of the court, and who attempted to curry favor with the government by affronting members of the Opposition. The king himself expressed great indignation at the unseemly manner in which one of his most distinguished peers had been treated under the royal roof, and Devonshire was pacified by an intimation that the offender should never again be admitted into the palace. The interdiction, however, was soon taken off. The earl's resentment revived. His servants took up his cause. Hostilities such as seemed to belong to a ruder age disturbed the streets of Westminster. The time of the Privy Council was occupied by the criminations and recriminations of the adverse parties. Colepepper's wife declared that she and her husband went in danger of their lives, and that their house had been assaulted by ruffians in the Cavendish livery. Devonshire replied that he had been fired at from Colepepper's windows. This was vehemently denied. A pistol, it was owned, loaded with gunpowder, had been discharged; but this had been done in a moment of terror, merely for the purpose of alarming the guards. While this feud was at the height, the earl met Colepepper in the drawing-room at Whitehall, and fancied that he saw triumph and defiance in the bully's countenance. Nothing unseemly passed in the royal sight; but, as soon as the enemies had left the presence chamber, Devonshire proposed that they should instantly decide their disputes with their swords. This challenge was refused. Then the high-spirited peer forgot the respect which he owed to the place where he stood and to his own character, and struck Colepepper in the face with a cane. All classes agreed in condemning this act as most indiscreet and indecent; nor could Devonshire himself, when he had cooled, think of it without vexation and shame. The government, however, with its usual folly, treated him so severely, that in a short time the public sympathy was all on his side. A criminal information was filed in the King's Bench. The defendant took his stand on the privileges of the peerage; but on this point

a decision was promptly given against him; nor is it possible to deny that the decision, whether it were or were not according to the technical rules of English law, was in strict conformity with the great principles on which all laws ought to be framed. Nothing was then left to him but to plead guilty. The tribunal had, by successive dismissals, been reduced to such complete subjection, that the government which had instituted the prosecution was allowed to prescribe the punishment. The judges waited in a body on Jeffreys, who insisted that they should impose a fine of not less than thirty thousand pounds. Thirty thousand pounds, when compared with the revenues of the English grandees of that age, may be considered as equivalent to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the nineteenth century. In the presence of the chancellor not a word of disapprobation was uttered; but, when the judges had retired, Sir John Powell, in whom all the little honesty of the bench was concentrated, muttered that the proposed penalty was enormous, and that one tenth part would be amply sufficient. His brethren did not agree with him; nor did he, on this occasion, show the courage by which, on a memorable day some months later, he signally retrieved his fame. The earl was accordingly condemned to a fine of thirty thousand pounds, and to imprisonment until payment should be made. Such a sum could not then be raised at a day's notice even by the greatest of the nobility. The sentence of imprisonment, however, was more easily pronounced than executed. Devonshire had retired to Chatsworth, where he was employed in turning the old Gothic mansion of his family into an edifice worthy of Palladio. The Peak was in those days almost as rude a district as Connemara now is, and the sheriff found, or pretended, that it was difficult to arrest the lord of so wild a region in the midst of a devoted household and tenantry. Some days were thus gained; but at last both the earl and the sheriff were lodged in prison. Meanwhile a crowd of intercessors exerted their influence. The story ran that the Countess Dowager of Devonshire had obtained admittance to the royal closet, that she had reminded James how her brother-in-law, the gallant Charles Cavendish, had fallen at Gainsborough, fighting for the crown, and that she had produced notes, written by Charles the First and Charles the Second, in acknowledgment of great sums lent by her lord during the civil troubles. These loans had never been repaid, and, with the interest, amounted, it was said, to more even than the immense fine which the Court of King's Bench had imposed. There was another considera-

tion which seems to have had more weight with the king than the memory of former services. It might be necessary to call a Parliament. Whenever that event took place, it was believed that Devonshire would bring a writ of error. The point on which he meant to appeal from the judgment of the King's Bench related to the privileges of peerage. The tribunal before which the appeal must come was the House of Peers. On such an occasion, the court could not be certain of the support even of the most courtly nobles. There was little doubt that the sentence would be annulled, and that, by grasping at too much, the government would lose all. James was therefore disposed to a compromise. Devonshire was informed that, if he would give a bond for the whole fine, and thus preclude himself from the advantage which he might derive from a writ of error, he should be set at liberty. Whether the bond should be enforced or not would depend on his subsequent conduct. If he would support the dispensing power, nothing would be exacted from him. If he was bent on popularity, he must pay thirty thousand pounds for it. He refused, during some time, to consent to these terms; but confinement was insupportable to him. He signed the bond, and was let out of prison; but, though he consented to lay this heavy burden on his estate, nothing could induce him to promise that he would abandon his principles and his party. He was still intrusted with all the secrets of the Opposition; but, during some months, his political friends thought it best for himself and for the cause that he should remain in the background.\*

The Earl of Bedford had never recovered from the effects of the great calamity which, four years before, had almost broken his heart. From private as well as from public feelings he was adverse to the court; but he was not active in concerting measures against it. His place in the meetings of the malcontents was supplied by his nephew. This was the celebrated Edward Russell, a man of undoubted courage and capacity, but of loose principles and turbulent temper. He was a sailor, had distinguished himself in his profession, and had, in the late reign, held an office in the palace; but all the ties which bound him to the royal family had been sundered by the death of his cousin

William. The daring, unquiet, and vindictive seaman now sat in the councils called by the Dutch envoy as the representative of the boldest and most eager section of the Opposition; of those men who, under the names of Roundheads, Exclusionists, and Whigs, had maintained, with various fortune, a contest of five-and-forty years against three successive kings. This party, lately prostrate and almost extinct, but now again full of life and rapidly rising to ascendancy, was troubled by none of the scruples which still impeded the movements of Tories and Trimmers, and was prepared to draw the sword against the tyrant on the first day on which it could be drawn with reasonable hope of success.

Three men are yet to be mentioned with whom Dykvelt was in confidential communication, and by whose help he hoped to secure the good will of three great professions. Bishop Compton was the agent employed to manage the clergy; Admiral Herbert undertook to exert all his influence over the navy; and an interest was established in the army by the instrumentality of Churchill.

The conduct of Compton and Herbert requires no explanation. Having, in all things secular, served the crown with zeal and fidelity, they had incurred the royal displeasure by refusing to be employed as tools for the destruction of their own religion. Both of them had learned by experience how soon James forgot obligations, and how bitterly he remembered what it pleased him to consider as wrongs. The prelate had, by an illegal sentence, been suspended from his episcopal functions. The admiral had, in one hour, been reduced from opulence to penury. The situation of Churchill was widely different. He had been raised by the royal bounty from obscurity to eminence, and from poverty to wealth. Having started in life a needy ensign, he was now, in his thirty-seventh year, a major general, a peer of Scotland, a peer of England; he commanded a troop of life guards; he had been appointed to several honorable and lucrative offices; and, as yet, there was no sign that he had lost any part of the favor to which he owed so much. He was bound to James, not only by the common obligations of allegiance, but by military honor, by personal gratitude, and, as appeared to superficial observers, by the strongest ties of interest. But Churchill himself was no superficial observer. He knew exactly what his interest really was. If his master were once at full liberty to employ papists, not a single Protestant would be employed. For a time, a few highly-favored servants of the crown might possibly be exempted from the

\* Kennet's funeral sermon on the Duke of Devonshire, and Memoirs of the family of Cavendish; State Trials; Privy Council Book, March 5, 1685-6; Barillon, June 30-July 10, 1687; Johnstone, Dec. 8-18, 1687; Lords' Journals, May 6, 1689. "Ses amis et ses proches," says Barillon, "lui conseillent de prendre le bon parti, mais il persiste jusqu'à present a ne se point soumettre. S'il vouloit se bien conduire et renoncer a etre populaire, il ne payeroit pas l'amende, mais s'il s'opiniatre, il lui en coûtera trente mille pieces, et il demeurera prisonnier jusqu'à l'actuel payement."



general proscription, in the hope that they would be induced to change their religion. But even these would, after a short respite, fall one by one, as Rochester had already fallen. Churchill might indeed secure himself from this danger, and might raise himself still higher in the royal favor by conforming to the Church of Rome; and it might seem that one who was not less distinguished by avarice and baseness than by capacity and valor, was not likely to be shocked at the thought of hearing a mass. But so inconsistent is human nature that there are tender spots even in seared consciences. And thus this man, who had owed his rise in life to his sister's shame, who had been kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots, and whose public life, to those who can look steadily through the dazzling blaze of genius and glory, will appear a prodigy of turpitude, believed implicitly in the religion which he had learned as a boy, and shuddered at the thought of formally abjuring it. A terrible alternative was before him. The earthly evil which he most dreaded was poverty. The one crime from which his heart recoiled was apostasy. And, if the designs of the court succeeded, he could not doubt that between poverty and apostasy he must soon make his choice. He therefore determined to cross those designs; and it soon appeared, that there was no guilt and no disgrace which he was not ready to incur, in order to escape from the necessity of parting either with his places or with his religion.\*

It was not only as a military commander, high in rank, and distinguished by skill and courage, that Churchill was able to render services to the Opposition. It was, if not absolutely essential, yet most important, to the success of William's plans, that his sister-in-law, who, in the order of succession to the English throne, stood between his wife and himself, should act in cordial union with him. All his difficulties would have been greatly augmented if Anne had declared herself favorable to the Indulgence. Which side she might take depended on the will of others; for her understanding was sluggish; and, though there was latent in her character an hereditary willfulness and stubbornness which, many years later, great power and great provocations developed, she was, as yet, a willing slave to a nature far more vivacious and imperious than her own. The person by

whom she was absolutely governed was the wife of Churchill, a woman who afterward exercised a great influence on the fate of England and of Europe.

The name of this celebrated favorite was Sarah Jennings. Her elder sister, Frances, had been distinguished by beauty and levity even among the crowd of beautiful faces and light characters which adorned and disgraced Whitehall during the wild carnival of the Restoration. On one occasion Frances dressed herself like an orange girl, and cried fruit about the streets.\* Sober people predicted that a girl of so little discretion and delicacy would not easily find a husband. She was, however, twice married, and was now the wife of Tyreconnel. Sarah, less regularly beautiful, was perhaps more attractive. Her face was expressive; her form wanted no feminine charm; and the profusion of her fine hair, not yet disguised by powder, according to that barbarous fashion which she lived to see introduced, was the delight of numerous admirers. Among the gallants who sued for her favor, Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, insinuating, eloquent, and brave, obtained the preference. He must have been enamored indeed; for he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland: he was insatiable of riches; Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion; and, to the last hour of his life, Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment, who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was servilely feared by that intrepid spirit.

In a worldly sense, the fidelity of Churchill's love was amply rewarded. His bride, though slenderly portioned, brought with her a dowry which, judiciously employed, made him at length a duke of England, a sovereign prince of the empire, the captain general of a great coalition, the arbiter between mighty princes, and, what he valued more, the wealthiest subject in Europe. She had been brought up from childhood with the Princess Anne, and a close friendship had arisen between the girls. In character they resembled each other very little. Anne was slow and taciturn. To those whom she loved she was meek. The form which her anger assumed was sullenness. She had a strong sense of religion, and was attached even with bigotry to the rites and

\* The motive which determined the conduct of the Churchills is shortly and plainly set forth in the Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication. "It was," she says, "evident to all the world that, as things were carried on by King James, everybody sooner or later must be ruined who would not become a Roman Catholic. This consideration made me very well pleased at the Prince of Orange's undertaking to rescue us from such slavery."

\* Grammont's Memoirs; Pepys's Diary, Feb. 21, 1684-5.

government of the Church of England. Sarah was lively and voluble, domineered over those whom she regarded with most kindness, and, when she was offended, vented her rage in tears and tempestuous reproaches. To sanctity she made no pretense, and, indeed, narrowly escaped the imputation of irreligion. She was not yet what she became when one class of vices had been fully developed in her by prosperity, and another by adversity, when her brain had been turned by success and flattery, when her heart had been ulcerated by disasters and mortifications. She lived to be that most odious and miserable of human beings, an ancient crone at war with her whole kind, at war with her own children and grandchildren, great indeed and rich, but valuing greatness and riches chiefly because they enabled her to brave public opinion, and to indulge without restraint her hatred to the living and the dead. In the reign of James she was regarded as nothing worse than a fine, high-spirited young woman, who could now and then be cross and arbitrary, but whose flaws of temper might well be pardoned in consideration of her charms.

It is a common observation that differences of taste, understanding, and disposition are no impediments to friendship, and that the closest intimacies often exist between minds each of which supplies what is wanting to the other. Lady Churchill was loved and even worshiped by Anne. The princess could not live apart from the object of her romantic fondness. She married, and was a faithful and even an affectionate wife; but Prince George, a dull man whose chief pleasures were derived from his dinner and his bottle, acquired over her no influence comparable to that exercised by her female friend, and soon gave himself up with stupid patience to the dominion of that vehement and commanding spirit by which his wife was governed. Children were born to the royal pair, and Anne was by no means without the feelings of a mother; but the tenderness which she felt for her offspring was languid when compared with her devotion to the companion of her early years. At length the princess became impatient of the restraint which etiquette imposed on her. She could not bear to hear the words *Madame* and *Royal Highness* from the lips of one who was more to her than a sister. Such words were indeed necessary in the gallery or the drawing-room, but they were disused in the closet. Anne was *Mrs. Morley*; Lady Churchill was *Mrs. Freeman*; and under these childish names was carried on, during twenty years, a correspondence on which at last the fate of administrations and dynasties depended. But as yet Anne had no political power and little patron-

age. Her friend attended her as first lady of the bedchamber, with a salary of only four hundred pounds a year. There is reason, however, to believe that, even at this time, Churchill was able to gratify his ruling passion by means of his wife's influence. The princess, though her income was large and her tastes simple, contracted debts which her father, not without some murmurs, discharged; and it was rumored that her embarrassments had been caused by her prodigal bounty to her favorite.\*

At length the time had arrived when this singular friendship was to exercise a great influence on public affairs. What part Anne would take in the contest which distracted England was matter of deep anxiety. Filial duty was on one side. The interests of the religion to which she was sincerely attached were on the other. A less inert nature might well have remained long in suspense when drawn in opposite directions by motives so strong and so respectable. But the influence of the Churchills decided the question, and their patroness became an important member of that extensive league of which the Prince of Orange was the head.

In June, 1687, Dykvelt returned to the Hague. He presented to the States-General a royal epistle filled with eulogies of his conduct during his residence in London. These eulogies, however, were merely formal. James, in private communications written with his own hand, bitterly complained that the envoy had lived in close intimacy with the most factious men in the realm, and had encouraged them in all their evil purposes. Dykvelt carried with him also a packet of letters from the most eminent of these with whom he had conferred during his stay in England. The writers generally expressed unbounded reverence and affection for William, and referred him to the bearer for fuller information as to their views. Halifax discussed the state and prospects of the country with his usual subtlety and vivacity, but took care not to pledge himself to any perilous line of conduct. Danby wrote in a bolder and more determined tone, and could not refrain from slyly sneering at the fears and scruples of his accomplished rival. But the most remarkable letter was from Churchill. It was written with that natural eloquence which, illiterate as he was, he never wanted on great occasions, and with an air of magnanimity which, perfidious as he was, he could with singular dexterity assume. The Princess Anne, he said, had commanded him to assure her illustrious relatives at the Hague

\* It would be endless to recount all the books from which I have formed my estimate of the duchess's character. Her own letters, her own vindication, and the replies which it called forth, have been my chief materials.

that she was fully resolved, by God's help, rather to lose her life than to be guilty of apostasy. As for himself, his places and the royal favor were as nothing to him in comparison with his religion. He concluded by declaring, in lofty language, that, though he could not pretend to have lived the life of a saint, he should be found ready, on occasion, to die the death of a martyr.\*

Dykvelt's mission had succeeded so well that a pretense was soon found for sending another agent to continue the work which had been so auspiciously commenced. The new envoy, afterward the founder of a noble English house which became extinct in our own time, was an illegitimate cousin-german of William, and bore a title taken from the lordship of Zulestein. Zulestein's relationship to the house of Orange gave him importance in the public eye. His bearing was that of a gallant soldier. He was, indeed, in diplomatic talents and knowledge, far inferior to Dykvelt; but even this inferiority had its advantages. A military man, who had never appeared to trouble himself about political affairs, could, without exciting any suspicion, hold with the English aristocracy an intercourse which, if he had been a noted master of state craft, would have been jealously watched. Zulestein, after a short absence, returned to his country charged with letters and verbal messages not less important than those which had been intrusted to his predecessor. A regular correspondence was from this time established between the prince and the Opposition. Agents of various ranks passed and repassed between the Thames and the Hague. Among these, a Scotchman, of some parts and great activity, named Johnstone, was the most useful. He was cousin-german of Burnet, and son of an eminent Covenanter who had, soon after the Restoration, been put to death for treason, and who was honored by his party as a martyr.

The estrangement between the king of England and the Prince of Orange became daily more complete. A serious dispute had arisen concerning the six British regiments which were in the pay of the United Provinces. The king wished to put these regiments under the command of Roman Catholic officers. The prince resolutely opposed this design. The king had recourse to his favorite common-places about toleration. The prince replied that he only followed his majesty's example. It was notorious that loyal and able men had been turned out of office in England merely for being Protestants. It was then surely competent to the stadtholder

and the States-General to withhold high public trusts from papists. This answer provoked James to such a degree that, in his rage, he lost sight of veracity and common sense. It was false, he vehemently said, that he had ever turned out anybody on religious grounds; and if he had, what was that to the prince or to the States? Were they his masters? Were they to sit in judgment on the conduct of foreign princes? From that time he became desirous to recall his subjects who were in the Dutch service. By bringing them over to England, he should, he conceived, at once strengthen himself, and weaken his worst enemies. But there were financial difficulties which it was impossible for him to overlook. The number of troops already in his service was as great as his revenue, though large beyond all precedent, and though parsimoniously administered, would support. If the battalions now in Holland were added to the existing establishment, the Treasury would be bankrupt. Perhaps Louis might be induced to take them into his service. They would, in that case, be removed from a country where they were exposed to the corrupting influence of a republican government and a Calvinistic worship, and would be placed in a country where none ventured to dispute the mandates of the sovereign or the doctrines of the true Church. The soldiers would soon unlearn every political and religious heresy. Their native prince might always, at short notice, command their help, and would, on any emergency, be able to rely on their fidelity.

A negotiation on this subject was opened between Whitehall and Versailles. Louis had as many soldiers as he wanted; and, had it been otherwise, he would not have been disposed to take Englishmen into his service; for the pay of England, low as it must seem to our generation, was much higher than the pay of France. At the same time, it was a great object to deprive William of so fine a brigade. After some weeks of correspondence, Barillon was authorized to promise that, if James would recall the British troops from Holland, Louis would bear the charge of supporting two thousand of them in England. This offer was accepted by James with warm expressions of gratitude. Having made these arrangements, he requested the States-General to send back the six regiments. The States-General, completely governed by William, answered that such a demand, in such circumstances, was not authorized by the existing treaties, and positively refused to comply. It is remarkable that Amsterdam, which had voted for keeping these troops in Holland when James needed

\* The formal epistle which Dykvelt carried back to the States is in the Archives at the Hague. The other letters mentioned in this paragraph are given by Dalrymple. App. to Book V.

their help against the western insurgents, now contended vehemently that his request ought to be granted. On both occasions, the sole object of those who ruled that great city was to cross the Prince of Orange.\*

The Dutch arms, however, were scarcely so formidable to James as the Dutch presses. English books and pamphlets against his government were daily printed at the Hague; nor could any vigilance prevent copies from being smuggled, by tens of thousands, into the countries bordering on the German Ocean. Among these publications, one was distinguished by its importance, and by the immense effect which it produced. The opinion which the Prince and Princess of Orange held respecting the Indulgence was well known to all who were conversant with public affairs; but, as no official announcement of that opinion had appeared, many persons who had not access to good private sources of information were deceived or perplexed by the confidence with which the partisans of the court asserted that their highnesses approved of the king's late acts. To contradict those assertions publicly would have been a simple and obvious course, if the sole object of William had been to strengthen his interest in England; but he considered England chiefly as an instrument necessary to the execution of his great European design. Toward that design he hoped to obtain the co-operation of both branches of the house of Austria, of the Italian princes, and even of the sovereign pontiff. There was reason to fear that any declaration which was satisfactory to British Protestants would excite alarm and disgust at Madrid, Vienna, Turin, and Rome. For this reason, the prince long abstained from formally expressing his sentiments. At length it was represented to him that his continued silence had excited much uneasiness and distrust among his well wishers, and that it was time to speak out. He therefore determined to explain himself.

A Scotch Whig, named Stewart, had fled, some years before, to Holland, in order to avoid the boot and the gallows, and had become intimate with the Grand Pensionary Fagel, who enjoyed a large share of the stadtholder's confidence and favor. By Stewart had been drawn up the violent and acrimonious manifesto of Argyle. When the Indulgence appeared, Stewart conceived that he had an opportunity of obtaining, not only pardon, but reward. He offered his services

to the government of which he had been the enemy; they were accepted; and he addressed to Fagel a letter, purporting to have been written by the direction of James. In that letter the Pensionary was exhorted to use all his influence with the prince and princess for the purpose of inducing them to support their father's policy. After some delay, Fagel transmitted a reply, deeply meditated, and drawn up with exquisite art. No person who studies that remarkable document can fail to perceive that, though it is framed in a manner well calculated to reassure and delight English Protestants, it contains not a word which could give offense even at the Vatican. It was announced that William and Mary would, with pleasure, assist in abolishing every law which made any Englishman liable to punishment for his religious opinions. But between punishments and disabilities a distinction was taken. To admit Roman Catholics to office would, in the judgment of their highnesses, be neither for the general interest of England nor even for the interest of the Roman Catholics themselves. This manifesto was translated into several languages, and circulated widely on the Continent. Of the English version, carefully prepared by Burnet, near fifty thousand copies were introduced into the eastern shires, and rapidly distributed over the whole kingdom. No state paper was ever more completely successful. The Protestants of our island applauded the manly firmness with which William declared that he could not consent to intrust papists with any share in the government. The Roman Catholic princes, on the other hand, were pleased by the mild and temperate style in which his resolution was expressed, and by the hope which he held out that, under his administration, no member of their Church would be molested on account of religion.

It is probable that the pope himself was among those who read this celebrated letter with pleasure. He had some months before dismissed Castlemaine in a manner which showed little regard for the feelings of Castlemaine's master. Innocent thoroughly disliked the whole domestic and foreign policy of the English government. He saw that the unjust and impolitic measures of the Jesuitical cabal were far more likely to make the penal laws perpetual than to bring about an abolition of the test. His quarrel with the court of Versailles was every day becoming more and more serious; nor could he, either in his character of temporal prince or in his character of sovereign pontiff, feel cordial friendship for a vassal of that court. Castlemaine was ill qualified to remove these dis-

\* Sunderland to William, Aug. 24, 1686; William to Sunderland, Sept. 2-12, 1686; Barillon, May 6-16, May 26-June 5, Oct. 7-13, Nov. 28-Dec. 8, 1687; Louis to Barillon, Oct. 14-24, 1687; Memorial of Albeville, Dec. 15-25, 1687; James to William, Jan. 7, Feb. 16, March 2, 13, 1688; Avaux Neg., March 1-11, 6-13, 6-18, March 22-April 1, 1688.

gusts. He was, indeed, well acquainted with Rome, and was, for a layman, deeply read in theological controversy.\* But he had none of the address which his post required; and, even had he been a diplomatist of the greatest ability, there was a circumstance which would have disqualified him for the particular mission on which he had been sent. He was known all over Europe as the husband of the most shameless of women, and he was known in no other way. It was impossible to speak to him or of him without remembering in what manner the very title by which he was called had been acquired. This circumstance would have mattered little if he had been accredited to some dissolute court, such as that in which the Duchess of Montespan had lately been dominant. But there was an obvious impropriety in sending him on an embassy rather of a spiritual than of a secular nature to a pontiff of primitive austerity. The Protestants all over Europe sneered; and Innocent, already unfavorably disposed to the English government, considered the compliment which had been paid him, at so much risk and at so heavy a cost, as little better than an affront. The salary of the ambassador was fixed at a hundred pounds a week. Castlemaine complained that this was too little. Thrice the sum, he said, would hardly suffice; for at Rome the ministers of all the great continental powers exerted themselves to surpass one another in splendor, under the eyes of a people whom the habit of seeing magnificent buildings, decorations, and ceremonies had made fastidious. He always declared that he had been a loser by his mission. He was accompanied by several young gentlemen of the best Roman Catholic families in England, Ratcliffes, Arundells, and Tiehbournes. At Rome he was lodged in the palace of the house of Pamfili, on the south of the stately place of Navona. He was early admitted to a private interview with the sovereign pontiff; but the public audience was long delayed. Indeed, Castlemaine's preparations for that great occasion were so sumptuous that, though commenced at Easter, 1686, they were not complete until the following November; and in November the pope had, or pretended to have, an attack of gout, which caused another postponement. In January, 1687, at length, the solemn introduction and homage were performed with unusual pomp. The state coaches, which had been built at Rome for the pageant, were so superb that they were thought worthy to be transmitted to posterity in fine engravings, and to be celebrated by poets in several lan-

guages.\* The front of the ambassador's palace was decorated on this great day with absurd allegorical paintings of gigantic size. There was Saint George with his foot on the neck of Titus Oates, and Hercules with his club crushing Colledge, the Protestant joiner, who in vain attempted to defend himself with his flail. After this public appearance, Castlemaine invited all the persons of note then assembled at Rome to a banquet in that gay and splendid gallery which is adorned with paintings of subjects from the *Æneid* by Peter of Cortona. The whole city crowded to the show, and it was with difficulty that a company of Swiss guards could keep order among the spectators. The nobles of the pontifical state, in return, gave costly entertainments to the ambassador; and poets and wits were employed to lavish on him and on his master insipid and hyperbolic adulation such as flourishes most when genius and taste are in the deepest decay. Foremost among the flatterers was a crowned head. Thirty years had elapsed since Christina, the daughter of the great Gustavus, had voluntarily descended from the Swedish throne. After long wanderings, in the course of which she had committed many follies and crimes, she had finally taken up her abode at Rome, where she busied herself with astrological calculations and with the intrigues of the conclave, and amused herself with pictures, gems, manuscripts, and medals. She now composed some Italian stanzas in honor of the English prince who, sprung, like herself, from a race of kings heretofore regarded as the champions of the Reformation, had, like herself, been reconciled to the ancient Church. A splendid assembly met in her palace. Her verses, set to music, were sung with universal applause; and one of her literary dependents pronounced an oration on the same subject in a style so florid that it seems to have offended the taste of the English hearers. The Jesuits, hostile to the pope, devoted to the interests of France, and disposed to pay every honor to James, received the English embassy with the utmost pomp in that princely house where the remains of Ignatius Loyola lie enshrined in lazulite and gold. Sculp-

\* The Professor of Greek in the College De Propaganda Fide expressed his admiration in some detestable hexameters and pentameters, of which the following specimen may suffice:

‘ Παρρησίᾳ δὲ σκεδόμενος λαμπροῖς θρίσμασιν,  
 ἕκαστ' ἡμῖν ἵστανε καὶ θένε ὄχλος ἅπασας’  
 Θραυράζουσα δὲ τὴν περὶ τὴν παρρησίαν αὐτοῦ  
 ἀρματα, τοῦς δ' ἵππους, τοιάδε ῥέειν ἔειπεν.

The Latin verses are a little better. Nahum Tate responded in English:

“ His glorious train and passing pomp to view,  
 A pomp that even to Rome itself was new,  
 Each age, each sex, the Latian turrets fill'd,  
 Each age and sex in tears of joy distill'd.”

\* Adda, Nov. 9-19, 1685.

ture, painting, poetry, and eloquence were employed to compliment the strangers; but all these arts had sunk into deep degeneracy. There was a great display of turgid and impure Latinity unworthy of so erudite an order, and some of the inscriptions which adorned the walls had a fault more serious than even a bad style. It was said in one place that James had sent his brother as his messenger to heaven, and in another that James had furnished the wings with which his brother had soared to a higher region. There was a still more unfortunate distich, which at the time attracted little notice, but which, a few months later, was remembered and malignantly interpreted. "O king," said the poet, "cease to sigh for a son. Though Nature may refuse your wish, the stars will find a way to grant it."

In the midst of these festivities Castlemaine had to suffer cruel mortifications and humiliations. The pope treated him with extreme coldness and reserve. As often as the ambassador pressed for an answer to the request which he had been instructed to make in favor of Petre, Innocent was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which put an end to the conversation. The fame of these singular audiences spread over Rome. Pasquin was not silent. All the curious and tattling population of the idlest of cities, the Jesuits and the prelates of the French faction only excepted, laughed at Castlemaine's discomfiture. His temper, naturally unamiable, was soon exasperated to violence, and he circulated a memorial reflecting on the pope. He had now put himself in the wrong. The sagacious Italian had got the advantage, and took care to keep it. He positively declared that the rule which excluded Jesuits from ecclesiastical preferment should not be relaxed in favor of Father Petre. Castlemaine, much provoked, threatened to leave Rome. Innocent replied, with a meek impertinence, which was the more provoking because it could scarcely be distinguished from simplicity, that his excellency might go if he liked. "But, if we must lose him," added the venerable pontiff, "I hope that he will take care of his health on the road. English people do not know how dangerous it is in this country to travel in the heat of the day. The best way is to start before dawn, and to take some rest at noon." With this salutary advice and with a string of beads, the unfortunate ambassador was dismissed. In a few months appeared, both in the Italian and in the English tongue, a pompous history of the mission, magnificently printed in folio, and illustrated with plates. The frontispiece, to the great scandal of all Protestants, represented Cas-

tlemaine in the robes of a peer, with his coronet in his hand, kissing the toe of Innocent.\*

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE marked discourtesy of the pope might well have irritated the meekest of princes. But the only effect which it produced on James was to make him more lavish of caresses and compliments. While Castlemaine, his whole soul festered with angry passions, was on his road back to England, the nuncio was loaded with honors which his own judgment would have led him to reject. He had, by a fiction often used in the Church of Rome, been lately raised to the episcopal dignity without having the charge of any see. He was called Archbishop of Amasia, the birthplace of Mithridates, an ancient city of which all trace had long disappeared. James insisted that the ceremony of consecration should be performed in the chapel of Saint James's Palace. The vicar apostolic Leyburn and two Irish prelates officiated. The doors were thrown open to the public; and it was remarked that some of those Puritans who had recently turned courtiers were among the spectators. In the evening, Adda, wearing the robes of his new office, joined the circle in the queen's apartments. James fell on his knees in the presence of the whole court and implored a blessing. In spite of the restraints imposed by etiquette, the astonishment and disgust of the by-standers could not be concealed.† It was long, indeed, since an English sovereign had knelt to mortal man, and those who saw the strange sight could not but think of that day of shame when John did homage for his crown between the hands of Pandolph.

In a short time a still more ostentatious pageant was performed in honor of the Holy See. It was determined that the nuncio should go to court in solemn procession. Some persons on whose obedience the king had counted showed, on this occasion, for the first time, signs of a mutinous spirit. Among these the most conspicuous was the second temporal peer of the realm, Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset. He was, in truth, a man in whom the pride of birth and rank amounted almost to a disease. The fortune which he had inherited was not adequate to the high place which he held among the English aristocracy; but he had become possessed of the greatest

\* Correspondence of James and Innocent, in the British Museum; Burnet, i. 703-705; Welwood's Memoirs; Commons' Journals, Oct. 28, 1689; An Account of his Excellency Roger Earl of Castlemaine's Embassy, by Michael Wright, chief steward of his Excellency's house at Rome, 1688.

† Barillon, May 2-12, 1687.

estate in England by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of the last Percy who wore the ancient coronet of Northumberland. Somerset was only in his twenty-fifth year, and was very little known to the public. He was a lord of the king's bed-chamber, and colonel of one of the regiments which had been raised at the time of the western insurrection. He had not scrupled to carry the sword of state into the royal chapel on days of festival, but he now resolutely refused to swell the pomp of the nuncio. Some members of his family implored him not to draw on himself the royal displeasure, but their entreaties produced no effect. The king himself expostulated. "I thought, my lord," said he, "that I was doing you a great honor in appointing you to escort the minister of the first of all crowned heads." "Sir," said the duke, "I am advised that I can not obey your majesty without breaking the law." "I will make you fear me as well as the law," answered the king, insolently. "Do you not know that I am above the law?" "Your majesty may be above the law," replied Somerset, "but I am not; and, while I obey the law, I fear nothing." The king turned away in high displeasure, and Somerset was instantly dismissed from his posts in the household and in the army.\*

On one point, however, James showed some prudence. He did not venture to parade the papal envoy in state before the vast population of the capital. The ceremony was performed on the third of July, 1687, at Windsor. Great multitudes flocked to the little town. The visitors were so numerous that there was neither food nor lodging for them, and many persons of quality sat the whole day in their carriages waiting for the exhibition. At length, late in the afternoon, the knight marshal's men appeared on horseback; then came a long train of running footmen; and then, in a royal coach, appeared Adda, robed in purple, with a brilliant cross on his breast. He was followed by the equipages of the principal courtiers and ministers of state. In his train the crowd recognized with disgust the arms and liveries of Crewe, bishop of Durham, and of Cartwright, bishop of Chester.†

On the following day appeared in the Gazette a proclamation dissolving that Parliament, which, of all the fifteen Parliaments held by the Stuarts, had been the most obnoxious.‡

Meanwhile new difficulties had arisen in Westminster Hall. Only a few months had elapsed since some judges had been turned out and others put in for the purpose of obtaining a decision favorable to the crown in the case of Sir Edward Hales, and already fresh changes were necessary.

The king had scarcely formed that army on which he chiefly depended for the accomplishment of his designs, when he found that he could not himself control it. When war was actually raging in the kingdom, a mutineer or a deserter might be tried by a military tribunal, and executed by the provost marshal. But there was now profound peace. The common law of England, having sprung up in an age when all men bore arms occasionally and none constantly, recognized no distinction, in time of peace, between a soldier and any other subject; nor was there any act resembling that by which the authority necessary for the government of regular troops is now annually confided to the sovereign. Some old statutes, indeed, made desertion felony in certain specified cases; but those statutes were applicable only to soldiers serving the king in actual war, and could not, without the grossest disingenuousness, be so strained as to include the case of a man who, in a time of profound tranquillity at home and abroad, should become tired of the camp at Hounslow and should go back to his native village. The government appears to have had no hold on such a man, except the hold which master bakers and master tailors have on their journeymen. He and his officers were, in the eye of the law, on a level. If he swore at them, he might be fined for an oath. If he struck them, he might be prosecuted for assault and battery. In truth, the regular army was under less restraint than the militia; for the militia was a body established by an act of Parliament, and it had been provided by that act that slight punishments might be summarily inflicted for breaches of discipline.

It does not appear that, during the reign of Charles the Second, the practical inconvenience arising from this state of the law had been much felt. The explanation may perhaps be that, until the last year of his reign, the force which he maintained in England consisted chiefly of household troops, whose pay was so high that dismission from the service would have been felt by most of them as a great calamity. The stipend of a private in the Life Guards was a provision for the younger son of a gentleman. Even the Foot Guards were in a situation which the great body of the laboring population might regard with envy. The return of the garrison of Tan-

\* Memoirs of the Duke of Somerset; Citters, July 5-15, 1687; Fauchard's History of the Revolution; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 116, 117, 118; Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs.

† London Gazette, July 7, 1687; Citters, July 7-17. Account of the ceremony reprinted among the Somers Tracts.

‡ London Gazette, July 4, 1687.

gier and the raising of the new regiments had made a great change. There were now in England many thousands of soldiers, each of whom received only eightpence a day. The dread of punishment was therefore necessary to keep them to their duty; and such punishments their officers could not legally inflict. James had therefore one plain choice before him: to let his army dissolve itself, or to induce the judges to pronounce that the law was what every barrister in the Temple knew that it was not.

It was peculiarly important to secure the co-operation of two courts: the Court of King's Bench, which was the first criminal tribunal in the realm, and the court of jail delivery, which sat at the Old Bailey, and had jurisdiction over offenses committed in the capital. In both these courts there were great difficulties. Herbert, chief justice of the King's Bench, servile as he had hitherto been, would go no farther. Resistance still more sturdy was to be expected from Sir John Holt, who, as Recorder of the city of London, occupied the bench at the Old Bailey. Holt was an eminently learned and clear-headed lawyer; he was an upright and courageous man; and, though he had never been factious, his political opinions had a tinge of Whiggism. All obstacles, however, disappeared before the royal will. Holt was turned out of the recordership; Herbert and another judge were removed from the King's Bench; and the vacant places were filled by persons in whom the government could confide. It was, indeed, necessary to go very low down in the legal profession before men could be found willing to render such services as were now required. The new chief justice, Sir Robert Wright, was ignorant to a proverb; yet ignorance was not his worst fault. His vices had ruined him. He had resorted to infamous ways of raising money, and had, on one occasion, made a false affidavit in order to obtain possession of five hundred pounds. Poor, dissolute, and shameless, he had become one of the parasites of Jeffreys, who promoted him and insulted him. Such was the man who was now selected by James to be lord chief justice of England. One Richard Allibone, who was even more ignorant of the law than Wright, and who, as a Roman Catholic, was incapable of holding office, was appointed a puisne judge of the King's Bench. Sir Bartholomew Shower, equally notorious as a servile Tory and a tedious orator, became recorder of London. When these changes had been made, several deserters were brought to trial. They were convicted in the face of the letter and of the spirit of the law. Some received sentence of

death at the bar of the King's Bench, some at the Old Bailey. They were hanged in sight of the regiments to which they had belonged; and care was taken that the executions should be announced in the London Gazette, which very seldom noticed such events.\*

It may well be believed that the law, so grossly insulted by courts which derived from it all their authority, and which were in the habit of looking to it as their guide, would be little respected by a tribunal created and regulated by tyrannical caprice. The new High Commission had, during the first months of its existence, merely inhibited clergymen from exercising spiritual functions. The rights of property had remained untouched. But, early in the year 1687, it was determined to strike at freehold interests, and to impress on every Anglican priest and prelate the conviction that, if he refused to lend his aid for the purpose of destroying the Church of which he was a minister, he would in an hour be reduced to beggary.

It would have been prudent to try the first experiment on some obscure individual; but the government was under an infatuation such as, in a more simple age, would have been called judicial. War was therefore at once declared against the two most venerable corporations of the realm, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The power of those bodies had, during many ages, been great; but it was at the height during the latter part of the seventeenth century. None of the neighboring countries could boast of such splendid and opulent seats of learning. The schools of Edinburgh and Glasgow, of Leyden and Utrecht, of Louvain and Gottingen, of Padua and Bologna, seemed mean to scholars who had been educated in the magnificent foundations of Wykeham and Wolsey, of Henry the Sixth and Henry the Eighth. Literature and science were, in the academical system of England, surrounded with pomp, armed with magistracy, and closely allied with all the most august institutions of the state. To be the chancellor of a university was a distinction eagerly sought by the magnates of the realm. To represent a university in Parliament was a favorite object of the ambition of statesmen. Nobles and even princes were proud to receive from a university the privilege of wearing the doctoral scarlet. The curious were attracted to the universities by ancient buildings rich with

\* See the statutes 18 Hen. 6, c. 19; 2 and 3 Ed. 6, c. 2; Eachard's History of the Revolution; Kennet, iii, 465; North's Life of Guildford, 247; London Gazette, April 18, May 23, 1687; Vindication of the E. of R. [Earl of Rochester].



the tracery of the Middle Ages, by modern buildings which exhibited the highest skill of Jones and Wren, by noble halls and chapels, by museums, by botanical gardens, and by the only great public libraries which the kingdom then contained. The state which Oxford especially displayed on solemn occasions rivaled that of sovereign princes. When her chancellor, the venerable Duke of Ormond, sat in his embroidered mantle on his throne under the painted ceiling of the Sheldonian theater, surrounded by hundreds of graduates robed according to their rank, while the noblest youths of England were solemnly presented to him as candidates for academical honors, he made an appearance scarcely less regal than that which his master made in the banqueting house of Whitehall. At the universities had been formed the minds of almost all the eminent clergymen, lawyers, physicians, wits, poets, and orators of the land, and of a large proportion of the nobility and of the opulent gentry. It is also to be observed that the connection between the scholar and the school did not terminate with his residence. He often continued to be through life a member of the academical body, and to vote as such at all important elections. He therefore regarded his old haunts by the Cam and the Isis with even more than the affection which educated men ordinarily feel for the place of their education. There was no corner of England in which both universities had not grateful and zealous sons. Any attack on the honor or interests of either Cambridge or Oxford was certain to excite the resentment of a powerful, active, and intelligent class, scattered over every county from Northumberland to Cornwall.

The resident graduates, as a body, were perhaps not superior positively to the resident graduates of our time, but they occupied a far higher position as compared with the rest of the community, for Cambridge and Oxford were then the only two provincial towns in the kingdom in which could be found a large number of men whose understandings had been highly cultivated. Even the capital felt great respect for the authority of the universities, not only on questions of divinity, of natural philosophy, and of classical antiquity, but also on points on which capitals generally claim the right of deciding in the last resort. From Will's coffee-house, and from the pit of the theater royal in Drury Lane, an appeal lay to the two great national seats of taste and learning. Plays which had been enthusiastically applauded in London were not thought out of danger until they had undergone the more severe judg-

ment of audiences familiar with Sophocles and Terence.\*

The great moral and intellectual influence of the English universities had been strenuously exerted on the side of the crown. The headquarters of Charles the First had been at Oxford, and the silver tankards and salvers of all the colleges had been melted down to supply his military chest. Cambridge was not less loyally disposed. She had sent a large part of her plate to the royal camp, and the rest would have followed had not the town been seized by the troops of the Parliament. Both universities had been treated with extreme severity by the victorious Puritans. Both had hailed the Restoration with delight. Both had steadily opposed the Exclusion Bill. Both had expressed the deepest horror at the Rye House Plot. Cambridge had not only deposed her chancellor Monmouth, but had marked her abhorrence of his treason in a manner unworthy of a seat of learning, by committing to the flames the canvas on which his pleasing face and figure had been portrayed by the utmost skill of Kneller.† Oxford, which lay nearer to the western insurgents, had given still stronger proofs of loyalty. The students, under the sanction of their preceptors, had taken arms by hundreds in defense of hereditary right. Such were the bodies which James now determined to insult and plunder, in direct defiance of the laws and of his plighted faith.

Several acts of Parliament, as clear as any that were to be found in the statute-book, had provided that no person should be admitted to any degree in either university without taking the Oath of Supremacy, and another oath of similar character called the Oath of Obedience. Nevertheless, in February, 1687, a royal letter was sent to Cambridge directing that a Benedictine monk, named Alban Francis, should be admitted a master of arts.

The academical functionaries, divided between reverence for the king and reverence for the law, were in great distress. Messengers were dispatched in all haste to the Duke of Albemarle, who had succeeded Monmouth as chancellor of the university. He was requested to represent the matter properly to the king. Meanwhile, the registrar and beadles waited on Francis, and informed him that, if he would take the oaths according to law, he should instantly be admitted. He refused to be sworn, remon-

\* Dryden's Prologues and Cibber's Memoirs contain abundant proofs of the estimation in which the taste of the Oxonians was held by the most admired poets and actors.

† See the poem called Advice to the Painter upon the Defeat of the Rebels in the West. See, also, another poem, a most detestable one, on the same subject, by Stepney, who was then studying at Trinity College.

strated with the officers of the university on their disregard of the royal mandate, and, finding them resolute, took horse, and hastened to relate his grievances at Whitehall.

The heads of the colleges now assembled in council. The best legal opinions were taken, and were decidedly in favor of the course which had been pursued. But a second letter from Sunderland, in high and menacing terms, was already on the road. Albemarle informed the university, with many expressions of concern, that he had done his best, but that he had been coldly and ungraciously received by the king. The academical body, alarmed by the royal displeasure, and conscientiously desirous to meet the royal wishes, but determined not to violate the clear law of the land, submitted the humblest and most respectful explanations, but to no purpose. In a short time came down a summons citing the vice-chancellor and the senate to appear before the new High Commission at Westminster on the twenty-first of April. The vice-chancellor was to attend in person; the senate, which consists of all the doctors and masters of the university, was to send deputies.

When the appointed day arrived, a great concourse filled the council chamber. Jeffreys sat at the head of the board. Rochester, since the white staff had been taken from him, was no longer a member. In his stead appeared the lord chamberlain, John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave. The fate of this nobleman has, in one respect, resembled the fate of his colleague Sprat. Mulgrave wrote verses which scarcely ever rose above absolute mediocrity; but, as he was a man of high note in the political and fashionable world, these verses found admirers. Time dissolved the charm, but, unfortunately for him, not until his lines had acquired a prescriptive right to a place in all collections of the works of English poets. To this day, accordingly, his insipid essays in rhyme and his paltry songs to Amoretta and Gloriana are reprinted in company with Comus and Alexander's Feast. The consequence is, that our generation knows Mulgrave chiefly as a poetaster, and despises him as such. In truth, however, he was, by the acknowledgment of those who neither loved nor esteemed him, a man distinguished by fine parts, and in parliamentary eloquence inferior to scarcely any orator of his time. His moral character was entitled to no respect. He was a libertine without that openness of heart and hand which sometimes make libertinism amiable, and a haughty aristocrat without that elevation of sentiment which sometimes makes aristocratical haughtiness respectable. The

satirists of the age nicknamed him Lord All-*pride*. Yet was his pride compatible with all ignoble vices. Many wondered that a man who had so exalted a sense of his private dignity could be so hard and niggardly in all pecuniary dealings. He had given deep offense to the royal family by venturing to entertain the hope that he might win the heart and hand of the Princess Anne. Disappointed in this attempt, he had exerted himself to regain by meanness the favor which he had forfeited by presumption. His epitaph, written by himself, still informs all who pass through Westminster Abbey that he lived and died a skeptic in religion; and we learn from the memoirs which he wrote that one of his favorite subjects of mirth was the Romish superstition. Yet, as soon as James was on the throne, he began to express a strong inclination toward popery; and at length, in private, affected to be a convert. This abject hypocrisy had been rewarded by a place in the ecclesiastical commission.\*

Before that formidable tribunal now appeared the vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Doctor John Pechell. He was a man of no great ability or vigor, but he was accompanied by eight distinguished academicians, elected by the senate. One of these was Isaac Newton, fellow of Trinity College, and professor of mathematics. His genius was then in the fullest vigor. The great work which entitles him to the highest place among the geometricians and natural philosophers of all ages and of all nations had been some time printing at the expense of the Royal Society, and was almost ready for publication. He was the steady friend of civil liberty and of the Protestant religion; but his habits by no means fitted him for the conflicts of active life. He therefore stood modestly silent among the delegates, and left to men more versed in practical business the task of pleading the cause of his beloved university.

Never was there a clearer case. The law was express. The practice had been almost invariably in conformity with the law. It might, perhaps, have happened, that on a day of great solemnity, when many honorary degrees were conferred, a person who had not taken the oaths might have passed in the crowd; but such an irregularity, the effect of mere haste and inadvertence, could not be cited as a precedent. Foreign ambassadors

\* Mackay's character of Sheffield, with Swift's note; the *Satire on the Deponents*, 1688; *Life of John, Duke of Buckinghamshire*, 1729; *Parillon*, Aug. 20, 1687. I have a manuscript lampoon on Mulgrave, dated 1690. It is not destitute of spirit. The most remarkable lines are these:

"Peters [Petre] to-day and Burnet to-morrow,  
Knaves of all sides and religions he'll woo."

of various religions, and, in particular, one Mussulman, had been admitted without the oaths; but it might well be doubted whether such cases fell within the reason and spirit of the acts of Parliament. It was not even pretended that any person to whom the oaths had been tendered and who had refused them had ever taken a degree; and this was the situation in which Francis stood. The delegates offered to prove that, in the late reign, several royal mandates had been treated as nullities because the persons recommended had not chosen to qualify according to law, and that, on such occasions, the government had always acquiesced in the propriety of the course taken by the university. But Jeffreys would hear nothing. He soon found out that the vice-chancellor was weak, ignorant, and timid, and therefore gave a loose to all that insolence which had long been the terror of the Old Bailey. The unfortunate doctor, unaccustomed to such a presence and to such treatment, was soon harassed and scared into helpless agitation. When other academicians who were more capable of defending their cause attempted to speak, they were rudely silenced. "You are not vice-chancellor. When you are, you may talk. Until then, it will become you to hold your peace." The defendants were thrust out of the court without a hearing. In a short time they were called in again, and informed that the commissioners had determined to deprive Pechell of the vice-chancellorship, and to suspend him from all the emoluments to which he was entitled as master of a college, emoluments which were strictly of the nature of freehold property. "As to you," said Jeffreys to the delegates, "most of you are divines. I will therefore send you home with a text of Scripture, 'Go your way and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen to you.'"\*

These proceedings might seem sufficiently unjust and violent; but the king had already begun to treat Oxford with such rigor, that the rigor shown toward Cambridge might, by comparison, be called lenity. Already University College had been turned by Obadiah Walker into a Roman Catholic seminary. Already Christ Church was governed by a Roman Catholic dean. Mass was already said daily in both those colleges. The tranquil and majestic city, so long the stronghold of monarchical principles, was agitated by passions which it had never before known. The under-graduates, with the connivance of those who were in authority over them, hooted the members of Walker's congregation, and

chanted satirical ditties under his windows. Some fragments of the serenades which then disturbed the High Street have been preserved. The burden of one ballad was this:

"Old Obadiah  
Sings Ave Maria."

When the actors came down to Oxford, the public feeling was expressed still more strongly. Howard's Committee was performed. This play, written soon after the Restoration, exhibited the Puritans in an odious and contemptible light, and had therefore been, during a quarter of a century, a favorite with Oxonian audiences. It was now a greater favorite than ever; for, by a lucky coincidence, one of the most conspicuous characters was an old hypocrite named Obadiah. The audience shouted with delight when, in the last scene, Obadiah was dragged in with a halter round his neck; and the acclamations redoubled when one of the players, departing from the written text of the comedy, proclaimed that Obadiah should be hanged because he had changed his religion. The king was much provoked by this insult. So mutinous, indeed, was the temper of the university, that one of the newly-raised regiments, the same which is now called the Second Dragoon Guards, was quartered at Oxford for the purpose of preventing an outbreak.\*

These events ought to have convinced James that he had entered on a course which must lead him to his ruin. To the clamors of London he had been long accustomed. They had been raised against him, sometimes unjustly, and sometimes vainly. He had repeatedly braved them, and might brave them still. But that Oxford, the seat of loyalty, the head quarters of the Cavalier army, the place where his father and his brother had held their court when they thought themselves insecure in their stormy capital, the place where the writings of the great Republican teachers had recently been committed to the flames, should now be in a ferment of discontent; that those high-spirited youths, who a few months before had eagerly volunteered to march against the western insurgents, should now be with difficulty kept down by sword and carbine, these were signs full of evil omen to the house of Stuart. The warning, however, was lost on the dull, stubborn, self-willed tyrant. He was resolved to transfer to his own Church all the wealthiest and most splendid foundations of England. It was to no purpose that the best and wisest of his Roman Catholic coun-

\* See the proceedings against the University of Cambridge in the collection of State Trials.

\* Wood's Athene Oxoniensis; Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber; Citters, March 2-12, 1686.

selors remonstrated. They represented to him that he had it in his power to render a great service to the cause of his religion without violating the rights of property. A grant of two thousand pounds a year from his privy purse would support a Jesuit college at Oxford. Such a sum he might easily spare. Such a college, provided with able, learned, and zealous teachers, would be a formidable rival to the old academical institutions, which exhibited but too many symptoms of the languor almost inseparable from opulence and security. King James's College would soon be, by the confession even of Protestants, the first place of education in the island as respected both science and moral discipline. This would be the most effectual and the least invidious method by which the Church of England could be humbled and the Church of Rome exalted. The Earl of Ailesbury, one of the most devoted servants of the Royal family, declared that, though a Protestant, and by no means rich, he would himself contribute a thousand pounds toward this design, rather than that his master should violate the rights of property, and break faith with the Established Church.\* The scheme, however, found no favor in the sight of the king. It was, indeed, ill suited, in more ways than one, to his ungente nature; for to bend and break the spirits of men gave him pleasure, and to part with his money gave him pain. What he had not the generosity to do at his own expense, he determined to do at the expense of others. When once he was engaged, pride and obstinacy prevented him from receding; and he was at length led, step by step, to acts of Turkish tyranny, to acts which impressed the nation with a conviction that the estate of a Protestant English freeholder under a Roman Catholic king must be as insecure as that of a Greek under Moslem domination.

Magdalene College at Oxford, founded in the fifteenth century by William of Waynflete, bishop of Winchester and lord high chancellor, was one of the most remarkable of our academical institutions. A graceful tower, on the summit of which a Latin hymn was annually chanted by choristers at the dawn of May day, caught far off the eye of the traveler who came from London. As he approached, he found that this tower rose from an embattled pile, low and irregular, yet singularly venerable, which, embowered in verdure, overhung the sluggish waters of the Cherwell. He passed through a gateway overhung by a noble oriel,† and found himself in a spacious cloister adorned with emblems

of virtues and vices, rudely carved in gray stone by the masons of the fifteenth century. The table of the society was plentifully spread in a stately refectory hung with paintings and rich with fantastic carving. The service of the Church was performed morning and evening in a chapel which had suffered much violence from the Reformers, and much from the Puritans, but which was, under every disadvantage, a building of eminent beauty, and which has, in our own time, been restored with rare taste and skill. The spacious gardens along the river side were remarkable for the size of the trees, among which towered conspicuous one of the vegetable wonders of the island, a gigantic oak, older by a century, men said, than the oldest college in the university.

The statutes of the society ordained that the Kings of England and Princes of Wales should be lodged in their house. Edward the Fourth had inhabited the building while it was still unfinished. Richard the Third had held his court there, had heard disputations in the hall, had feasted there royally, and had mended the cheer of his hosts by a present of fat bucks from his forests. Two heirs-apparent of the crown, who had been prematurely snatched away, Arthur, the elder brother of Henry the Eighth, and Henry, the elder brother of Charles the First, had been members of the college. Another prince of the blood, the last and best of the Roman Catholic archbishops of Canterbury, the gentle Reginald Pole, had studied there. In the time of the civil war Magdalene had been true to the cause of the crown. There Rupert had fixed his quarters; and, before some of his most daring enterprises, his trumpets had been heard sounding to horse through those quiet cloisters. Most of the fellows were divines, and could aid the king only by their prayers and their pecuniary contributions. But one member of the body, a doctor of civil law, raised a troop of under-graduates, and fell fighting bravely at their head against the soldiers of Essex. When hostilities had terminated, and the Roundheads were masters of England, six-sevenths of the members of the foundation refused to make any submission to usurped authority. They were consequently ejected from their dwellings and deprived of their revenues. After the Restoration the survivors returned to their pleasant abode. They had now been succeeded by a new generation which inherited their opinions and their spirit. During the western rebellion, such Magdalene men as were not disqualified by their age or profession for the use of arms had eagerly volunteered to fight for the crown. It would be difficult to name any corporation

\* Burnet, i, 697; Letter of Lord Ailesbury, printed in the European Magazine for April, 1795.

† This gateway is now closed.

in the kingdom which had higher claims to the gratitude of the house of Stuart.\*

The society consisted of a president, of forty fellows, of thirty scholars called Demies, and of a train of chaplains, clerks, and choristers. At the time of the general visitation in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the revenues were far greater than those of any similar institution in the realm, greater by one half than those of the magnificent foundation of Henry the Sixth at Cambridge, and considerably more than double those which William of Wykeham had settled on his college at Oxford. In the days of James the Second the riches of Magdalene were immense, and were exaggerated by report. The college was popularly said to be wealthier than the wealthiest abbeys of the Continent. When the leases fell in—so ran the vulgar rumor—the rents would be raised to the prodigious sum of forty thousand pounds a year.†

The fellows were, by the statutes which their founder had drawn up, empowered to select their own president from among persons who were, or had been, fellows either of their society or of New College. This power had generally been exercised with freedom. But in some instances royal letters had been received recommending to the choice of the corporation qualified persons who were in favor at court, and on such occasions it had been the practice to show respect to the wishes of the sovereign.

In March, 1687, the president of the college died. One of the fellows, Doctor Thomas Smith, popularly nicknamed Rabbi Smith, a distinguished traveler, book-collector, antiquary, and Orientalist, who had been chaplain to the embassy at Constantinople, and had been employed to collate the Alexandrian manuscript, aspired to the vacant post. He conceived that he had some claims on the favor of the government as a man of learning and as a zealous Tory. His loyalty was in truth as fervent and as steadfast as was to be found in the whole Church of England. He had long been intimately acquainted with Parker, bishop of Oxford, and hoped to obtain by the interest of that prelate a royal letter to the college. Parker promised to do his best, but soon reported that he had found difficulties. "The king," he said, "will recommend no person who is not a friend to his majesty's religion. What can you do to pleasure him as to that matter?" Smith answered that, if he became president, he would exert himself

to promote learning, true Christianity, and loyalty. "That will not do," said the bishop. "If so," said Smith, manfully, "let who will be president; I can promise nothing more."

The election had been fixed for the thirteenth of April, and the fellows were summoned to attend. It was rumored that a royal letter would come down recommending one Anthony Farmer to the vacant place. This man's life had been one series of shameful acts. He had been a member of the University of Cambridge, and had escaped expulsion only by a timely retreat. He had then joined the Dissenters. Then he had gone to Oxford, had entered himself at Magdalene, and had soon become notorious there for every kind of vice. He generally reeled into his college at night speechless with liquor. He was celebrated for having headed a disgraceful riot at Abingdon. He had been a constant frequenter of noted haunts of libertines. At length he had turned pander, had exceeded even the ordinary vile-ness of his vile calling, and had received money from dissolute young gentlemen eommoners for services such as it is not good that history should record. This wretch, however, had pretended to turn papist. His apostasy atoned for all his vices; and, though still a youth, he was selected to rule a grave and religious society in which the scandal given by his depravity was still fresh.

As a Roman Catholic, he was disqualified for academical office by the general law of the land. Never having been a fellow of Magdalene College or of New College, he was disqualified for the vacant presidency by a special ordinance of William of Waynflete. William of Waynflete had also enjoined those who partook of his bounty to have a special regard to moral character in choosing their head; and, even if he had left no such injunction, a body chiefly composed of divines could not with decency intrust such a man as Farmer with the government of a place of education.

The fellows respectfully represented to the king the difficulty in which they should be placed, if, as was rumored, Farmer should be recommended to them, and begged that, if it were his majesty's pleasure to interfere in the election, some person for whom they could legally and conscientiously vote might be proposed. Of this dutiful request no notice was taken. The royal letter arrived. It was brought down by one of the fellows who had lately turned papist, Robert Charnoek, a man of parts and spirit, but of a violent and restless temper, which impelled him a few years later to an atrocious crime and to a terrible fate. On the thirteenth of April the society

\* Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*; Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*.

† Burnet, i, 697; Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*. At the visitation in the twenty-sixth year of Henry the Eighth, it appeared that the annual revenue of King's College was £751, of New College, £487, of Magdalene, £1076.

met in the chapel. Some hope was still entertained that the king might be moved by the remonstrance which had been addressed to him. The assembly therefore adjourned until the fifteenth, which was the last day on which, by the constitution of the college, the election could take place.

The fifteenth of April came. Again the fellows repaired to their chapel. No answer had arrived from Whitehall. Two or three of the seniors, among whom was Smith, were inclined to postpone the election once more rather than take a step which might give offense to the king. But the language of the statutes was clear. Those statutes the members of the foundation had sworn to observe. The general opinion was that there ought to be no further delay. A hot debate followed. The electors were too much excited to take their seats; and the whole choir was in a tumult. Those who were for proceeding appealed to their oaths and to the rules laid down by the founder whose bread they had eaten. The king, they truly said, had no right to force on them even a qualified candidate. Some expressions displeasing to Tory ears were dropped in the course of the dispute, and Smith was provoked into exclaiming that the spirit of Ferguson had possessed his brethren. It was at length resolved by a great majority that it was necessary to proceed immediately to the election. Charnock left the chapel. The other fellows, having first received the sacrament, proceeded to give their voices. The choice fell on John Hough, a man of eminent virtue and prudence, who, having borne persecution with fortitude and prosperity with meekness, having risen to high honors and having modestly declined honors higher still, died in extreme old age, yet in full vigor of mind, more than fifty-six years after this eventful day.

The society hastened to acquaint the king with the circumstances which had made it necessary to elect a president without further delay, and requested the Duke of Ormond, as patron of the whole university, and the Bishop of Winchester, as visitor of Magdalene College, to undertake the office of intercessors; but the king was far too angry and too dull to listen to explanations.

Early in June the fellows were cited to appear before the High Commission at Whitehall. Five of them, deputed by the rest, obeyed the summons. Jeffreys treated them after his usual fashion. When one of them, a grave doctor named Fairfax, hinted some doubts as to the validity of the commission, the chancellor began to roar like a wild beast. "Who is this man? What commission has he to be impudent here? Seize him. Put him into a

dark room. What does he do without a keeper? He is under my care as a lunatic. I wonder that nobody has applied to me for the custody of him." But when this storm had spent its force, and the depositions concerning the moral character of the king's nominee had been read, none of the commissioners had the front to pronounce that such a man could properly be made the head of a great college. Obadiah Walker and the other Oxonian papists who were in attendance to support their proselyte were utterly confounded. The Commission pronounced Hough's election void, and suspended Fairfax from his fellowship; but about Farmer no more was said; and, in the month of August, arrived a royal letter recommending Parker, bishop of Oxford, to the fellows.

Parker was not an avowed papist. Still, there was an objection to him which, even if the presidency had been vacant, would have been decisive, for he had never been a fellow of either New College or Magdalene. But the presidency was not vacant; Hough had been duly elected; and all the members of the college were bound by oath to support him in his office. They therefore, with many expressions of loyalty and concern, excused themselves from complying with the king's mandate.

While Oxford was thus opposing a firm resistance to tyranny, a stand not less resolute was made in another quarter. James had, some time before, commanded the trustees of the Charter House, men of the first rank and consideration in the kingdom, to admit a Roman Catholic named Popham into the hospital which was under their care. The master of the house, Thomas Burnet, a clergyman of eminent genius, learning, and virtue, had the courage to represent to them, though the ferocious Jeffreys sat at the board, that what was required of them was contrary both to the will of the founder and to an act of Parliament. "What is that to the purpose?" said a courtier who was one of the governors. "It is very much to the purpose, I think," answered a voice, feeble with age and sorrow, yet not to be heard without respect by any assembly, the voice of the venerable Ormond. "An act of Parliament," continued the patriarch of the Cavalier party, "is, in my judgment, no light thing." The question was put whether Popham should be admitted, and it was determined to reject him. The chancellor, who could not well ease himself by cursing and swearing at Ormond, flung away in a rage, and was followed by some of the minority. The consequence was that there was not a quorum left, and that no formal reply could be made to the royal mandate.

The next meeting took place only two days

after the High Commission had pronounced sentence of deprivation against Hough, and of suspension against Fairfax. A second mandate under the Great Seal was laid before the trustees, but the tyrannical manner in which Magdalene College had been treated had roused instead of subduing their spirit. They drew up a letter to Sunderland, in which they requested him to inform the king that they could not, in this matter, obey his majesty without breaking the law and betraying their trust.

There can be little doubt that, had ordinary signatures been appended to this document, the king would have taken some violent course. But even he was daunted by the great names of Ormond, Halifax, Danby, and Nottingham, the chiefs of all the sections of that great party to which he owed his crown. He therefore contented himself with directing Jeffreys to consider what course ought to be taken. It was announced at one time that a proceeding would be instituted in the King's Bench, at another that the Ecclesiastical Commission would take up the case; but these threats gradually died away.\*

The summer was now far advanced, and the king set out on a progress, the longest and the most splendid that had been known for many years. From Windsor he went on the sixteenth of August to Portsmouth, walked round the fortifications, touched some scrofulous people, and then proceeded in one of his yachts to Southampton. From Southampton he traveled to Bath, where he remained a few days, and where he left the queen. When he departed, he was attended by the high sheriff of Somersetshire and by a large body of gentlemen to the frontier of the county, where the high sheriff of Gloucestershire, with a not less splendid retinue, was in attendance. The Duke of Beaufort soon met the royal coaches, and conducted them to Badminton, where a banquet worthy of the fame which his splendid housekeeping had won for him was prepared. In the afternoon the cavalcade proceeded to Gloucester. It was greeted two miles from the city by the bishop and clergy. At the South Gate the mayor waited with the keys. The bells rang and the conduits flowed with wine as the king passed through the streets to the close which encircles the venerable cathedral. He lay that night at the deanery, and on the following morning set out for Worcester. From Worcester he went to Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and Chester, and was everywhere received with outward signs of joy and respect, which he was weak enough to consider as proofs

that the discontent excited by his measures had subsided, and that an easy victory was before him. Barillon, more sagacious, informed Louis that the King of England was under a delusion, that the progress had done no real good, and that those very gentlemen of Worcestershire and Shropshire who had thought it their duty to receive their sovereign and their guest with every mark of honor, would be found as refractory as ever when the question of the test should come on.\*

On the road the royal train was joined by two courtiers who in temper and opinions differed widely from each other. Penn was at Chester on a pastoral tour. His popularity and authority among his brethren had greatly declined since he had become a tool of the king and of the Jesuits. He was, however, most graciously received by James, who even condescended to go to the Quaker meeting, and to listen with decency to his friend's melodious eloquence.† Tyreconnel had crossed the sea from Dublin to give an account of his administration. All the most respectable English Catholics looked coldly on him, as on an enemy of their race and a scandal to their religion; but he was cordially welcomed by his master, and dismissed with assurances of undiminished confidence and steady support. James expressed his delight at learning that in a short time the whole government of Ireland would be in Roman Catholic hands. The English colonists had already been stripped of all political power. Nothing remained but to strip them of their property; and this last outrage was deferred only until the co-operation of an Irish Parliament should have been secured.‡

From Cheshire the king turned southward, and, in the full belief that the fellows of Magdalene College, however mutinous they might be, would not dare to disobey a command uttered by his own lips, directed his course toward Oxford. By the way he made some little excursions to places which peculiarly interested him as a king, a brother, and a son. He visited the hospitable roof of Boseobel, and the remains of the oak so conspicuous in the history of his house. He rode over the field of Edgehill, where the

\* See the London Gazette, from August 18 to September 1, 1687; Barillon, September 19-29.

† Clarkson's Life of Penn. "Penn, chef des Quakers, qu'on sait être dans les intérêts du Roi d'Angleterre, est si fort décrié parmi ceux de son parti qu'ils n'ont plus aucune confiance en lui."—*BONNEPAIN TO SENEZAY*, Sept. 19-22, 1687.

‡ London Gazette, Sept. 5; Sheridan MS.; Barillon, Sept. 6-16, 1687. "Le Roi son maître," says Barillon, "a témoigné une grande satisfaction des mesures qu'il a prises, et a autorisé ce qu'il a fait en faveur des Catholiques. Il les établit dans les emplois et les charges, en sorte que l'autorité se trouvera bientôt entre leurs mains. Il reste encore beaucoup de choses à faire en ce pays là pour retirer les biens injustement otés aux Catholiques. Mais cela ne peut s'exécuter qu'avec le tems et dans l'Assemblée d'un Parlement en Irlande."

\* A Relation of the Proceedings at the Charter House, 1689.

Cavaliers first crossed swords with the soldiers of the Parliament. On the third of September he dined with great state at the palace of Woodstock, an ancient and renowned mansion of which not a stone is now to be seen, but of which the site is still marked on the turf of Blenheim Park by two sycamores which grow near the stately bridge. In the evening he reached Oxford. He was received with the wonted honors. The students in their academical garb were ranged to welcome him on the right hand and on the left, from the entrance of the city to the great gate of Christ Church. He lodged at the deanery, where, among other accommodations, he found a chapel fitted up for the celebration of the mass.\* On the day after his arrival, the fellows of Magdalene College were ordered to attend him. When they appeared before him, he treated them with an insolence such as had never been shown to their predecessors by the Puritan visitors. "You have not dealt with me like gentlemen," he exclaimed. "You have been unmannerly as well as undutiful." They fell on their knees and tendered a petition. He would not look at it. "Is this your Church of England loyalty? I could not have believed that so many clergymen of the Church of England would have been concerned in such a business. Go home. Get you gone. I am king. I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant, and admit the Bishop of Oxford. Let those who refuse look to it. They shall feel the whole weight of my hand. They shall know what it is to incur the displeasure of their sovereign." The fellows, still kneeling before him, again offered him their petition. He angrily flung it down. "Get you gone, I tell you. I will receive nothing from you until you have admitted the bishop."

They retired, and instantly assembled in the chapel. The question was propounded whether they would comply with his majesty's command. Smith was absent. Charnock alone answered in the affirmative. The other fellows who were at the meeting declared that in all things lawful they were ready to obey their king, but that they would not violate their statutes and their oaths.

The king, greatly incensed and mortified by his defeat, quitted Oxford, and rejoined the queen at Bath. His obstinacy and violence had brought him into an embarrassing position. He had trusted too much to the effect of his frowns and angry tones, and had rashly staked, not merely the credit of his administration, but his personal dignity, on the issue of the contest. - Could he yield to

subjects whom he had menaced with raised voice and furious gestures? Yet could he venture to eject in one day a crowd of respectable clergymen from their homes because they had discharged what the whole nation regarded as a sacred duty? Perhaps there might be an escape from this dilemma. Perhaps the college might still be terrified, caressed, or bribed into submission. The agency of Penn was employed. He had too much good feeling to approve of the violent and unjust proceedings of the government, and even ventured to express part of what he thought. James was, as usual, obstinate in the wrong. The courtly Quaker, therefore, did his best to seduce the college from the path of right. He first tried intimidation. Ruin, he said, impended over the society. The king was highly incensed. The case might be a hard one. Most people thought it so. But every child knew that his majesty loved to have his own way, and could not bear to be thwarted. Penn therefore exhorted the fellows not to rely on the goodness of their cause, but to submit, or at least to temporize. Such counsel came strangely from one who had himself been expelled from the university for raising a riot about the surplice, who had run the risk of being disinherited rather than take off his hat to the princes of the blood, and who had been sent to prison for haranguing in conventicles. He did not succeed in frightening the Magdalene men. In answer to his alarming hints, he was reminded that in the last generation thirty-four out of the forty fellows had cheerfully left their beloved cloisters and gardens, their hall and their chapel, and had gone forth, not knowing where they should find a meal or a bed, rather than violate the oath of allegiance. The king now wished them to violate another oath. He should find that the old spirit was not extinct.

Then Penn tried a gentler tone. He had an interview with Hough and with some of the fellows, and, after many professions of sympathy and friendship, began to hint at a compromise. The king could not bear to be crossed. The college must give way. Parker must be admitted. But he was in very bad health. All his preferments would soon be vacant. "How should you like," said Penn, "to see Doctor Hough Bishop of Oxford?" Penn had passed his life in declaiming against a hireling ministry. He held that he was bound to refuse the payment of tithes, and this even when he had bought land chargeable with tithes, and had been allowed the value of the tithes in the purchase money. According to his own principles, he would have committed a great sin if

\* London Gazette of Sept. 5 and Sept. 8, 1687.



he had interfered for the purpose of obtaining a benefice on the most honorable terms for the most pious divine. Yet to such a degree had his manners been corrupted by evil communications, and his understanding obscured by inordinate zeal for a single object, that he did not scruple to become a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind, and to use a bishopric as a bait to tempt a divine to perjury. Hough replied with civil contempt that he wanted nothing from the crown but common justice. "We stand," he said, "on our statutes and our oaths; but, even setting aside our statutes and oaths, we feel that we have our religion to defend. The papists have robbed us of University College. They have robbed us of Christ Church. The fight is now for Magdalene. They will soon have all the rest."

Penn was foolish enough to answer that he really believed that the papists would now be content. "University," he said, "is a pleasant college. Christ Church is a noble place. Magdalene is a fine building. The situation is convenient. The walks by the river are delightful. If the Roman Catholics are reasonable, they will be satisfied with these." This absurd avowal would alone have made it impossible for Hough and his brethren to yield. The negotiation was broken off, and the king hastened to make the disobedient know, as he had threatened, what it was to incur his displeasure.

A special commission was directed to Cartwright, bishop of Chester, to Wright, chief justice of the King's Bench, and to Sir Thomas Jenner, a baron of the Exchequer, appointing them to exercise visitatorial jurisdiction over the college. On the 20th of October they arrived at Oxford, escorted by three troops of cavalry with drawn swords. On the following morning the commissioners took their seats in the hall of Magdalene. Cartwright pronounced a loyal oration, which, a few years before, would have called forth the acclamations of an Oxonian audience, but which was now heard with sullen indignation. A long dispute followed. The president defended his rights with skill, temper, and resolution. He professed great respect for the royal authority, but he steadily maintained that he had, by the laws of England, a freehold interest in the house and revenues annexed to the presidency. Of that interest he could not be deprived by an arbitrary mandate of the sovereign. "Will you submit," said the bishop, "to our visitation?" "I submit to it," said Hough, with great dexterity, "so far as it is consistent with the laws, and no farther." "Will you deliver up the key of your lodgings?" said Cartwright.

Hough remained silent. The question was repeated, and Hough returned a mild but resolute refusal. The commissioners then pronounced him an intruder, and charged the fellows no longer to recognize his authority, and to assist at the admission of the Bishop of Oxford. Charnock eagerly promised obedience; Smith returned an evasive answer; but the great body of the members of the college firmly declared that they still regarded Hough as their rightful head.

And now Hough himself craved permission to address a few words to the commissioners. They consented with much civility, perhaps expecting from the calmness and suavity of his manner that he would make some concession. "My lords," said he, "you have this day deprived me of my freehold: I hereby protest against all your proceedings as illegal, unjust, and null; and I appeal from you to our sovereign lord the king in his courts of justice." A loud murmur of applause arose from the gowmsmen who filled the hall. The commissioners were furious. Search was made for the offenders, but in vain. Then the rage of the whole board was turned against Hough. "Do not think to huff us, sir," cried Jenner, punning on the president's name. "I will uphold his majesty's authority," said Wright, "while I have breath in my body. All this comes of your popular protest. You have broken the peace. You shall answer it in the King's Bench. I bind you over in one thousand pounds to appear there next term. I will see whether the civil power can not manage you. If that is not enough, you shall have the military too." In truth, Oxford was in a state which made the commissioners not a little uneasy. The soldiers were ordered to have their carbines loaded. It was said that an express was sent to London for the purpose of hastening the arrival of more troops. No disturbance, however, took place. The Bishop of Oxford was quietly installed by proxy, but only two members of Magdalene College attended the ceremony. Many signs showed that the spirit of resistance had spread to the common people. The porter of the college threw down his keys. The butler refused to scratch Hough's name out of the buttery book, and was instantly dismissed. No blacksmith could be found in the whole city who would force the lock of the president's lodgings. It was necessary for the commissioners to employ their own servants, who broke open the door with iron bars. The sermons which on the following Sunday were preached in the university church were full of reflections such as stung Cartwright to the quick, though such as he could not discreetly resent.

And here, if James had not been infatuated, the matter might have stopped. The fellows in general were not inclined to carry their resistance further. They were of opinion that, by refusing to assist in the admission of the intruder, they had sufficiently proved their respect for their statutes and oaths, and that, since he was now in actual possession, they might justifiably submit to him as their head, until he should be removed by sentence of a competent court. Only one fellow, Doctor Fairfax, refused to yield even to this extent. The commissioners would gladly have compromised the dispute on these terms; and, during a few hours, there was a truce which many thought likely to end in an amicable arrangement; but soon all was again in confusion. The fellows found that the popular voice loudly accused them of pusillanimity. The townsmen already talked ironically of a Magdalene conscience, and exclaimed that the brave Hough and the honest Fairfax had been betrayed and abandoned. Still more annoying were the sneers of Obadiah Walker and his brother renegades. This, then, said those apostates, was the end of all the big words in which the society had declared itself resolved to stand by its lawful president and by its Protestant faith. While the fellows, bitterly annoyed by the public censure, were regretting the modified submission which they had consented to make, they learned that this submission was by no means satisfactory to the king. It was not enough, he said, that they offered to obey the Bishop of Oxford as president in fact. They must distinctly admit the commission, and all that had been done under it, to be legal. They must acknowledge that they had acted undutifully; they must declare themselves penitent; they must promise to behave better in future, must implore his majesty's pardon, and lay themselves at his feet. Two fellows, of whom the king had no complaint to make, Charnock and Smith, were excused from the obligation of making these degrading apologies.

Even James never committed a grosser error. The fellows, already angry with themselves for having conceded so much, and galled by the censure of the world, eagerly caught at the opportunity which was now offered them of regaining the public esteem. With one voice they declared that they would never ask pardon for being in the right, or admit that the visitation of their college and the deprivation of their president had been legal.

Then the king, as he had threatened, laid on them the whole weight of his hand. They were by one sweeping edict condemned to expulsion. Yet this punishment was not

deemed sufficient. It was known that many noblemen and gentlemen who possessed church patronage would be disposed to provide for men who had suffered so much for the laws of England and for the Protestant religion. The High Commission therefore pronounced the ejected fellows incapable of ever holding any church preferment. Such of them as were not yet in holy orders were pronounced incapable of receiving the clerical character. James might enjoy the thought that he had reduced many of them from a situation in which they were surrounded by comforts, and had before them the fairest professional prospects, to hopeless indigence.

But all these severities produced an effect directly the opposite of that which he had anticipated. The spirit of Englishmen, that sturdy spirit which no king of the house of Stuart could ever be taught by experience to understand, swelled up high and strong against injustice. Oxford, the quiet seat of learning and loyalty, was in a state resembling that of the city of London on the morning after the attempt of Charles the First to seize the five members. The vice-chancellor had been asked to dine with the commissioners on the day of the expulsion. He refused. "My taste," he said, "differs from that of Colonel Kirke. I can not eat my meals with appetite under a gallows." The scholars refused to pull off their caps to the new rulers of Magdalene College. Smith was nicknamed Doctor Roguery, and was publicly insulted in the coffee-house. When Charnock summoned the demies to perform their academical exercises before him, they answered that they were deprived of their lawful governors, and would submit to no usurped authority. They assembled apart both for study and for divine service. Attempts were made to corrupt them by offers of the lucrative fellowships which had just been declared vacant, but one under-graduate after another manfully answered that his conscience would not suffer him to profit by injustice. One lad who was induced to take a fellowship was turned out of the hall by the rest. Youths were invited from other colleges, but with small success. The richest foundation in the kingdom seemed to have lost all attractions for needy students. Meanwhile, in London and all over the country, money was collected for the support of the ejected fellows. The Princess of Orange, to the great joy of all Protestants, subscribed two hundred pounds. Still, however, the king held on his course. The expulsion of the fellows was soon followed by the expulsion of a crowd of demies. All this time the new president was fast sinking under bodily

and mental disease. He had made a last feeble effort to serve the government by publishing, at the very time when the college was in a state of open rebellion against his authority, a defense of the Declaration of Indulgence, or, rather, a defense of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. This piece called forth many answers, and particularly one from Burnet, written with extraordinary vigor and acrimony. A few weeks after the expulsion of the demies, Parker died in the house of which he had violently taken possession. Men said that his heart was broken by remorse and shame. He lies in the beautiful ante-chapel of the college; but no monument marks his grave.

Then the king's whole plan was carried into full effect. The college was turned into a popish seminary. Bonaventure Giffard, the Roman Catholic bishop of Madura, was appointed president. The Roman Catholic service was performed in the chapel. In one day twelve Roman Catholics were admitted fellows. Some servile Protestants applied for fellowships, but met with refusals. Smith, an enthusiast in loyalty, but still a sincere member of the Anglican Church, could not bear to see the altered aspect of the house. He absented himself; he was ordered to return into residence; he disobeyed; he was expelled; and the work of spoliation was complete.\*

The nature of the academical system of England is such that no event which seriously affects the interests and honor of either university can fail to excite a strong feeling throughout the country. Every successive blow, therefore, which fell on Magdalene College, was felt to the extremities of the kingdom. In the coffee-houses of London, in the inns of court, in the closes of all the cathedral towns, in parsonages and manor houses scattered over the remotest shires, pity for the sufferers and indignation against the government went on growing. The protest of Hough was everywhere applauded; the forcing of his door was everywhere mentioned with abhorrence; and at length the sentence of deprivation fulminated against the fellows dissolved those ties, once so close and dear, which had bound the Church of England to the house of Stuart. Bitter resentment and cruel apprehension took the place of love and confidence. There was no prebendary, no rector, no vicar whose mind was not haunted by the thought that, however quiet his tem-

per, however obscure his situation, he might, in a few months, be driven from his dwelling by an arbitrary edict, to beg in a ragged cassock with his wife and children, while his freehold, secured to him by laws of immemorial antiquity and by the royal word, was occupied by some apostate. This, then, was the reward of that heroic loyalty never once found wanting through the vicissitudes of fifty tempestuous years. It was for this that the clergy had endured spoliation and persecution in the cause of Charles the First. It was for this that they had supported Charles the Second in his hard contest with the Whig opposition. It was for this that they had stood in the front of the battle against those who sought to despoil James of his birthright. To their fidelity alone their oppressor owed the power which he was now employing to their ruin. They had long been in the habit of recounting in acrimonious language all that they had suffered at the hand of the Puritan in the day of his power. Yet for the Puritan there was some excuse. He was an avowed enemy; he had wrongs to avenge; and even he, while remodeling the ecclesiastical constitution of the country, and ejecting all who would not subscribe his covenant, had not been altogether without compassion. He had at least granted to those whose benefices he seized a pittance sufficient to support life. But the hatred felt by the king toward that Church which had saved him from exile and placed him on a throne was not to be so easily satiated. Nothing but the utter ruin of his victims would content him. It was not enough that they were expelled from their homes and stripped of their revenues. They found every walk of life toward which men of their habits could look for a subsistence closed against them with malignant care, and nothing left to them but the precarious and degrading resource of alms.

The Anglican clergy, therefore, and that portion of the laity which was strongly attached to Protestant episcopacy, now regarded the king with those feelings which injustice aggravated by ingratitude naturally excite. Yet had the Churchman still many scruples of conscience and honor to surmount before he could bring himself to oppose the government by force. He had been taught that passive obedience was enjoined without restriction or exception by the divine law. He had professed this opinion ostentatiously. He had treated with contempt the suggestion that an extreme case might possibly arise which would justify a people in drawing the sword against regal tyranny. Both principle and shame therefore restrained him from imitating the example of the rebellious Round-

\* Proceedings against Magdalene College, in Oxon., for not electing Anthony Farmer president of the said College, in the Collection of State Trials, Howell's edition; Luttrell's Diary, June 15, 17, Oct. 24, Dec. 10, 1687; Smith's Narrative; Resey's Memoirs; Burnet, i. 699; Cartwright's Diary; Citters, Oct. 25—Nov. 4, Oct. 28—Nov. 7, Nov. 8—18, Nov. 18—28, 1687.

heads, while any hope of a peaceful and legal deliverance remained; and such a hope might reasonably be cherished as long as the Princess of Orange stood next in succession to the crown. If he would but endure with patience this trial of his faith, the laws of nature would soon do for him what he could not, without sin and dishonor, do for himself. The wrongs of the Church would be redressed; her property and dignity would be fenced by new guarantees; and those wicked ministers who had injured and insulted her in the day of her adversity would be signally punished.

The event to which the Church of England looked forward as to an honorable and peaceful termination of her troubles was one of which even the most reckless members of the Jesuitical cabal could not think without painful apprehensions. If their master should die, leaving them no better security against the penal laws than a declaration which the general voice of the nation pronounced to be a nullity; if a Parliament, animated by the same spirit which had prevailed in the Parliament of Charles the Second, should assemble round the throne of a Protestant sovereign, was it not probable that a terrible retribution would be exacted, that the old laws against popery would be rigidly enforced, and that new laws still more severe would be added to the statute-book? The evil counselors had long been tormented by these gloomy apprehensions, and some of them had contemplated strange and desperate remedies. James had scarcely mounted the throne when it began to be whispered about Whitehall that, if the Lady Anne would turn Roman Catholic, it might not be impossible, with the help of Louis, to transfer to her the birthright of her elder sister. At the French embassy this scheme was warmly approved, and Bonrepaux gave it as his opinion that the assent of James would be easily obtained.\* Soon, however, it became manifest that Anne was unalterably attached to the Established Church. All thought of making her queen was therefore relinquished. Nevertheless, a small knot of fanatics still continued to cherish a wild hope that they might be able to change the order of succession. The plan formed by these men was set forth in a minute of which a rude French translation has been preserved. It was to be hoped, they said, that the king might be able to establish the true faith without resorting to extremities; but, in the worst event, he might leave his crown at the

disposal of Louis. It was better for Englishmen to be the vassals of France than the slaves of the Devil.\* This extraordinary document was handed about from Jesuit to Jesuit, and from courtier to courtier, until some eminent Roman Catholics, in whom bigotry had not extinguished patriotism, furnished the Dutch ambassador with a copy. He put the paper into the hands of James. James, greatly agitated, pronounced it a vile forgery, contrived by some pamphleteer in Holland. The Dutch minister resolutely answered that he could prove the contrary by the testimony of several distinguished members of his majesty's own Church; nay, that there would be no difficulty in pointing out the writer, who, after all, had written only what many priests and many busy politicians said every day in the galleries of the palace. The king did not think it expedient to ask who the writer was, but, abandoning the charge of forgery, protested, with great vehemence and solemnity, that no thought of disinheritance of his eldest daughter had ever crossed his mind. "Nobody," he said, "ever dared to hint such a thing to me. I never would listen to it. God does not command us to propagate the true religion by injustice; and this would be the foulest, the most unnatural injustice."† Notwithstanding all these professions, Barillon, a few days later, reported to his court that James had begun to listen to suggestions respecting a change in the order of succession; that the question was doubtless a delicate one, but that there was reason to hope that, with time and management, a way might be found to settle the crown on some Roman Catholic to the exclusion of the two princesses.‡ During many months this subject continued to be discussed by the fiercest and most extravagant papists about the court, and candidates for the regal office were actually named.§

It is not probable, however, that James ever meant to take a course so insane. He must have known that England would never bear for a single day the yoke of a usurper who was also a papist, and that any attempt to set aside the Lady Mary would have been withstood to the death, both by all those who

\* "Que, quand pour établir la religion Catholique et pour la confirmer icy, il [James] devoit se rendre en quelque facon dependant de la France, et mettre la decision de la succession a la couronne entre les mains de ce monarque la, qu'il seroit obligé de le faire, parcequ'il vaudroit mieux pour ses sùjets qu'ils devinssent vassaux du Roy de France, étant Catholiques, que de demeurer comme esclaves du Diable." This paper is in the archives of both France and Holland.

† Citters, Aug. 6-16, 17-27, 1686; Barillon, Aug. 19-29.

‡ Barillon, Sept. 13-23, 1686. "La succession est une matiere fort delicate a traiter. Je sais pourtant qu'on en parle au Roy d'Angleterre, et qu'on ne desespere pas avec le temps de trouver des moyens pour faire passer la couronne sur la tete d'un heritier Catholique."

§ Bonrepaux, July 11-21, 1687.

\* "Quand on connoit le dedans de cette cour aussi intimement que je la connois, on peut croire que sa Majeste Britannique donnera volontiers dans ces sortes de projets."—BONREPAUX to SEIGNELAY, March 18-28, 1686

had supported the Exclusion Bill, and by all those who had opposed it. There is, however, no doubt that the king was an accomplice in a plot less absurd, but not less unjustifiable, against the rights of his children. Tyrconnel had, with his master's approbation, made arrangements for separating Ireland from the empire, and for placing her under the protection of Louis, as soon as the crown should devolve on a Protestant sovereign. Bonrepaux had been consulted, had imparted the design to his court, and had been instructed to assure Tyrconnel that France would lend effectual aid to the accomplishment of this great project.\* These transactions, which, though perhaps not in all parts accurately known at the Hague, were strongly suspected there, must not be left out of the account if we would pass a just judgment on the course taken a few months later by the Princess of Orange. Those who pronounce her guilty of a breach of filial duty must admit that her fault was at least greatly extenuated by her wrongs. If, to serve the cause of her religion, she broke through the most sacred ties of consanguinity, she only followed her father's example. She did not assist to depose him until he had conspired to disinherit her.

Scarcely had Bonrepaux been informed that Louis had resolved to assist the enterprise of Tyrconnel, when all thoughts of that enterprise were abandoned. James had caught the first glimpse of a hope which delighted and elated him. The queen was with child.

Before the end of October, 1687, the great news began to be whispered. It was observed that her majesty had absented herself from some public ceremonies on the plea of indisposition. It was said that many relics, supposed to possess extraordinary virtue, had been hung about her. Soon the story made its way from the palace to the coffee-houses of the capital, and spread fast over the country. By a very small minority the rumor was welcomed with joy. The great body of the nation listened with mingled derision and fear. There was, indeed, nothing very extraordinary in what had happened. The king had but just completed his fifty-fourth year. The queen was in the summer of life. She had already borne four children who had died

\* Bonrepaux to Seignelay, Aug. 25-Sept. 4, 1687. I will quote a few words from this most remarkable dispatch: "Je scay bien certainement que l'intention du Roy d'Angleterre est de faire perdre ce royaume [Ireland] a son successeur, et de le fortifier en sorte que tous ses sujets Catholiques y puissent avoir un asile assure. Son projet est de mettre les choses en cet estat dans le cours de cinq annees." In the Secret Consults of the Romish party in Ireland, printed in 1690, there is a passage which shows that this negotiation had not been kept strictly secret. "Though the king kept it private from most of his council, yet certain it is that he had promised the French king the disposal of that government and kingdom when things had attained to that growth as to be fit to bear it."

young; and long afterward she was delivered of another child whom nobody had any interest in treating as supposititious, and who was therefore never said to be so. As, however, five years had elapsed since her last pregnancy, the people, under the influence of that delusion which leads men to believe what they wish, had ceased to entertain any apprehension that she would give an heir to the throne. On the other hand, nothing seemed more natural and probable than that the Jesuits should have contrived a pious fraud. It was certain that they must consider the accession of the Princess of Orange as one of the greatest calamities which could befall their Church. It was equally certain that they would not be very scrupulous about doing whatever might be necessary to save their Church from a great calamity. In books written by eminent members of the society, and licensed by its rulers, it was distinctly laid down that means even more shocking to all notions of justice and humanity than the introduction of a spurious heir into a family might lawfully be employed for ends less important than the conversion of a heretical kingdom. It had got abroad that some of the king's advisers, and even the king himself, had meditated schemes for defrauding the Lady Mary, either wholly or in part, of her rightful inheritance. A suspicion, not indeed, well founded, but by no means so absurd as is commonly supposed, took possession of the public mind. The folly of some Roman Catholics confirmed the vulgar prejudice. They spoke of the auspicious event as strange, as miraculous, as an exertion of the same Divine power which had made Sarah proud and happy in Isaac, and had given Samuel to the prayers of Hannah. Mary's mother, the Duchess of Modena, had lately died. A short time before her death she had, it was said, implored the Virgin of Loreto, with fervent vows and rich offerings, to bestow a son on James. The king himself had, in the preceding August, turned aside from his progress to visit the Holy Well, and had there besought Saint Winifred to obtain for him that boon without which his great designs for the propagation of the true faith could be but imperfectly executed. The imprudent zealots who dwell on these tales foretold with confidence that the unborn infant would be a boy, and offered to back their opinion by laying twenty guineas to one. Heaven, they affirmed, would not have interfered but for a great end. One fanatic announced that the queen would give birth to twins, of whom the elder would be King of England, and the younger Pope of Rome. Mary could not conceal the delight with which

she heard this prophecy; and her ladies found that they could not gratify her more than by talking of it. The Roman Catholics would have acted more wisely if they had spoken of the pregnancy as of a natural event, and if they had borne with moderation their unexpected good fortune. Their insolent triumph excited the popular suspicions. From the Prince and Princess of Denmark down to porters and laundresses, nobody alluded to the promised birth without a sneer. The wits of London described the new miracle in rhymes which, it may well be supposed, were not the most delicate. The rough country squires roared with laughter if they met any one simple enough to believe that the queen was really likely to be again a mother. A royal proclamation appeared, commanding the clergy to read a form of prayer and thanksgiving which had been prepared for this joyful occasion by Crewe and Sprat. The clergy obeyed; but it was observed that the congregations made no responses, and showed no signs of reverence. Soon, in all the coffee-houses, was handed about a brutal lampoon on the courtly prelates whose pens the king had employed. Mother East had also her full share of abuse. Into that homely monosyllable our ancestors had degraded the name of the great house of Este which reigned at Modena.\*

The new hope which elated the king's spirits was mingled with many fears. Something more than the birth of a Prince of Wales was necessary to the success of the plans formed by the Jesuitical party. It was not very likely that James would live until his son should be of age to exercise the regal functions. The law had made no provision for the case of a minority. The reigning sovereign was not competent to make provision for such a case by will. The Legislature only could supply the defect. If James should die before the defect had been supplied, leaving a successor of tender years, the supreme power would undoubtedly devolve on Protestants. Those Tories who held most firmly the doctrine that nothing could justify them in resisting their liege lord, would have no scruple about drawing their swords against a popish woman who should dare to usurp the guardianship of the realm and of the infant sovereign. The result of a contest could scarcely be matter of doubt. The Prince of Orange, or his wife, would be regent. The young king would be placed in the hands of heretical instructors, whose arts might speedily

efface from his mind the impressions which might have been made on it in the nursery. He might prove another Edward the Sixth; and the blessing granted to the intercession of the Virgin Mother and of St. Winifred might be turned into a curse.\* This was a danger against which nothing but an act of Parliament could be a security; and to obtain such an act was not easy. Everything seemed to indicate that, if the houses were convoked, they would come up to Westminster animated by the spirit of 1640. The event of the county elections could hardly be doubted. The whole body of freeholders, high and low, clerical and lay, was strongly excited against the government. In the great majority of those towns where the right of voting depended on the payment of local taxes, or on the occupation of a tenement, no courtly candidate could dare to show his face. A very large part of the House of Commons was returned by members of municipal corporations. These corporations had recently been remodeled for the purpose of destroying the influence of the Whigs and Dissenters. More than a hundred boroughs had been deprived of their charters by tribunals devoted to the crown, or had been induced to avert compulsory disfranchisement by voluntary surrender. Every mayor, every alderman, every town clerk, from Berwick to Helston, was a Tory and a Churchman; but Tories and Churchmen were now no longer devoted to the sovereign. The new municipalities were more unmanageable than the old municipalities had ever been, and would undoubtedly return representatives whose first act would be to impeach all the popish privy counselors, and all the members of the High Commission.

In the Lords the prospect was scarcely less gloomy than in the Commons. Among the temporal peers it was certain that an immense majority would be against the king's measures; and on that episcopal bench, which seven years before had unanimously supported him against those who had attempted to deprive him of his birthright, he could now look for support only to four or five sycophants despised by their profession and by their country.†

\* The king's uneasiness on this subject is strongly described by Ronquillo, Dec. 12-22, 1688: "Un Principe de Vales y un Duque de York y otro di Lechaosterna (Lancaster, I suppose), no bastan a reducir la gente; porque el Rey tiene 54 años y vendrá a morir, dejando los hijos pequeños, y que entonces el reyno se apoderará dellos, y los nombrará tutor, y los educará en la religion Protestante, contra la disposicion que dejare el Rey, y la autoridad de la Reyna."

† Three lists framed at this time are extant, one in the French archives, the other two in the archives of the Portland family. In these lists every peer is entered under one of three heads, For the Repeal of the Test, Against the Repeal, and Doubtful. According to one list the numbers were, 31 for, 86 against, and 20 doubtful; according to another, 33 for, 87 against, and 19

\* Citiers, Oct. 28-Nov. 7, Nov. 22-Dec. 2, 1687; the Princess Anne to the Princess of Orange, March 14 and 20, 1687-8; Barrillon, Dec. 1-11, 1687; Revolution Politics; the song "Two Toms and a Nat." Johnstone, April 4, 1688; Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland, 1690.

To all men not utterly blinded by passion, these difficulties appeared insuperable. The most unscrupulous slaves of power showed signs of uneasiness. Dryden muttered that the king would only make matters worse by trying to mend them, and sighed for the golden days of the careless and good-natured Charles.\* Even Jeffreys wavered. As long as he was poor, he was perfectly ready to face obloquy and public hatred for lucre. But he had now, by corruption and extortion, accumulated great riches; and he was more anxious to secure them than to increase them. His slackness drew on him a sharp reprimand from the royal lips. In dread of being deprived of the great seal, he promised whatever was required of him; but Barillon, in reporting this circumstance to Louis, remarked that the King of England could place little reliance on any man who had anything to lose.†

Nevertheless, James determined to persevere. The sanction of a Parliament was necessary to his system. The sanction of a free and lawful Parliament it was evidently impossible to obtain; but it might not be altogether impossible to bring together by corruption, by intimidation, by violent exertions of prerogative, by fraudulent distortions of law, an assembly which might call itself a Parliament, and might be willing to register any edict of the sovereign. Returning officers must be appointed who would avail themselves of the slightest pretense to declare the king's friends duly elected. Every placeman, from the highest to the lowest, must be made to understand that, if he wished to retain his office, he must, at this conjuncture, support the throne by his vote and interest. The High Commission, meanwhile, would keep its eye on the clergy. The boroughs which had just been remodeled to serve one turn might be remodeled again to serve another. By such means the king hoped to obtain a majority in the House of Commons. The Upper House would then be at his mercy. He had undoubtedly, by law, the power of creating peers without limit, and this power he was fully determined to use. He did not wish, and, indeed, no sovereign can wish, to make the highest honor which is in the gift of the crown worthless. He cherished the hope that, by calling up some heirs apparent to the assembly in which they must

ultimately sit, and by conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish lords, he might be able to secure a majority without ennobling new men in such numbers as to bring ridicule on the coronet and the ermine. But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When, in a large company, an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, "Oh, silly," cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill, "your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."\*

Having determined to pack a Parliament, James set himself energetically and methodically to the work. A proclamation appeared in the Gazette, announcing that the king had determined to revise the commissions of peace and of lieutenantancy, and to retain in public employment only such gentlemen as should be disposed to support his policy.† A committee of seven privy counselors sat at Whitehall, for the purpose of regulating—such was the phrase—the municipal corporations. In this committee Jeffreys alone represented the Protestant interest. Powis alone represented the moderate Roman Catholics. All the other members belonged to the Jesuitical faction. Among them was Petre, who had just been sworn of the council. Until he took his seat at the board, his elevation had been kept a profound secret from everybody but Sunderland. The public indignation at this new violation of the law was clamorously expressed; and it was remarked that the Roman Catholics were even louder in censure than the Protestants. The vain and ambitious Jesuit was now charged with the business of destroying and reconstructing half the constituent bodies in the kingdom. Under the committee of privy counselors, a sub-committee, consisting of bustling agents less eminent in rank, was intrusted with the management of details. Local sub-committees of regulators all over the country corresponded with the central board at Westminster.‡

The persons on whom James chiefly relied for assistance in his new and arduous enterprise were the lords lieutenants. Every lord lieutenant received written orders directing him to go down immediately into his county. There he was to summon before him all his deputies, and all the justices of the peace, and to put to them a series of interrogatories framed for the purpose of ascertaining how they would act at a general election. He was to take down the answers in writing, and to transmit them to the government. He was

doubtful; according to the third, 35 for, 92 against, and 10 doubtful. Copies of the three lists are in the Mackintosh MSS.

\* There is in the British Museum a letter of Dryden to Etheridge, dated Feb. 16, 1688. I do not remember to have seen it in print. "Oh," says Dryden, "that our monarch would encourage noble idleness by his own example, as he of blessed memory did before him; for my mind misgives me that he will not much advance his affairs by stirring."

† Barillon, Aug. 29—Sept. 8, 1687.

\* Told by Lord Bradford, who was present, to Dartmouth; note on Burnet, i, 755.

† London Gazette, Dec. 12, 1687.

‡ Bonrepaux to Seignelay, Nov. 14–24; Citters, Nov. 15–25; Lords' Journals, Dec. 20, 1689.

to furnish a list of such Roman Catholics and such Protestant Dissenters as might be best qualified for the bench and for commands in the militia. He was also to examine into the state of all the boroughs in his county, and to make such reports as might be necessary to guide the operations of the board of regulators. It was intimated to him that he must himself perform these duties, and that he could not be permitted to delegate them to any other person.\*

The first effect produced by these orders would have at once sobered a prince less infatuated than James. Half the lords lieutenants of England peremptorily refused to stoop to the odious service which was required of them. Every one of them was dismissed. All those who incurred this glorious disgrace were peers of high consideration; and all had hitherto been regarded as firm supporters of monarchy. Some names in the list deserve especial notice.

The noblest subject in England, and, indeed, as Englishmen loved to say, the noblest subject in Europe, was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford. He derived his title through an uninterrupted male descent from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevilles and Percies enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England. One chief of the house of De Vere had held high command at Hastings; another had marched, with Godfrey and Tancred, over heaps of slaughtered Moslems, to the sepulchre of Christ. The first Earl of Oxford had been minister of Henry Beaufort. The third earl had been conspicuous among the lords who extorted the Great Charter from John. The seventh earl had fought bravely at Cressy and Poitiers. The thirteenth earl had, through many vicissitudes of fortune, been the chief of the party of the Red Rose, and had led the van on the decisive day of Bosworth. The seventeenth earl had shone at the court of Elizabeth, and had won for himself an honorable place among the early masters of English poetry. The nineteenth earl had fallen in arms for the Protestant religion and for the liberties of Europe under the walls of Maestricht. His son Aubrey, in whom closed the longest and most illustrious line of nobles that England has seen, a man of inoffensive temper and of courtly manners, was lord lieutenant of Essex, and colonel of the Blues. His nature was not factious, and his interest inclined him to avoid a rupture with the court; for his

estate was encumbered, and his military command lucrative. He was summoned to the royal closet, and an explicit declaration of his intentions was demanded from him. "Sir," answered Oxford, "I will stand by your majesty against all enemies to the last drop of my blood. But this is matter of conscience, and I can not comply." He was instantly deprived of his lieutenancy and of his regiment.\*

Inferior in antiquity and splendor to the house of De Vere, but to the house of De Vere alone, was the house of Talbot. Ever since the reign of Edward the Third, the Talbots had sat among the peers of the realm. The earldom of Shrewsbury had been bestowed, in the fifteenth century, on John Talbot, the antagonist of the Maid of Orleans. He had been long remembered by his countrymen with tenderness and reverence as one of the most illustrious of those warriors who had striven to erect a great English empire on the Continent of Europe. The stubborn courage which he had shown in the midst of disasters had made him an object of interest greater than more fortunate captains had inspired, and his death had furnished a singularly touching scene to our early stage. His posterity had, during two centuries, flourished in great honor. The head of the family at the time of the Restoration was Francis, the eleventh earl, a Roman Catholic. His death had been attended by circumstances such as, even in those licentious times which immediately followed the downfall of the Puritan tyranny, had moved men to horror and pity. The Duke of Buckingham, in the course of his vagrant amours, was for a moment attracted by the Countess of Shrewsbury. She was easily won. Her lord challenged the gallant, and fell. Some said that the abandoned woman witnessed the combat in man's attire, and others that she clasped her victorious lover to her bosom while his shirt was still dripping with the blood of her husband. The honors of the murdered man descended to his infant son Charles. As the orphan grew up to man's estate, it was generally acknowledged that of the young nobility of England none had been so richly gifted by nature. His person was pleasing, his temper singularly sweet, his parts such as, if he had been born in a humble rank, might well have raised him to the height of civil greatness. All these advantages he had so improved, that, before he was of age, he was allowed to be one of the finest gentlemen and finest scho-

\* Halstead's Succinct Genealogy of the Family of Vere, 1655; Collins's Historical Collections. See in the Lords' Journals, and in Jones's reports, the proceedings respecting the earldom of Oxford, in March and April, 1625-6. The exordium of the speech of Lord Chief Justice Crewe is among the finest specimens of the ancient English eloquence. Citters, Feb. 7-17, 1688.



lars of his time. His learning is proved by notes which are still extant in his hand-writing on books in almost every department of literature. He spoke French like a gentleman of Louis's bed-chamber, and Italian like a citizen of Florence. It was impossible that a youth of such parts should not be anxious to understand the grounds on which his family had refused to conform to the religion of the state. He studied the disputed points closely, submitted his doubts to priests of his own faith, laid their answers before Tillotson, weighed the arguments on both sides long and attentively, and, after an investigation which occupied two years, declared himself a Protestant. The Church of England welcomed the illustrious convert with delight. His popularity was great, and became greater when it was known that royal solicitations and promises had been vainly employed to seduce him back to the superstition which he had abjured. The character of the young earl did not, however, develop itself in a manner quite satisfactory to those who had borne the chief part in his conversion. His morals by no means escaped the contagion of fashionable libertinism. In truth, the shock which had overturned his early prejudices had at the same time unfix'd all his opinions, and left him to the unchecked guidance of his feelings; but, though his principles were unsteady, his impulses were so generous, his temper so bland, his manners so gracious and easy, that it was impossible not to love him. He was early called the King of Hearts, and never, through a long, eventful, and checkered life, lost his right to that name.\*

Shrewsbury was lord lieutenant of Staffordshire, and colonel of one of the regiments of horse which had been raised in consequence of the western insurrection. He now refused to act under the board of regulators, and was deprived of both his commissions.

None of the English nobles enjoyed a larger measure of public favor than Charles Sackville, earl of Dorset. He was, indeed, a remarkable man. In his youth he had been one of the most notorious libertines of the wild time which followed the Restoration. He had been the terror of the city watch, had passed many nights in the round-house, and had at least once occupied a cell in Newgate. His passion for Betty Morrice and for Nell Gwynn, who always called him her Charles the First, had given no small amusement and scandal to the town. Yet, in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine

understanding, and his natural goodness of heart, had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged, were common between him and the whole race of gay young Cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured were all his own. His associates were astonished by the distinction which the public made between him and them. "He may do what he chooses," said Wilmot; "he is never in the wrong." The judgment of the world became still more favorable to Dorset when he had been sobered by time and marriage. His graceful manners, his brilliant conversation, his soft heart, his open hand, were universally praised. No day passed, it was said, in which some distressed family had not reason to bless his name. And yet, with all his good nature, such was the keenness of his wit, that scoffers whose sarcasm all the town feared stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset. All political parties esteemed and caressed him; but politics were not much to his taste. Had he been driven by necessity to exert himself, he would probably have risen to the highest posts in the state; but he was born to rank so high and wealth so ample that many of the motives which impel men to engage in public affairs were wanting to him. He took just so much part in parliamentary and diplomatic business as sufficed to show that he wanted nothing but inclination to rival Danby and Sunderland, and turned away to pursuits which pleased him better. Like many other men who, with great natural abilities, are constitutionally and habitually indolent, he became an intellectual voluptuary, and a master of all those pleasing branches of knowledge which can be acquired without severe application. He was allowed to be the best judge of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of acting, that the court could show. On questions of polite learning, his decisions were regarded at all the coffee-houses as without appeal. More than one clever play which had failed on the first representation was supported by his single authority against the whole clamor of the pit, and came forth successful from the second trial. The delicacy of his taste in French composition was extolled by Saint Evremond and La Fontaine. Such a patron of letters England had never seen. His bounty was bestowed with equal judgment and liberality, and was confined to no sect or faction. Men of genius, estranged from each other by literary jealousy or by difference of political opinion, joined in acknowledging his impartial kindness. Dryden owned that he had been saved from ruin by Dorset's princely generosity. Yet

\* Cox's Shrewsbury Correspondence; Mackay's Memoirs; Life of Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, 1718; Burnet, i, 762; Birch's Life of Tillotson, where the reader will find a letter from Tillotson to Shrewsbury, which seems to me a model of serious, friendly, and gentlemanlike reproof.

Montague and Prior, who had keenly satirized Dryden, were introduced by Dorset into public life; and the best comedy of Dryden's mortal enemy, Shadwell, was written at Dorset's country seat. The munificent earl might, if such had been his wish, have been the rival of those of whom he was content to be the benefactor; for the verses which he occasionally composed, unstudied as they are, exhibit the traces of a genius which, assiduously cultivated, would have produced something great. In the small volume of his works may be found songs which have the easy vigor of Suckling, and little satires which sparkle with wit as splendid as that of Butler.\*

Dorset was lord lieutenant of Sussex, and to Sussex the board of regulators looked with great anxiety; for in no other county, Cornwall and Wiltshire excepted, were there so many small boroughs. He was ordered to repair to his post. No person who knew him expected that he would obey. He gave such an answer as became him, and was informed that his services were no longer needed. The interest which his many noble and amiable qualities inspired was heightened when it was known that he had received by the post an anonymous billet telling him that, if he did not promptly comply with the king's wishes, all his wit and popularity should not save him from assassination. A similar warning was sent to Shrewsbury. Threatening letters were then much more rare than in our time. It is therefore not strange that the people, excited as they were, should have been disposed to believe that the best and noblest Englishmen were really marked out for popish daggers.† Just when these letters were the talk of all London, the mutilated corpse of a noted Puritan was found in the streets. It was soon discovered that the murderer had acted from no religious or political motive. But the first suspicions of the populace fell on the papists. The mangled remains were carried in procession to the house of the Jesuits in the Savoy; and during a few hours, the fear and rage of the populace were scarcely less violent than on the day when Godfrey was borne to his grave.‡

The other dismissions must be more concisely related. The Duke of Somerset, whose regiment had been taken from him some months before, was now turned out of the lord lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire. The North Riding was taken from Viscount Fauconberg, Shropshire from Viscount Newark, and Lancashire from the Earl of Derby, grandson of that gallant Cavalier who had faced death so bravely, both on the field of battle and on the scaffold, for the house of Stuart. The Earl of Pembroke, who had recently served the crown with fidelity and spirit against Monmouth, was displaced in Wiltshire, the Earl of Rutland in Leicestershire, the Earl of Bridgewater in Buckinghamshire, the Earl of Thanet in Cumberland, the Earl of Northampton in Warwickshire, the Earl of Abingdon in Oxfordshire, and the Earl of Scarsdale in Derbyshire. Scarsdale was also deprived of a regiment of cavalry, and of an office in the household of the Princess of Denmark. She made a struggle to retain his services, and yielded only to a preeminent command of her father. The Earl of Gainsborough was ejected, not only from the lieutenancy of Hampshire, but also from the government of Portsmouth and the ranger-ship of the New Forest, two places for which he had, only a few months before, given five thousand pounds.\*

The king could not find lords of great note, or, indeed, Protestant lords of any sort, who would accept the vacant offices. It was necessary to assign two shires to Jeffreys, a new man whose landed property was small, and two to Preston, who was not even an English peer. The other counties which had been left without governors were intrusted, with scarcely an exception, to known Roman Catholics, or to courtiers who had secretly promised the king to declare themselves Roman Catholics as soon as they could do so with prudence.

At length the new machinery was put in action; and soon, from every corner of the realm, arrived the news of complete and hopeless failure. The catechism by which the lords lieutenants had been directed to test the sentiments of the country gentlemen consisted of three questions. Every magistrate and deputy lieutenant was to be asked, first, whether, if he should be chosen to serve in Parliament, he would vote for a bill framed on the principles of the Declaration of Indulgence; secondly, whether, as an elector, he would support candidates who would engage to vote for such a bill; and thirdly, whether,

\* Pepys's Diary; Prior's dedication of his poems to the Duke of Dorset; Dryden's Essay on Satire, and Dedication of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy. The affection of Dorset for his wife, and his strict fidelity to her, are mentioned with great contempt by that profigate coxcomb Sir George Etherege, in his letters from Ratibon, December 9-19, 1687, and January 16-26, 1688; Shadwell's Dedication of the Squire of Alsatia; Bnnet, i, 264; Mackay's Characters. Some parts of Dorset's character are well touched in this epitaph, written by Pope:

"Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay;"

and again:

"Bless'd courtier, who could king and country please,  
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease."

† Barillon, Jan. 9-19, 1687; Citters, Jan. 31-Feb. 10.

‡ Adda, Feb. 3-13, 10-20, 1688.

\* Barillon, Dec. 5-15, 8-12, 12-22, 1687; Citters, Nov. 29-Dec. 9, Dec. 2-12.

in his private capacity, he would aid the king's benevolent designs by living in friendship with people of all religious persuasions.\*

As soon as the questions got abroad, a form of answer, drawn up with admirable skill, was circulated all over the kingdom, and was generally adopted. It was to the following effect: "As a member of the House of Commons, should I have the honor of a seat there, I shall think it my duty carefully to weigh such reasons as may be adduced in debate for and against a bill of Indulgence, and then to vote according to my conscientious conviction. As an elector, I shall give my support to candidates whose notions of the duty of a representative agree with my own. As a private man, it is my wish to live in peace and charity with everybody." This answer, far more provoking than a direct refusal, because slightly tinged with a sober and decorous irony which could not well be resented, was all that the emissaries of the court could extract from most of the country gentlemen. Arguments, promises, threats, were tried in vain. The Duke of Norfolk, though a Protestant, and though dissatisfied with the measures of the government, had consented to become its agent in two counties. He went first to Surrey, where he soon found that nothing could be done.† He then repaired to Norfolk, and returned to inform the king that, of seventy gentlemen of note who bore office in that great province, only six had held out hopes that they should support the policy of the court.‡ The Duke of Beaufort, whose authority extended over four English shires and over the whole principality of Wales, came up to Whitehall with an account not less discouraging.§ Rochester was lord lieutenant of Hertfordshire. All his little stock of virtue had been expended in his struggle against the strong temptation to sell his religion for lucre. He was still bound to the court by a pension of four thousand pounds a year; and, in return for this pension, he was willing to perform any service, however illegal or degrading, provided only that he were not required to go through the forms of a reconciliation with Rome. He had readily undertaken to manage his county; and he exerted himself, as usual, with indiscreet heat and violence. But his anger was thrown away on the sturdy squires to whom he addressed himself. They told him with one voice that they would send up no man to Parliament who would vote for taking away the safeguards of the Protestant religion.‖

The same answer was given to the chancellor in Buckinghamshire.\* The gentry of Shropshire, assembled at Ludlow, unanimously refused to fetter themselves by the pledge which the king demanded of them.† Lord Yarmouth reported from Wiltshire that, of sixty magistrates and deputy lieutenants with whom he had conferred, only seven had given favorable answers, and that even those seven could not be trusted.‡ The renegade Peterborough made no progress in Northamptonshire.§ His brother renegade Dover was equally unsuccessful in Cambridgeshire.‖ Preston brought cold news from Cumberland and Westmoreland. Dorsetshire and Huntingdonshire were animated by the same spirit. The Earl of Bath, after a long canvass, returned from the West with gloomy tidings. He had been authorized to make the most tempting offers to the inhabitants of that region. In particular, he had promised that, if proper respect were shown to the royal wishes, the trade in tin should be freed from the oppressive restrictions under which it lay; but this lure, which at another time would have proved irresistible, was now slighted. All the justices and deputy lieutenants of Devonshire and Cornwall, without a single dissenting voice, declared that they would put life and property in jeopardy for the king, but that the Protestant religion was dearer to them than either life or property. "And, sir," said Bath, "if your majesty should dismiss all these gentlemen, their successors will give exactly the same answer."¶ If there was any district in which the government might have hoped for success, that district was Lancashire. Considerable doubts had been felt as to the result of what was passing there. In no part of the realm had so many opulent and honorable families adhered to the old religion. The heads of many of those families had already, by virtue of the dispensing power, been made justices of the peace and intrusted with commands in the militia. Yet from Lancashire the new lord lieutenant, himself a Roman Catholic, reported that two-thirds of his deputies and of the magistrates were opposed to the court.\*\* But the proceedings in Hampshire wounded the king's pride still more deeply. Arabella Churchill had, more than twenty years before, borne him a son, afterward

† Citters, Oct. 28–Nov. 7, 1687; *Lonsdale's Memoirs*.

\* Citters, Nov. 22–Dec. 2, 1687.

† *Ibid.*, Dec. 27–Jan. 6, 1687–8.

‡ Citters, Dec. 27–Jan. 6, 1687–8.

§ Rochester's offensive warmth on this occasion is twice no-

tioned by Johnstone, Nov. 25 and Dec. 8, 1687. His failure is mentioned by Citters, Dec. 6–16, 1687.

\* Citters, Dec. 6–16, 1687.

† *Ibid.*, Dec. 20–30, 1687.

‡ *Ibid.*, March 20–April 9, 1687.

§ *Ibid.*, Nov. 23–Dec. 2, 1687.

‖ *Ibid.*, Nov. 15–25, 1687.

¶ Citters, April 10–20, 1688.

\*\* The anxiety about Lancashire is mentioned by Citters, in a dispatch dated Nov. 18–28, 1687; the result in a dispatch dated four days later.

widely renowned as one of the most skillful captains of Europe. The youth, named James Fitzjames, had as yet given no promise of the eminence which he afterward attained; but his manners were so gentle and inoffensive that he had no enemy except Mary of Modena, who had long hated the child of the concubine with the bitter hatred of a childless wife. A small part of the Jesuitical faction had, before the pregnancy of the queen was announced, seriously thought of setting him up as a competitor of the Princess of Orange.\* When it is remembered how signally Monmouth, though believed by the populace to be legitimate, and though the champion of the national religion, had failed in a similar competition, it must seem extraordinary that any man should have been so much blinded by fanaticism as to think of placing on the throne one who was universally known to be a popish bastard. It does not appear that this absurd design was ever countenanced by the king. The boy, however, was acknowledged; and whatever distinctions a subject, not of the royal blood, could hope to attain, were bestowed on him. He had been created Duke of Berwick; and he was now loaded with honorable and lucrative employments, taken from those noblemen who had refused to comply with the royal commands. He succeeded the Earl of Oxford as colonel of the Blues, and the Earl of Gainsborough as lord lieutenant of Hampshire, ranger of the New Forest, and governor of Portsmouth. On the frontier of Hampshire Berwick expected to have been met, according to custom, by a long cavalcade of baronets, knights, and squires, but not a single person of note appeared to welcome him. He sent out letters commanding the attendance of the gentry, but only five or six paid the smallest attention to his summons. The rest did not wait to be dismissed. They declared that they would take no part in the civil or military government of their county while the king was represented there by a papist, and voluntarily laid down their commissions.†

Sunderland, who had been named lord lieutenant of Warwickshire in the room of the Earl of Northampton, found some excuse for not going down to face the indignation and contempt of the gentry of that shire; and his plea was the more readily admitted because the king had, by this time, begun to feel that the spirit of the rustic gentry was not to be bent.‡

It is to be observed that those who displayed this spirit were not the old enemies of

the house of Stuart. The commissions of peace and lieutenantcy had long been carefully purged of all Republican names. The persons from whom the court had in vain attempted to extract any promise of support were, with scarcely an exception, Tories. The elder among them could still show scars given by the swords of Roundheads, and receipts for plate sent to Charles the First in his distress. The younger had adhered firmly to James against Shaftesbury and Monmouth. Such were the men who were now turned out of office in a mass by the very prince to whom they had given such signal proofs of fidelity. Dismission, however, only made them more resolute. It had become a sacred point of honor among them to stand stoutly by one another in this crisis. There could be no doubt that, if the suffrage of the freholders were fairly taken, not a single knight of the shire favorable to the policy of the government would be returned. Men therefore asked one another, with no small anxiety, whether the suffrages were likely to be fairly taken. The list of the sheriffs for the new year was impatiently expected. It appeared while the lords lieutenants were still engaged in their canvass, and was received with a general cry of alarm and indignation. Most of the functionaries who were to preside at the county elections were either Roman Catholics or Protestant Dissenters who had expressed their approbation of the Indulgence.\* For a time the most gloomy apprehensions prevailed; but soon they began to subside. There was good reason to believe that there was a point beyond which the king could not reckon on the support even of those sheriffs who were members of his own Church. Between the Roman Catholic courtier and the Roman Catholic country gentleman there was very little sympathy. That cabal which domineered at Whitehall consisted partly of fanatics, who were ready to break through all rules of morality, and to throw the world into confusion for the purpose of propagating their religion, and partly of hypocrites, who, for lucre, had apostatized from the faith in which they had been brought up, and who now overacted the zeal characteristic of neophytes. Both the fanatical and the hypocritical courtiers were generally destitute of all English feeling. In some of them devotion to their Church had extinguished every national sentiment. Some were Irishmen, whose patriotism consisted in mortal hatred of the Saxon conquerors of Ireland. Some, again, were traitors, who received regular hire from a foreign power. Some had passed a great part of their lives abroad, and either were mere

\* Bontrepaux, July 11-21, 1687.

† Citters, Feb. 3-13, 1688.

‡ Ibid., April 5-15, 1688.

\* London Gazette, Dec. 5, 1687; Citters, Dec. 6-16.

cosmopolites, or felt a positive distaste for the manners and institutions of the country which was now subjected to their rule. Between such men and the lord of a Cheshire or Staffordshire manor who adhered to the old Church there was scarcely anything in common. He was neither a fanatic nor a hypocrite. He was a Roman Catholic because his father and grandfather had been so; and he held his hereditary faith, as men generally hold a hereditary faith, sincerely, but with little enthusiasm. In all other points he was a mere English squire, and, if he differed from the neighboring squires, differed from them by being somewhat more simple and clownish than they. The disabilities under which he lay had prevented his mind from expanding to the standard, moderate as that standard was, which the minds of Protestant country gentlemen then ordinarily attained. Excluded when a boy from Eton and Westminster, when a youth from Oxford and Cambridge, when a man from Parliament and from the bench of justice, he generally vegetated as quietly as the elms of the avenue which led to his ancestral grange. His cornfields, his dairy and his cider press, his greyhounds, his fishing-rod and his gun, his ale and his tobacco, occupied almost all his thoughts. With his neighbors, in spite of his religion, he was generally on good terms. They knew him to be unambitious and inoffensive. He was almost always of a good old family. He was always a Cavalier. His peculiar notions were not obtruded, and caused no annoyance. He did not, like a Puritan, torment himself and others with scruples about everything that was pleasant. On the contrary, he was as keen a sportsman and as jolly a boon companion as any man who had taken the Oath of Supremacy and the declaration against transubstantiation. He met his brother squires at the cover, was in with them at the death, and, when the sport was over, took them home with him to a venison pasty and to October four years in bottle. The oppressions which he had undergone had not been such as to impel him to any desperate resolution. Even when his Church was barbarously persecuted, his life and property were in little danger. The most impudent false witnesses could hardly venture to shock the common sense of mankind by accusing him of being a conspirator. The papists whom Oates selected for attack were peers, prelates, Jesuits, Benedictines, a busy political agent, a lawyer in high practice, a court physician. The Roman Catholic country gentleman, protected by his obscurity, by his peaceable demeanor, and by the good will of those among whom he lived,

carted his hay or filled his bag with game unmolested, while Coleman and Langhorne, Whitbread and Pickering, Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, died by the halter or the ax. An attempt was indeed made by a knot of villains to bring home a charge of treason to Sir Thomas Gaseoigne, an aged Roman Catholic baronet of Yorkshire; but twelve of the best gentlemen of the West Riding, who knew his way of life, could not be convinced that their honest old acquaintance had hired cut-throats to murder the king, and, in spite of charges which did very little honor to the bench, found a verdict of Not Guilty. Sometimes, indeed, the head of an old and respectable provincial family might reflect with bitterness that he was excluded, on account of his religion, from places of honor and authority which men of humbler descent and less ample estate were thought competent to fill; but he was little disposed to risk land and life in a struggle against overwhelming odds; and his honest English spirit would have shrunk with horror from means such as were contemplated by the Petres and Tyrconnels. Indeed, he would have been as ready as any of his Protestant neighbors to gird on his sword, and to put pistols in his holsters, for the defense of his native land against an invasion of French or Irish papists. Such was the general character of the men to whom James now looked as to his most trustworthy instruments for the conduct of county elections. He soon found that they were not inclined to throw away the esteem of their neighbors, and to endanger their heads and their estates, by rendering him an infamous and criminal service. Several of them refused to be sheriffs. Of those who accepted the shrievalty many declared that they would discharge their duty as fairly as if they were members of the Established Church, and would return no candidate who had not a real majority.\*

\* About twenty years before this time a Jesuit had noticed the retiring character of the Roman Catholic country gentlemen of England: "La nobilita Inglese, senon se legata in servizio di Corte, o in opera di maestrate, vive, e gode il piu dell' anno alla campagna, ne' suoi palagi e poderi, dove son liberi e padroni; e cio tanto piu sollecitamente i Cattolici quanto piu utilmente, si come meno asseraviti cola."—*L'INGHILTERRA DESCRITTA DAL P. DANIELLO BARTOLI, Roma, 1667.*

"Many of the popish sheriffs," Johnstone wrote, "have estates, and declare that whoever expects false returns from them will be disappointed. The popish gentry that live at their houses in the country are much different from those that live here in town. Several of them have refused to be sheriffs or deputy lieutenants."—*Dec. 8, 1687.*

Ronquillo says the same. "Algunos Catolicos que fueron nombrados por sherifes se han excusado," Jan. 9-10, 1688. He some months later assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained. "Estoy informado," he says, "que los Catolicos de las provincias no lo repudian, pues no pretendiendo oficios, y siendo solo algunos de la Corte los provechosos, les parece que mejoran su estado, quedando seguros ellos y sus descendientes en la religion, en la quietud, y en la seguridad de sus haciendas."—*July 23-Aug. 2, 1688.*

If the king could place little confidence even in his Roman Catholic sheriffs, still less could he rely on the Puritans. Since the publication of the Declaration several months had elapsed, months crowded with important events, months of uninterrupted controversy. Discussion had opened the eyes of many Dissenters; but the acts of the government, and especially the severity with which Magdalene College had been treated, had done more than even the pen of Halifax to alarm and to unite all classes of Protestants. Most of these sectaries who had been induced to express gratitude for the Indulgence were now ashamed of their error, and were desirous of making atonement by casting in their lot with the great body of their countrymen.

The consequence of this change in the feeling of the Nonconformists was, that the government found almost as great difficulty in the towns as in the counties. When the regulators began their work, they had taken it for granted that every Dissenter who had been induced to express gratitude for the Indulgence would be favorable to the king's policy. They were therefore confident that they should be able to fill all the municipal offices in the kingdom with staunch friends. In the new charters, a power had been reserved to the crown of dismissing magistrates at pleasure. This power was now exercised without limit. It was by no means equally clear that James had the power of appointing new magistrates; but, whether it belonged to him or not, he determined to assume it. Everywhere, from the Tweed to the Land's End, Tory functionaries were ejected, and the vacant places were filled with Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. In the new charter of the city of London, the crown had reserved the power of displacing the masters, wardens, and assistants of all the companies. Accordingly, more than eight hundred citizens of the first consideration, all of them members of that party which had opposed the Exclusion Bill, were turned out of office by a single edict. In a short time appeared a supplement to this long list.\* But scarcely had the new office bearers been sworn in, when it was discovered that they were as unmanageable as their predecessors. At Newcastle on Tyne the regulators appointed a Roman Catholic mayor and Puritan alderman. No doubt was entertained that the municipal body, thus remodeled, would vote an address promising to support the king's measures. The address, however, was negatived. The mayor went

up to London in a fury, and told the king that the Dissenters were all knaves and rebels, and that in the whole corporation the government could not reckon on more than four votes.\* At Reading twenty-four Tory aldermen were dismissed. Twenty-four new aldermen were appointed. Twenty-three of these immediately declared against the Indulgence, and were dismissed in their turn.† In the course of a few days the borough of Yarmouth was governed by three different sets of magistrates, all equally hostile to the court.‡ These are mere examples of what was passing all over the kingdom. The Dutch ambassador informed the States that at many towns the public functionaries had, within one month, been changed twice, and even thrice, and yet changed in vain.§ From the records of the Privy Council it appears that the number of regulations, as they were called, exceeded two hundred.|| The regulators indeed found that, in not a few places, the change had been for the worse. The discontented Tories, even while murmuring against the king's policy, had constantly expressed respect for his person and his office, and had disclaimed all thoughts of resistance. Very different was the language of some of the new members of corporations. It was said that old soldiers of the Commonwealth, who, to their own astonishment and that of the public, had been made aldermen, gave the agents of the court very distinctly to understand that blood should flow before popery and arbitrary power were established in England.¶

The regulators found that little or nothing had been gained by what had as yet been done. There was one way, and one way only, in which they could hope to effect their object. The charters of the boroughs must be resumed, and other charters must be granted confining the elective franchise to very small constituent bodies appointed by the sovereign.\*\*

But how was this plan to be carried into effect? In a few of the new charters, indeed, a right of revocation had been reserved to the crown, but the rest James could get into his hands only by voluntary surrender on the part of corporations, or by judgment of the King's Bench. Few corporations were now disposed to surrender their char-

\* Records of the Corporation, quoted in Brand's History of Newcastle; Johnstone, Feb. 21, 1687-8.

† Johnstone, Feb. 21, 1687-8.

‡ Citters, Feb. 14-24, 1688.

§ Ibid., May 1-11, 1688.

¶ In the margin of the Privy Council Book may be observed the words "Second regulation," and "Third regulation," when a corporation had been remodeled more than once.

\*\* Johnstone, May 23, 1688.

\*\* Ibid., Feb. 21, 1688.

ters voluntarily, and such judgments as would suit the purposes of the government were hardly to be expected even from such a slave as Wright. The writs of Quo Warranto which had been brought a few years before for the purpose of crushing the Whig party had been condemned by every impartial man; yet these writs had at least the semblance of justice, for they were brought against ancient municipal bodies; and there were few ancient municipal bodies in which some abuse, sufficient to afford a pretext for a penal proceeding, had not grown up in the course of ages. But the corporations now to be attacked were still in the innocence of infancy. The oldest among them had not completed its fifth year. It was impossible that many of them should have committed offenses meriting disfranchisement. The judges themselves were uneasy. They represented that what they were required to do was in direct opposition to the plainest principles of law and justice; but all remonstrance was vain. The boroughs were commanded to surrender their charters. Few complied; and the course which the king took with those few did not encourage others to trust him. In several towns the right of voting was taken away from the commonalty; and given to a very small number of persons, who were required to bind themselves by oath to support the candidates recommended by the government. At Tewkesbury, for example, the franchise was confined to thirteen persons. Yet even this number was too large. Hatred and fear had spread so widely through the community that it was scarcely possible to bring together, in any town, by any process of packing, thirteen men on whom the court could absolutely depend. It was rumored that the majority of the new constituent body of Tewkesbury was animated by the same sentiment which was general throughout the nation, and would, when the decisive day should arrive, send true Protestants to Parliament. The regulators, in great wrath, threatened to reduce the number of electors to three.\* Meanwhile, the great majority of the boroughs firmly refused to give up their privileges. Barnstaple, Winchester, and Buckingham distinguished themselves by the boldness of their opposition. At Oxford, the proposition that the city should resign its franchises to the king was negated by eighty votes to two.† The Temple and Westminster Hall were in a ferment with the sudden rush of business from all corners of the kingdom. Every lawyer in high practice was overwhelmed with the

briefs from corporations. Ordinary litigants complained that their business was neglected.\* It was evident that a considerable time must elapse before judgment could be given in so great a number of important cases. Tyranny could ill brook this delay. Nothing was omitted which could terrify the refractory boroughs into submission. At Buckingham some of the municipal officers had spoken of Jeffreys in language which was not laudatory. They were prosecuted, and were given to understand that no mercy should be shown to them unless they would ransom themselves by surrendering their charter.† At Winchester still more violent measures were adopted. A large body of troops was marched into the town for the sole purpose of burdening and harassing the inhabitants.‡ The town continued resolute, and the public voice loudly accused the king of imitating the worst crimes of his brother of France. The dragonades, it was said, had begun. There was, indeed, reason for alarm. It had occurred to James that he could not more effectually break the spirit of an obstinate town than by quartering soldiers on the inhabitants. He must have known that this practice had sixty years before excited formidable discontents, and had been solemnly pronounced illegal by the Petition of Right, a statute scarcely less venerated by Englishmen than the Great Charter. But he hoped to obtain from the courts of law a declaration that even the Petition of Right could not control the prerogative. He actually consulted Wright on this subject;§ but the result of the consultation remained secret, and in a very few weeks the aspect of affairs became such that a fear stronger than even the fear of the royal displeasure began to impose some restraint even on a man so servile as the chief justice.

While the lords lieutenants were questioning the justices of the peace, while the regulators were remodeling the boroughs, all the public departments were subjected to a strict inquiry. The palace was first purified. Every battered old Cavalier who, in return for blood and lands lost in the royal cause, had obtained some small place under the keeper of the wardrobe or the master of the barriers, was called upon to choose between the king and the Church. The commissioners of customs and excise were ordered to attend his majesty at the Treasury. There he demanded from them a promise to support his policy, and directed them to require a similar promise

\* Johnstone, Feb. 21, 1688.

† Citters, March 20-20, 1688.

\* Citters, May 1-11, 1688.

† Ibid., May 25-June 1, 1688.

‡ Ibid., May 1-11, 1688.

§ Ibid., May 18-28, 1688.

from all their subordinates.\* One custom-house officer notified his submission to the royal will in a way which excited both merit and compassion. "I have," he said, "fourteen reasons for obeying his majesty's commands, a wife and thirteen young children."† Such reasons were indeed cogent; yet there were not a few instances in which, even against such reasons, religious and patriotic feelings prevailed.

There is reason to believe that the government at this time seriously meditated a blow which would have reduced many thousands of families to beggary, and would have disturbed the whole social system of every part of the country. No wine, beer, or coffee could then be sold without a license. It was rumored that every person holding such a license would shortly be required to enter into the same engagements which had been imposed on public functionaries, or to relinquish his trade.‡ It seems probable that, if such a step had been taken, the houses of entertainment and of public resort all over the kingdom would have been at once shut up by hundreds. What effect such an interference with the comfort of all ranks would have produced must be left to conjecture. The resentment produced by grievance is not always proportioned to their dignity; and it is by no means improbable that the resumption of licenses might have done what the resumption of charters had failed to do. Men of fashion would have missed the chocolate house in St. James's Street, and men of business the coffee-pot, round which they were accustomed to smoke and talk politics, in Change Alley. Half the clubs would have been wandering in search of shelter. The traveler at nightfall would have found the inn where he had expected to sup and lodge deserted. The clown would have regretted the hedge ale-house, where he had been accustomed to take his pot on the bench before the door in summer, and at the chimney corner in winter. The nation might, perhaps, under such provocation, have risen in general rebellion without waiting for the help of foreign allies.

It was not to be expected that a prince who required all the humblest servants of the government to support his policy on pain of dismission, would continue to employ an attorney general whose aversion to that policy was no secret. Sawyer had been suffered to retain his situation more than a year and a half after he had declared against the dispensing power. This extraordinary indul-

gence he owed to the extreme difficulty which the government found in supplying his place. It was necessary, for the protection of the pecuniary interests of the crown, that at least one of the two chief law officers should be a man of ability and knowledge, and it was by no means easy to induce any barrister of ability and knowledge to put himself in peril by committing every day acts which the next Parliament would probably treat as high crimes and misdemeanors. It had been impossible to provide a better solicitor general than Powis, a man who indeed stuck at nothing, but who was incompetent to perform the ordinary duties of his post. In these circumstances, it was thought desirable that there should be a division of labor. An attorney, the value of whose professional talents was much diminished by his conscientious scruples, was coupled with a solicitor whose want of scruples made some amends for his want of talents. When the government wished to enforce the law, recourse was had to Sawyer. When the government wished to break the law, recourse was had to Powis. This arrangement lasted until the king obtained the services of an advocate who was at once baser than Powis and abler than Sawyer.

No barrister living had opposed the court with more virulence than William Williams. He had distinguished himself in the late reign as a Whig and an Exclusionist. When faction was at the height, he had been chosen speaker of the House of Commons. After the prorogation of the Oxford Parliament, he had commonly been counsel for the most noisy demagogues who had been accused of sedition. He was allowed to possess considerable parts and knowledge. His chief faults were supposed to be rashness and party spirit. It was not yet suspected that he had faults compared with which rashness and party spirit might well pass for virtues. The government sought occasion against him, and easily found it. He had published, by order of the House of Commons, a narrative which Dangerfield had written. This narrative, if published by a private man, would undoubtedly have been a seditious libel. A criminal information was filed in the King's Bench against Williams: he pleaded the privileges of Parliament in vain; he was convicted and sentenced to a fine of ten thousand pounds. A large part of this sum he actually paid; for the rest, he gave a bond. The Earl of Peterborough, who had been injuriously mentioned in Dangerfield's narrative, was encouraged, by the success of the criminal information, to bring a civil action, and to demand large damages. Williams was driven to extremity. At this juncture a way of escape

\* Citters, April 6-16, 1688; Treasury Letter Book, March 14, 1687-8; Ronquillo, April 16-20.

† Citters, May 18-28, 1688.

‡ Ibid.



presented itself. It was, indeed, a way which, to a man of strong principles or high spirit, would have been more dreadful than beggary, imprisonment, or death. He might sell himself to that government of which he had been the enemy and the victim. He might offer to go on the forlorn hope in every assault on those liberties and on that religion for which he had professed an inordinate zeal. He might expiate his Whiggism by performing services from which bigoted Tories, stained with the blood of Russell and Sidney, shrank in horror. The bargain was struck. The debt still due to the crown was remitted. Peterborough was induced, by royal mediation, to compromise his action. Sawyer was dismissed. Powis became attorney general. Williams was made solicitor, received the honor of knighthood, and was soon a favorite. Though in rank he was only the second law officer of the crown, his abilities, learning, and energy were such that he completely threw his superior into the shade.\*

Williams had not been long in office when he was required to bear a chief part in the most memorable state trial recorded in the British annals.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1688, the king put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence. In this paper he recited at length the declaration of the preceding April. His past life, he said, ought to have convinced his people that he was not a man who could easily be induced to depart from any resolution which he had formed; but, as designing men had attempted to persuade the world that he might be prevailed on to give way in this matter, he thought it necessary to proclaim that his purpose was immutably fixed, that he was resolved to employ those only who were prepared to concur in his design, and that he had, in pursuance of that resolution, dismissed many persons from civil and military employments. He announced that he meant to hold a Parliament in November, at the latest; and he exhorted his subjects to choose representatives who would assist him in the great work which he had undertaken.†

This declaration at first produced little sensation. It contained nothing new; and men wondered that the king should think it worth while to publish a solemn manifesto merely for the purpose of telling them that he had not changed his mind.‡ Perhaps

James was nettled by the indifference with which the announcement of his fixed resolution was received by the public, and thought that his dignity and authority would suffer unless he without delay did something novel and striking. On the fourth of May, accordingly, he made an order in council that his declaration of the preceding week should be read, on two successive Sundays, at the time of divine service, by the officiating ministers of all the churches and chapels of the kingdom. In London and in the suburbs the reading was to take place on the twentieth and twenty-seventh of May, in other parts of England on the third and tenth of June. The bishops were directed to distribute copies of the declaration through their respective dioceses.\*

When it is considered that the clergy of the Established Church, with scarcely an exception, regarded the Indulgence as a violation of the laws of the realm, as a breach of the pledged faith of the king, and as a fatal blow leveled at the interest and dignity of their own profession, it will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the rhetoric of the East. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt. But, tyrannical and malignant as the mandate was, would the Anglian priesthood refuse to obey? The king's temper was arbitrary and severe. The proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commission were as summary as those of a court martial. Whoever ventured to resist might in a week be ejected from his parsonage, deprived of his whole income, pronounced incapable of holding any other spiritual preferment, and left to beg from door to door. If, indeed, the whole body offered a united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. The order in council was gazetted on the seventh of May. On the twentieth the declaration was to be read in all the pulpits of London and the neighborhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. It might also well be apprehended that, if the clergy refused to read the declaration, the Protestant Dissenters

\* London Gazette, Dec. 15, 1687. See the proceedings against Williams in the Collection of State Trials. "Ha hecho," says Ronquillo, "grande susto el haber nombrado el abogado Williams, que fue el orador y el mas arabiado de toda la casa de conuases en los ultimos terribles parlamentos del Rey difunto."—Nor. 27—Dec. 7, 1687.

† Ibid., April 30, 1688: Barillon, April 26—May 6.

‡ Citters, May 1—11, 1688.

\* London Gazette, May 7, 1688.

would misinterpret the refusal, would despair of obtaining any toleration from the members of the Church of England, and would throw their whole weight into the scale of the court.

The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused; for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence, were disposed to recommend submission. They thought that a general opposition could hardly be expected, and that a partial opposition would be ruinous to individuals, and of little advantage to the Church and to the nation. Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham. The day drew near, and still there was no concert and no formed resolution.\*

At this conjuncture the Protestant Dissenters of London won for themselves a title to the lasting gratitude of their country. They had hitherto been reckoned by the government as part of its strength. A few of their most active and noisy preachers, corrupted by the favors of the court, had got up addresses in favor of the king's measures. Others, estranged by the recollection of many cruel wrongs both from the Church of England and from the house of Stuart, had seen with resentful pleasure the tyrannical prince and the tyrannical hierarchy separated by a bitter enmity, and bidding against each other for the help of sects lately persecuted and despised. But this feeling, however natural, had been indulged long enough. The time had come when it was necessary to make a choice; and the Dissenters, with a noble spirit, arrayed themselves side by side with the members of the Church in defense of the fundamental laws of the realm. Baxter, Bates, and Howe distinguished themselves by their efforts to bring about this coalition; but the generous enthusiasm which pervaded the whole Puritan body made the task easy. The zeal of the flocks outran that of the pastors. Those Presbyterian and Independent teachers who showed an inclination to take part with the king against the ecclesiastical establishment received distinct notice that, unless they changed their conduct, their congregations would neither hear them nor pay them. Alsop, who had flattered himself that he should be able to bring over a great body of Nonconformists to the royal side, found himself, on a sudden, an object of contempt and abhorrence to those who had lately revered him as their spiritual guide, sank into a deep melancholy, and hid himself from the public eye. Deputations waited on several of the London clergy imploring them not to judge

of the dissenting body from the abject addresses which had appeared in the London Gazette, and exhorting them, placed, as they were, in the van of this great fight, to play the men for the liberties of England and for the faith delivered to the saints. These assurances were received with joy and gratitude. Yet there was still much anxiety and much difference of opinion among those who had to decide whether on Sunday, the twentieth, they would or would not obey the king's command. The London clergy, then universally acknowledged to be the flower of their profession, held a meeting. Fifteen doctors of divinity were present. Tillotson, dean of Canterbury, the most celebrated preacher of the age, came thither from a sick bed. Sherlock, master of the Temple, Patrick, dean of Peterborough and rector of the important parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and Stillingfleet, archdeacon of London and dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, attended. The general feeling of the assembly seemed to be that it was, on the whole, advisable to obey the order in council. The dispute began to wax warm, and might have produced fatal consequences, if it had not been brought to a close by the firmness and wisdom of Doctor Edward Fowler, vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, one of a small but remarkable class of divines who united that love of civil liberty which belonged to the school of Calvin with the theology of the school of Arminius.\* Standing up, Fowler spoke thus: "I must be plain. The question is so simple that argument can throw no new light on it, and can only beget heat. Let every man say Yes or No. But I cannot consent to be bound by the vote of the majority. I shall be sorry to cause a breach of unity. But this declaration I cannot in conscience read." Tillotson, Patrick, Sherlock, and Stillingfleet declared that they were of the same mind. The majority yielded to the authority of a minority so respectable. A resolution by which all present pledged themselves to one another not to read the declaration was then drawn up. Patrick was the first who set his hand to it; Fowler was the second. The paper was sent round the city, and was speedily subscribed by eighty-five incumbents.†

Meanwhile several of the bishops were anxiously deliberating as to the course which they should take. On the twelfth of May a

\* That very remarkable man, the late Alexander Knox, whose eloquent conversation and elaborate letters had a great influence on the minds of his cotemporaries, learned, I suspect, much of his theological system from Fowler's writings. Fowler's book on the Design of Christianity was assailed by John Bunyan with a ferocity which nothing can justify, but which the birth and breeding of the honest tinker in some degree excuse.

† Johnstone, May 23, 1688. There is a satirical poem on this meeting entitled the Clerical Cabal.

grave and learned company was assembled round the table of the primate at Lambeth. Compton, bishop of London, Turner, bishop of Ely, White, bishop of Peterborough, and Tennison, rector of St. Martin's parish, were among the guests. The Earl of Clarendon, a zealous and uncompromising friend of the Church, had been invited. Cartwright, bishop of Chester, intruded himself on the meeting, probably as a spy. While he remained, no confidential communication could take place; but after his departure, the great question of which all minds were full was propounded and discussed. The general opinion was that the declaration ought not to be read. Letters were forthwith written to several of the most respectable prelates of the province of Canterbury, entreating them to come up without delay to London, and to strengthen the hands of their metropolitan at this conjuncture.\* As there was little doubt that these letters would be opened if they passed through the office in Lombard Street, they were sent by horsemen to the nearest country post-towns on the different roads. The Bishop of Winchester, whose loyalty had been so significantly proved at Sedgemoor, though suffering from indisposition, resolved to set out in obedience to the summons, but found himself unable to bear the motion of a coach. The letter addressed to William Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, was, in spite of all precautions, detained by a post-master; and that prelate, inferior to none of his brethren in courage and in zeal for the common cause of his order, did not reach London in time.† His namesake, William Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, a pious, honest, and learned man, but of slender judgment, and half crazed by his persevering endeavors to extract from Daniel and the Revelations some information about the pope and the King of France, hastened to the capital, and arrived on the sixteenth.‡ On the following day came the excellent Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, Lake, bishop of Chichester, and Sir John Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, a baronet of an old and honorable Cornish family.

On the eighteenth a meeting of prelates and of other eminent divines was held at Lambeth. Tillotson, Tennison, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock were present. Prayers were solemnly read before the consultation began. After long deliberation, a petition embodying the general sense was written by the archbishop with his own hand. It was not drawn up with much felicity of style. Indeed, the cumbrous and inelegant structure

of the sentences brought on Sancroft some railery, which he bore with less patience than he showed under much heavier trials; but in substance nothing could be more skillfully framed than this memorable document. All disloyalty, all intolerance, was earnestly disclaimed. The king was assured that the Church still was, as she ever had been, faithful to the throne. He was assured, also, that the bishops would, in proper place and time, as lords of Parliament and members of the Upper House of Convocation, show that they by no means wanted tenderness for the conscientious scruples of Dissenters. But Parliament had, both in the late and in the present reign, declared that the sovereign was not constitutionally competent to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. The declaration was therefore illegal; and the petitioners could not, in prudence, honor, or conscience, be parties to the solemn publication of an illegal declaration in the house of God, and during the time of divine service.

This paper was signed by the archbishop and by six of his suffragans, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath and Wells, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol. The Bishop of London, being under suspension, did not sign.

It was now late on Friday evening; and on Sunday morning the declaration was to be read in the churches of London. It was necessary to put the paper into the king's hands without delay. The six bishops set off for Whitehall. The archbishop, who had long been forbidden the court, did not accompany them. Lloyd, leaving his five brethren at the house of Lord Dartmouth, in the vicinity of the palace, went to Sunderland, and begged that minister to read the petition, and to ascertain when the king would be willing to receive it. Sunderland, afraid of compromising himself, refused to look at the paper but went immediately to the royal closet. James directed that the bishops should be admitted. He had heard from his tool Cartwright that they were disposed to obey the royal mandate, but that they wished for some little modifications in form, and that they meant to present a humble request to that effect. His majesty was therefore in very good humor. When they knelt before him, he graciously told them to rise, took the paper from Lloyd, and said, "This is my Lord of Canterbury's hand." "Yes, sir, his own hand," was the answer. James read the petition; he folded it up; and his countenance grew dark. "This," he said, "is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you.

\* Clarendon's Diary, May 29, 1688.

† Extracts from Tanner MS. in *Howell's State Trials; Life of Prideaux*; Clarendon's Diary, May 16 and 17, 1688.

‡ Clarendon's Diary, May 16 and 17, 1688.

This is a standard of rebellion." The bishops broke out into passionate professions of loyalty; but the king, as usual, repeated the same words over and over. "I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion." "Rebellion!" cried Trelawney, falling on his knees. "For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the crown. Remember how I served your majesty when Monmouth was in the west." "We put down the last rebellion," said Lake. "We shall not raise another." "We rebel!" exclaimed Turner; "we are ready to die at your majesty's feet." "Sir," said Ken, in a more manly tone, "I hope that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind." Still James went on. "This is rebellion. This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion. I will have any declaration published." "We have two duties to perform," answered Ken; "our duty to God, and our duty to your majesty. We honor you, but we fear God." "Have I deserved this?" said the king, more and more angry; "I, who have been such a friend to your Church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it." "God's will be done," said Ken. "God has given me the dispensing power," said the king, "and I will maintain it. I tell you that there are still seven thousand of your Church who have not bowed the knee to Baal." The bishops respectfully retired.\* That very evening the document which they had put into the hands of the king appeared word for word in print, was laid on the tables of all the coffee-houses, and was cried about the streets. Everywhere the people rose from their beds, and came out to stop the hawkers. It was said that the printer cleared a thousand pounds in a few hours by this penny broadside. This is probably an exaggeration, but it is an exaggeration which proves that the sale was enormous. How the petition got abroad is still a mystery. Sancroft declared that he had taken every precaution against publication, and that he knew of no copy except that which he had himself written, and which James had taken out of Lloyd's hand. The veracity of the archbishop is beyond all sus-

picion. It is, however, by no means improbable that some of the divines who assisted in framing the petition may have remembered so short a composition accurately, and may have sent it to the press. The prevailing opinion, however, was, that some person about the king had been indiscreet or treacherous.\* Scarcely less sensation was produced by a short letter which was written with great power of argument and language, printed secretly, and largely circulated on the same day by the post and by the common carriers. A copy was sent to every clergyman in the kingdom. The writer did not attempt to disguise the danger which those who disobeyed the royal mandate would incur, but he set forth in a lively manner the still greater danger of submission. "If we read the declaration," said he, "we fall to rise no more. We fall unpitied and despised. We fall amid the curses of a nation whom our compliance will have ruined." Some thought that this paper came from Holland. Others attributed it to Sherlock. But Prideaux, dean of Norwich, who was a principal agent in distributing it, believed it to be the work of Halifax.

The conduct of the prelates was rapturously extolled by the general voice; but some murmurs were heard. It was said that such grave men, if they thought themselves bound in conscience to remonstrate with the king, ought to have remonstrated earlier. Was it fair to him to leave him in the dark until within thirty-six hours of the time fixed for the reading of the declaration? Even if he wished to revoke the order in council, it was too late to do so. The inference seemed to be that the petition was intended, not to move the royal mind, but merely to inflame the discontents of the people.† These complaints were utterly groundless. The king had laid on the bishops a command new, surprising, and embarrassing. It was their duty to communicate with each other, and to ascertain, as far as possible, the sense of the profession of which they were the heads before they took any step. They were dispersed over the whole kingdom. Some of them were distant from others a full week's journey. James allowed them only a fortnight to inform themselves, to meet, to deliberate, and to decide; and he surely had no right to think himself aggrieved because that fortnight was drawing to a close before he learned their decision. Nor is it true that they did not leave him time to revoke his order if he had been wise enough to do so. He might have called together his council on Saturday morning, and before night it might have been known

\* Sancroft's Narrative printed from the Tanner MS.; Citters, May 22-June 1, 1688.

\* Burnet, i, 741; Revolution Politics; Higgins's Short View. † Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 155.

throughout London and the suburbs that he had yielded to the entreaties of the fathers of the Church. The Saturday, however, passed over without any sign of relenting on the part of the government; and the Sunday arrived, a day long remembered.

In the city and liberties of London were about a hundred parish churches. In only four of these was the order in council obeyed. At Saint Gregory's the declaration was read by a divine of the name of Martin. As soon as he uttered the first words, the whole congregation rose and withdrew. At Saint Matthew's, in Friday Street, a wretch named Timothy Hall, who had disgraced his gown by acting as broker for the Duchess of Portsmouth in the sale of pardons, and who now had hopes of obtaining the vacant bishopric of Oxford, was in like manner left alone in his church. At Sergeant's Inn, in Chancery Lane, the clerk pretended that he had forgotten to bring a copy; and the chief justice of the King's Bench, who had attended in order to see that the royal mandate was obeyed, was forced to content himself with this excuse. Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, a curate in London, took for his text that day the noble answer of the three Jews to the Chaldean tyrant, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Even in the chapel of Saint James's Palace the officiating minister had the courage to disobey the order. The Westminster boys long remembered what took place that day in the Abbey. Sprat, bishop of Rochester, officiated there as dean. As soon as he began to read the declaration, murmurs and the noise of the people crowding out of the choir drowned his voice. He trembled so violently that men saw the paper shake in his hand. Long before he had finished, the place was deserted by all but those whose situation made it necessary for them to remain.\*

Never had the Church been so dear to the nation as on the afternoon of that day. The spirit of dissent seemed to be extinct. Baxter from his pulpit pronounced a eulogium on the bishops and parochial clergy. The Dutch minister, a few hours later, wrote to inform the States-General that the Anglican priesthood had risen in the estimation of the public to an incredible degree. The universal cry of the Nonconformists, he said, was, that they would rather continue to be under the penal statutes than separate their cause from that of the prelates.†

Another week of anxiety and agitation passed away. Sunday came again. Again the churches of the capital were thronged by hundreds of thousands; the declaration was read nowhere except at the very few places where it had been read the week before. The minister who had officiated at the chapel in Saint James's Palace had been turned out of his situation, and a more obsequious divine appeared with the paper in his hand; but his agitation was so great that he could not articulate. In truth, the feeling of the whole nation had now become such as none but the very best and noblest, or the very worst and basest, of mankind could without much discomposure encounter.\*

Even the king stood aghast for a moment at the violence of the tempest which he had raised. What step was he next to take? He must either advance or recede; and it was impossible to advance without peril, or to recede without humiliation. At one moment he determined to put forth a second order, enjoining the clergy, in high and angry terms, to publish his declaration, and menacing every one who should be refractory with instant suspension. This order was drawn up and sent to the press, then recalled, then a second time sent to the press, then recalled a second time.† A different plan was suggested by some of those who were for rigorous measures. The prelates who had signed the petition might be cited before the Ecclesiastical Commission and deprived of their sees. But to this course strong objections were urged in council. It had been announced that the houses would be convoked before the end of the year. The Lords would assuredly treat the sentence of deprivation as a nullity, would insist that Sancroft and his fellow-petitioners should be summoned to Parliament, and would refuse to acknowledge a new Archbishop of Canterbury or a new Bishop of Bath and Wells. Thus the session, which at best was likely to be sufficiently stormy, would commence with a deadly quarrel between the crown and the peers. If, therefore, it were thought necessary to punish the bishops, the punishment ought to be inflicted according to the known course of English law. Sunderland had from the beginning objected, as far as he durst, to the order in council. He now suggested a course which, though not free from inconveniences, was the most prudent and the most dignified that a series of errors had left open to the government. The king might with grace and majesty announce to the world that he was deeply hurt by the undutiful conduct of the Church of England, but

\* Citters, May 22-June 1, 1688; Burnet, i, 740; and Lord Dartmouth's note; Southey's Life of Wesley.

† Citters, May 22-June 1, 1688.

\* Citters, May 29-June 8, 1689.

† Ibid.

that he could not forget all the services rendered by that Church, in trying times, to his father, to his brother, and to himself; that, as a friend to the liberty of conscience, he was unwilling to deal severely by men whom conscience, ill informed indeed, and unreasonably scrupulous, might have prevented from obeying his commands; and that he would therefore leave the offenders to that punishment which their own reflections would inflict whenever they should calmly compare their recent acts with the loyal doctrines of which they had so loudly boasted. Not only Powis and Bellasyse, who had always been for moderate counsels, but Dover and Arundell, leaned toward this proposition. Jeffreys, on the other hand, maintained that the government would be disgraced if such transgressors as the seven bishops were suffered to escape with a mere reprimand. He did not, however, wish them to be cited before the Ecclesiastical Commission, in which he sat as chief, or, rather, as sole judge; for the load of public hatred under which he already lay was too much even for his shameless forehead and obdurate heart, and he shrank from the responsibility which he would have incurred by pronouncing an illegal sentence on the rulers of the Church and the favorites of the nation. He therefore recommended a criminal information. It was accordingly resolved that the archbishop and the six other petitioners should be brought before the Court of King's Bench on a charge of seditious libel. That they would be convicted it was scarcely possible to doubt. The judges and their officers were tools of the court. Since the old charter of the city of London had been forfeited, scarcely one prisoner whom the government was bent on bringing to punishment had been absolved by a jury. The refractory prelates would probably be condemned to ruinous fines and to long imprisonment, and would be glad to ransom themselves by serving, both in and out of Parliament, the designs of the sovereign.\*

On the twenty-seventh of May it was notified to the bishops that on the eighth of June they must appear before the king in council. Why so long an interval was allowed we are not informed. Perhaps James hoped that some of the offenders, terrified by his displeasure, might submit before the day fixed for the reading of the declaration in their dioceses, and might, in order to make their peace with him, persuade their clergy to obey his order. If such was his hope, it was signally disappointed. Sunday, the third of June,

came, and all parts of England followed the example of the capital. Already the Bishops of Norwich, Gloucester, Salisbury, Winchester, and Exeter had signed copies of the petition in token of their approbation. The Bishop of Worcester had refused to distribute the declaration among his clergy. The Bishop of Hereford had distributed it, but it was generally understood that he was overwhelmed by remorse and shame for having done so. Not one parish priest in fifty complied with the order in council. In the great diocese of Chester, including the county of Lancaster, only three clergymen could be prevailed on by Cartwright to obey the king. In the diocese of Norwich are many hundreds of parishes. In only four of these was the declaration read. The courtly Bishop of Rochester could not overcome the scruples of the minister of the ordinary of Chatham, who depended on the government for bread. There is still extant a pathetic letter which this honest priest sent to the secretary of the Admiralty. "I cannot," he wrote, "reasonably expect your honor's protection. God's will be done. I must choose suffering rather than sin."\*

On the evening of the eighth of June, the seven prelates, furnished by the ablest lawyers in England with full advice, repaired to the palace, and were called into the council chamber. Their petition was lying on the table. The chancellor took the paper up, showed it to the archbishop, and said, "Is this the paper which your grace wrote, and which the six bishops present delivered to his majesty?" Sancroft looked at the paper, turned to the king, and spoke thus: "Sir, I stand here a culprit. I never was so before. Once I little thought that I ever should be so. Least of all could I think that I should be charged with any offense against my king; but since I am so unhappy as to be in this situation, your majesty will not be offended if I avail myself of my lawful right to decline saying anything which may criminate me." "This is mere chicanery," said the king. "I hope that your grace will not do so ill a thing as to deny your own hand." "Sir," said Lloyd, whose studies had been much among the casuists, "all divines agree that a person situated as we are may refuse to answer such a question." The king, as slow of understanding as quick of temper, could not comprehend what the prelates meant. He persisted, and was evidently becoming very angry. "Sir," said the archbishop, "I am not bound to accuse myself. Nevertheless, if your majesty positively commands me to answer, I will do so in the con-

\* Barillon, May 24-June 3, May 31-June 10, 1688; Citters, July 1-11; Adda, May 30-June 9, June 1-11; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 158.

\* Burnet, i, 740; Life of Prideaux; Citters, June 12-23, 15-25, 1688; Tanner MS.; Life and Correspondence of Pepys.

fidence that a just and generous prince will not suffer what I say in obedience to his orders to be brought in evidence against me." "You must not capitulate with your sovereign," said the chancellor. "No," said the king; "I will not give any such command. If you choose to deny your own hands, I have nothing more to say to you."

The bishops were repeatedly sent out into the antechamber, and repeatedly called back into the council room. At length James positively commanded them to answer the question. He did not expressly engage that their confession should not be used against them; but they, not unnaturally, supposed that, after what had passed, such an engagement was implied in his command. Sancroft acknowledged his hand-writing, and his brethren followed his example. They were then interrogated about the meaning of some words in the petition, and about the letter which had been circulated with so much effect all over the kingdom; but their language was so guarded that nothing was gained by the examination. The chancellor then told them that a criminal information for libel would be exhibited against them in the Court of King's Bench, and called upon them to enter into recognizances. They refused. They were peers of the realm, they said. They were advised by the best lawyers in Westminster Hall that no peer could be required to enter into a recognizance in a case of libel, and they should not think themselves justified in relinquishing the privilege of their order. The king was so absurd as to think himself personally affronted because they thought fit, on a legal question, to be guided by legal advice. "You believe everybody," he said, "rather than me." He was indeed mortified and alarmed; for he had gone so far that, if they persisted, he had no choice left but to send them to prison; and, though he by no means foresaw all the consequences of such a step, he foresaw probably enough to disturb him. They were resolute. A warrant was therefore made out directing the lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody, and a barge was manned to convey them down the river.\*

It was known all over London that the bishops were before the council. The public anxiety was intense. A great multitude filled the courts of Whitehall and all the neighboring streets. Many people were in the habit of refreshing themselves at the close of a summer day with the cool air of the Thames, but on this evening the whole river was alive with wherries. When the seven came forth under

a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the Christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant inflamed by all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of "God bless your lordships." The king, in great alarm, gave orders that the garrison of the Tower should be doubled, that the guards should be ready for action, and that two companies should be detached from every regiment in the kingdom, and sent up instantly to London. But the force on which he relied as the means of coercing the people shared all the feelings of the people. The very sentinels who were under arms at the Traitors' Gate reverently asked for a blessing from the martyrs whom they were to guard. Sir Edward Hales was lieutenant of the Tower. He was little inclined to treat his prisoners with kindness, for he was an apostate from that Church for which they suffered, and he held several lucrative posts by virtue of that dispensing power against which they had protested. He learned with indignation that his soldiers were drinking the health of the bishops. He ordered his officers to see that it was done no more; but the officers came back with a report that the thing could not be prevented, and that no other health was drunk in the garrison. Nor was it only by carousing that the troops showed their reverence for the fathers of the Church. There was such a show of devotion throughout the Tower, that pious divines thanked God for bringing good out of evil, and for making the persecution of his faithful servants the means of saving many souls. All day the coaches and liveries of the first nobles of England were seen round the prison gates. Thousands of humbler spectators constantly covered Tower Hill.\* But among the marks of public respect and sympathy which the prelates received, there was one which more than all the rest enraged and alarmed the king. He learned that a deputation of ten Nonconformist ministers had visited the Tower. He sent for four of these persons, and himself upbraided them. They courageously answered that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by the men who stood by the Protestant religion.†

\* Burnet, i, 741; Citters, June 8-18, 12-22, 1688; Luttrell's Diary, June 8; Evelyn's Diary; Letter of Dr. Nelson to his wife, dated June 14, and printed from the Tanner MS.; Reresby's Memoirs.

† Reresby's Memoirs.

\* Sancroft's Narrative, printed from the Tanner MS.

Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed on the prisoners when an event took place which increased the public excitement. It had been announced that the queen did not expect to be delivered until July. But on the day after the bishops had appeared before the council, it was observed that the king seemed to be anxious about her state. In the evening, however, she sat playing cards at Whitehall until near midnight. Then she was carried in a sedan to Saint James's Palace, where apartments had been very hastily fitted up for her reception. Soon messengers were running about in all directions to summon physicians and priests, lords of the council, and ladies of the bed-chamber. In a few hours many public functionaries and women of rank were assembled in the queen's room. There, on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honors more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.

The calamities of the poor child had begun before his birth. The nation over which, according to the ordinary course of succession, he would have reigned, was fully persuaded that his mother was not really pregnant. By whatever evidence the fact of his birth had been proved, a considerable number of people would probably have persisted in maintaining that the Jesuits had practiced some skillful sleight of hand; and the evidence, partly from accident, partly from gross mismanagement, was open to some objections. Many persons of both sexes were in the royal bed-chamber when the child first saw the light, but none of them enjoyed any large measure of public confidence. Of the privy counselors present, half were Roman Catholics; and those who called themselves Protestants were generally regarded as traitors to their country and their God. Many of the women in attendance were French, Italian, and Portuguese. Of the English ladies, some were papists, and some were the wives of papists. Some persons who were peculiarly entitled to be present, and whose testimony would have satisfied all minds accessible to reason, were absent, and for their absence the king was held responsible. The Princess Anne was, of all the inhabitants of the island, the most deeply interested in the event. Her sex and her experience qualified her to act as the guardian of her sister's birthright and her own. She had conceived strong suspicions, which were daily confirmed by circumstances trifling or imaginary. She fancied that the

queen carefully shunned her scrutiny, and ascribed to guilt a reserve which was perhaps the effect of delicacy.\* In this temper, Anne had determined to be present and vigilant when the critical day should arrive; but she had not thought it necessary to be at her post a month before that day, and had, in compliance, it was said, with her father's advice, gone to drink the Bath waters. Saneroft, whose great place made it his duty to attend, and on whose probity the nation placed entire reliance, had a few hours before been sent to the Tower by James. The Hydes were the proper protectors of the rights of the two princesses. The Dutch ambassador might be regarded as the representative of William, who, as first prince of the blood and consort of the king's eldest daughter, had a deep interest in what was passing. James never thought of summoning any member, male or female, of the family of Hyde; nor was the Dutch ambassador invited to be present.

Posterity has fully acquitted the king of the fraud which his people imputed to him; but it is impossible to acquit him of folly and perverseness such as explain and excuse the error of his cotemporaries. He was perfectly aware of the suspicions which were abroad.† He ought to have known that those suspicions would not be dispelled by the evidence of members of the Church of Rome, or of persons who, though they might call themselves members of the Church of England, had shown themselves ready to sacrifice the interests of the Church of England in order to obtain his favor. That he was taken by surprise is true. But he had twelve hours to make his arrangements. He found no difficulty in crowding Saint James's Palace with bigots and sycophants on whose word the nation placed no reliance. It would have been quite as easy to procure the attendance of some eminent persons whose attachment to the princesses and to the established religion was unquestionable.

At a later period, when he had paid dearly for his foolhardy contempt of public opinion, it was the fashion at St. Germain's to excuse him by throwing the blame on others. Some Jacobites charged Anne with having purposely kept out of the way; nay, they were not ashamed to say that Saneroft had artfully provoked the king to send him to the Tower, in order that the evidence which was to confound the calumnies of the malcontents might be defective.‡ The absurdity of these impu-

\* Correspondence between Anne and Mary, in Dalrymple; Clarendon's Diary, Oct. 31, 1658.

† This is clear from Clarendon's Diary, Oct. 31, 1658.

‡ Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 159, 160.



tations is palpable. Could Anne or Saneroft possibly have foreseen that the queen's calculations would turn out to be erroneous by a whole month? Had those calculations been correct, Anne would have been back from Bath, and Saneroft would have been out of the Tower, in ample time for the birth. At all events, the maternal uncles of the king's daughters were neither at a distance nor in a prison. The same messenger who summoned the whole bevy of renegades, Dover, Peterborough, Murray, Sunderland, and Mulgrave, could just as easily have summoned Clarendon. If they were privy counselors, so was he. His house was in Jermyn Street, not two hundred yards from the chamber of the queen; yet he was left to learn at St. James's Church, from the agitation and whispers of the congregation, that his niece had ceased to be heiress presumptive of the crown.\* Was it a disqualification that he was the near kinsman of the Princesses of Orange and Denmark? Or was it a disqualification that he was unalterably attached to the Church of England?

The cry of the whole nation was that an imposture had been practiced. Papists had, during some months, been predicting, from the pulpit and through the press, in prose and verse, in English and Latin, that a Prince of Wales would be given to the prayers of the Church; and they had now accomplished their own prophecy. Every witness who could not be corrupted or deceived had been studiously excluded. Anne had been tricked into visiting Bath. The primate had, on the very day preceding that which had been fixed for the villany, been sent to prison in defiance of the rules of law and of the privileges of peerage. Not a single man or woman who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud had been suffered to be present. The queen had been removed suddenly and at the dead of night to Saint James's Palace, because that palace, less commodious for honest purposes than Whitehall, had some rooms and passages well suited for the purpose of the Jesuits. There, amid a circle of zealots who thought nothing a crime that tended to promote the interests of their Church, and of courtiers who thought nothing a crime that tended to enrich and aggrandize themselves, a new-born child had been introduced into the royal bed, and then handed round in triumph as heir of the three kingdoms. Heated by such suspicious—suspicions unjust, it is true, but not altogether unnatural—the people thronged more eagerly than ever to pay their homage to the saintly victims of the tyrant who,

having long foully injured his people, had now filled up the measure of his iniquity by more foully injuring his children.\*

The Prince of Orange, not himself suspecting foul play, and not aware of the state of public feeling in England, ordered prayers to be said under his own roof for his little brother-in-law, and sent Zulestein to London with a formal message of congratulation. Zulestein, to his amazement, found all the people whom he met open-mouthed about the infamous fraud just committed by the Jesuits, and saw every hour some fresh pasquinade on the pregnancy and the delivery. He soon wrote to the Hague that not one person in ten believed the child to have been born of the queen.†

The demeanor of the seven prelates meanwhile strengthened the interest which their situation excited. On the evening of the Black Friday, as it was called, on which they were committed, they reached their prison just at the hour of divine service. They instantly hastened to the chapel. It chanced that in the second lesson were these words: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments." All zealous Churchmen were delighted by this coincidence, and remembered how much comfort a similar coincidence had given, near forty years before, to Charles the First at the time of his death.

On the evening of the next day, Saturday, the ninth, a letter came from Sunderland enjoining the chaplain of the Tower to read the declaration during divine service on the following morning. As the time fixed by the order in council for the reading in London had long expired, this proceeding of the government could be considered only as a personal insult of the meanest and most childish kind to the venerable prisoners. The chaplain refused to comply; he was dismissed from his situation, and the chapel was shut up.‡

The bishops edified all who approached them by the firmness and cheerfulness with which they endured confinement, by the modesty and meekness with which they received the applauses and blessings of the whole nation, and by the loyal attachment which they professed for the tyrant who sought their destruction. They remained only a

\* Johnstone gives in a very few words an excellent summary of the case against the king. "The generality of people conclude all is a trick; because they say the reckoning is changed, the princess sent away, none of the Clarendon family nor the Dutch ambassador sent for, the suddenness of the thing, the sermons, the confidence of the priests, the hurry."—June 13, 1688.

† Ronquillo, July 26—Aug. 5. Ronquillo adds, that what Zulestein said of the state of public opinion was strictly true.

‡ Citters, June 12-22, 1688; Luttrell's Diary, June 18.

\* Clarendon's Diary, June 10, 1688.

week in custody. On Friday, the fifteenth of June, the first day of term, they were brought before the King's Bench. An immense throng awaited their coming. From the landing-place to the Court of Requests they passed through a lane of spectators who blessed and applauded them. "Friends," said the prisoners, as they passed, "honor the king; and remember us in your prayers." These humble and pious expressions moved the hearers even to tears. When at length the procession had made its way through the crowd into the presence of the judges, the attorney general exhibited the information which he had been commanded to prepare, and moved that the defendants might be ordered to plead. The counsel on the other side objected that the bishops had been unlawfully committed, and were therefore not regularly before the court. The question whether a peer could be required to enter into recognizances on a charge of libel was argued at great length, and decided by a majority of the judges in favor of the crown. The prisoners then pleaded Not Guilty. That day fortnight, the twenty-ninth of June, was fixed for their trial. In the meantime, they were allowed to be at large on their own recognizances. The crown lawyers acted prudently in not requiring sureties, for Halifax had arranged that twenty-one temporal peers of the highest consideration should be ready to put in bail, three for each defendant; and such a manifestation of the feeling of the nobility would have been no slight blow to the government. It was also known that one of the most opulent Dissenters of the city had begged that he might have the honor of giving security for Ken.

The bishops were now permitted to depart to their own homes. The common people, who did not understand the nature of the legal proceedings which had taken place in the King's Bench, and who saw that their favorites had been brought to Westminster Hall in custody and were suffered to go away in freedom, imagined that the good cause was prospering. Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd was detained in Palace Yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, until Clarendon, with some difficulty, rescued him and conveyed him home by a by-path. Cartwright, it is said, was so unwise as to mingle with the crowd.

Some person who saw his episcopal habit, asked and received his blessing. A bystander cried out, "Do you know who blessed you?" "Surely," said he who had not been honored by the benediction, "it was one of the seven." "No," said the other, "it is the popish bishop of Chester." "Popish dog," cried the enraged Protestant, "take your blessing back again."

Such was the concourse, and such the agitation, that the Dutch ambassador was surprised to see the day close without an insurrection. The king had been by no means at ease. In order that he might be ready to suppress any disturbance, he had passed the morning in reviewing several battalions of infantry in Hyde Park. It is, however, by no means certain that his troops would have stood by him if he had needed their services. When Saneroff reached Lambeth in the afternoon, he found the grenadier guards, who were quartered in that suburb, assembled before the gate of his palace. They formed in two lines on his right and left, and asked his benediction as he went through them. He with difficulty prevented them from lighting a bonfire in honor of his return to his dwelling. There were, however, many bonfires that evening in the city. Two Roman Catholics, who were so indiscreet as to beat some boys for joining in these rejoicings, were seized by the mob, stripped naked, and ignominiously branded.\*

Sir Edward Hales now came to demand fees from those who had lately been his prisoners. They refused to pay anything for a detention which they regarded as illegal to an officer whose commission was, on their principles, a nullity. The lieutenant hinted very intelligibly that, if they came into his hands again, they should be put into heavy irons and should lie on bare stones. "We are under our king's displeasure," was the answer, "and most deeply do we feel it; but a fellow-subject who threatens us does but lose his breath." It is easy to imagine with what indignation the people, excited as they were, must have learned that a renegade from the Protestant faith, who held a command in defiance of the fundamental laws of England, had dared to menace divines of venerable age and dignity with all the barbarities of Lollard's Tower.†

Before the day of trial the agitation had spread to the farthest corners of the island. From Scotland the bishops received letters assuring them of the sympathy of the Pres-

\* For the events of this day, see the State Trials; Clarendon's Diary; Luttrell's Diary; Citters, June 15-25; Johnstone, June 18; Revolution Politics.

† Johnstone, June 18, 1688; Evelyn's Diary, June 29.

byterians of that country, so long and so bitterly hostile to prelacy.\* The people of Cornwall, a fierce, bold, and athletic race, among whom there was a stronger provincial feeling than in any other part of the realm, were greatly moved by the danger of Trelawney, whom they honored less as a ruler of the Church than as the head of an honorable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground. All over the county was sung a song of which the burden is still remembered:

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?  
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

The peasantry in many parts of the country loudly expressed a strange hope which had never ceased to live in their hearts. Their Protestant duke, their beloved Monmouth, would suddenly appear, would lead them to victory, and would tread down the king and the Jesuits under his feet.†

The ministers were appalled. Even Jeffreys would gladly have retraced his steps. He charged Clarendon with friendly messages to the bishops, and threw on others the blame of the prosecution which he had himself recommended. Sunderland again ventured to recommend concession. The late auspicious birth, he said, had furnished the king with an excellent opportunity of withdrawing from a position full of danger and inconvenience without incurring the reproach of timidity or of caprice. On such happy occasions it had been usual for sovereigns to make the hearts of subjects glad by acts of clemency; and nothing could be more advantageous to the Prince of Wales than that he should, while still in his cradle, be the peacemaker between his father and the agitated nation. But the king's resolution was fixed. "I will go on," he said. "I have been only too indulgent. Indulgence ruined my father."‡ The artful minister found that his advice had been formerly taken only because it had been shaped to suit the royal temper, and that, from the moment at which he began to counsel well, he began to counsel in vain. He had shown some signs of slackness in the proceeding against Magdalene College. He had recently attempted to convince the king that Tyreone's scheme of confiscating the property of the English colonists in Ireland was full of danger, and had, with the help of Powis and Bellasyse, so far succeeded that the execution of the design had been postponed for another year. But this timidity and scrupulosity had excited disgust and suspicion in the royal

mind.\* The day of retribution had arrived. Sunderland was in the same situation in which his rival Rochester had been some months before. Each of the two statesmen in turn experienced the misery of clutching, with an agonizing grasp, power which was perceptibly slipping away. Each in turn saw his suggestions scornfully rejected. Both endured the pain of reading displeasure and distrust in the countenance and demeanor of their master; yet both were by their country held responsible for those crimes and errors from which they had vainly endeavored to dissuade him. While he suspected them of trying to win popularity at the expense of his authority and dignity, the public voice loudly accused them of trying to win his favor at the expense of their own honor and of the general weal. Yet, in spite of mortifications and humiliations, they both clung to office with the gripe of drowning men. Both attempted to propitiate the king by affecting a willingness to be reconciled to his Church. But there was a point at which Rochester determined to stop. He went to the verge of apostasy; but there he recoiled; and the world, in consideration of the firmness with which he refused to take the final step, granted him a liberal amnesty for all former compliances. Sunderland, less scrupulous, and less sensible of shame, resolved to atone for his late moderation, and to recover the royal confidence by an act which, to a mind impressed with the importance of religious truth, must have appeared to be one of the most flagitious of crimes, and which even men of the world regard as the last excess of baseness. About a week before the day fixed for the great trial, it was publicly announced that he was a papist. The king talked with delight of this triumph of divine grace. Courtiers and envoys kept their countenances as well as they could while the renegade protested that he had been long convinced of the impossibility of finding salvation out of the communion of Rome, and that his conscience would not let him rest until he had renounced the heresies in which he had been brought up. The news spread fast. At all the coffee-houses it was told how the prime minister of England, his feet bare, and a taper in his hand, had repaired to the royal chapel and knocked humbly for admittance; how a priestly voice from within had demanded who was there; how Sunderland had made answer that a poor sinner who had long wandered from the true Church implored her to receive and to absolve him; how the doors

\* Tanner MS.

† Johnstone, June 18, 1688.

‡ Adda, June 29-July 9, 1688.

\* Sunderland's own narrative is, of course, not to be implicitly trusted. But he vouches Godolphin as a witness of what took place respecting the Irish Act of Settlement.

were opened; and how the neophyte partook of the holy mysteries.\*

This scandalous apostasy could not but heighten the interest with which the nation looked forward to the day when the fate of the seven brave confessors of the English Church was to be decided. To pack a jury was now the great object of the king. The crown lawyers were ordered to make strict inquiry as to the sentiments of the persons who were registered in the freeholders' book. Sir Samuel Astry, clerk of the crown, whose duty it was, in cases of this description, to select the names, was summoned to the palace, and had an interview with James in the presence of the chancellor.† Sir Samuel seems to have done his best; for, among the forty-eight persons whom he nominated, were said to be several servants of the king, and several Roman Catholics.‡ But as the counsel for the bishops had a right to strike off twelve, these persons were removed. The crown lawyers also struck off twelve. The list was thus reduced to twenty-four. The first twelve who answered to their names were to try the issue.

On the twenty-ninth of June, Westminster Hall, Old and New Palace Yard, and all the neighboring streets to a great distance, were thronged with people. Such an auditory had never before and has never since been assembled in the Court of King's Bench. Thirty-five peers of the realm were counted in the crowd.§

All the four judges of the court were on the bench. Wright, who presided, had been raised to his high place over the heads of many abler and more learned men solely on account of his unscrupulous servility. Allybone was a papist, and owed his situation to that dispensing power, the legality of which was now in question. Holloway had hitherto been a servicable tool of the government. Even Powell, whose character for honesty stood high, had borne a part in some proceedings which it is impossible to defend. He had, in the great case of Sir Edward Hailes, with some hesitation, it is true, and after some delay, concurred with the majority of the bench, and had thus brought on his character a stain which his honorable conduct on this day completely effaced.

The counsel were by no means fairly matched. The government had required from its law officers services so odious and disgraceful that all the ablest jurists and advocates of the Tory party had, one after another,

refused to comply, and had been dismissed from their employments. Sir Thomas Powis, the attorney general, was scarcely of the third rank in his profession. Sir William Williams, the solicitor general, had quick parts and dauntless courage, but he wanted discretion; he loved wrangling; he had no command over his temper; and he was hated and despised by all political parties. The most conspicuous assistants of the attorney and solicitor were Sergeant Trinder, a Roman Catholic, and Sir Bartholomew Shower, recorder of London, who had some legal learning, but whose fulsome apologies and endless repetitions were the jest of Westminster Hall. The government had wished to secure the services of Maynard; but he had plainly declared that he could not, in conscience, be concerned in such a proceeding.\*

On the other side were arrayed almost all the eminent forensic talents of the age. Sawyer and Finch, who, at the time of the accession of James, had been attorney and solicitor general, and who, during the persecution of the Whigs in the late reign, had served the crown with but too much vehemence and success, were of counsel for the defendants. With them were joined two persons who, since age had diminished the activity of Maynard, were reputed the two best lawyers that could be found in all the inns of court; Pemberton, who had, in the time of Charles the Second, been Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who had been removed from his high place on account of his humanity and moderation, and who had resumed his practice at the bar; and Pollexfen, who had long been at the head of the western circuit, and who, though he had incurred much unpopularity by holding briefs for the crown at the Bloody Assizes, and particularly by appearing against Alice Lisle, was known to be at heart a Whig, if not a Republican. Sir Creswell Levinz was also there, a man of great knowledge and experience, but of singularly timid nature. He had been removed from the bench some years before, because he was afraid to serve the purposes of the government. He was now afraid to appear as the advocate of the bishops, and had at first refused to receive their retainer; but it was intimated to him by the whole body of attorneys who employed him that, if he declined this brief, he should never have another.†

Sir George Treby, an able and zealous Whig, who had been recorder of London under the

\* Barillon, June 21–July 1, June 28–July 8, 1688; Adda, June 29–July 9; Citters, June 26–July 6; Johnstone, July 2, 1688; and the Converts, a poem.

† Clarendon's Diary, June 21, 1688.

‡ Citters, June 25–July 6, 1688.

§ Johnstone, July 2, 1688.

\* Johnstone, July 2, 1688.

† Johnstone, July 2, 1688. The editor of Levinz's reports expresses great wonder that, after the revolution, Levinz was not replaced on the bench. The facts related by Johnstone may perhaps explain the seeming injustice.

old charter, was on the same side. Sir John Holt, a still more eminent Whig lawyer, was not retained for the defense, in consequence, it should seem, of some prejudice conceived against him by Saneroft, but was privately consulted on the ease by the Bishop of London.\* The junior counsel for the bishops was a young barrister named John Somers. He had no advantages of birth or fortune, nor had he yet had any opportunity of distinguishing himself before the eyes of the public; but his genius, his industry, his great and various accomplishments, were well known to a small circle of friends; and, in spite of his Whig opinions, his pertinent and lucid mode of arguing and the constant propriety of his demeanor had already secured to him the ear of the court of King's Bench. The importance of obtaining his services had been strongly represented to the bishops by Johnstone; and Pollexfen, it is said, had declared that no man in Westminster Hall was so well qualified to treat a historical and constitutional question as Somers.

The jury was sworn; it consisted of persons of highly respectable station. The foreman was Sir Roger Langley, a baronet of old and honorable family. With him were joined a knight and ten esquires, several of whom are known to have been men of large possessions. There were some Nonconformists in the number; for the bishops had wisely resolved not to show any distrust of the Protestant Dissenters. One name excited considerable alarm, that of Michael Arnold. He was brewer to the palace; and it was apprehended that the government counted on his voice. The story goes that he complained bitterly of the position in which he found himself. "Whatever I do," he said, "I am sure to be half ruined. If I say Not Guilty, I shall brew no more for the king; and if I say Guilty, I shall brew no more for anybody else." †

The trial then commenced; a trial which, even when coolly perused after the lapse of more than a century and a half, has all the interest of a drama. The advocates contended on both sides with far more than professional keenness and vehemence; the audience listened with as much anxiety as if the fate of every one of them was to be decided by the verdict; and the turns of fortune were so sudden and amazing that the multitude repeatedly passed in a single minute from anxiety to exultation, and back again from exultation to still deeper anxiety.

The information charged the bishops with having written or published, in the county of

Middlesex, a false, malicious, and seditious libel. The attorney and solicitor first tried to prove the writing. For this purpose, several persons were called to speak to the hands of the bishops; but the witnesses were so unwilling that hardly a single plain answer could be extracted from any of them. Pemberton, Pollexfen, and Levinz contended that there was no evidence to go to the jury. Two of the judges, Holloway and Powell, declared themselves of the same opinion; and the hopes of the spectators rose high. All at once the crown lawyers announced their intention to take another line. Powis, with shame and reluctance which he could not dissemble, put into the witness box Blathwayt, a clerk of the Privy Council, who had been present when the king interrogated the bishops. Blathwayt swore that he had heard them own their signatures. His testimony was decisive. "Why," said Judge Holloway to the attorney, "when you had such evidence, did you not produce it at first, without all this waste of time?" It soon appeared why the counsel for the crown had been unwilling, without absolute necessity, to resort to this mode of proof. Pemberton stopped Blathwayt, subjected him to a searching cross examination, and insisted upon having all that had passed between the king and the defendants fully related. "That is a pretty thing indeed," cried Williams. "Do you think," said Powis, "that you are at liberty to ask our witnesses any impertinent question that comes into your heads?" The advocates of the bishops were not men to be so put down. "He is sworn," said Pollexfen, "to tell the truth, and the whole truth; and an answer we must and will have." The witness shuffled, equivocated, pretended to misunderstand the questions, implored the protection of the court. But he was in hands from which it was not easy to escape. At length the attorney again interposed. "If," he said, "you persist in asking such a question, tell us, at least, what use you mean to make of it." Pemberton, who, through the whole trial, did his duty manfully and ably, replied without hesitation. "My lords, I will answer Mr. Attorney. I will deal plainly with the court. If the bishops owned this paper under a promise from his majesty that it should not be used against them, I hope that no unfair advantage will be taken of them." "You put on his majesty what I dare hardly name," said Williams. "Since you will be so pressing, I demand, for the king, that the question may be recorded." "What do you mean, Mr. Solicitor?" said Sawyer, interposing. "I know what I mean," said the apostate. "I desire that the question may be recorded

\* I draw this inference from a letter of Compton to Saneroft, dated the 12th of June.  
† Revolution Politics.

in court." "Record what you will, I am not afraid of you, Mr. Solicitor," said Pemberton. Then came a loud and fierce altercation, which the chief justice could with difficulty quiet. In other circumstances, he would probably have ordered the question to be recorded and Pemberton to be committed; but on this great day he was overawed. He often cast a side glance toward the thick rows of earls and barons by whom he was watched, and who in the next Parliament might be his judges. He looked, a by-stander said, as if all the peers present had halters in their pockets.\* At length Blathwayt was forced to give a full account of what had passed. It appeared that the king had entered into no express covenant with the bishops; but it appeared, also, that the bishops might not unreasonably think that there was an implied engagement. Indeed, from the unwillingness of the crown lawyers to put the clerk of the council into the witness box, and from the vehemence with which they objected to Pemberton's cross examination, it is plain that they were themselves of this opinion.

However, the hand-writing was now proved. But a new and serious objection was raised. It was not sufficient to prove that the bishops had written the alleged libel; it was necessary to prove, also, that they had written it in the county of Middlesex; and not only was it out of the power of the attorney and solicitor to prove this, but it was in the power of the defendants to prove the contrary; for it so happened that Saneroft had never once left the palace at Lambeth from the time when the order in council appeared until after the petition was in the king's hands. The whole case for the prosecution had therefore completely broken down, and the audience, with great glee, expected a speedy acquittal.

The crown lawyers then changed their ground again, abandoned altogether the charge of writing a libel, and undertook to prove that the bishops had published a libel in the county of Middlesex. The difficulties were great. The delivery of the petition to the king was undoubtedly, in the eye of the law, a publication. But how was this delivery to be proved? No person had been present at the audience in the royal closet, except the king and the defendants. The king could not be sworn. It was therefore only by the admissions of the defendants that the fact of publication could be established. Blathwayt was again examined, but in vain. He well remembered, he said, that the bishops owned their hands, but he did not remember that they owned the paper which lay on the table of the Privy

Council to be the same paper which they had delivered to the king, or that they were even interrogated on that point. Several other official men who had been in attendance on the council were called, and among them Samuel Pepys, secretary of the Admiralty; but none of them could remember that anything was said about the delivery. It was to no purpose that Williams put leading questions until the counsel on the other side declared that such twisting, such wire-drawing, was never seen in a court of justice, and until Wright himself was forced to admit that the solicitor's mode of examination was contrary to all rule. As witness after witness answered in the negative, roars of laughter and shouts of triumph, which the judges did not even attempt to silence, shook the hall.

It seemed that at length this hard fight had been won. The case for the crown was closed. Had the counsel for the bishops remained silent, an acquittal was certain; for nothing which the most corrupt and shameless judge could venture to call legal evidence of publication had been given. The chief justice was beginning to charge the jury, and would undoubtedly have directed them to acquit the defendants; but Finch, too anxious to be perfectly discreet, interfered, and begged to be heard. "If you will be heard," said Wright, "you shall be heard; but you do not understand your own interests." The other counsel for the defense made Finch sit down, and begged the chief justice to proceed. He was about to do so, when a messenger came to the solicitor general with news that Lord Sunderland could prove the publication, and would come down to the court immediately. Wright maliciously told the counsel for the defense that they had only themselves to thank for the turn which things had taken. The countenances of the great multitude fell. Finch was, during some hours, the most unpopular man in the country. Why could he not sit still as his betters, Sawyer, Pemberton, and Pollexfen, had done? His love of meddling, his ambition to make a fine speech, had ruined everything.

Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed, and many voices cried out "Popish dog." He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the king, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose. This circumstance, coupled with the circumstance that, after they left the closet, there was in the king's hands a petition signed by them, was

\* This is the expression of an eye-witness. It is in a news-letter in the Mackintosh Collection.

such proof as might reasonably satisfy a jury of the fact of the publication.

Publication in Middlesex was then proved. But was the paper thus published a false, malicious, and seditious libel? Hitherto the matter in dispute had been whether a fact which everybody well knew to be true could be proved according to technical rules of evidence; but now the contest became one of deeper interest. It was necessary to inquire into the limits of prerogative and liberty, into the right of the king to dispense with statutes, into the right of the subject to petition for the redress of grievances. During three hours the counsel for the petitioners argued with great force in defense of the fundamental principles of the Constitution, and proved from the journals of the House of Commons that the bishops had affirmed no more than the truth when they represented to the king that the dispensing power which he claimed had been repeatedly declared illegal by Parliament. Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes, but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down, his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established. He went through the expressions which were used in the information to describe the offense imputed to the bishops, and showed that every word, whether adjective or substantive, was altogether inappropriate. The offense imputed was a false, a malicious, a seditious libel. False the paper was not; for every fact which it set forth had been proved from the journals of Parliament to be true. Malicious the paper was not; for the defendants had not sought an occasion of strife, but had been placed by the government in such a situation that they must either oppose themselves to the royal will, or violate the most sacred obligations of conscience and honor. Seditious the paper was not; for it had not been scattered by the writers among the rabble, but delivered privately into the hands of the king alone; and a libel it was not, but a decent petition, such as, by the laws of England, nay, by the laws of imperial Rome, by the laws of all civilized states, a subject who thinks himself aggrieved may with propriety present to the sovereign.

The attorney replied shortly and feebly. The solicitor spoke at great length and with great acrimony, and was often interrupted by the clamors and hisses of the audience. He went so far as to lay it down that no subject or body of subjects, except the houses of Parliament, had a right to petition the king. The galleries were furious; and the chief justice himself stood aghast at the effrontery of this venal turn-coat.

At length Wright proceeded to sum up the

evidence. His language showed that the awe in which he stood of the government was tempered by the awe with which the audience, so numerous, so splendid, and so strongly excited, had impressed him. He said that he would give no opinion on the question of the dispensing power; that it was not necessary for him to do so; that he could not agree with much of the solicitor's speech; that it was the right of the subject to petition, but that the particular petition before the court was improperly worded, and was, in the contemplation of law, a libel. Allybone was of the same mind, but, in giving his opinion, showed such gross ignorance of law and history as brought on him the contempt of all who heard him. Hollo-way evaded the question of the dispensing power, but said that the petition seemed to him to be such as subjects who think themselves aggrieved are entitled to present, and therefore no libel. Powell took a bolder course. He declared that, in his judgment, the Declaration of Indulgence was a nullity, and that the dispensing power, as lately exercised, was utterly inconsistent with all law. If these encroachments of prerogative were allowed, there was no need of Parliaments. The whole legislative authority would be in the king. "That issue, gentlemen," he said, "I leave to God and to your consciences."\*

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were dispatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. "It is very late," wrote the papal nuncio, "and the decision is not yet known. The judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The solicitor for the bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors, for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighboring streets until dawn. Every hour

\* See the proceedings in the Collection of State Trials. I have taken some touches from Johnstone, and some from Cit-  
ters.

a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room, but nothing certain was known.\*

At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way; but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied; and he should not acquit the bishops. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here will I stay until I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed, but what the verdict would be was still a secret.†

At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke. "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping; for the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point, that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation. Yet not even that

astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the judges to commit those who had violated, by clamor, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized; but the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offense common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.\*

It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business. Indeed, the roar of the multitude was such that, for half an hour, scarcely a word could be heard in court. Williams got to his coach amid a tempest of hisses and curses. Cartwright, whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of the folly and indecency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognized by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted through the hall. "Take care," said one, "of the wolf in sheep's clothing." "Make room," cried another, "for the man with the pope in his belly."‡

The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury, meanwhile, could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. "God bless you," cried the people; "God prosper your families; you have done like honest, good-natured gentlemen. You have saved us all to-day." As the noblemen who had appeared to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the bishops and the jury.‡

The attorney went with the tidings to Sun-

\* State Trials; Oldmixon, 739; Clarendon's Diary, June 25, 1688; Johnstone, July 2; Citters, July 2-13; Adda, July 6-16; Luttrell's Diary; Barillon, July 2-12.

† Citters, July 2-13. The gravity with which he tells the story has a comic effect. "Den Bisschop van Chester, wie seer de partie van het hof houdt, om te voldoen aan syne gewoone nieuwsgierigheit, om dien tyt in Westminster Hall mede hebende laten vinden, in het uytgaan doorgaans was uytgекreten voor een grypende wolf in schaaps kleederen; en hy synde een heer van hooge stature en vollyvig, spotsgewyse alomme geroepen was dat men voor hem plaats moeste maken, om te laten passen; gelyck ook geschiede, om dat soo sy uytscreeuwden en hem in het aansigt seyden, by den Paus in syn byuck hadde."

‡ Luttrell; Citters, July 2-13, 1688. "Soo syn in tegendeel gedachte jurs met de uysterste acclamatie en alle teyckenen van geneegenheit en dsneckbaerheit in het door passeren van de gemeene ontvangen. Honderden vielen haar om den hals met alle bedenkelycke wewensch van segen en geluck over hare persoonen en familien, om dat sy haar so huseen en eerlyck byuten verwagtinge als het ware in desen gedragen hadden. Veele van de grooten en kleynen nuldi wierpen in het wegyden handen vol gelt onder de armen luden, om op de gesontheit van den Coning, der Heeren Prelaten, en de Jurs te drincken."

\* Johnstone, July 2, 1688; Letter from Mr. Ince to the Archbishop, dated at six o'clock in the morning; Tanner MS.; Revolution Politics.

† Johnstone, July 2, 1688.



derland, who happened to be conversing with the nuncio. "Never," said Powis, "within man's memory, have there been such shouts and such tears of joy as to-day."\* The king had that morning visited the camp on Hounslow Heath. Sunderland instantly sent a courier thither with the news. James was in Lord Feversham's tent when the express arrived. He was greatly disturbed, and exclaimed in French, "So much the worse for them." He soon set out for London. While he was present respect prevented the soldiers from giving a loose to their feelings; but he had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting behind him. He was surprised, and asked what that uproar meant. "Nothing," was the answer; "the soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing?" said James. And then he repeated, "So much the worse for them."†

He might well be out of temper. His defeat had been complete and most humiliating. Had the prelates escaped on account of some technical defect in the case for the crown, had they escaped because they had not written the petition in Middlesex, or because it was impossible to prove, according to the strict rules of law, that they had delivered to the king the paper for which they were called in question, the prerogative would have suffered no shock. Happily for the country, the fact of publication had been fully established. The counsel for the defense had therefore been forced to attack the dispensing power. They had attacked it with great learning, eloquence, and boldness. The advocates of the government had been by universal acknowledgement overmatched in the contest. Not a single judge had ventured to declare that the Declaration of Indulgence was legal. One judge had in the strongest terms pronounced it illegal. The language of the whole town was that the dispensing power had received a fatal blow. Finch, who had the day before been universally reviled, was now universally applauded. He had been unwilling, it was said, to let the case be decided in a way which would have left the great constitutional question still doubtful. He had felt that a verdict which should acquit his clients, without condemning the Declaration of Indulgence, would be but half a victory. It is certain that Finch deserved neither the reproaches which had been east

on him while the event was doubtful, nor the praises which he received when it had proved happy. It was absurd to blame him because, during the short delay which he occasioned, the crown lawyers unexpectedly discovered new evidence. It was equally absurd to suppose that he deliberately exposed his clients to risk, in order to establish a general principle; and still more absurd was it to praise him for what would have been a gross violation of professional duty.

That joyful day was followed by a not less joyful night. The bishops, and some of their most respectable friends, in vain exerted themselves to prevent tumultuous demonstrations of joy. Never within the memory of the oldest, not even on that evening on which it was known through London that the army of Scotland had declared for a free Parliament, had the streets been in such a glare with bonfires. Round every bonfire crowds were drinking good health to the bishops and confusion to the papists. The windows were lighted with rows of candles. Each row consisted of seven; and the taper in the center, which was taller than the rest, represented the primate. The noise of rockets, squibs, and fire-arms was incessant. One huge pile of fagots blazed right in front of the great gate of Whitehall. Others were lighted before the doors of Roman Catholic peers. Lord Arundell of Wardour wisely quieted the mob with a little money; but at Salisbury House, in the Strand, an attempt at resistance was made. Lord Salisbury's servants sallied out and fired, but they killed only the unfortunate beadle of the parish, who had come thither to put out the fire; and they were soon routed and driven back into the house. None of the spectacles of that night interested the common people so much as one with which they had, a few years before, been familiar, and which they now, after a long interval, enjoyed once more, the burning of the pope. This once popular pageant is known to our generation only by descriptions and engravings. A figure, by no means resembling those rude representations of Guy Faux which are still paraded on the fifth of November, but made of wax with some skill, and adorned at no small expense with robes and a tiara, was mounted on a chair resembling that in which the bishops of Rome are still, on some great festivals, borne through Saint Peter's Church to the high altar. His holiness was generally accompanied by a train of cardinals and Jesuits. At his ear stood a buffoon disguised as a devil with horns and tail. No rich and zealous Protestant grudged his guinea on such an occasion, and, if rumor could be trusted, the cost of the procession

\* "Mi trovava con Milord Sunderland la stessa mattina, quando venne l'Avvocato Generale a rendergli conto del successo, e disse, che mai piu a memoria d'homini si era sentito un applauso, mescolato di voci e lagrime di giubilo, egual a quello che veniva egli di vedere in quest'occasione."—ADDA, July 6-16, 1688.

† Bmet, i, 744; Citters, July 2-13, 1688.

was sometimes not less than a thousand pounds. After the pope had been borne some time in state over the heads of the multitude, he was committed to the flames with great acclamations. In the time of the popularity of Oates and Shaftesbury, this show was exhibited annually in Fleet Street, before the windows of the Whig Club on the anniversary of the birth of Queen Elizabeth. Such was the celebrity of these grotesque rites, that Barillon once risked his life in order to peep at them from a hiding-place.\* But from the day when the Rye House Plot was discovered until the day of the acquittal of the bishops, the ceremony had been disused. Now, however, several popes made their appearance in different parts of London. The nuncio was much shocked; and the king was more hurt by this insult to his Church than by all the other affronts which he had received. The magistrates, however, could do nothing. The Sunday had dawned, and the bells of the parish churches were ringing for early prayers, before the fires began to languish and the crowds to disperse. A proclamation was speedily put forth against the rioters. Many of them, mostly young apprentices, were apprehended; but the bills were thrown out at the Middlesex sessions. The magistrates, many of whom were Roman Catholics, expostulated with the grand jury, and sent them three or four times back, but to no purpose.\*

Meanwhile the glad tidings were flying to every part of the kingdom, and were everywhere received with rapture. Gloucester, Bedford, and Lichfield were among the places which were distinguished by peculiar zeal; but Bristol and Norwich, which stood nearest to London in population and wealth, approached nearest to London in enthusiasm on this joyful occasion.

The prosecution of the bishops is an event which stands by itself in our history. It was the first and the last occasion on which two feelings of tremendous potency, two feelings which have generally been opposed to each other, and either of which, when strongly excited, has sufficed to convulse the state, were united in perfect harmony. Those feelings were love of the Church and love of freedom. During many generations, every violent outbreak of high church feeling, with one exception, has been unfavorable to civil liberty; every violent outbreak of zeal for liberty,

with one exception, has been unfavorable to the authority and influence of the prelacy and the priesthood. In 1688 the cause of the hierarchy was for a moment that of the popular party. More than nine thousand clergymen, with the primate and his most respectable suffragans at their head, offered themselves to endure bonds and the spoiling of their goods for the great fundamental principle of our free Constitution. The effect was a coalition which included the most zealous Cavaliers, the most zealous Republicans, and all the intermediate sections of the community. The spirit which had supported Hampden in the preceding generation, the spirit which, in the succeeding generation, supported Sacheverell, combined to support the primate who was Hampden and Sacheverell in one. Those classes of society which are most deeply interested in the preservation of order, which in troubled times are generally most ready to strengthen the hands of government, and which have a natural antipathy to agitators, followed, without scruple, the guidance of a venerable man, the first peer of the realm, the first minister of the Church, a Tory in politics, a saint in manners, whom tyranny had in his own despite turned into a demagogue. Those, on the other hand, who had always abhorred episcopacy as a relic of popery and as an instrument of arbitrary power, now asked on bended knees the blessing of an archbishop who was ready to wear fetters and to lay his aged limbs on bare stones rather than betray the interests of the Protestant religion and set the prerogative above the laws. With love of the Church and with love of freedom was mingled, at this great crisis, a third feeling, which is among the most honorable peculiarities of our national character. An individual oppressed by power, even when destitute of all claim to public respect and gratitude, generally finds strong sympathy among us. Thus, in the time of our grandfathers, society was thrown into confusion by the persecution of Wilkes. We have ourselves seen the nation roused almost to madness by the wrongs of Queen Caroline. It is probable, therefore, that, even if no great political and religious interests had been staked on the event of the proceeding against the bishops, England would not have seen, without strong emotions of pity and anger, old men of stainless virtue pursued by the vengeance of a harsh and inexorable prince who owed to their fidelity the crown which he wore.

Actuated by these sentiments, our ancestors arrayed themselves against the government in one huge and compact mass. All ranks, all parties, all Protestant sects, made

\* See a very curious narrative published, among other papers, in 1710 by Danby, then Duke of Leeds. There is an amusing account of the ceremony of burning a pope in North's Examen, 570. See, also, the note on the Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cædipus in Scott's edition of Dryden.

† Reresby's Memoirs; Citters, July 3-13, 1688; Adda, July 6-16; Barillon, July 2-12; Luttrell's Diary; News-letter of July 4; Oldmixon, 739; Ellis Correspondence.

up that vast phalanx. In the van were the lords spiritual and temporal. Then came the landed gentry and the clergy, both the universities, all the inns of court, merehants, shop-keepers, farmers, the porters who plied in the streets of the great towns, the peasants who plowed the fields. The league against the king included the very foremost men who manned his ships, the very sentinels who guarded his palace. The names of Whig and Tory were for a moment forgotten. The old exclusionist took the old abhorrer by the hand. Episcopals, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, forgot their long feuds, and remembered only their common Protestantism and their common danger. Divines bred in the school of Laud talked loudly, not only of toleration, but of comprehension. The archbishop, soon after his acquittal, put forth a pastoral letter, which is one of the most remarkable compositions of that age. He had, from his youth up, been at war with the Non-conformists, and had repeatedly assailed them with unjust and unchristian asperity. His principal work was a hideous caricature of the Calvinistic theology.\* He had drawn up for the thirtieth of January and for the twenty-ninth of May forms of prayer which reflected on the Puritans in language so strong that the government had thought fit to soften it down. But now his heart was melted and opened. In a solemn charge he enjoined the bishops and clergy to have a very tender regard to their brethren the Protestant Dissenters, to visit them often, to entertain them hospitably, to discourse with them civilly, to persuade them, if it might be, to conform to the Church, but, if that were found impossible, to join them heartily and affectionately in exertions for the blessed cause of the reformation.†

Many pious persons in subsequent years remembered that time with bitter regret. They described it as a short glimpse of a golden age between two iron ages. Such lamentation, though natural, was not reasonable. The coalition of 1688 was produced, and could be produced, only by tyranny which approached to insanity, and by danger which threatened at once all the great institutions of the country. If there has never since been similar union, the reason is that there has

never since been similar misgovernment. It must be remembered that, though concord is in itself better than discord, discord may indicate a better state of things than is indicated by concord. Calamity and peril often force men to combine. Prosperity and security often encourage them to separate.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the thirtieth of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history. On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was dispatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter.

The prosecution of the bishops and the birth of the Prince of Wales had produced a great revolution in the feelings of many Tories. At the very moment at which their Church was suffering the last excess of injury and insult, they were compelled to renounce the hope of peaceful deliverance. Hitherto they had flattered themselves that the trial to which their loyalty was subjected would, though severe, be temporary, and that their wrongs would shortly be redressed without any violation of the ordinary rule of succession. A very different prospect was now before them. As far as they could look forward they saw only misgovernment, such as that of the last three years, extending through ages. The cradle of the heir apparent to the crown was surrounded by Jesuits. Deadly hatred of that Church of which he would one day be the head would be studiously instilled into his infant mind, would be the guiding principle of his life, and would be bequeathed by him to his posterity. This vista of calamities had no end. It stretched beyond the life of the youngest man living, beyond the eighteenth century. None could say how many generations of Protestant Englishmen might have to bear oppression, such as, even when it had been believed to be short, had been found almost insupportable. Was there, then, no remedy? One remedy there was, quick, sharp, and decisive, a remedy which the Whigs had been but too ready to employ, but which had always been regarded by the Tories as in all cases unlawful.

The greatest Anglican doctors of that age had maintained that no breach of law or contract, no excess of cruelty, rapacity, or licen-

\* The *For Prædestinatus*.

† This charge will be found in the first of the twelve collections of papers relating to the affairs of England, printed at the end of 1688 and the beginning of 1689. It was put forth on the 26th of July, not quite a month after the trial. Lloyd of Saint Asaph about the same time told Henry Wharton that the bishops proposed to adopt an entirely new policy toward the Protestant Dissenters: "Omni modo curatores ut ecclesia sordibus et corruptelis penitus exueretur; ut sectariis reformatis redditus in ecclesiam sinum exoptati occasio ac ratio concederetur, si qui sobrii et pii essent; ut pertinacibus interim jugum levaretur, extinctis penitus legibus mulcatoriis."—EXCERPTA EX VITA H. WHARTON.

tiousness, on the part of a rightful king, could justify his people in withstanding him by force. Some of them had delighted to exhibit the doctrine of non-resistance in a form so exaggerated as to shock common sense and humanity. They frequently and emphatically remarked that Nero was at the head of the Roman government when Saint Paul inculcated the duty of obeying magistrates. The inference which they drew was that, if an English king should, without any law but his own pleasure, persecute his subjects for not worshipping idols, should fling them to the lions in the Tower, should wrap them up in pitched cloth and set them on fire to light up Saint James's Park, and should go on with these massacres until whole towns and shires were left without one inhabitant, the survivors would still be bound meekly to submit, and to be torn in pieces or roasted alive without a struggle. The arguments in favor of this proposition were futile indeed; but the place of sound argument was amply supplied by the omnipotent sophistry of interest and of passion. Many writers have expressed wonder that the high-spirited Cavaliers of England should have been zealous for the most slavish theory that has ever been known among men. The truth is, that this theory at first presented itself to the Cavalier as the very opposite of slavish. Its tendency was to make him, not a slave, but a freeman and a master. It exalted him by exalting one whom he regarded as his protector, as his friend, as the head of his beloved party and of his more beloved Church. When Republicans were dominant, the Royalist had endured wrongs and insults which the restoration of the legitimate government had enabled him to retaliate. Rebellion was therefore associated in his imagination with subjection and degradation, and monarchical authority with liberty and ascendancy. It had never crossed his imagination that a time might come when a king, a Stuart, would persecute the most loyal of the clergy and gentry with more than the animosity of the Rump or the Protector. That time had, however, arrived. It was now to be seen how the patience which Churchmen professed to have learned from the writings of Paul would stand the test of a persecution by no means so severe as that of Nero. The event was such as everybody who knew anything of human nature would have predicted. Oppression speedily did what philosophy and eloquence would have failed to do. The system of Filmer might have survived the attacks of Locke, but it never recovered from the death-blow given by James.

That logic which, while it was used to prove that Presbyterians and Independents

ought to bear imprisonment and confiscation with meekness, had been pronounced unanswerable, seemed to be of very little force when the question was whether Anglican bishops should be imprisoned and the revenues of Anglican colleges confiscated. It had been often repeated from the pulpits of all the cathedrals in the land that the apostolical injunction to obey the civil magistrate was absolute and universal, and that it was impious presumption in man to limit a precept which had been promulgated without any limitation in the word of God. Now, however, divines whose sagacity had been sharpened by the imminent danger in which they stood of being turned out of their livings and prebends to make room for papists, discovered flaws in the reasoning which had formerly carried conviction to their minds. The ethical parts of Scripture were not to be construed like acts of Parliament, or like the casuistical treatises of the schoolmen. What Christian really turned the left cheek to the ruffian who had smitten the right? What Christian really gave his cloak to the thieves who had taken his coat away? Both in the Old and in the New Testament general rules were perpetually laid down unaccompanied by the exceptions. Thus there was a general command not to kill, unaccompanied by any reservation in favor of the warrior who kills in defense of his king and country. There was a general command not to swear, unaccompanied by any reservation in favor of the witness who swears to speak the truth before a judge. Yet the lawfulness of defensive war and of judicial oaths was disputed only by a few obscure sectaries, and was positively affirmed in the articles of the Church of England. All the arguments which showed that the Quaker, who refused to bear arms or to kiss the Gospels, was unreasonable and perverse, might be turned against those who denied to subjects the right of resisting extreme tyranny by force. If it was contended that the texts which prohibited homicide, and the texts which prohibited swearing, though generally expressed, must be construed in subordination to the great commandment by which every man is enjoined to promote the welfare of his neighbors, and would, when so construed, be found not to apply to cases in which homicide or swearing might be absolutely necessary to protect the dearest interests of society, it was not easy to deny that the texts which prohibited resistance ought to be construed in the same manner. If the ancient people of God had been directed sometimes to destroy human life, and sometimes to bind themselves by oaths, they had also been directed sometimes to resist wicked

princes. If early fathers of the Church had occasionally used language which seemed to imply that they disapproved of all resistance, they had also occasionally used language which seemed to imply that they disapproved of all war and of all oaths. In truth, the doctrine of passive obedience, as taught at Oxford in the reign of Charles the Second, can be deduced from the Bible only by a mode of interpretation which would irresistibly lead us to the conclusions of Barclay and Penn.

It was not merely by arguments drawn from the letter of Scripture that the Anglican theologians had, during the years which immediately followed the Restoration, labored to prove their favorite tenet. They had attempted to show that, even if revelation had been silent, reason would have taught wise men the folly and wickedness of all resistance to established government. It was universally admitted that such resistance was, except in extreme cases, unjustifiable. And who would undertake to draw the line between extreme cases and ordinary cases? Was there any government in the world under which there were not to be found some discontented and factious men who would say, and perhaps think, that their grievances constituted an extreme case? If, indeed, it were possible to lay down a clear and accurate rule which might forbid men to rebel against Trajan, and yet leave them at liberty to rebel against Caligula, such a rule might be highly beneficial. But no such rule had ever been, or ever would be, framed. To say that rebellion was lawful under some circumstances, without accurately defining those circumstances, was to say that every man might rebel whenever he thought fit; and a society in which every man rebelled whenever he thought fit would be more miserable than a society governed by the most cruel and licentious despot. It was therefore necessary to maintain the great principle of non-resistance in all its integrity. Particular cases might doubtless be put in which resistance would benefit a community; but it was, on the whole, better that the people should patiently endure a bad government than that they should relieve themselves by violating a law on which the security of all government depended.

Such reasoning easily convinced a dominant and prosperous party, but could ill bear the scrutiny of minds strongly excited by royal injustice and ingratitude. It is true that to trace the exact boundary between rightful and wrongful resistance is impossible; but this impossibility arises from the nature of right and wrong, and is found in almost every part of ethical science. A good action is not distinguished from a bad action by marks so

plain as those which distinguish a hexagon from a square. There is a frontier where virtue and vice fade into each other. Who has ever been able to define the exact boundary between courage and rashness, between prudence and cowardice, between frugality and avarice, between liberality and prodigality? Who has ever been able to say how far mercy to offenders ought to be carried, and where it ceases to deserve the name of mercy and becomes a pernicious weakness? What easuist, what lawgiver, has ever been able nicely to mark the limits of the right of self-defense? All our jurists hold that a certain quantity of risk to life or limb justifies a man in shooting or stabbing an assailant; but they have long given up in despair the attempt to describe, in precise words, that quantity of risk. They only say that it must be, not a slight risk, but a risk such as would cause serious apprehensions to a man of firm mind; and who will undertake to say what is the precise amount of apprehension which deserves to be called serious, or what is the precise texture of mind which deserves to be called firm? It is doubtless to be regretted that the nature of words and the nature of things do not admit of more accurate legislation; nor can it be denied that wrong will often be done when men are judges in their own cause, and proceed instantly to execute their own judgment. Yet who would, on that account, interdict all self-defense? The right which a people has to resist a bad government bears a close analogy to the right which an individual, in the absence of legal protection, has to slay an assailant. In both cases the evil must be grave. In both cases all regular and peaceable modes of defense must be exhausted before the aggrieved party resorts to extremities. In both cases an awful responsibility is incurred. In both cases the burden of the proof lies on him who has ventured on so desperate an expedient; and if he fails to vindicate himself, he is justly liable to the severest penalties. But in neither case can we absolutely deny the existence of the right. A man beset by assassins is not bound to let himself be tortured and butchered without using his weapons because nobody has ever been able precisely to define the amount of danger which justifies homicide; nor is a society bound to endure passively all that tyranny can inflict because nobody has ever been able precisely to define the amount of misgovernment which justifies rebellion.

But could the resistance of Englishmen to such a prince as James be properly called rebellion? Thorough-paced disciples of Filmer, indeed, maintained that there was no difference whatever between the polity of our

country and that of Turkey, and that, if the king did not confiscate the contents of all the tills in Lombard Street, and send mutes with bow-strings to Sancroft and Halifax, this was only because his majesty was too gracious to use the whole power which he derived from heaven. But the great body of Tories, though, in the heat of conflict, they might occasionally use language which seemed to indicate that they approved of these extravagant doctrines, heartily abhorred despotism. The English government was, in their view, a limited monarchy. Yet how can a monarchy be said to be limited if force is never to be employed, even in the last resort, for the purpose of maintaining the limitations? In Muscovy, where the sovereign was, by the constitution of the state, absolute, it might perhaps be, with some color of truth, contended that, whatever excesses he might commit, he was still entitled to demand, on Christian principles, the obedience of his subjects. But here prince and people were alike bound by the laws. It was therefore James who incurred the woe denounced against those who insult the powers that be. It was therefore James who was resisting the ordinance of God, who was mutinying against that legitimate authority to which he ought to have been subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake, and who was, in the true sense of the words of Jesus, withholding from Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.

Moved by such considerations as these, the ablest and most enlightened Tories began to admit that they had overstrained the doctrine of passive obedience. The difference between these men and the Whigs as to the reciprocal obligations of kings and subjects was now no longer a difference of principle. There still remained, it is true, many historical controversies between the party which had always maintained the lawfulness of resistance and the new converts. The memory of the blessed martyr was still as much revered as ever by those old Cavaliers who were ready to take arms against his degenerate son. They still spoke with abhorrence of the Long Parliament, of the Rye House Plot, and of the Western Insurrection. But, whatever they might think about the past, the view which they took of the present was altogether Whiggish; for they now held that extreme oppression might justify resistance, and they held that the oppression which the nation suffered was extreme.\*

It must not, however, be supposed that all

\* This change in the opinion of a section of the Tory party is well illustrated by a little tract published in the beginning of 1689, and entitled "A Dialogue between Two Friends, wherein the Church of England is vindicated in joining with the Prince of Orange."

the Tories renounced, even at that conjuncture, a tenet which they had from childhood been taught to regard as an essential part of Christianity, which they had professed during many years with ostentatious vehemence, and which they had attempted to propagate by persecution. Many were kept steady to their old creed by conscience, and many by shame. But the greater part, even of those who still continued to pronounce all resistance to the sovereign unlawful, were disposed, in the event of a civil conflict, to remain neutral. No provocation should drive them to rebel; but, if rebellion broke forth, it did not appear that they were bound to fight for James the Second as they would have fought for Charles the First. The Christians of Rome had been forbidden by Saint Paul to resist the government of Nero; but there was no reason to believe that the apostle, if he had been alive when the legions and the senate rose up against that wicked emperor, would have commanded the brethren to fly to arms in support of tyranny. The duty of the persecuted Church was clear: she must suffer patiently, and commit her cause to God. But if God, whose providence perpetually educes good out of evil, should be pleased, as oftentimes he had been pleased, to redress her wrongs by the instrumentality of men whose angry passions her lessons had not been able to tame, she might gratefully accept from him a deliverance which her principles did not permit her to achieve for herself. Most of those Tories, therefore, who still sincerely disclaimed all thought of attacking the government, were yet by no means inclined to defend it, and perhaps, while glorying in their own scruples, secretly rejoiced that everybody was not so scrupulous as themselves.

The Whigs saw that their time was come. Whether they should draw the sword against the government had, during six or seven years, been, in their view, merely a question of prudence; and prudence itself now urged them to take a bold course.

In May, before the birth of the Prince of Wales, and while it was still uncertain whether the declaration would or would not be read in the churches, Edward Russell had repaired to the Hague. He had strongly represented to the Prince of Orange the state of the public mind, and had advised his highness to appear in England at the head of a strong body of troops, and to call the people to arms.

William had seen, at a glance, the whole importance of the crisis. "Now or never," he exclaimed, in Latin, to Dykvelt.\* To

\* "Aut nunc, aut nunquam."—WITSEN MS., quoted by Wagenaar, book lx.

Russell he held more guarded language, admitted that the distempers of the state were such as required an extraordinary remedy, but spoke with earnestness of the chance of failure, and of the calamities which failure might bring on Britain and on Europe. He knew well that many who talked in high language about sacrificing their lives and fortunes for their country would hesitate when the prospect of another bloody circuit was brought close to them. He wanted, therefore, to have, not vague professions of good will, but distinct invitations and promises of support subscribed by powerful and eminent men. Russell remarked that it would be dangerous to intrust the design to a great number of persons. William assented, and said that a few signatures would be sufficient, if they were the signatures of statesmen who represented great interests.\*

With this answer Russell returned to London, where he found the excitement greatly increased and daily increasing. The imprisonment of the bishops and the delivery of the queen made his task easier than he could have anticipated. He lost no time in collecting the voices of the chiefs of the Opposition. His principal coadjutor in this work was Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon. It is remarkable that both Edward Russell and Henry Sidney had been in the household of James, that both had, partly on public and partly on private grounds, become his enemies, and that both had to avenge the blood of near kinsmen who had, in the same year, fallen victims to his implacable severity. Here the resemblance ends. Russell, with considerable abilities, was proud, acrimonious, restless, and violent. Sidney, with a sweet temper and winning manners, seemed to be deficient in capacity and knowledge, and to be sunk in voluptuousness and indolence. His face and form were eminently handsome. In his youth he had been the terror of husbands; and even now, at near fifty, he was the favorite of women and the envy of younger men. He had formerly resided at the Hague in a public character, and had then succeeded in obtaining a large share of William's confidence. Many wondered at this; for it seemed that between the most austere of statesmen and the most dissolute of idlers there could be nothing in common. Swift, many years later, could not be convinced that one whom he had known only as an illiterate and frivolous old rake could really have played a great part in a great revolution. Yet a less acute observer than Swift might have been aware that there is a certain tact,

resembling an instinct, which is often wanting to great orators and philosophers, and which is often found in persons who, if judged by their conversation or by their writings, would be pronounced simpletons. Indeed, when a man possesses this tact, it is in some sense an advantage to him that he is destitute of those more showy talents which would make him an object of admiration, of envy, and of fear. Sidney was a remarkable instance of this truth. Incapable, ignorant, and dissipated as he seemed to be, he understood, or rather felt, with whom it was necessary to be reserved, and with whom he might safely venture to be communicative. The consequence was, that he did what Mordaunt, with all his vivacity and invention, or Burnet, with all his multifarious knowledge and fluent elocution, never could have done.\*

With the old Whigs there could be no difficulty. In their opinion there had been scarcely a moment, during many years, at which the public wrongs would not have justified resistance. Devonshire, who might be regarded as their chief, had private as well as public wrongs to revenge. He went into the scheme with his whole heart, and answered for his party.†

Russell opened the design to Shrewsbury. Sidney sounded Halifax. Shrewsbury took his part with a courage and decision which, at a later period, seemed to be wanting to his character. He at once agreed to set his estate, his honors, and his life on the stake. But Halifax received the first hint of the project in a way which showed that it would be useless, and perhaps hazardous, to be explicit. He was, indeed, not the man for such an enterprise. His intellect was inexhaustibly fertile of distinctions and objections; his temper calm and unadventurous. He was ready to oppose the court to the utmost in the House of Lords and by means of anonymous writings, but he was little disposed to exchange his lordly repose for the insecure and agitated life of a conspirator, to be in the power of accomplices, to live in constant dread of warrants and king's messengers, nay, perhaps, to end his days on a scaffold, or to live on alms in some back street of the Hague. He therefore let fall some words which plainly indicated that he did not wish to be privy to the intentions of his more daring and impetuous friends. Sidney understood him and said no more.‡

The next application was made to Danby,

\* Sidney's Diary and Correspondence, edited by Mr. Blencowe; Mackay's Memoirs with Swift's note; Burnet, i, 763.

† Burnet, i, 764; Letter in cipher to William, dated June 18, 1688, in Dalrymple.

‡ Burnet, i, 764; Letter in cipher to William, dated June 12, 1688.

and had far better success. Indeed, for his bold and active spirit, the danger and the excitement, which were insupportable to the more delicately organized mind of Halifax, had a strong fascination. The different characters of the two statesmen were legible in their faces. The brow, the eye, and the mouth of Halifax indicated a powerful intellect and an exquisite sense of the ludicrous; but the expression is that of a skeptic, of a voluptuary, of a man not likely to venture his all on a single hazard, or to be a martyr in any cause. To those who are acquainted with his countenance it will not seem wonderful that the writer in whom he most delighted was Montaigne.\* Danby was a skeleton; and his meager and wrinkled, though handsome and noble countenance, strongly expressed both the keenness of his parts and the restlessness of his ambition. Already he had once risen from obscurity to the height of power. He had then fallen headlong from his elevation. His life had been in danger. He had passed years in a prison. He was now free; but this did not content him: he wished to be again great. Attached as he was to the Anglican Church, hostile as he was to the French ascendancy, he could not hope to be great in a court swarming with Jesuits and obsequious to the house of Bourbon; but if he bore a chief part in a revolution which should confound all the schemes of the papists, which should put an end to the long vassalage of England, and which should transfer the regal power to an illustrious pair whom he had united, he might emerge from his eclipse with new splendor. The Whigs, whose animosity had nine years before driven him from office, would, on his auspicious reappearance, join their acclamations to the acclamations of his old friends the Cavaliers. Already there had been a complete reconciliation between him and one of the most distinguished of those who had formerly been managers of his impeachment, the Earl of Devonshire. The two noblemen had met at a village in the Peak, and had exchanged assurances of good will. Devonshire had frankly owned that the Whigs had been guilty of a great injustice, and had declared that they were now convinced of their error. Danby, on his side, had also recantations to make. He had once held, or pretended to hold, the doctrine of passive obedience in the largest sense. Under his administration and with his sanction, a law had been proposed, which, if it had been passed, would have

excluded from Parliament and office all who refused to declare on oath that they thought resistance in every case unlawful. But his vigorous understanding, now thoroughly awakened by anxiety for the public interests and for his own, was no longer to be duped, if indeed it ever had been duped, by such childish fallacies. He at once gave in his own adhesion to the conspiracy. He then exerted himself to obtain the concurrence of Compton, the suspended Bishop of London, and succeeded without difficulty. No prelate had been so insolently and unjustly treated by the government as Compton, nor had any prelate so much to expect from a revolution; for he had directed the education of the Princess of Orange, and was supposed to possess a large share of her confidence. He had, like his brethren, strongly maintained, as long as he was not oppressed, that it was a crime to resist oppression; but, since he had stood before the High Commission, a new light had broken in upon his mind.\*

Both Danby and Compton were desirous to secure the assistance of Nottingham. The whole plan was opened to him, and he approved of it. But in a few days he began to be unquiet. His mind was not sufficiently powerful to emancipate itself from the prejudices of education. He went about from divine to divine, proposing in general terms hypothetical cases of tyranny, and inquiring whether, in such cases, resistance would be lawful. The answers which he obtained increased his distress. He at length told his accomplices that he could go no further with them. If they thought him capable of betraying them, they might stab him; and he should hardly blame them; for, by drawing back after going so far, he had given them a kind of right over his life. They had, however, he assured them, nothing to fear from him: he would keep their secret; he could not help wishing them success; but his conscience would not suffer him to take an active part in a rebellion. They heard his confession with suspicion and disdain. Sidney, whose notions of a conscientious scruple were extremely vague, informed the prince that Nottingham had taken fright. It is due to Nottingham, however, to say, that the general tenor of his life justifies us in believing his conduct on this occasion to have been perfectly honest, though most unwise and irresolute.†

The agents of the prince had more complete success with Lord Lumley, who knew

\* As to Montaigne, see Halifax's Letter to Cotton. I am not sure that the head of Halifax in Westminster Abbey does not give a more lively notion of him than any painting or engraving that I have seen.

\* See Danby's Introduction to the papers which he published in 1710; Burnet, i, 764.

† Burnet, i, 764; Sidney to the Prince of Orange, June 30, 1688, in Dalrymple.



himself to be, in spite of the eminent service which he had performed at the time of the western insurrection, abhorred at Whitehall, not only as a heretic, but as a renegade, and who was, therefore, more eager than most of those who had been born Protestants to take arms in defense of Protestantism.\*

During June the meetings of those who were in the secret were frequent. At length, on the last day of the month, the day on which the bishops were pronounced not guilty, the decisive step was taken. A formal invitation, transcribed by Sidney, but drawn up by some person more skilled than Sidney in the art of composition, was dispatched to the Hague. In this paper William was assured that nineteen twentieths of the English people were desirous of a change, and would willingly join to effect it, if only they could obtain the help of such a force from abroad as might secure those who should rise in arms from the danger of being dispersed and slaughtered before they could form themselves into anything like military order. If his highness would appear in the island at the head of some troops, tens of thousands would hasten to his standard. He would soon find himself at the head of a force greatly superior to the whole regular army of England. Nor could that army be implicitly depended on by the government. The officers were discontented; and the common soldiers shared that aversion to popery which was general in the class from which they were taken. In the navy Protestant feeling was still stronger. It was important to take some decisive step while things were in this state. The enterprise would be far more arduous if it were deferred until the king, by remodeling boroughs and regiments, had procured a Parliament and an army on which he could rely. The conspirators, therefore, implored the prince to come among them with as little delay as possible. They pledged their honor that they would join him, and they undertook to secure the co-operation of as large a number of persons as could safely be trusted with so momentous and perilous a secret. On one point they thought it their duty to remonstrate with his highness. He had not taken advantage of the opinion which the great body of the English people had formed respecting the late birth. He had, on the contrary, sent congratulations to Whitehall, and had thus seemed to acknowledge that the child who was called Prince of Wales was rightful heir of the throne. This was a grave error, and had damped the zeal of many. Not one person in a thousand doubted that the boy was supposititious; and the prince would be want-

ing to his own interests if the suspicious circumstances which had attended the queen's confinement were not put prominently forward among his reasons for taking arms.\*

This paper was signed in cipher by the seven chiefs of the conspiracy, Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Dauby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sidney. Herbert undertook to be their messenger. His errand was one of no ordinary peril. He assumed the garb of a common sailor, and in this disguise reached the Dutch coast in safety, on the Friday after the trial of the bishops. He instantly hastened to the prince. Bentinck and Dykvelt were summoned, and several days were passed in deliberation. The first result of this deliberation was, that the prayer for the Prince of Wales ceased to be read in the princess's chapel.†

From his wife William had no opposition to apprehend. Her understanding had been completely subjugated by his; and, what is more extraordinary, he had won her entire affection. He was to her in the place of the parents whom she had lost by death and by estrangement of the children who had been denied to her prayers, and of the country from which she was banished. His empire over her heart was divided only with her God. To her father she had probably never been attached; she had quitted him young; many years had elapsed since she had seen him; and no part of his conduct to her, since her marriage, had indicated tenderness on his part, or had been calculated to call forth tenderness on hers. He had done all in his power to disturb her domestic happiness, and had established a system of spying, eaves-dropping, and tale-bearing under her roof. He had a far greater revenue than any of his predecessors had ever possessed, and regularly allowed to her younger sister forty thousand pounds a year;‡ but the heiress presumptive of his throne had never received from him the smallest pecuniary assistance, and was scarcely able to make that appearance which became her high rank among European princesses. She had ventured to intercede with him on behalf of her old friend and preceptor Compton, who, for refusing to commit an act of flagitious injustice, had been suspended from his episcopal functions; but she had been ungraciously repulsed.§ From the day on which it had become clear that she and her husband were determined not to be parties to the subversion of the English Constitution, one chief end of the politics of James had been to injure

\* See the invitation at length in Dalrymple.

† Sidney's Letter to William, June 30, 1688; *Avaux Neg.*, July 10-20, 12-22.

‡ Bontrepaux, July 18-28, 1687.

§ Birch's Extracts, in the British Museum.

\* Burnet, i, 763; Lumley to William, May 31, 1688, in Dalrymple.

them both. He had recalled the British regiments from Holland. He had conspired with Tyrconnel and with France against Mary's rights, and had made arrangements for depriving her of one, at least, of the three crowns to which, at his death, she would have been entitled. It was now believed by the great body of his people, and by many persons high in rank and distinguished by abilities, that he had introduced a supposititious Prince of Wales into the royal family, in order to deprive her of a magnificent inheritance; and there is no reason to doubt that she partook of the prevailing suspicion. That she should love such a father was impossible. Her religious principles, indeed, were so strict that she would probably have tried to perform what she considered as her duty, even to a father whom she did not love. On the present occasion, however, she judged that the claim of James to her obedience ought to yield to a claim more sacred. And, indeed, all divines and publicists agree in this, that when the daughter of a prince of one country is married to a prince of another country, she is bound to forget her own people and her father's house, and, in the event of a rupture between her husband and her parents, to side with her husband. This is the undoubted rule even when the husband is in the wrong; and to Mary the enterprise which William meditated appeared not only just, but holy.

But, though she carefully abstained from doing or saying anything that could add to his difficulties, those difficulties were serious indeed. They were, in truth, but imperfectly understood even by some of those who invited him over, and have been but imperfectly described by some of those who have written the history of his expedition.

The obstacles which he might expect to encounter on English ground, though the least formidable of the obstacles which stood in the way of his design, were yet serious. He felt that it would be madness in him to imitate the example of Monmouth, to cross the sea with a few British adventurers, and to trust to a general rising of the population. It was necessary, and it was pronounced necessary by all those who invited him over, that he should carry an army with him. Yet who could answer for the effect which the appearance of such an army might produce? The government was, indeed, justly odious. But would the English people, altogether unaccustomed to the interference of continental powers in English disputes, be inclined to look with favor on a deliverer who was surrounded by foreign soldiers? If any part of the royal forces resolutely withstood the invaders, would not that part soon have on its

side the patriotic sympathy of millions? A defeat would be fatal to the whole undertaking. A bloody victory gained in the heart of the island by the mercenaries of the States-General over the Coldstream Guards and the Buffs would be almost as great a calamity as a defeat. Such a victory would be the most cruel wound ever inflicted on the national pride of one of the proudest of nations. The crown so won would never be worn in peace or security. The hatred with which the High Commission and the Jesuits were regarded would give place to the more intense hatred which would be inspired by the alien conquerors; and many, who had hitherto contemplated the power of France with dread and loathing, would say that, if a foreign yoke must be borne, there was less ignominy in submitting to France than in submitting to Holland.

These considerations might well have made William uneasy, even if all the military means of the United Provinces had been at his absolute disposal. But, in truth, it seemed very doubtful whether he would be able to obtain the assistance of a single battalion. Of all the difficulties with which he had to struggle, the greatest, though little noticed by English historians, arose from the Constitution of the Batavian republic. No great society has ever existed during a long course of years under a polity so inconvenient. The States-General could not make war or peace, could not conclude any alliance or levy any tax, without the consent of the States of every province. The States of a province could not give such consent without the consent of every municipality which had a share in the representation. Every municipality was, in some sense, a sovereign State, and, as such, claimed the right of communicating directly with foreign ambassadors, and of concerting with them the means of defeating schemes on which other municipalities were intent. In some town councils, the party which had, during several generations, regarded the influence of the stadtholders with jealousy, had great power. At the head of this party were the magistrates of the noble city of Amsterdam, which was then at the height of prosperity. They had, ever since the peace of Nimeguen, kept up a friendly correspondence with Louis through the instrumentality of his able and active envoy the Count of Avaux. Propositions brought forward by the stadtholder as indispensable to the security of the Commonwealth, sanctioned by all the Provinces except Holland, and sanctioned by seventeen of the eighteen town councils of Holland, had repeatedly been negatived by the single voice of Amster-

dam. The only constitutional remedy in such cases was that deputies from the cities which were agreed should pay a visit to the city which dissented, for the purpose of expostulation. The number of deputies was unlimited; they might continue to expostulate as long as they thought fit; and, meanwhile, all their expenses were defrayed by the obstinate community which refused to yield to their arguments. This absurd mode of coercion had once been tried with success on the little town of Gorkum, but was not likely to produce much effect on the mighty and opulent Amsterdam, renowned throughout the world for its haven bristling with innumerable masts, its canals bordered by stately mansions, its gorgeous hall of state, walled, roofed, and floored with polished marble, its warehouses filled with the most costly productions of Ceylon and Surinam, and its Exchange resounding with the endless hubbub of all the languages spoken by civilized men.\*

The disputes between the majority which supported the stadtholder and the minority headed by the magistrates of Amsterdam had repeatedly run so high that bloodshed had seemed to be inevitable. On one occasion the prince had attempted to bring the refractory deputies to punishment as traitors. On another occasion the gates of Amsterdam had been barred against him, and troops had been raised to defend the privileges of the municipal council. That the rulers of this great city would ever consent to an expedition offensive in the highest degree to Louis whom they courted, and likely to aggrandize the house of Orange which they abhorred, was not likely. Yet, without their consent such an expedition could not legally be undertaken. To quell their opposition by main force was a course from which, in different circumstances, the resolute and daring stadtholder would not have shrunk. But at that moment it was most important that he should carefully avoid every act which could be represented as tyrannical. He could not venture to violate the fundamental laws of Holland at the very moment at which he was drawing the sword against his father-in-law for violating the fundamental laws of England. The violent subversion of one free constitution would have been a strange prelude to the violent restoration of another.†

There was yet another difficulty which has been too little noticed by English writers, but which was never for a moment absent from William's mind. In the expedition which he

meditated he could succeed only by appealing to the Protestant feeling of England, and by stimulating that feeling till it became, for a time, the dominant and almost the exclusive sentiment of the nation. This would, indeed, have been a very simple course, had the end of all his politics been to effect a revolution in our island and to reign there. But he had in view an ulterior end which could be obtained only by the help of princes sincerely attached to the Church of Rome. He was desirous to unite the empire, the Catholic king, and the Holy See with England and Holland in a league against the French ascendancy. It was therefore necessary that, while striking the greatest blow ever struck in defense of Protestantism, he should yet contrive not to lose the good will of governments which regarded Protestantism as a deadly heresy.

Such were the complicated difficulties of this great undertaking. Continental statesmen saw a part of those difficulties; British statesmen another part. One capacious and powerful mind alone took them all in at one view, and determined to surmount them all. It was no easy thing to subvert the English government by means of a foreign army without galling the national pride of Englishmen. It was no easy thing to obtain from that Batavian faction which regarded France with partiality, and the house of Orange with aversion, a decision in favor of an expedition which would confound all the schemes of France, and raise the house of Orange to the height of greatness. It was no easy thing to lead enthusiastic Protestants on a crusade against popery with the good wishes of almost all popish governments and of the pope himself. Yet all these things William effected. All his objects, even those which appeared most incompatible with each other, he attained completely and at once. The whole history of ancient and of modern times records no other such triumph of statesmanship.

The task would indeed have been too arduous even for such a statesman as the Prince of Orange, had not his chief adversaries been at this time smitten with an infatuation such as by many men not prone to superstition was ascribed to the special judgment of God. Not only was the king of England, as he had ever been, stupid and perverse, but even the counsel of the politic King of France was turned into foolishness. Whatever wisdom and energy could do, William did. Those obstacles which no wisdom or energy could have overcome, his enemies themselves studiously removed.

On the great day on which the bishops were acquitted, and on which the invitation was dispatched to the Hague, James returned

\* *Vaux Neg.*, Oct. 29–Nov. 8, 1653.

† As to the relation in which the stadtholder and the city of Amsterdam stood toward each other, see *Vaux*, *passim*.

from Hounslow to Westminster in a gloomy and agitated mood. He made an effort that afternoon to appear cheerful;\* but the bonfires, the rockets, and, above all, the waxen popes who were blazing in every quarter of London, were not likely to soothe him. Those who saw him on the morrow could easily read in his face and demeanor the violent emotions which agitated his mind.† During some days he appeared so unwilling to talk about the trial that even Barillon could not venture to introduce the subject.‡

Soon it began to be clear that defeat and mortification had only hardened the king's heart. The first words which he uttered when he learned that the objects of his revenge had escaped him were, "So much the worse for them." Within a week, these words, which he, according to his fashion, repeated many times, were fully explained. He blamed himself, not for having prosecuted the bishops, but for having prosecuted them before a tribunal where questions of fact were decided by juries, and where established principles of law could not be utterly disregarded even by the most servile judges. This error he determined to repair. Not only the seven prelates who had signed the petition, but the whole Anglican clergy, should have reason to curse the day on which they had triumphed over their sovereign. Within a fortnight after the trial, an order was made enjoining all chancellors of dioceses and all archdeacons to make a strict inquisition throughout their respective jurisdictions, and to report to the High Commission, within five weeks, the names of all such rectors, vicars, and curates as had omitted to read the declaration.§ The king anticipated with delight the terror with which the offenders would learn that they were to be cited before a court which would give them no quarter.|| The number of culprits was little, if at all, short of ten thousand; and, after what had passed at Magdalene College, every one of them might reasonably expect to be interdicted from all his spiritual functions, ejected from his benefice, declared incapable of holding any other preferment, and charged with the costs of the proceedings which had reduced him to beggary.

Such was the persecution with which James, smarting from his great defeat in Westminster Hall, resolved to harass the clergy. Meanwhile, he tried to show the lawyers, by a prompt and large distribution of rewards and punishments, that strenuous

and unblushing servility, even when least successful, was a sure title to his favor, and that whoever, after years of obsequiousness, ventured to deviate but for one moment into courage and honesty, was guilty of an unpardonable offense. The violence and audacity which the apostate Williams had exhibited throughout the trial of the bishops had made him hateful to the whole nation.\* He was recompensed with a baronetcy. Holloway and Powell had raised their character by declaring that, in their judgment, the petition was no libel. They were dismissed from their situations.† The fate of Wright seems to have been, during some time, in suspense. He had, indeed, summed up against the bishops; but he had suffered their counsel to question the dispensing power. He had pronounced the petition a libel; but he had carefully abstained from pronouncing the declaration legal; and, through the whole proceeding, his tone had been that of a man who remembered that a day of reckoning might come. He had, indeed, strong claims to indulgence; for it was hardly to be expected that any human impudence would hold out without flagging through such a task in the presence of such a bar and of such an auditory. The members of the Jesuitical cabal, however, blamed his want of spirit; the chancellor pronounced him a beast; and it was generally believed that a new chief justice would be appointed.‡ But no change was made. It would, indeed, have been no easy matter to supply Wright's place. The many lawyers who were far superior to him in parts and learning were, with scarcely an exception, hostile to the designs of the government; and the very few lawyers who surpassed him in turpitude and effrontery were, with scarcely an exception, to be found only in the lowest ranks of the profession, and would have been incompetent to conduct the ordinary business of the Court of King's Bench. Williams, it is true, united all the qualities which James required in a magistrate. But the services of Williams were needed at the bar; and, had he been moved thence, the crown would have been left without the help of any advocate even of the third rate.

Nothing had amazed or mortified the king more than the enthusiasm which the Dissenters had shown in the cause of the bishops. Penn,

\* In one of the numerous ballads of that time are the following lines:

"Both our Britons are fooled,  
Who the laws overruled,  
And next Parliament each will be plaguily schooled."

The two Britons are Jeffreys and Williams, who were both natives of Wales.

† London Gazette, July 9, 1688.

‡ Ellis Correspondence, July 10, 1688; Clarendon's Diary, Aug. 3, 1688.

\* Adda, July 6-16, 1688.

† Reresby's Memoirs.

‡ Barillon, July 2-12, 1689.

§ London Gazette of July 16, 1688.

|| Barillon's own phrase, July 6-16, 1688.

who, though he had himself sacrificed wealth and honors to his conscientious scruples, seems to have imagined that nobody but himself had a conscience, imputed the discontent of the Puritans to envy and dissatisfied ambition. They had not had their share of the benefits promised by the Declaration of Indulgence; none of them had been admitted to any high and honorable post; and, therefore, it was not strange that they were jealous of the Roman Catholics. Accordingly, within a week after the great verdict had been pronounced in Westminster Hall, Silas Titus, a noted Presbyterian, a vehement exclusionist, and a manager of Stafford's impeachment, was invited to occupy a seat in the Privy Council. He was one of the persons on whom the Opposition had most confidently reckoned. But the honor now offered to him, and the hope of obtaining a large sum due him from the crown, overcame his virtue, and, to the great disgust of all classes of Protestants, he was sworn in.\*

The vindictive designs of the king against the Church were not accomplished. Almost all the archdeacons and diocesan chancellors refused to furnish the information which was required. The day on which it had been intended that the whole body of the priesthood should be summoned to answer for the crime of disobedience arrived. The High Commission met. It appeared that scarcely one ecclesiastical officer had sent up a return. At the same time, a paper of grave import was delivered to the board. It came from Sprat, bishop of Rochester. During two years, supported by the hope of an archbishopric, he had been content to bear the reproach of persecuting that Church which he was bound by every obligation of conscience and honor to defend. But his hope had been disappointed. He saw that, unless he abjured his religion, he had no chance of sitting on the metropolitan throne of York. He was too good-natured to find any pleasure in tyranny, and too discerning not to see the signs of the coming retribution. He therefore determined to resign his odious functions; and he communicated his determination to his colleagues in a letter written, like all his compositions, with great propriety and dignity of style. It was impossible, he said, that he could longer continue to be a member of the commission. He had himself, in obedience to the royal command, read the declaration, but he could not presume to condemn thousands of pious and loyal divines who had taken a different view of their duty; and, since it was resolved to punish them for acting according to their

conscience, he must declare that he would rather suffer with them than be accessory to their sufferings.

The commissioners read and stood aghast. The very faults of their colleague, the known laxity of his principles, the known meanness of his spirit, made his defection peculiarly alarming. A government must be indeed in danger when men like Sprat address it in the language of Hampden. The tribunal lately so insolent became on a sudden strangely tame. The ecclesiastical functionaries who had defied its authority were not even reprimanded. It was not thought safe to hint any suspicion that their disobedience had been intentional. They were merely enjoined to have their reports ready in four months. The commission then broke up in confusion. It had received a death blow.\*

While the High Commission shrank from a conflict with the Church, the Church, conscious of its strength, and animated by a new enthusiasm, invited, by a series of defiance, the attack of the High Commission. Soon after the acquittal of the bishops, the venerable Ormond, the most illustrious of the Cavaliers of the great civil war, sank under his infirmities. The intelligence of his death was conveyed with speed to Oxford. Instantly the university, of which he had long been chancellor, met to name a successor. One party was for the eloquent and accomplished Halifax; another for the grave and orthodox Nottingham. Some mentioned the Earl of Abingdon, who resided near them, and had recently been turned out of the lieutenancy of the county for refusing to join with the king against the established religion. But the majority, consisting of a hundred and eighty graduates, voted for the young Duke of Ormond, grandson of their late head, and son of the gallant Ossory. The speed with which they came to this resolution was caused by their apprehension that, if there were a delay even of a day, the king would attempt to force on them some chief who would betray their rights. The apprehension was reasonable; for, only two hours after they had separated, came a mandate from Whitehall requiring them to choose Jeffreys. Happily, the election of young Ormond was already complete and irrevocable.† A few weeks later, the infamous Timothy Hall, who had distinguished himself among the clergy of London by reading the declaration, was rewarded with the bishopric of Oxford, which had been vacant since the death of the not

\* Sprat's Letters to the Earl of Dorset; London Gazette, Aug. 23, 1688.

† London Gazette, July 26, 1688; Adda, July 27—August 6; News-letter in the Mackintosh Collection, July 25; Ellis Correspondence, July 28, 31; Wood's Fasti Oxonienses.

\* London Gazette, July 9, 1688; Adda, July 13—23; Evelyn's Diary, July 12; Johnstone, Dec. 8—18, 1687, Feb. 6—16, 1688.

less infamous Parker. Hall came to his see; but the canons of his cathedral refused to attend his installation; the university refused to create him a doctor; not a single one of the academic youth applied to him for holy orders; no cap was touched to him; and, in his palace, he found himself alone.\*

Soon afterward, a living which was in the gift of Magdalene College, Oxford, became vacant. Hough and his ejected brethren assembled and presented a clerk; and the Bishop of Gloucester, in whose diocese the living lay, instituted their presentee without hesitation.†

The gentry were not less refractory than the clergy. The assizes of that summer wore all over the country an aspect never before known. The judges, before they set out on their circuits, had been summoned into the king's presence, and had been directed by him to impress on the grand jurors and magistrates, throughout the kingdom, the duty of electing such members of Parliament as would support his policy. They obeyed his commands, harangued vehemently against the clergy, reviled the seven bishops, called the memorable petition a factious libel, criticised with great asperity Sancroft's style, which was indeed open to criticism, and pronounced that his grace ought to be whipped by Doctor Busby for writing bad English. But the only effect of these indecent declamations was to increase the public discontent. All the marks of public respect which had usually been shown to the judicial office and to the royal commission were withdrawn. The old custom was that men of good birth and estate should ride in the train of the sheriff when he escorted the judges to the county town; but such a procession could now with difficulty be formed in any part of the kingdom. The successors of Powell and Holloway, in particular, were treated with marked indignity. The Oxford circuit had been allotted to them, and they had expected to be greeted in every shire by a cavalcade of the loyal gentry; but as they approached Wallingford, where they were to open their commission for Berkshire, the sheriff alone came forth to meet them. As they approached Oxford, the eminently loyal capital of an eminently loyal province, they were again welcomed by the sheriff alone.‡

The army was scarcely less disaffected than the clergy or the gentry. The garrison of the Tower had drunk the health of the imprisoned bishops. The grenadiers stationed

at Lambeth had, with every mark of reverence, welcomed the primate back to his palace. Nowhere had the news of the acquittal been received with more clamorous delight than at Hounslow Heath. In truth, the great force which the king had assembled for the purpose of overawing his mutinous capital, had become more mutinous than the capital itself, and was more dreaded by the court than by the citizens. Early in August, therefore, the camp was broken up, and the troops were sent to quarters in different parts of the country.\*

James flattered himself that it would be easier to deal with separate battalions than with many thousands of men collected in one mass. The first experiment was tried on Lord Litchfield's regiment of infantry, now called the Twelfth of the Line. That regiment was probably selected because it had been raised, at the time of the western insurrection, in Staffordshire, a province where the Roman Catholics were more numerous and powerful than in almost any other part of England. The men were drawn up in the king's presence. Their major informed them that his majesty wished them to subscribe an engagement, binding them to assist in carrying into effect his intentions concerning the test, and that all who did not choose to comply must quit the service on the spot. To the king's great astonishment, whole ranks instantly laid down their pikes and muskets. Only two officers and a few privates, all Roman Catholics, obeyed his command. He remained silent for a short time; then he bade the men take up their arms. "Another time," he said with a gloomy look, "I shall not do you the honor to consult you." †

It was plain that, if he determined to persist in his designs, he must remodel his army; yet materials for that purpose he could not find in our island. The members of his Church, even in the districts where they were most numerous, were a small minority of the people. Hatred of popery had spread through all classes of his Protestant subjects, and had become the ruling passion even of plowmen and artisans. But there was another part of his dominions where a very different spirit animated the great body of the population. There was no limit to the number of Roman Catholic soldiers whom the good pay and quarters of England would attract across St. George's Channel. Tyreconnel had been, during some time, employed in forming out of the peasantry of his country a military force on which his master might depend. Already

\* Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*; Luttrell's *Diary*, August 23, 1688.

† Ronquillo, Sept. 17-27, 1688; Luttrell's *Diary*, Sept. 6.

‡ Ellis's *Correspondence*, Aug. 4, 7, 1688; Bishop Sprat's *relation of the Conference of Nov. 6, 1688*.

\* Luttrell's *Diary*, Aug. 8, 1688.

† This is told us by three writers who could well remember that time, Kennet, Eachard, and Oldmixon.

papists, of Celtic blood and speech, composed almost the whole army of Ireland. Barillon earnestly and repeatedly advised James to bring over that army for the purpose of coercing the English.\*

James wavered. He wished to be surrounded by troops on whom he could rely; but he dreaded the explosion of national feeling which the appearance of a great Irish force on English ground must produce. At last, as usually happens when a weak man tries to avoid opposite inconveniences, he took a course which united them all. He brought over Irishmen, not, indeed, enough to hold down the single city of London or the single county of York, but more than enough to excite the alarm and rage of the whole kingdom, from Northumberland to Cornwall. Battalion after battalion, raised and trained by Tyrconnel, landed on the western coast, and moved toward the capital; and Irish recruits were imported in considerable numbers, to fill up vacancies in the English regiments.†

Of the many errors which James committed, none was more fatal than this. Already he had alienated the hearts of his people by violating their laws, confiscating their estates, and persecuting their religion. Of those who had once been most zealous for monarchy, he had already made many rebels in hearts; yet he might still, with some chance of success, have appealed to the patriotic spirit of his subjects against an invader, for they were a race insular in temper as well as in geographical position. Their national antipathies were, indeed, in that age, unreasonably and unamiably strong. They had never been accustomed to the control or interference of any stranger. The appearance of a foreign army on their soil might impel them to rally even round a king whom they had no reason to love. William might perhaps have been unable to overcome this difficulty; but James removed it. Not even the arrival of a brigade of Louis's musketeers would have excited such resentment and shame as our ancestors felt when they saw armed columns of papists, just arrived from Dublin, moving in military pomp along the high roads. No man of English blood then regarded the aboriginal Irish as his countrymen. They did not belong to our branch of the great human family. They were distinguished from us by more than one moral and intellectual peculiarity, which the difference of situation and of education, great as that difference was, did not seem altogether to explain. They had an aspect of their own, a mother tongue of

their own. When they talked English their pronunciation was ludicrous; their phraseology was grotesque, as is always the phraseology of those who think in one language and express their thoughts in another. They were therefore foreigners, and of all foreigners they were the most hated and despised: the most hated, for they had, during five centuries, always been our enemies; the most despised, for they were our vanquished, enslaved, and despoiled enemies. The Englishman compared with pride his own fields with the desolate bogs whence the raparees issued forth to rob and murder, and his own dwelling with the hovels where the peasants and the hogs of the Shannon wallowed in filth together. He was a member of a society far inferior, indeed, in wealth and civilization, to the society in which we live, but still one of the wealthiest and most highly-civilized societies that the world had then seen; the Irish were almost as rude as the savages of Labrador. He was a freeman; the Irish were the hereditary serfs of his race. He worshiped God after a pure and rational fashion; the Irish were sunk in idolatry and superstition. He knew that great numbers of Irish had repeatedly fled before a small English force, and that the whole Irish population had been held down by a small English colony; and he very complacently inferred that he was naturally a being of a higher order than the Irishman; for it is thus that a dominant race always explains its ascendancy and excuses its tyranny. That in vivacity, humor, and eloquence, the Irish stand high among the nations of the world, is now universally acknowledged. That, when well disciplined, they are excellent soldiers, has been proved on a hundred fields of battle; yet it is certain that, a century and a half ago, they were generally despised in our island as both a stupid and a cowardly people. And these were the men who were to hold England down by main force while her civil and ecclesiastical constitution was destroyed. The blood of the whole nation boiled at the thought. To be conquered by Frenchmen or by Spaniards would have seemed comparatively a tolerable fate. With Frenchmen and Spaniards we had been accustomed to treat on equal terms. We had sometimes envied their prosperity, sometimes dreaded their power, sometimes congratulated ourselves on their friendship. In spite of our unsocial pride, we admitted that they were great nations, and that they could boast of men eminent in the arts of war and peace. But to be subjugated by an inferior caste was a degradation beyond all other degradation. The English felt as the white inhabitants of Charleston and New Or-

\* Barillon, Aug. 23-Sept. 2, 1688, Sept. 3-13, 6-16, 8-18.

† Luttrell's Diary, Aug. 27, 1688.

leans would feel if those towns were occupied by negro garrisons. The real facts would have been sufficient to excite uneasiness and indignation; but the real facts were lost amid a crowd of wild rumors which flew without ceasing from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from ale-bench to ale-bench, and became more wonderful and terrible at every stage of the progress. The number of the Irish troops who had landed on our shores might justly excite serious apprehensions as to the king's ulterior designs; but it was magnified tenfold by the public apprehensions. It may well be supposed that the rude kerne of Connaught, placed, with arms in his hands, among a foreign people whom he hated, and by whom he was hated in turn, was guilty of some excesses. These excesses were exaggerated by report; and, in addition to the outrages which the stranger had really committed, all the offenses of his English comrades were set down to his account. From every corner of the kingdom a cry arose against the foreign barbarians who forced themselves into private houses, seized horses and wagons, extorted money, and insulted women. These men, it was said, were the sons of those who, forty-seven years before, had massacred Protestants by tens of thousands. The history of the rebellion of 1641, a history which, even when soberly related, might well move pity and horror, and which had been frightfully distorted by national and religious antipathies, was now the favorite topic of conversation. Hideous stories of houses burned with all the inmates, of women and young children butchered, of near relations compelled by torture to be the murderers of each other, of corpses outraged and mutilated, were told and heard with full belief and intense interest. Then it was added that the dastardly savages who had by surprise committed all these cruelties on an unsuspecting and defenseless colony had, as soon as Oliver came among them on his great mission of vengeance, flung down their arms in panic terror, and had sunk, without trying the chances of a single pitched field, into that slavery which was their fit portion. Many signs indicated that another great spoliation and slaughter of the Saxon settlers was meditated by the lord lieutenant. Already thousands of Protestant colonists, flying from the injustice and insolence of Tyreconnel, had raised the indignation of the mother country by describing all that they had suffered, and all that they had, with too much reason, feared. How much the public mind had been excited by the complaints of these fugitives had recently been shown in a manner not to be mistaken. Tyreconnel had

transmitted for the royal approbation the heads of a bill repealing the law by which half the soil of Ireland was held, and he had sent to Westminster, as his agents, two of his Roman Catholic countrymen who had lately been raised to high judicial office: Nugent, chief justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench, a personification of all the vices and weaknesses which the English then imagined to be characteristic of the Popish Celt; and Rice, a baron of the Irish Exchequer, who, in abilities and attainments, was perhaps the foremost man of his race and religion. The object of the mission was well known; and the two judges could not venture to show themselves in the streets. If ever they were recognized, the rabble shouted, "Room for the Irish ambassadors;" and their coach was escorted with mock solemnity by a train of ushers and harbingers bearing sticks with potatoes stuck on the points.\*

So strong and general, indeed, was at that time the aversion of the English to the Irish, that the most distinguished Roman Catholics partook of it. Powis and Bellaysse expressed, in coarse and acrimonious language, even at the council board, their antipathy to the aliens.† Among English Protestants that antipathy was still stronger; and perhaps it was strongest in the army. Neither officers nor soldiers were disposed to bear patiently the preference shown by their master to a foreign and a subject race. The Duke of Berwick, who was colonel of the Eighth Regiment of the Line, then quartered at Portsmouth, gave orders that thirty men, just arrived from Ireland, should be enlisted. The English soldiers declared that they would not serve with these intruders. John Beaumont, the lieutenant colonel, in his own name and in the name of five of the captains, protested to the duke's face against this insult to the English army and nation. "We raised the regiment," he said, "at our own charges, to defend his majesty's crown in a time of danger. We had then no difficulty in procuring hundreds of English recruits. We can easily keep every company up to its full complement without admitting Irishmen. We therefore do not think it consistent with our honor to have these strangers forced on us; and we beg that we may either be permitted to command men of our own nation, or to lay down our commissions." Berwick sent to Windsor for directions. The king, greatly exasperated, instantly dispatched a troop of horse to Portsmouth with orders to bring the six refractory officers before him.

\* King's State of the Protestants of Ireland; Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland.

† Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland.



A council of war sat on them. They refused to make any submission, and they were sentenced to be cashiered, the highest punishment which a court martial was then competent to inflict. The whole nation applauded the disgraced officers; and the prevailing sentiment was stimulated by an unfounded rumor that, while under arrest, they had been treated with cruelty.\*

Public feeling did not then manifest itself by those signs with which we are familiar, by large meetings, and by vehement harangues. Nevertheless, it found a vent. Thomas Wharton, who, in the last Parliament, had represented Buckinghamshire, and who was already conspicuous both as a libertine and as a Whig; had written a satirical ballad on the administration of Tyreconnel. In this little poem an Irishman congratulates a brother Irishman, in a barbarous jargon, on the approaching triumph of popery and of the Milesian race. The Protestant heir will be excluded. The Protestant officers will be broken. The Great Charter and the praters who appeal to it will be hanged in one rope. The good Talbot will shower commissions on his countrymen, and will cut the throats of the English. These verses, which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641. The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution, a great writer delineated, with exquisite skill, a veteran who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier is his trick of whistling Lillibullero.†

Wharton afterward boasted that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. But, in truth, the success of Lillibullero was the effect, and not the cause, of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution.

\* History of the Desertion, 1689; compare the first and second editions; Barillon, Sept. 8-18, 1688; Citters of the same date; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 168. The compiler of the last-mentioned work says that Churchill moved the court to sentence the six officers to death. This story does not appear to have been taken from the king's papers; I therefore regard it as one of the thousand fictions invented at St. Germain's for the purpose of blackening a character which was black enough without such daubing. That Churchill may have affected great indignation on this occasion, in order to hide the treason which he meditated, is highly probable. But it is impossible to believe that a man of his sense would have urged the members of a council of war to inflict a punishment which was notoriously beyond their competence.

† The song of Lillibullero is among the State Poems. In Percy's Relics the first part will be found, but not the second part, which was added after William's landing. In the Examiner and in several pamphlets of 1712 Wharton is mentioned as the author.

While James was thus raising against himself all those national feelings which, but for his own folly, might have saved his throne, Louis was in another way exerting himself no less effectually to facilitate the enterprise which William meditated.

The party in Holland which was favorable to France was a minority, but a minority strong enough, according to the constitution of the Batavian confederation, to prevent the stadtholder from striking any great blow. To keep that minority steady was an object to which, if the court of Versailles had been wise, every other object would at that conjuncture have been postponed. Louis, however, had, during some time, labored, as if of set purpose, to estrange his Dutch friends; and he at length, though not without difficulty, succeeded in forcing them to become his enemies at the precise moment at which their help would have been invaluable to him.

There were two subjects on which the people of the United Provinces were peculiarly sensitive, religion and trade; and both their religion and their trade the French king had assailed. The persecution of the Huguenots, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had everywhere moved the grief and indignation of Protestants. But in Holland these feelings were stronger than in any other country; for many persons of Dutch birth, confiding in the repeated and solemn declarations of Louis that the toleration granted by his grandfather should be maintained, had, for commercial purposes, settled in France, and a large proportion of the settlers had been naturalized there. Every post now brought to Holland the tidings that these persons were treated with extreme rigor on account of their religion. Dragoons, it was reported, were quartered on one. Another had been held naked before a fire until he was half roasted. All were forbidden, under the severest penalties, to celebrate the rites of their religion, or to quit the country into which they had, under false pretenses, been decoyed. The partisans of the house of Orange exclaimed against the cruelty and perfidy of the tyrant. The Opposition was abashed and dispirited. Even the town council of Amsterdam, though strongly attached to the French interest and to the Arminian theology, and though little inclined to find fault with Louis or to sympathize with the Calvinists whom he persecuted, could not venture to oppose itself to the general sentiment, for in that great city there was scarcely one wealthy merchant who had not some kinsman or friend among the sufferers. Petitions numerous and respectably signed were presented to the burgomasters, imploring them

to make strong representations to Avaux. There were even suppliants who made their way into the Stadthouse, flung themselves on their knees, described with tears and sobs the lamentable condition of those whom they most loved, and besought the intercession of the magistrates. The pulpits resounded with invectives and lamentations. The press poured forth heart-rending narratives and stirring exhortations. Avaux saw the whole danger. He reported to his court that even the well-intentioned—for so he always called the enemies of the house of Orange—either partook of the public feeling, or were overawed by it, and he suggested the policy of making some concession to their wishes. The answers which he received from Versailles were cold and acrimonious. Some Dutch families, indeed, which had not been naturalized in France, were permitted to return to their country. But to those natives of Holland who had obtained letters of naturalization Louis refused all indulgence. No power on earth, he said, should interfere between him and his subjects. These people had chosen to become his subjects; and how he treated them was a matter with which no neighboring state had anything to do. The magistrates of Amsterdam naturally resented the scornful ingratitude of the potentate whom they had strenuously and unscrupulously served against the general sense of their own countrymen. Soon followed another provocation which they felt even more keenly. Louis began to make war on their trade. He first put forth an edict prohibiting the importation of herrings into his dominions. Avaux hastened to inform his court that this step had excited great alarm and indignation; that sixty thousand persons in the United Provinces subsisted by the herring fishery, and that some strong measure of retaliation would probably be adopted by the States. The answer which he received was, that the king was determined not only to persist, but to increase the duties on many of those articles in which Holland carried on a lucrative trade with France. The consequence of these errors—errors committed in defiance of repeated warnings, and, as it should seem, in the mere wantonness of self-will—was, that now, when the voice of a single powerful member of the Batavian federation might have averted an event fatal to all the politics of Louis, no such voice was raised. The envoy, with all his skill, vainly endeavored to rally the party by the help of which he had, during several years, held the stadholder in check. The arrogance and obstinacy of the master counteracted all the efforts of the servant. At length Avaux was compelled to

send to Versailles the alarming tidings that no reliance could be placed on Amsterdam, so long devoted to the French cause; that some of the well-intentioned were alarmed for their religion, and that the few whose inclinations were unchanged could not venture to utter what they thought. The fervid eloquence of preachers who declaimed against the horrors of the French persecution, and the lamentations of bankrupts who ascribed their ruin to the French decrees, had wrought up the people to such a temper, that no citizen could declare himself favorable to France without imminent risk of being flung into the nearest canal. Men remembered that, only fifteen years before, the most illustrious chief of the party adverse to the house of Orange had been torn to pieces by an infuriated mob in the very precinct of the palace of the States-General. A similar fate might not improbably befall those who should, at this crisis, be accused of serving the purposes of France against their native land, and against the Reformed religion.\*

While Louis was thus forcing his friends in Holland to become, or to pretend to become, his enemies, he was laboring with not less success to remove all the scruples which might have prevented the Catholic princes of the continent from countenancing William's designs. A new quarrel had arisen between the court of Versailles and the Vatican, a quarrel in which the injustice and insolence of the French king were perhaps more offensively displayed than in any other transaction of his reign.

It had long been the rule at Rome that no officer of justice or finance could enter the dwelling inhabited by the minister who represented a Catholic state. In process of time, not only the dwelling, but a large precinct round it, was held inviolable. It was a point of honor with every ambassador to extend as widely as possible the limits of the region which was under his protection. At length half the city consisted of privileged districts, within which the papal government had no more power than within the Louvre or the Escurial. Every asylum was thronged with contraband traders, fraudulent bankrupts, thieves and assassins. In every asylum were collected magazines of stolen or smuggled goods. From every asylum ruffians sallied forth nightly to plunder and stab. In no

\* See the Negotiations of the Count of Avaux. It would be almost impossible for me to cite all the passages which have furnished me with materials for this part of my narrative. The most important will be found under the following dates: 1685, Sept. 20, Sept. 24, Oct. 5, Dec. 20; 1686, Jan. 3, Nov. 22; 1687, Oct. 2, Nov. 6, Nov. 19; 1688, July 29, Aug. 20. Lord Lonsdale, in his Memoirs, justly remarks that, but for the mismanagement of Louis, the city of Amsterdam would have prevented the Revolution.

town of Christendom, consequently, was law so impotent and wickedness so audacious as in the ancient capital of religion and civilization. On this subject Innocent felt as became a priest and a prince. He declared that he would receive no ambassador who insisted on a right so destructive of order and morality. There was, at first, much murmuring; but his resolution was so evidently just that all governments but one speedily acquiesced. The emperor, highest in rank among Christian monarchs, the Spanish court, distinguished among all courts by sensitiveness and pertinacity on points of etiquette, renounced the odious privilege. Louis alone was impracticable. What other sovereigns might choose to do, he said, was nothing to him. He therefore sent a mission to Rome, escorted by a great force of cavalry and infantry. The ambassador marched to his palace as a general marches in triumph through a conquered town. The house was strongly guarded. Round the limits of the protected district sentinels paced the rounds day and night, as on the walls of a fortress. The pope was unmoved. "They trust," he cried, "in chariots and in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." He betook him vigorously to his spiritual weapons, and laid the region garrisoned by the French under an interdict.\*

This dispute was at the height when another dispute arose, in which the Germanic body was as deeply concerned as the pope.

Cologne and the surrounding district were governed by an archbishop, who was an elector of the empire. The right of choosing this great prelate belonged, under certain limitations, to the chapter of the Cathedral. The archbishop was also bishop of Liege, of Munster, and of Hildesheim. His dominions were extensive, and included several strong fortresses, which in the event of a campaign on the Rhine would be of the highest importance. In time of war he could bring twenty thousand men into the field. Louis had spared no effort to gain so valuable an ally, and had succeeded so well that Cologne had been almost separated from Germany, and had become an outwork of France. Many ecclesiastics devoted to the court of Versailles had been brought into the chapter; and Cardinal Furstemburg, a mere creature of that court, had been appointed coadjutor.

In the summer of the year 1688 the archbishopric became vacant. Furstemburg was the candidate of the house of Bourbon. The enemies of that house proposed the young

Prince Clement of Bavaria. Furstemburg was already a bishop, and therefore could not be moved to another diocese except by a special dispensation from the pope, or by a postulation, in which it was necessary that two-thirds of the chapter of Cologne should join. The pope would grant no dispensation to a creature of France. The emperor induced more than a third part of the chapter to vote for the Bavarian prince. Meanwhile, in the chapters of Liege, Munster, and Hildesheim, the majority was adverse to France. Louis saw, with indignation and alarm, that an extensive province which he had begun to regard as a fief of his crown was about to become, not merely independent of him, but hostile to him. In a paper written with great acrimony, he complained of the injustice with which France was on all occasions treated by that see which ought to extend a parental protection to every part of Christendom. Many signs indicated his fixed resolution to support the pretensions of his candidate by arms against the pope and the pope's confederates.\*

Thus Louis, by two opposite errors, raised against himself at once the resentment of both the religious parties between which Western Europe was divided. Having alienated one great section of Christendom by persecuting the Huguenots, he alienated another by insulting the Holy See. These faults he committed at a conjuncture at which no fault could be committed with impunity, and under the eye of an opponent second in vigilance, sagacity, and energy to no statesman whose memory history has preserved. William saw with stern delight his adversaries toiling to clear away obstacle after obstacle from his path. While they raised against themselves the enmity of all sects, he labored to conciliate all. The great design which he meditated he with exquisite skill presented to different governments in different lights; and it must be added that, though those lights were different, none of them was false. He called on the princes of Northern Germany to rally round him in defense of the common cause of all Reformed Churches. He set before the two heads of the house of Austria the danger with which they were threatened by French ambition, and the necessity of rescuing England from vassalage and of uniting her to the European confederacy.†

\* Burnet, i, 758; Louis's paper bears date Aug. 27-Sept. 6, 1688. It will be found in the *Recueil des Traites*, vol. iv, No. 219.

† For the consummate dexterity with which he exhibited two different views of his policy to two different parties, he was afterward bitterly reviled by the court of St. Germain's. "Licet Federatis publicis ille prædo haud aliud aperte proponat nisi ut

\* Professor Von Ranke, *Die Romischen Papste*, book viii; Burnet, i, 759.

He disclaimed, and with truth, all bigotry. The real enemy, he said, of the British Roman Catholics was that short-sighted and headstrong monarch who, when he might easily have obtained for them a legal toleration, had trampled on law, liberty, property, in order to raise them to an odious and precarious ascendancy. If the misgovernment of James were suffered to continue, it must produce, at no remote time, a popular outbreak, which might be followed by a barbarous persecution of the papists. The prince declared that to avert the horrors of such a persecution was one of his chief objects. If he succeeded in his design, he would use the power which he must then possess, as head of the Protestant interest, to protect the members of the Church of Rome. Perhaps the passions excited by the tyranny of James might make it impossible to efface the penal laws from the statute book; but those laws should be mitigated by a lenient administration. No class would really gain more by the proposed expedition than those peaceable and unambitious Roman Catholics who merely wished to follow their callings and to worship their Maker without molestation. The only losers would be the Tyrconnels, the Dovers, the Albevilles, and the other political adventurers who, in return for flattery and evil counsel, had obtained from their credulous master governments, regiments, and embassies.

While William exerted himself to enlist on his side the sympathies both of Protestants and of Roman Catholics, he exerted himself with not less vigor and prudence to provide the military means which his undertaking required. He could not make a descent on England without the sanction of the United Provinces. If he asked for that sanction before his design was ripe for execution, his intentions might possibly be thwarted by the faction hostile to his house, and would certainly be divulged to all the world. He therefore determined to make his preparations with all speed, and, when they were complete, to seize some favorable moment for requesting the consent of the federation. It was observed by the agents of France that he was more busy than they had ever known him. Not a day passed on which he was not seen spurring from his villa to the Hague. He was perpetually closeted with his most distinguished adherents. Twenty-four ships of war were fitted out for sea in addition to the ordinary force which the Commonwealth main-

tained. A camp was formed near Nimeguen. Many thousands of troops were assembled there. In order to form this army, the garrisons were withdrawn from the strongholds in Dutch Brabant. Even the renowned fortress of Bergopzoom was left almost defenseless. Field-pieces, bombs, and tumbrels from all the magazines of the United Provinces were collected at the head-quarters. All the bakers of Rotterdam toiled day and night to make biscuit. All the gunmakers of Utrecht were found too few to execute the orders for pistols and muskets. All the saddlers of Amsterdam were hard at work on harness and holsters. Six thousand sailors were added to the naval establishment. Seven thousand new soldiers were raised. They could not, indeed, be formally enlisted without the sanction of the federation; but they were well drilled, and kept in such a state of discipline that they might without difficulty be distributed into regiments within twenty-four hours after that sanction should be obtained. These preparations required ready money; but William had, by strict economy, laid up against a great emergency a treasure amounting to about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. What more was wanting was supplied by the zeal of his partisans. Great quantities of gold—not less, it was said, than a hundred thousand guineas—arrived from England. The Huguenots, who had carried with them into exile large quantities of the precious metals, were eager to lend him all that they possessed; for they fondly hoped that, if he succeeded, they should be restored to the country of their birth; and they feared that, if he failed, they should scarcely be safe even in the country of their adoption.\*

Through the latter part of July and the whole of August the preparations went on rapidly, yet too slowly for the vehement spirit of William. Meanwhile the intercourse between England and Holland was active. The ordinary modes of conveying intelligence and passengers were no longer thought safe. A light bark of marvelous speed constantly ran backward and forward between Scheyning and the eastern coast of our island.† By this vessel William received a succession of letters from persons of high note in the Church, the state, and the army. Two of the seven prelates who had signed the memorable petition, Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, had, during their residence in the Tower, reconsidered the doctrine of non-resistance, and were ready to welcome an armed deliverer. A brother of

*Gallici imperii exuberans amputetur potestas, veruntamen sibi, et suis ex hæretica face complicitibus, ut pro comperto habemus, longe aliud promittit, nempe ut exciso vel enervato Francorum regno, ubi Catholicarum partium summum jam robur situm est, hæretica ipsorum pravitas per orbem Christianum universum prævaleat.*—LETTER OF JAMES TO THE POPE, evidently written in 1689.

\* *Avaux Neg.*, Aug. 2-12, 10-20, 11-21, 14-24, 16-26, 17-27, Aug. 23-Sept. 2, 1688.

† *Ibid.*, Sept. 4-14, 1688.

the Bishop of Bristol, Colonel Charles Tre-lawney, who commanded one of the Tangier regiments, now known as the Fourth of the Line, signified his readiness to draw his sword for the Protestant religion. Similar assurances arrived from the savage Kirke. Churchill, in a letter written with a certain elevation of language, which was the sure mark that he was going to commit a baseness, declared that he was determined to perform his duty to heaven and to his country, and that he put his honor absolutely into the hands of the Prince of Orange. William doubtless read those words with one of those bitter and cynical smiles which gave his face its least pleasing expression. It was not his business to take care of the honor of other men; nor had the most rigid casuist pronounced it unlawful in a general to invite, to use, and to reward the services of deserters whom he could not but despise.\*

Churchill's letter was brought by Sidney, whose situation in England had become hazardous, and who, having taken many precautions to hide his track, had passed over to Holland about the middle of August.† About the same time, Shrewsbury and Edward Russell crossed the German Ocean in a boat which they had hired with great secrecy, and appeared at the Hague. Shrewsbury brought with him twelve thousand pounds, which he had raised by a mortgage on his estates, and which he lodged in the bank of Amsterdam.‡ Devonshire, Danby, and Lumley remained in England, where they undertook to rise in arms as soon as the prince should set foot on the island.

There is reason to believe that, at this conjuncture, William first received assurances of support from a very different quarter. The history of Sunderland's intrigues is covered with an obscurity which it is not probable that any inquirer will ever succeed in penetrating; but, though it is impossible to discover the whole truth, it is easy to detect some palpable fictions. The Jacobites, for obvious reasons, affirmed that the Revolution of 1688 was the result of a plot concerted long before. Sunderland they represented as the chief conspirator. He had, they averred, in pursuance of his great design, incited his too confiding master to dispense with statutes, to create an illegal tribunal, to confiscate freehold property, and to send the fathers of the Established Church to a prison. This romance rests on no evidence, and, though it has been repeated down to our own time, seems hardly to deserve confutation. No

fact is more certain than that Sunderland opposed some of the most imprudent steps which James took, and, in particular, the prosecution of the bishops, which really brought on the decisive crisis. But, even if this fact were not established, there would still remain one argument sufficient to decide the controversy. What conceivable motive had Sunderland to wish for a revolution? Under the existing system he was at the height of dignity and prosperity. As president of the council he took precedence of the whole peerage. As principal secretary of state he was the most active and powerful member of the cabinet. He might look forward to a dukedom. He had obtained the garter lately worn by the brilliant and versatile Buckingham, who, having squandered away a princely fortune and a vigorous intellect, had sunk into the grave deserted, contemned, and broken-hearted.\* Money, which Sunderland valued more than honors, poured in upon him in such abundance that, with ordinary management, he might hope to become, in a few years, one of the wealthiest subjects in Europe. The direct emolument of his posts, though considerable, was a very small part of what he received. From France alone he drew a regular stipend of near six thousand pounds a year, beside large occasional gratuities. He had bargained with Tyreconnel for five thousand a year, or fifty thousand pounds down, from Ireland. What sums he made by selling places, titles, and pardons, can only be conjectured, but must have been enormous. James seemed to take a pleasure in loading with wealth one whom he regarded as his own convert. All fines, all forfeitures, went to Sunderland. On every grant toll was paid to him. If any suitor ventured to ask any favor directly from the king, the answer was, "Have you spoken to my Lord President?" One bold man ventured to say that the Lord President got all the money of the court. "Well," replied his majesty, "he deserves it all."† We shall scarcely overrate the amount of the minister's gains if we put them at thirty thousand pounds a year; and it must be remembered that fortunes of thirty thousand pounds a year were in his time rarer than fortunes of a hundred thousand pounds a year now are. It is probable that there was then not one peer of the realm whose private income equaled Sunderland's official income.

\* London Gazette, April 25, 28, 1687.

† Secret Consults of the Romish Party in Ireland. This account is strongly confirmed by what Bonrepaux wrote to Seigneulay, Sept. 13-22, 1687. "Il [Sunderland] amassera beaucoup d'argent, le roi son maître lui donnant la plus grande partie de celui qui provient des confiscations ou des accommodemens que ceux qui ont encouru des peines font pour obtenir leur grace."

\* Burnet, i, 765; Churchill's letter bears date Au. 4, 1688.

† William to Bentinck, Aug. 17-27, 1688.

‡ Memoirs of the Duke of Shrewsbury, 1718.

What chance was there that, in a new order of things, a man so deeply implicated in illegal and unpopular acts, a member of the High Commission, a renegade whom the multitude, in places of general resort, pursued with the cry of popish dog, would be greater and richer? What chance that he would even be able to escape condign punishment?

He had undoubtedly been long in the habit of looking forward to the time when William and Mary might be, in the regular course of nature and law, at the head of the English government, and had probably attempted to make for himself an interest in their favor, by promises and services which, if discovered, would not have raised his credit at Whitehall. But it may with confidence be affirmed that he had no wish to see them raised to power by a revolution, and that he did not at all foresee such a revolution when, toward the close of June, 1688, he solemnly joined the communion of the Church of Rome.

Scarcely, however, had he, by that inexecutable crime, made himself an object of hatred and contempt to the whole nation, when he learned that the civil and ecclesiastical polity of England would shortly be vindicated by foreign and domestic arms. From that moment all his plans seem to have undergone a change. Fear bowed down his whole soul, and was so written in his face that all who saw him could read.\* It could hardly be doubted that, if there were a revolution, the evil counselors who surrounded the throne would be called to a strict account; and among those counselors he stood in the foremost rank. The loss of his places, his salaries, his pensions, was the least that he had to dread. His patrimonial mansion and woods at Althorpe might be confiscated. He might lie many years in a prison. He might end his days in a foreign land, a pensioner on the bounty of France. Even this was not the worst. Visions of an innumerable crowd covering Tower Hill and shouting with savage joy at the sight of the apostate, of a scaffold hung with black, of Burnet reading the prayer for the departing, and of Ketch leaning on the ax with which Russell and Monmouth had been mangled in so butcherly a fashion, began to haunt the unhappy statesman. There was yet one way in which he might escape, a way more terrible to a noble spirit than a prison or a scaffold. He might still, by a well-timed and useful treason, earn his pardon from the foes of the government. It was in his power to render to them at this conjuncture services beyond all price; for he had the

royal ear; he had great influence over the Jesuitical cabal; and he was blindly trusted by the French ambassador. A channel of communication was not wanting, a channel worthy of the purpose which it was to serve. The Countess of Sunderland was an artful woman, who, under a show of devotion which imposed on some grave men, carried on, with great activity, both amorous and political intrigues.\* The handsome and dissolute Henry Sidney had long been her favorite lover. Her husband was well pleased to see her thus connected with the court of the Hague. Whenever he wished to transmit a secret message to Holland, he spoke to his wife: she wrote to Sidney, and Sidney communicated her letter to William. One of her communications was intercepted and carried to James. She vehemently protested that it was a forgery. Her husband, with characteristic ingenuity, defended himself by representing that it was quite impossible for any man to be so base as to do what he was in the habit of doing. "Even if this is Lady Sunderland's hand," he said, "that is no affair of mine. Your majesty knows my domestic misfortunes. The footing on which my wife and Mr. Sidney are is but too public. Who can believe that I would make a confidant of the man who has injured my honor in the tenderest point—of the man whom, of all others, I ought most to hate?"† This defense was thought satisfactory; and secret intelligence was still transmitted from the wittol to the adulteress, from the adulteress to the gallant, and from the gallant to the enemies of James.

It is highly probable that the first decisive assurances of Sunderland's support were conveyed orally by Sidney to William about the middle of August. It is certain that, from that time until the expedition was ready to sail, a most significant correspondence was kept up between the countess and her lover. A few of her letters, partly written in cipher, are still extant. They contain professions of good will and promises of service mingled with earnest entreaties for protection. The writer intimates that her husband will do all that his friends at the Hague can wish; she supposes that it will be necessary for him to go into temporary exile; but she hopes that his banishment will not be perpetual, and that his patrimonial estate will be spared; and she earnestly begs to be informed in what place it will be best for him to take refuge until the first fury of the storm is over.‡

\* Compare Evelyn's account of her with what the Princess of Denmark wrote about her to the Hague, and with her own letters to Henry Sidney.

† Bonrepanx to Seignelay, July 11-21, 1688.

‡ See her letters in the Sidney Diary and Correspondence lately published. Mr. Fox, in his copy of Barillon's dispatches,

\* Adda says that Sunderland's terror was visible.—Oct. 26-Nov. 5, 1688.

The help of Sunderland was most welcome; for, as the time of striking the great blow drew near, the anxiety of William became intense. From common eyes his feelings were concealed by the icy tranquillity of his demeanor; but his whole heart was open to Bentinck. The preparations were not quite complete. The design was already suspected, and could not long be concealed. The King of France or the city of Amsterdam might still frustrate the whole plan. If Louis were to send a great force into Brabant, if the faction which hated the stadtholder were to raise its head, all was over. "My sufferings, my disquiet," the prince wrote, "are dreadful. I hardly see my way. Never in my life did I so much feel the need of God's guidance."\* Bentinck's wife was at this time dangerously ill, and both the friends were painfully anxious about her. "God support you," William wrote, "and enable you to bear your part in a work on which, as far as human beings can see, the welfare of his Church depends."†

It was indeed impossible that a design so vast as that which had been formed against the King of England should remain during many weeks a secret. No art could prevent intelligent men from perceiving that William was making great military and naval preparations, and from suspecting the object with which those preparations were made. Early in August, hints that some great event was approaching were whispered up and down London. The weak and corrupt Albeville was then on a visit to England, and was, or affected to be, certain that the Dutch government entertained no design unfriendly to James; but, during the absence of Albeville from his post, Avaux performed, with eminent skill, the duties both of French and English ambassador to the States, and supplied Barillon as well as Louis with ample intelligence. Avaux was satisfied that a descent on England was in contemplation, and succeeded in convincing his master of the truth. Every courier who arrived at Westminster, either from the Hague or from Versailles, brought earnest warnings.‡ But James was under a delusion which appears to have been artfully encouraged by Sunderland. The Prince of Orange, said the cunning minister, would never dare to engage in an expedition beyond sea, leaving Holland defenceless. The States, remembering what they had suffered and what they had been in danger of suffering during the great agony of 1672, would never incur the risk of

again seeing an invading army encamped on the plain between Utrecht and Amsterdam. There was doubtless much discontent in England; but the interval was immense between discontent and rebellion. Men of rank and fortune were not disposed lightly to hazard their honors, their estates, and their lives. How many eminent Whigs had held high language when Monmouth was in the Netherlands! and yet, when he set up his standard, what eminent men had joined it? It was easy to understand why Louis affected to give credit to these idle rumors. He doubtless hoped to frighten the King of England into taking the French side in the dispute about Cologne. By such reasoning James was easily lulled into stupid security.\* The alarm and indignation of Louis increased daily. The style of his letters became sharp and vehement.† He could not understand, he wrote, this lethargy on the eve of a terrible crisis. Was the king bewitched? Were his ministers blind? Was it possible that nobody at Whitehall was aware of what was passing in England and on the Continent? Such foolhardy security could scarcely be the effect of mere providence. There must be foul play. James was evidently in bad hands. Barillon was earnestly cautioned not to repose implicit confidence in the English ministers; but he was cautioned in vain. On him, as on James, Sunderland had cast a spell which no exhortation could break.

Louis bestirred himself vigorously. Bonrepaux, who was far superior to Barillon in shrewdness, and who had always disliked and distrusted Sunderland, was dispatched to London with an offer of naval assistance. Avaux was at the same time ordered to declare to the States-General that France had taken James under her protection. A large body of troops was held in readiness to march toward the Dutch frontier. This bold attempt to save the infatuated tyrant in his own despite was made with the full concurrence of Skelton, who was now envoy from England to the court of Versailles.

Avaux, in conformity with his instructions, demanded an audience of the States. It was readily granted. The assembly was unusually large. The general belief was that some overtur respecting commerce was about to be made, and the president brought a written answer framed on that supposition. As soon as Avaux began to disclose his errand, signs of uneasiness were discernible. Those who were believed to enjoy the confidence of the Prince of Orange cast down

marked the 30th of August, N. S., 1688, as the date from which it was quite certain that Sunderland was playing false.

\* Aug. 19-29, 1688.

† Sept. 4-14, 1688.

‡ Avaux, July 19-29, July 31-Aug. 10, Aug. 11-21, 1688; Louis to Barillon, Aug. 2-12, 16-26.

\* Barillon, Aug. 20-30, Aug. 23-Sept. 2, 1688; Adda, August 24-Sept. 3; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 177, Orig. Mem.

† Louis to Barillon, Sept. 3-13, 8-18, 11-21, 1688.

their eyes. The agitation became great when the envoy announced that his master was strictly bound by the ties of friendship and alliance to his Britannic majesty, and that any attack on England would be considered as a declaration of war against France. The president, completely taken by surprise, stammered out a few evasive phrases, and the conference terminated. It was at the same time notified to the States that Louis had taken under his protection Cardinal Furstemburg and the Chapter of Cologne.\*

The deputies were in great agitation. Some recommended caution and delay. Others breathed nothing but war. Fagel spoke vehemently of the French insolence, and implored his brethren not to be daunted by threats. The proper answer to such a communication, he said, was to levy more soldiers and to equip more ships. A courier was instantly dispatched to recall William from Minden, where he was holding a consultation of high moment with the Elector of Brandenburg.

But there was no cause for alarm. James was bent on ruining himself, and every attempt to stop him only made him rush more eagerly to his doom. When his throne was secure, when his people were submissive, when the most obsequious of Parliaments was eager to anticipate all his reasonable wishes, when foreign kingdoms and commonwealths paid emulous court to him, when it depended only on himself whether he would be the arbiter of Christendom, he had stooped to be the slave and the hireling of France. And now when, by a series of crimes and follies, he had succeeded in alienating his neighbors, his subjects, his soldiers, his sailors, his children, and had left himself no refuge but the protection of France, he was taken with a fit of pride, and determined to assert his independence. That help which, when he did not want it, he had accepted with ignominious tears, he now, when it was indispensable to him, threw contemptuously away. Having been abject when he might, with propriety, have been punctilious in maintaining his dignity, he became ungratefully haughty at a moment when haughtiness must bring on him at once derision and ruin. He resented the friendly intervention which might have saved him. Was ever king so used? Was he a child, or an idiot, that others must think for him? Was he a petty prince, a Cardinal Furstemburg, who must fall if not upheld by a powerful patron? Was he to be degraded in the estimation of all Europe by an ostentatious patronage which he had never asked?

Skelton was recalled to answer for his conduct, and, as soon as he arrived, was committed prisoner to the Tower. Citters was well received at Whitehall, and had a long audience. He could, with more truth than diplomatists on such occasions think at all necessary, disclaim, on the part of the States-General, any hostile project; for the States-General had, as yet, no official knowledge of the design of William; nor was it by any means impossible that they might, even now, refuse to sanction that design. James declared that he gave not the least credit to the rumors of a Dutch invasion, and that the conduct of the French government had surprised and annoyed him. Middleton was directed to assure all the foreign ministers that there existed no such alliance between France and England as the court of Versailles had, for its own ends, pretended. To the nuncio the king said that the designs of Louis were palpable and should be frustrated. This officious protection was at once an insult and a snare. "My good brother," said James, "has excellent qualities, but flattery and vanity have turned his head."\* Adda, who was much more anxious about Cologne than about England, encouraged this strange delusion. Albeville, who had now returned to his post, was commanded to give friendly assurances to the States-General, and to add some high language, which might have been becoming in the mouth of Elizabeth or Oliver. "My master," he said, "is raised, alike by his power and by his spirit, above the position which France affects to assign to him. There is some difference between a king of England and an archbishop of Cologne." The reception of Bonrepaux at Whitehall was cold. The naval succors which he offered were not absolutely declined; but he was forced to return without having settled anything; and the envoys both of the United Provinces and of the house of Austria, were informed that his mission had been disagreeable to the king and had produced no result. After the Revolution Sunderland boasted, and probably with truth, that he had induced his master to reject the proffered assistance of France.†

The perverse folly of James naturally excited the indignation of his powerful neighbor. Louis complained that, in return for the greatest service which he could tender to the English government, that government had given

\* "Che l'adulazione e la vanità gli avevano tornato il capo."—Adda, Aug. 31—Sept. 10, 1688.

† Citters, Sept. 11—21, 1688; Avaux, Sept. 17—27, Sept. 27—Oct. 7; Barillon, Sept. 23—Oct. 3; Wagenaar, book Ix; Sunderland's Apology. It has been often asserted that James declined the help of a French army. The truth is, that no such army was offered. Indeed, the French troops would have served James much more effectually by menacing the frontiers of Holland than by crossing the Channel.



him the lie in the face of all Christendom. He justly remarked that what Avaux had said, touching the alliance between France and Great Britain, was true according to the spirit, though perhaps not according to the letter. There was not, indeed, a treaty digested into articles, signed, sealed, and ratified; but assurances equivalent in the estimation of honorable men to such a treaty had, during some years, been constantly exchanged between the two courts. Louis added that, high as was his own place in Europe, he should never be so absurdly jealous of his dignity as to see an insult in any act prompted by friendship; but James was in a very different situation, and would soon learn the value of that aid which he had so ungraciously rejected.\*

Yet, notwithstanding the stupidity and ingratitude of James, it would have been wise in Louis to persist in the resolution which had been notified to the States-General. Avaux, whose sagacity and judgment made him an antagonist worthy of William, was decidedly of this opinion. The first object of the French government—so the skillful envoy reasoned—ought to be to prevent the intended descent on England. The way to prevent that descent was to invade the Spanish Netherlands and to menace the Batavian frontier. The Prince of Orange, indeed, was so bent on his darling enterprise that he would persist, even if the white flag were flying on the walls of Brussels. He had actually said that, if the Spaniards could only manage to keep Ostend, Mons, and Namur until the next spring, he would then return from England with a force which would soon recover all that had been lost. But, though such was the prince's opinion, it was not the opinion of the States. They would not readily consent to send their captain general and the flower of their army across the German Ocean while a formidable enemy threatened their own territory.†

Louis admitted the force of these reasonings, but he had already resolved on a different line of action. Perhaps he had been provoked by the discourtesy and wrongheadedness of the English government, and indulged his temper at the expense of his interest. Perhaps he was misled by the counsels of his minister of war, Louvois, whose influence was great, and who regarded Avaux with no friendly feeling. It was determined to strike in a quarter remote from Holland a great and unexpected blow. Louis suddenly withdrew his troops from Flanders, and poured them into Germany. One army,

placed under the nominal command of the Dauphin, but really directed by the Duke of Duras and by Vauban, the father of the science of fortification, invested Philipsburg. Another, led by the Marquess of Boufflers, seized Worms, Mentz, and Treves. A third, commanded by the Marquess of Humieres, entered Bonn. All down the Rhine, from Carlsruhe to Cologne, the French arms were victorious. The news of the fall of Philipsburg reached Versailles on All Saints' Day, while the court was listening to a sermon in the chapel. The king made a sign to the preacher to stop, announced the good news to the congregation, and, kneeling down, returned thanks to God for this great success. The audience wept for joy.\* The tidings were eagerly welcomed by the sanguine and susceptible people of France. Poets celebrated the triumphs of their magnificent patron. Orators extolled from the pulpit the wisdom and magnanimity of the eldest son of the Church. The Te Deum was sung with unwonted pomp; and the solemn notes of the organ were mingled with the clash of the cymbal and the blast of the trumpet. But there was little cause for rejoicing. The great statesman who was at the head of the European coalition smiled inwardly at the misdirected energy of his foe. Louis had indeed, by his promptitude, gained some advantages on the side of Germany; but those advantages would avail little if England, inactive and inglorious under four successive kings, should suddenly resume her old rank in Europe. A few weeks would suffice for the enterprise on which the fate of the world depended; and for a few weeks the United Provinces were in security.

William now urged on his preparations with indefatigable activity and with less secrecy than he had hitherto thought necessary. Assurances of support came pouring in daily from foreign courts. Opposition had become extinct at the Hague. It was in vain that Avaux, even at this last moment, exerted all his skill to reanimate the faction which had contended against three generations of the house of Orange. The chiefs of that faction, indeed, still regarded the stadtholder with no friendly feeling. They had reason to fear that, if he prospered in England, he would become absolute master of Holland. Nevertheless, the errors of the court of Versailles, and the dexterity with which he had availed himself of those errors, made it impossible to continue the struggle against him. He saw that the time had come for demanding the sanction of the States. Amsterdam

\* Louis to Barillon, Sept. 20-30, 1688.

† Avaux, Sept. 27-Oct. 7, Oct. 4-14, 1688.

\* Madame de Sevigne, Oct. 24-Nov. 3, 1688.

was the head-quarters of the party hostile to his line, his office, and his person; and even from Amsterdam he had at this moment nothing to apprehend. Some of the chief functionaries of that city had been repeatedly closeted with him, with Dykvelt, and with Bentinck, and had been induced to promise that they would promote, or at least that they would not oppose, the great design; some were exasperated by the commercial edicts of Louis; some were in deep distress for kinsmen and friends who were harassed by the French dragoons; some shrank from the responsibility of causing a schism which might be fatal to the Batavian federation; and some were in terror of the common people, who, stimulated by the exhortations of zealous preachers, were ready to execute summary justice on any traitor to the Protestant cause. The majority, therefore, of that town council which had long been devoted to France pronounced in favor of William's undertaking. Thenceforth all fear of opposition in any part of the United Provinces was at an end; and the full sanction of the federation to his enterprise was, in secret sittings, formally given.\*

The prince had already fixed upon a general well qualified to be second in command. This was indeed no light matter. A random shot or the dagger of an assassin might in a moment leave the expedition without a head. It was necessary that a successor should be ready to fill the vacant place; yet it was impossible to make choice of any Englishman without giving offense either to the Whigs or to the Tories; nor had any Englishman then living shown that he possessed the military skill necessary for the conduct of a campaign. On the other hand, it was not easy to assign pre-eminence to a foreigner without wounding the national sensibility of the haughty islanders. One man there was, and only one in Europe, to whom no objection could be found, Frederic, count of Schomberg, a German, sprung from a noble house of the Palatinate. He was generally esteemed the greatest living master of the art of war. His rectitude and piety, tried by strong temptations and never found wanting, commanded general respect and confidence. Though a Protestant, he had been, during many years, in the service of Louis, and had, in spite of the ill offices of the Jesuits, extorted from his employer, by a series of great actions, the staff of a marshal of France. When persecution began to

rage, the brave veteran steadfastly refused to purchase the royal favor by apostasy, resigned, without one murmur, all his honors and commands, quitted his adopted country forever, and took refuge at the court of Berlin. He had passed his seventieth year; but both his mind and his body were still in full vigor. He had been in England, and was much loved and honored there. He had, indeed, a recommendation of which very few foreigners could then boast; for he spoke our language, not only intelligibly, but with grace and purity. He was, with the consent of the Elector of Brandenburg, and with the warm approbation of the chiefs of the English parties, appointed William's lieutenant.\*

And now the Hague was crowded with British adventurers of all the various parties which the tyranny of James had united in a strange coalition: old Royalists who had shed their blood for the throne, old agitators of the army of the Parliament, Tories who had been persecuted in the days of the Exclusion Bill, Whigs who had fled to the Continent for their share in the Rye House Plot.

Conspicuous in this great assemblage were Charles Gerard, earl of Macclesfield, an ancient Cavalier who had fought for Charles the First, and had shared the exile of Charles the Second; Archibald Campbell, who was the eldest son of the unfortunate Argyle, but had inherited nothing except an illustrious name and the inalienable affection of a numerous clan; Charles Paulet, earl of Wiltshire, heir apparent of the Marquisate of Winchester; and Peregrine Osborne, Lord Dunblane, heir apparent of the earldom of Danby. Mordaunt, exulting in the prospect of adventures irresistibly attractive to his fiery nature, was among the foremost volunteers. Fletcher of Saltoun had learned, while guarding the frontier of Christendom against the infidels, that there was once more a hope of deliverance for his country, and had hastened to offer the help of his sword. Sir Patriek Hume, who had, since his flight from Scotland, lived humbly at Utrecht, now emerged from his obscurity; but, fortunately, his eloquence could, on this occasion, do little mischief, for the Prince of Orange was by no means disposed to be the lieutenant of a debating society such as that which had ruined the enterprise of Argyle. The subtle and restless Wildman, who had some time before found England an unsafe residence, and had retired to Germany, now repaired from Germany to the prince's court. There, too, was Carstairs, a Presbyterian minister from Scotland, who in craft and courage had no supe-

\* Witsen MS. quoted by Wagenaar; Lord Lonsdale's Memoirs; Avaux, Oct. 4-14, 5-15, 1688. The formal declaration of the States-General, dated Oct. 18-23, will be found in the *Recueil des Traités*, vol. iv, No. 225.

\* *Abregé de la Vie de Frederic Duc de Schomberg, 1690; Sidney to William, June 20, 1688; Burnet, i, 677.*

rior among the politicians of his age. He had been intrusted some years before by Fagel with important secrets, and had resolutely kept them in spite of the most horrible torments which could be inflicted by boot and thumb-screw. His rare fortitude had earned for him as large a share of the prince's confidence and esteem as was granted to any man except Bentinck.\* Ferguson could not remain quiet when a revolution was preparing. He secured for himself a passage in the fleet, and made himself busy among his fellow-emigrants, but he found himself generally distrusted and despised. He had been a great man in the knot of ignorant and hot-headed outlaws who had urged the feeble Monmouth to destruction; but there was no place for a low-minded agitator, half maniac and half knave, among the grave statesmen and generals who partook the cares of the resolute and sagacious William.

The difference between the expedition of 1685 and the expedition of 1688 was sufficiently marked by the difference between the manifestoes which the leaders of those expeditions published. For Monmouth Ferguson had scribbled an absurd and brutal libel about the burning of London, the strangling of Godfrey, the butchering of Essex, and the poisoning of Charles. The declaration of William was drawn up by the Grand Pensionary Fagel, who was highly renowned as a publicist. Though weighty and learned, it was, in its original form, much too prolix; but it was abridged and translated into English by Burnet, who well understood the art of popular composition. It began by a solemn preamble, setting forth that, in every community, the strict observance of law was necessary alike to the happiness of nations and to the security of governments. The Prince of Orange had therefore seen with deep concern that the fundamental laws of a kingdom with which he was by blood and by marriage closely connected had, by the advice of evil counselors, been grossly and systematically violated. The power of dispensing with acts of Parliament had been strained to such a point that the whole legislative authority had been transferred to the crown. Decisions at variance with the spirit of the Constitution had been obtained from the tribunals by turning out judge after judge until the bench had been filled with men ready to obey implicitly the directions of the government. Notwithstanding the king's repeated assurances that he would maintain the established religion, persons notoriously hostile to that religion

had been promoted, not only to civil offices, but also to ecclesiastical benefices. The government of the Church had, in defiance of express statutes, been intrusted to a new court of High Commission; and in that court one avowed papist had a seat. Good subjects, for refusing to violate their duty and their oaths, had been ejected from their property in contempt of the Great Charter of the liberties of England. Meanwhile, persons who could not legally set foot on the island had been placed at the head of seminaries for the corruption of youth. Lieutenants, deputy lieutenants, justices of the peace, had been dismissed in multitudes for refusing to support a pernicious and unconstitutional policy. The franchises of almost every borough in the realm had been invaded. The courts of justice were in such a state that their decisions, even in civil matters, had ceased to inspire confidence, and that their servility in criminal cases had brought on the kingdom the stain of innocent blood. All these abuses, loathed by the English nation, were to be defended, it seemed, by an army of Irish papists. Nor was this all. The most arbitrary princes had never accounted it an offense in a subject modestly and peaceably to represent his grievances and to ask for relief. But supplication was now treated as a high misdemeanor in England. For no crime but that of offering to the sovereign a petition drawn up in the most respectful terms, the fathers of the Church had been imprisoned and prosecuted, and every judge who gave his voice in their favor had instantly been turned out. The calling of a free and lawful Parliament might indeed be an effectual remedy for all these evils; but such a Parliament, unless the whole spirit of the administration were changed, the nation could not hope to see. It was evidently the intention of the court to bring together, by means of regulated corporations and of popish returning officers, a body which would be a House of Commons in name alone. Lastly, there were circumstances which raised a grave suspicion that the child who was called Prince of Wales was not really born of the queen. For these reasons, the prince, mindful of his near relation to the royal house, and grateful for the affection which the English people had ever shown to his beloved wife and to himself, had resolved, in compliance with the request of many lords spiritual and temporal, and of many other persons of all ranks, to go over at the head of a force sufficient to repel violence. He abjured all thought of conquest. He protested that, while his troops remained in the island, they should be kept under the strictest restraints of discipline,

\* Burnet, i, 584.

and that, as soon as the nation had been delivered from tyranny, they should be sent back. His single object was to have a free and legal Parliament assembled; and to the decision of such a Parliament he solemnly pledged himself to leave all questions both public and private.

As soon as copies of this declaration were handed about the Hague, signs of dissension began to appear among the English. Wildman, indefatigable in mischief, prevailed on some of his countrymen, and, among others, on the headstrong and volatile Mordaunt, to declare that they would not take up arms on such grounds. The paper had been drawn up merely to please the Cavaliers and the parsons. The injuries of the Church and the trial of the bishops had been put too prominently forward; and nothing had been said of the tyrannical manner in which the Tories, before their rupture with the court, had treated the Whigs. Wildman then brought forward a counter-project, prepared by himself, which, if it had been adopted, would have disgusted all the Anglican clergy and four-fifths of the landed aristocracy. The leading Whigs strongly opposed him. Russell, in particular, declared that, if such an insane course were taken, there would be an end of the coalition from which alone the nation could expect deliverance. The dispute was at length settled by the authority of William, who, with his usual good sense, determined that the manifesto should stand nearly as Fagel and Burnet had framed it.\*

While these things were passing in Holland, James had at length become sensible of his danger. Intelligence which could not be disregarded came pouring in from various quarters. At length a dispatch from Albeville removed all doubts. It is said that, when the king had read it, the blood left his cheeks, and he remained some time speechless.† He might, indeed, well be appalled. The first easterly wind would bring a hostile armament to the shores of his realm. All Europe, one single power alone excepted, was impatiently waiting for the news of his downfall. The help of that single power he had madly rejected. Nay, he had requited with insult the friendly intervention which might have saved him. The French armies which, but for his own folly, might have been employed in overawing the States-General, were besieging Philipsburg or garrisoning Mentz. In a few days he might have to fight, on English ground, for his crown and for the birthright of his infant son. His means

were indeed in appearance great. The navy was in a much more efficient state than at the time of his accession; and the improvement is partly to be attributed to his own exertions. He had appointed no lord high admiral or board of Admiralty, but had kept the chief direction of maritime affairs in his own hands, and had been strenuously assisted by Pepys. It is a proverb that the eye of a master is more to be trusted than that of a deputy; and, in an age of corruption and peculation, a department on which a sovereign, even of very slender capacity, bestows close personal attention is likely to be comparatively free from abuses. It would have been easy to find an abler minister of marine than James, but it would not have been easy to find, among the public men of that age, any minister of marine, except James, who would not have embezzled stores, taken bribes from contractors, and charged the crown with the cost of repairs which had never been made. The king was, in truth, almost the only person who could be trusted not to rob the king. There had, therefore, been, during the last three years, much less waste and pilfering in the dock-yards than formerly. Ships had been built which were fit to go to sea. An excellent order had been issued increasing the allowances of captains, and, at the same time, strictly forbidding them to carry merchandise from port to port without the royal permission. The effect of these reforms was already perceptible; and James found no difficulty in fitting out, at short notice, a considerable fleet. Thirty ships of the line, all third rates and fourth rates, were collected in the Thames, under the command of Lord Dartmouth. The loyalty of Dartmouth was above suspicion; and he was thought to have as much professional skill and knowledge as any of the patrician sailors who, in that age, rose to the highest naval commands without a regular naval training, and who were at once flag officers on the sea and colonels of infantry on shore.\*

The regular army was the largest that any king of England had ever commanded, and was rapidly augmented. New companies were incorporated with the existing regiments. Commissions for the raising of fresh regiments were issued. Four thousand men were added to the English establishment. Three thousand were sent for with all speed from Ireland. As many more were ordered to march southward from Scotland. James estimated the force with which he should be

\* Burnet, i, 775, 780.

† Luchard's History of the Revolution, ii, 2.

\* Pepys's Memoirs relating to the Royal Navy, 1690; Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 186, Orig. Mem.; Adda, Sept. 24-Oct. 4; Citters, Sept. 21-Oct. 1.

able to meet the invaders at forty thousand troops, exclusive of the militia.\*

The navy and army were therefore far more than sufficient to repel a Dutch invasion. But could the navy, could the army be trusted? Would not the train-bands flock by thousands to the standard of the deliverer? The party which had, a few years before, drawn the sword for Monmouth, would undoubtedly be eager to welcome the Prince of Orange. And what had become of the party which had, during seven-and-forty years, been the bulwark of monarchy? Where were now those gallant gentlemen who had ever been ready to shed their blood for the crown? Outraged and insulted, driven from the bench of justice, and deprived of all military command, they saw the peril of their ungrateful sovereign with undisguised delight. Where were those priests and prelates who had, from ten thousand pulpits, proclaimed the duty of obeying the anointed delegate of God? Some of them had been imprisoned; some had been plundered; all had been placed under the iron rule of the High Commission, and had been in hourly fear lest some new freak of tyranny should deprive them of their freedoms and leave them without a morsel of bread. That Churchmen would even now so completely forget the doctrine which had been their peculiar boast as to join in active resistance seemed incredible. But could their oppressor expect to find among them the spirit which in the preceding generation had triumphed over the armies of Essex and Waller, and had yielded only after a desperate struggle to the genius and vigor of Cromwell? The tyrant was overcome by fear. He ceased to repeat that concession had always ruined princes, and sullenly owned that he must stoop to court the Tories once more.† There is reason to believe that Halifax was, at this time, invited to return to office, and that he was not unwilling to do so. The part of mediator between the throne and the nation was of all parts that for which he was best qualified and of which he was most ambitious. How the negotiation with him was broken off is not known; but it is not improbable that the question of the dispensing power was the insurmountable difficulty. His hostility to that power had caused his disgrace three years before; and nothing that had since happened had been of a nature to change his views. James, on the other hand, was fully determined to make no

concession on that point.\* As to other matters he was less pertinacious. He put forth a proclamation in which he solemnly promised to protect the Church of England and to maintain the Act of Uniformity. He declared himself willing to make great sacrifices for the sake of concord. He would no longer insist that Roman Catholics should be admitted into the House of Commons; and he trusted that his people would justly appreciate such a proof of his disposition to meet their wishes. Three days later he notified his intention to replace all the magistrates and deputy lieutenants who had been dismissed for refusing to support his policy. On the day after the appearance of this notification, Compton's suspension was taken off.‡

At the same time, the king gave an audience to all the bishops who were then in London. They had requested admittance to his presence for the purpose of tendering their counsel in this emergency. The primate was spokesman. He respectfully asked that the administration might be put into the hands of persons duly qualified; that all acts done under pretense of the dispensing power might be revoked; that the Ecclesiastical Commission might be annulled; that the wrongs of Magdalene College might be redressed, and that the old franchises of the municipal corporations might be restored. He hinted very intelligibly that there was one most desirable event which would completely secure the throne and quiet the distracted realm. If his majesty would reconsider the points in dispute between the Churches of Rome and England, perhaps, by the Divine blessing upon the arguments which the bishops wished to lay before him, he might be convinced that it was his duty to return to the religion of his father and of his grandfather. Thus far, Sancroft said, he had spoken the sense of his brethren. There remained a subject on which he had not taken counsel with them, but to which he thought it his duty to advert. He was, indeed, the only man of his profession who could advert to that subject without being suspected of an interested motive. The metropolitan see of York had been three years vacant. The archbishop implored the king to fill it speedily with a pious and learned divine, and added that such a divine might without difficulty be found among those who then stood in the royal presence. The king commanded himself sufficiently to return thanks for this unpalatable counsel, and promised to consider what had been said.‡ Of

\* Clarke's Life of James the Second, ii, 186, Orig. Mem.; Adda, Sept. 24-Oct. 4; Citters, Sept. 21-Oct. 1.

† Adda, Sept. 24-Oct. 8, 1688. This dispatch describes strongly James's dread of a universal defection of his subjects.

\* All the light which we have respecting this negotiation is derived from Reresby. His informant was a lady whom he does not name, and who certainly was not to be implicitly trusted.

† London Gazette, Sept. 24, 27, Oct. 1, 1688.

‡ Tanner MSS.; Burnet, i, 784. Burnet has, I think, con-

the dispensing power he would not yield one tittle. No unqualified person was removed from any civil or military office. But some of Sancroft's suggestions were adopted. Within forty-eight hours the Court of High Commission was abolished.\* It was determined that the charter of the city of London, which had been forfeited six years before, should be restored; and the chancellor was sent in state to carry back the venerable parchment to Guildhall.† A week later the public was informed that the Bishop of Winchester, who was by virtue of his office visitor of Magdalene College, had it in charge from the king to correct whatever was amiss in that society. It was not without a long struggle and a bitter pang that James stooped to this humiliation. Indeed, he did not yield until the Vicar Apostolic Leyburn, who seems to have behaved on all occasions like a wise and honest man, declared that in his judgment the ejected president and fellows had been wronged, and that, on religious as well as on political grounds, restitution ought to be made to them.‡ In a few days appeared a proclamation restoring the forfeited franchises of all the municipal corporations.§

James flattered himself that concessions so great, made in the short space of a month, would bring back to him the hearts of his people. Nor can it be doubted that such concessions, made before there was reason to expect an invasion from Holland, would have done much to conciliate the Tories. But gratitude is not to be expected by rulers who give to fear what they have refused to justice. During three years the king had been proof to all argument and to all entreaty. Every minister who had dared to raise his voice in favor of the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the realm had been disgraced. A Parliament eminently loyal had ventured to protest gently and respectfully against a violation of the fundamental laws of England, and had been sternly reprimanded, prorogued, and dissolved. Judge after judge had been stripped of the ermine for declining to give decisions opposed to the whole common and statute law. The most respectable Cavaliers had been excluded from all share in the government of their counties for refusing to be-

tray the public liberties. Scores of clergymen had been deprived of their livelihood for observing their oaths. Prelates, to whose steadfast fidelity the tyrant owed the crown which he wore, had on their knees besought him not to command them to violate the laws of God and of the land. Their modest petition had been treated as a seditious libel. They had been brow-beaten, threatened, imprisoned, prosecuted, and had narrowly escaped utter ruin. Then at length the nation, finding that right was borne down by might, and that even supplication was regarded as a crime, began to think of trying the chances of war. The oppressor learned that an armed deliverer was at hand, and would be eagerly welcomed by Whigs and Tories, Dissenters and Churchmen. All was immediately changed. That government which had required constant and zealous service with spoliation and persecution, that government which to weighty reasons and pathetic entreaties had replied only by injuries and insults, became in a moment strangely gracious. Every Gazette now announced the removal of some grievance. It was then evident that on the equity, the humanity, the plighted word of the king, no reliance could be placed, and that he would govern well only so long as he was under the strong dread of resistance. His subjects were therefore by no means disposed to restore to him a confidence which he had justly forfeited, or to relax the pressure which had wrung from him the only good acts of his whole reign. The general impatience for the arrival of the Dutch became every day stronger. The gales which at this time blew obstinately from the west, and which at once prevented the prince's armament from sailing and brought fresh Irish regiments from Dublin to Chester, were bitterly cursed and reviled by the common people. The weather, it was said, was popish. Crowds stood in Cheapside gazing intently at the weathercock on the graceful steeple of Bow Church, and praying for a Protestant wind.\*

The general feeling was strengthened by an event which, though merely accidental, was not unnaturally ascribed to the perfidy of the king. The Bishop of Winchester announced that, in obedience to the royal commands, he designed to restore the ejected members of Magdalene College. He fixed the twenty-first of October for this ceremony, and on the twentieth went down to Oxford. The whole university was in expectation. The expelled fellows had arrived from all

founded this audience with an audience which took place a few weeks later.

\* London Gazette, Oct. 8, 1688.

† Ibid.

‡ London Gazette, Oct. 15, 1688; Adda, October 12-22. The nuncio, though generally an enemy to violent courses, seems to have opposed the restoration of Hough, probably from regard for the interests of Giffard and the other Roman Catholics who were quartered in Magdalene College. Leyburn declared himself "nel sentimento che fosse stato uno spoglio, e che il possesso in cui si trovano ora li Cattolici fosse violento ed illegale, onde non era privar questi di un dritto acquisto, ma rendere agli altri quello che era stato levato con violenza."

§ London Gazette, Oct. 18, 1688.

\* "Vento papista," says Adda, Oct. 24-Nov. 3, 1688. The expression Protestant wind seems to have been first applied to the east wind which kept Tyrconnel, during some time, from taking possession of the government of Ireland. See the first part of Lillibullero.

parts of the kingdom, eager to take possession of their beloved home. Three hundred gentlemen on horseback escorted the visitor to his lodgings. As he passed, the bells rang, and High Street was crowded with shouting spectators. He retired to rest. The next morning a joyous crowd assembled at the gates of Magdalene; but the bishop did not make his appearance; and soon it was known that he had been roused from his bed by a royal messenger, and had been directed to repair immediately to Whitehall. This strange disappointment caused much wonder and anxiety; but in a few hours came news which, to minds disposed, not without reason, to think the worst, seemed completely to explain the king's change of purpose. The Dutch armament had put out to sea, and had been driven back by a storm. The disaster was exaggerated by rumor. Many ships, it was said, had been lost. Thousands of horses had perished. All thought of a design on England must be relinquished, at least for the present year. Here was a lesson for the nation. While James expected immediate invasion and rebellion, he had given orders that reparation should be made to those whom he had unlawfully despoiled. As soon as he found himself safe, those orders had been revoked. This imputation, though at that time generally believed, and though, since that time, repeated by writers who ought to have been well informed, was without foundation. It is certain that the mishap of the Dutch fleet could not, by any mode of communication, have been known at Westminster until some hours after the Bishop of Winchester had received the summons which called him away from Oxford. The king, however, had little right to complain of the suspicions of his people. If they sometimes, without severely examining evidence, ascribed to his dishonest policy what was really the effect of accident or inadvertence, the fault was his own. That men who are in the habit of breaking faith should be distrusted when they mean to keep it is part of their just and natural punishment.\*

It is remarkable that James, on this occasion, incurred one unmerited imputation solely in consequence of his eagerness to clear himself from another imputation equally unmerited. The Bishop of Winchester had been hastily summoned from Oxford to attend an extraordinary meeting of the Privy Council, or, rather, an assembly of Notables, which had been convoked at Whitehall. With the privy counselors were joined, in this solemn sitting, all the peers spiritual and temporal who

chanced to be in or near the capital, the judges, the crown lawyers, the lord mayor and the aldermen of the city of London. A hint had been given to Petre that he would do well to absent himself. In truth, few of the peers would have chosen to sit with him. Near the head of the board a chair of state was placed for the queen dowager. The Princess Anne had been requested to attend, but had excused herself on the plea of delicate health.

James informed this great assembly that he thought it necessary to produce proofs of the birth of his son. The arts of bad men had poisoned the public mind to such an extent that very many believed the Prince of Wales to be a supposititious child; but Providence had graciously ordered things so that scarcely any prince had ever come into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. Those witnesses then appeared and gave their evidence. After all the depositions had been taken, James with great solemnity declared that the imputation thrown on him was utterly false, and that he would rather die a thousand deaths than wrong any of his children.

All who were present appeared to be satisfied. The evidence was instantly published, and was allowed by judicious and impartial persons to be decisive.\* But the judicious are always a minority; and scarcely anybody was then impartial. The whole nation was convinced that all sincere papists thought it a duty to perjure themselves whenever they could, by perjury, serve the interests of their Church. Men who, having been bred Protestants, had, for the sake of lucre, pretended to be converted to popery, were, if possible, less trustworthy even than sincere papists. The depositions of all who belonged to these two classes were therefore regarded as mere nullities. Thus the weight of the testimony on which James had relied was greatly reduced. What remained was malignantly scrutinized. To every one of the few Protestant witnesses who had said anything material, some exception was taken. One was notoriously a greedy sycophant. Another had not indeed yet apostatized, but was nearly related to an apostate. The people asked, as they had asked from the first, why, if all was right, the king, knowing, as he knew, that many doubted the reality of his wife's pregnancy, had not taken care that the birth should be more satisfactorily proved. Was there nothing suspicious in the false reckoning, in the sudden change of abode, in the absence of the Princess Anne and of the Archbishop of Canterbury? Why was no prelate of the Established Church in attendance? Why was not

\* All the evidence on this point is collected in Howel's edition of the State Trials.

\* It will be found with much illustrative matter in Howel's edition of the State Trials.

the Dutch ambassador summoned? Why, above all, were not the Hydes, loyal servants of the crown, faithful sons of the Church, and natural guardians of the interest of their nieces, suffered to mingle with the crowd of papists which was assembled in and near the royal bed-chamber? Why, in short, was there, in the long list of assistants, not a single name which commanded public confidence and respect? The true answer to these questions was, that the king's understanding was weak, that his temper was despotic, and that he had willingly seized an opportunity of manifesting his contempt for the opinion of his subjects. But the multitude, not contented with this explanation, attributed to deep-laid villany what was really the effect of folly and perverseness. Nor was this opinion confined to the multitude. The Lady Anne, at her toilet, on the morning after the council, spoke of the investigation with such scorn as emboldened the very tire-women who were dressing her to put in their jests. Some of the lords who had heard the examination, and had appeared to be satisfied, were really unconvinced. Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, in particular, continued to the end of his life to believe that a fraud had been practiced.

The depositions taken before the council had not been many hours in the hands of the public when it was noised abroad that Sunderland had been dismissed from all his places. The news of his disgrace seems to have taken the politicians of the coffee-houses by surprise, but did not astonish those who had observed what was passing in the palace. Treason had not been brought home to him by legal, or even by tangible evidence; but there was a strong suspicion among those who watched him closely that, through some channel or other, he was in communication with the enemies of that government in which he occupied so high a place. He, with unabashed forehead, imprecated on his own head all evil here and hereafter if he was guilty. His only fault, he protested, was that he had served the crown too well. Had he not given hostages to the royal cause? Had he not broken down every bridge by which he could, in case of a disaster, effect his retreat? Had he not gone all lengths in favor of the dispensing power, sat in the High Commission, signed the warrant for the commitment of the bishops, appeared as a witness against them, at the hazard of his life, amid the hisses and curses of the thousands who filled Westminster Hall? Had he not given the last proof of fidelity by renouncing his religion, and publicly joining a church which the nation detested? What had he to hope from a change? What had he not to dread? These argu-

ments, though plausible, and though set off by the most insinuating address, could not remove the impression which whispers and reports arriving at once from a hundred different quarters had produced. The king became daily colder and colder. Sunderland attempted to support himself by the queen's help, obtained an audience of her majesty, and was actually in her apartment when Middleton entered, and, by the king's orders, demanded the seals. That evening the fallen minister was for the last time closeted with the prince whom he had flattered and betrayed. The interview was a strange one. Sunderland acted calumniated virtue to perfection. He regretted not, he said, the secretaryship of state or the presidency of the council, if only he retained his sovereign's esteem. "Do not, sir, do not make me the most unhappy gentleman in your dominions, by refusing to declare that you acquit me of disloyalty." The king hardly knew what to believe. There was no positive proof of guilt; and the energy and pathos with which Sunderland lied might have imposed on a keener understanding than that with which he had to deal. At the French embassy his professions still found credit. There he declared that he should remain a few days in London and show himself at court. He would then retire to his country seat at Althorpe, and try to repair his dilapidated fortunes by economy. If a revolution should take place, he must fly to France. His ill-requited loyalty had left him no other place of refuge.\*

The seals which had been taken from Sunderland were delivered to Preston. The same Gazette which announced this change contained the official intelligence of the disaster which had befallen the Dutch fleet.† That disaster was serious, though far less serious than the king and his few adherents, misled by their wishes, were disposed to believe.

On the sixteenth of October, according to the English reckoning, was held a solemn sitting of the States of Holland. The prince came to bid them farewell. He thanked them for the kindness with which they had watched over him when he was left an orphan child, for the confidence which they had reposed in him during his administration, and for the assistance which they had granted to him at this momentous crisis. He entreated them to believe that he had always meant and endeavored to promote the interest of his country. He was now quitting them, perhaps never to return. If he should fall in defense of the Reformed religion and of the inde-

\* Barillon, Oct. 8-18, 15-25, 18-28, Oct. 26-Nov. 5, Oct. 27-Nov. 6, Oct. 29-Nov. 8, 1688; Adda, Oct. 26-Nov. 5.

† London Gazette, Oct. 29, 1688.



pendence of Europe, he commended his beloved wife to their care. The Grand Pensionary answered in a faltering voice; and in all that grave senate there was none who could refrain from shedding tears. But the iron stoicism of William never gave way; and he stood among his weeping friends calm and austere as if he had been about to leave them only for a short visit to his hunting grounds at Loo.\*

The deputies of the principal towns accompanied him to his yacht. Even the representatives of Amsterdam, so long the chief seat of opposition to his administration, joined in paying him this compliment. Public prayers were offered for him on that day in all the churches of the Hague.

In the evening he arrived at Helvoetsluys, and went on board of a frigate called the Brill. His flag was immediately hoisted. It displayed the arms of Nassau quartered with those of England. The motto, embroidered in letters three feet long, was happily chosen. The house of Orange had long used the elliptical device, "I will maintain." The ellipsis was now filled up with words of high import, "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion."

The prince had not been many hours on board when the wind became fair. On the nineteenth the armament put to sea, and traversed, before a strong breeze, about half the distance between the Dutch and English coasts. Then the wind changed, blew hard from the west, and swelled into a violent tempest. The ships, scattered and in great distress, regained the shore of Holland as they best might. The Brill reached Helvoetsluys on the twenty-first. The prince's fellow-passengers had observed with admiration that neither peril nor mortification had for one moment disturbed his composure. He now, though suffering from sea-sickness, refused to go on shore; for he conceived that, by remaining on board, he should in the most effectual manner notify to Europe that the late misfortune had only delayed for a very short time the execution of his purpose. In two or three days the fleet reassembled. One vessel only had been cast away. Not a single soldier or sailor was missing. Some horses had perished, but this loss the prince with great expedition repaired; and, before the London Gazette had spread the news of his mishap, he was again ready to sail.†

His declaration preceded him only by a few hours. On the first of November it began to

be mentioned in mysterious whispers by the politicians of London, was passed secretly from man to man, and was slipped into the boxes of the post-office. One of the agents was arrested, and the packets of which he was in charge were carried to Whitehall. The king read, and was greatly troubled. His first impulse was to hide the paper from all human eyes. He threw into the fire every copy which had been brought to him except one, and that one he would scarcely trust out of his own hands.\*

The paragraph in the manifesto which disturbed him most was that in which it was said that some of the peers, spiritual and temporal, had invited the Prince of Orange to invade England. Halifax, Clarendon, and Nottingham were then in London. They were immediately summoned to the palace and interrogated. Halifax, though conscious of innocence, refused at first to make any answer. "Your majesty asks me," said he, "whether I have committed high treason. If I am suspected, let me be brought before my peers. And how can your majesty place any dependence on the answer of a culprit whose life is at stake? Even if I had invited his highness over, I should without scruple plead Not Guilty." The king declared that he did not at all consider Halifax as a culprit, and that he had asked the question as one gentleman asks another who has been calumniated whether there be the least foundation for the calumny. "In that case," said Halifax, "I have no objection to aver, as a gentleman speaking to a gentleman, on my honor, which is as sacred as my oath, that I have not invited the Prince of Orange over."† Clarendon and Nottingham said the same. The king was still more anxious to ascertain the temper of the prelates. If they were hostile to him, his throne was indeed in danger. But it could not be. There was something monstrous in the supposition that any bishop of the Church of England could rebel against his sovereign. Compton was called into the royal closet, and asked whether he believed that there was the slightest ground for the prince's assertion. The bishop was in a strait, for he was himself one of the seven who had signed the invitation; and his conscience, not a very enlightened conscience, would not suffer him, it seems, to utter a direct falsehood. "Sir," he said, "I am quite confident that there is not one of my brethren who is not as guiltless as myself in this matter." The equivocation was ingenious; but whether the difference between the sin of such an equivo-

\* Register of the Proceedings of the States of Holland and West Friesland; Burnet, i, 782.

† London Gazette, Oct. 29, 1688; Burnet, i, 782; Bentinck to his wife, Oct. 21-31, Oct. 22-Nov. 1, Oct. 24-Nov. 3, Oct. 27-Nov. 6, 1688.

\* Citters, Nov. 2-12, 1688; Adda, Nov. 2-12.

† Ronquillo, Nov. 12 22, 1688. "Estas respuestas," say Ronquillo, "son ciertas, aunque mas las encubrian en la corte."

cation and the sin of a lie be worth any expense of ingenuity may perhaps be doubted. The king was satisfied. "I fully acquit you all," he said. "But I think it necessary that you should publicly contradict the slanderous charge brought against you in the prince's declaration." The bishop very naturally begged that he might be allowed to read the paper which he was required to contradict; but the king would not suffer him to look at it.

On the following day appeared a proclamation threatening with the severest punishment all who should circulate, or who should even dare to read, William's manifesto.\* The primate and the few spiritual peers who happened to be then in London had orders to wait upon the king. Preston was in attendance with the prince's declaration in his hand. "My lords," said James, "listen to this passage. It concerns you." Preston then read the sentence in which the spiritual peers were mentioned. The king proceeded: "I do not believe one word of this: I am satisfied of your innocence; but I think it fit to let you know of what you are accused."

The primate, with many dutiful expressions, protested that the king did him no more than justice. "I was born in your majesty's allegiance. I have repeatedly confirmed that allegiance by my oath. I can have but one king at one time. I have not invited the prince over; and I do not believe that a single one of my brethren has done so." "I am sure I have not," said Crewe of Durham. "Nor I," said Cartwright of Chester. Crewe and Cartwright might well be believed, for both had sat in the Ecclesiastical Commission. When Compton's turn came, he parried the question with an adroitness which a Jesuit might have envied. "I gave your majesty my answer yesterday."

James repeated again and again that he fully acquitted them all. Nevertheless, it would, in his judgment, be for his service and for their own honor that they should publicly vindicate themselves. He therefore required them to draw up a paper setting forth their abhorrence of the prince's design. They remained silent; their silence was supposed to imply consent; and they were suffered to withdraw.†

Meanwhile the fleet of William was on the German Ocean. It was on the evening of Thursday, the first of November, that he put to sea the second time. The wind blew fresh from the east. The armament, during twelve hours, held a course toward the northwest. The light vessels sent out by the English

admiral for the purpose of obtaining intelligence brought back news which confirmed the prevailing opinion that the enemy would try to land in Yorkshire. All at once, on a signal from the prince's ship, the whole fleet tacked, and made sail for the British Channel. The same breeze which favored the voyage of the invaders prevented Dartmouth from coming out of the Thames. His ships were forced to strike yards and topmasts; and two of his frigates, which had gained the open sea, were shattered by the violence of the weather and driven back into the river.\*

Meanwhile the Dutch fleet ran fast before the gale, and reached the Straits at about ten in the morning of Saturday, the third of November. William himself, in the Brill, led the way. More than six hundred vessels, with canvas spread to a favorable wind, followed in his train. The transports were in the center. The men of war, more than fifty in number, formed an outer rampart. The squadron which guarded the rear, and which, if Dartmouth had given chase, would have been the first to engage, was commanded by Herbert; and many English sailors, inflamed against popery, and attracted by high pay, were under Herbert's command. No arrangement could be more prudent. There was, in the king's fleet, much discontent and an ardent zeal for the Protestant faith. But within the memory of old mariners the Dutch and English navies had thrice, with heroic spirit and various fortune, contended for the empire of the sea. Our sailors had not forgotten the broom with which Van Tromp had threatened to sweep the Channel, or the fire which De Ruyter had lighted in the dockyards of the Medway. Had the rival nations been once more brought face to face on the element of which both claimed the sovereignty, all other thoughts might have given place to mutual animosity. A bloody and obstinate battle might have been fought. Defeat would have been fatal to William's enterprise. Even victory would have deranged all his deeply-meditated schemes of policy. He therefore wisely determined that the pursuers, if they overtook him, should be hailed in their own mother tongue, and adjured, by an admiral under whom they had served and whom they esteemed, not to fight against old messmates for popish tyranny. Such an appeal might possibly avert a conflict. If a conflict took place, one English commander would be opposed to another; nor would the pride of the islanders be wounded by learning that Dart-

\* London Gazette, Nov 5, 1688. The proclamation is dated Nov. 2.

† Tanner MSS.

\* Burnet, i, 787; Rapin; Whittie's Exact Diary; Expedition of the Prince of Orange to England, 1688; History of the Destruction, 1688; Dartmouth to James, November 5, 1688, in Dalrymple.

mouth had been compelled to strike to Herbert.\*

Happily, William's precautions were not necessary. Soon after midday he passed over the Straits. His fleet spread to within a league of Dover on the north and of Calais on the south. The men of war on the extreme right and left saluted both fortresses at once. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. An innumerable company of gazers blackened the white beach of Kent. Another mighty multitude covered the coast of Picardy. Rapin de Thoyras, who, driven by persecution from his country, had taken service in the Dutch army and accompanied the prince to England, described the spectacle, many years later, as the most magnificent and affecting that was ever seen by human eyes. At sunset the armament was off Beachy Head. Then the lights were kindled. The sea was in a blaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were fixed throughout the night on three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the Brill.†

Meanwhile a courier had been riding post from Dover Castle to Whitehall with news that the Dutch had passed the Straits and were steering westward. It was necessary to make an immediate change in all the military arrangements. Messengers were dispatched in every direction. Officers were roused from their beds at dead of night. At three on the Sunday morning there was a great muster by torchlight in Hyde Park. The king had sent several regiments northward, in the expectation that William would land in Yorkshire. Expresses were dispatched to recall them. All the forces except those which were necessary to keep the peace of the capital were ordered to move to the west. Salisbury was appointed as the place of rendezvous; but, as it was thought possible that Portsmouth might be the first point of attack, three battalions of guards and a strong body of cavalry set out for that fortress. In a few hours it was known that Portsmouth was safe; and these troops received orders to change their route and to hasten to Salisbury.‡

When Sunday, the fourth of November, dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were in full view of the Dutch armament. That day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part of the morning, and Divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on its course. Torbay was the place where the prince intended to land. But the morning of Monday, the fifth of November, was hazy. The pilot of the Brill could not discern the sea-marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great. To return in the face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the next port; but at Plymouth a garrison had been posted under the command of Lord Bath. The landing might be opposed; and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time the royal fleet had got out of the Thames, and was hastening full sail down the Channel. Russell saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, "You may go to prayers, doctor: all is over." At that moment the wind changed; a soft breeze sprang up from the south; the mist dispersed; the sun shone forth; and under the mild light of an autumnal noon, the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbor of Torbay.\*

Since William looked on that harbor its aspect has greatly changed. The amphitheater which surrounds the spacious basin now exhibits everywhere the signs of prosperity and civilization. At the northwestern extremity has sprung up a great watering-place, to which strangers are attracted from the most remote parts of our island by the Italian softness of the air; for in that climate the myrtle flourishes unsheltered; and even the winter is milder than the Northumbrian April. The inhabitants are about ten thousand in number. The newly-built churches and chapels, the baths and libraries, the hotels and public gardens, the infirmary and the museum, the white streets, rising terrace above terrace, the gay villas peeping from the midst of shrubberies and flower-beds, present a spectacle widely different from any that in the seventeenth century England could show. At the opposite end of the bay lies, sheltered by Berry Head, the stirring market-town of Brixham, the wealthiest seat of our fishing trade. A pier and a haven were formed there at the beginning of the present century, but have been found insufficient for the in-

\* Avaux, July 12-22, Aug. 14-24, 1688. In a letter to Bentinck, dated Sept. 6-16, 1688, William insists strongly on the importance of avoiding an action, and begs Bentinck to represent this to Herbert. "Ce n'est pas le tems de faire voir sa bravoure, ni de se battre si l'on ne peut éviter. Je luy l'ai déjà dit: mais il sera nécessaire que vous le repetiez, et que vous le luy fassiez bien comprendre."

† Rapin's History; Whittie's Exact Diary. I have seen a contemporary Dutch chart of the order in which the fleet sailed.

‡ Adda, Nov. 5-15, 1688; News-letter in the Mackintosh Collection; Citters, Nov. 6-16.

\* Burnet, i, 788; Extracts from the Legge Papers in the Mackintosh Collection.

creasing traffic. The population is about six thousand souls. The shipping amounts to more than two hundred sail. The tonnage exceeds many times the tonnage of the port of Liverpool under the kings of the house of Stuart. But Torbay, when the Dutch fleet east anchor there, was known only as a haven where ships sometimes took refuge from the tempests of the Atlantic. Its quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or of pleasure, and the huts of plowmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions.

The peasantry of the coast of Devonshire remembered the name of Monmouth with affection, and held popery in detestation. They therefore crowded down to the seaside with provisions and offers of service. The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. Mackay was sent on shore first with the British regiments. The prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands. The whole aspect of the place has been altered. Where we now see a port crowded with shipping, and a market-place swarming with buyers and sellers, the waves then broke on a desolate beach; but a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the center of that busy wharf.

As soon as the prince had planted his foot on dry ground he called for horses. Two beasts, such as the small yeomen of that time were in the habit of riding, were procured from the neighboring village. William and Schomberg mounted, and proceeded to examine the country.

As soon as Burnet was on shore he hastened to the prince. An amusing dialogue took place between them. Burnet poured forth his congratulations with genuine delight, and then eagerly asked what were his highness's plans. Military men are seldom disposed to take counsel with gownsmen on military matters, and William regarded the interference of unprofessional advisers, in questions relating to war, with even more than the disgust ordinarily felt by soldiers on such occasions. But he was at that moment in an excellent humor, and, instead of signifying his displeasure by a short and cutting reprimand, graciously extended his hand, and answered his chaplain's question by another question: "Well, doctour, what do you think of predestination now?" The reproof was so delicate that Burnet, whose perceptions were not very fine, did not perceive it. He answered with great fervor that he should

never forget the signal manner in which Providence had favored their undertaking.\*

During the first day the troops who had gone on shore had many discomforts to endure. The earth was soaked with rain. The baggage was still on board of the ships. Officers of high rank were compelled to sleep in wet clothes on the wet ground; the prince himself had no better quarters than a hut afforded. His banner was displayed on the thatched roof; and some bedding brought from his ship was spread for him on the floor.† There was some difficulty about landing the horses, and it seemed probable that this operation would occupy several days; but on the following morning the prospect cleared. The wind was gentle. The water in the bay was as even as glass. Some fishermen pointed out a place where the ships could be brought within sixty feet of the beach. This was done; and in three hours many hundreds of horses swam safely to shore.

The disembarkation had hardly been effected, when the wind rose again, and swelled into a fierce gale from the west. The enemy coming in pursuit down the Channel had been stopped by the same change of weather which enabled William to land. During two days the king's fleet lay on an unruffled sea in sight of Beachy Head. At length Dartmouth was able to proceed. He passed the Isle of Wight, and one of his ships came in sight of the Dutch topmasts in Torbay. Just at this moment he was encountered by the tempest, and compelled to take shelter in the harbor of Portsmouth.‡ At that time James, who was not incompetent to form a judgment on a question of seamanship, declared himself perfectly satisfied that the admiral had done all that man could do, and had yielded only to the irresistible hostility of the winds and waves. At a later period the unfortunate prince began, with little reason, to suspect Dartmouth of treachery, or, at least, of slackness.§

The weather had indeed served the Protestant cause so well that some men of more piety than judgment fully believed the ordinary laws of nature to have been suspended for the preservation of the liberty and religion of England. Exactly a hundred years before, they said, the Armada, invincible by

\* I think that nobody who compares Burnet's account of this conversation with Dartmouth's can doubt that I have correctly represented what passed.

† I have seen a cotemporary Dutch print of the disembarkation. Some men are bringing the prince's bedding into the hut on which his flag is flying.

‡ Burnet, i, 789; Legge Papers.

§ On Nov. 9, 1688, James wrote to Dartmouth thus: "Nobody could work otherwise than you did. I am sure all knowing seamen must be of the same mind." But see Clarke's Life of James, ii, 207, Orig. Mem.

man, had been scattered by the wrath of God. Civil freedom and divine truth were again in jeopardy; and again the obedient elements had fought for the good cause. The wind had blown strong from the east while the prince wished to sail down the Channel, had turned to the south when he wished to enter Torbay, had sunk to a calm during the disembarkation, and, as soon as the disembarkation was completed, had risen to a storm, and had met the pursuers in the face. Nor did men omit to remark that, by an extraordinary coincidence, the prince had reached our shores on a day on which the Church of England commemorated, by prayer and thanksgiving, the wonderful escape of the royal house and of the three estates from the blackest plot ever devised by papists. Carstairs, whose suggestions were sure to meet with attention from the prince, recommended that, as soon as the landing had been effected, public thanks should be offered to God for the protection so conspicuously accorded to the great enterprise. This advice was taken, and with excellent effect. The troops, taught to regard themselves as favorites of heaven, were inspired with new courage; and the English people formed the most favorable opinion of a general and an army so attentive to the duties of religion.

On Tuesday, the sixth of November, William's army began to march up the country. Some regiments advanced as far as Newton Abbot. A stone, set up in the midst of that little town, still marks the spot where the prince's declaration was solemnly read to the people. The movements of the troops were slow; for the rain fell in torrents; and the roads of England were then in a state which seemed frightful to persons accustomed to the excellent communications of Holland. William took up his quarters during two days at Ford, a seat of the ancient and illustrious family of Courtenay, in the neighborhood of Newton Abbot. He was magnificently lodged and feasted there; but it is remarkable that the owner of the house, though a strong Whig, did not choose to be the first to put life and fortune in peril, and cautiously abstained from doing anything which, if the king should prevail, could be treated as a crime.

Exeter, in the meantime, was greatly agitated. Lamplugh, the bishop, as soon as he heard that the Dutch were at Torbay, set off in terror for London. The dean fled from the deanery. The magistrates were for the king, the body of the inhabitants for the prince. Everything was in confusion when, on the morning of Thursday, the eighth of November, a body of troops, under the com-

mand of Mordaunt, appeared before the city. With Mordaunt came Burnet, to whom William had intrusted the duty of protecting the clergy of the Cathedral from injury and insult.\* The mayor and aldermen had ordered the gates to be closed, but yielded on the first summons. The deanery was prepared for the reception of the prince. On the following day, Friday, the ninth, he arrived. The magistrates had been pressed to receive him in state at the entrance of the city, but had steadfastly refused. The pomp of that day, however, could well spare them. Such a sight had never been seen in that part of England. Many went forth half a day's journey to meet the champion of their religion. All the neighboring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their cudgels, had assembled on the top of Haldon Hill, whence the army, marching from Chudleigh, first descended the rich valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road, all down the long descent and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close, the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gayly decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticise in the spectacle; for several toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who traveled on foot sank at every step up to the ankles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or of their accouterments. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendor of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial pageant were circulated all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetite for the marvelous; for the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Maaesfield at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many

\* Burnet, i, 790.

specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on those black faces, set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then, with drawn broadswords, came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armor and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumored that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he eurbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once his grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of those zealous Puritans who through twenty-eight years of persecution had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel, perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the earnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful earnage of the bloody circuit, broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near to the prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe, since Turenne and Condé were gone, the man whose genius and valor had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros, the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of his religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had twelve years before been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the Continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valor and discipline, but never until that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of

that age, after their leaders, Bentinek, Solmes, and Ginkell, Talmash and Maekay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant brigade which still bore the name of the honored and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of the renowned events in which many of the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share, for they had seen service very different from that of the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Senneff, and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised. The very senses of the multitude were fooled by imagination. News-letters conveyed to every part of the kingdom fabulous accounts of the size and strength of the invaders. It was affirmed that they were, with scarcely an exception, above six feet high, and that they wielded such huge pikes, swords, and muskets, as had never before been seen in England. Nor did the wonder of the population diminish when the artillery arrived, twenty-one huge pieces of brass cannon, which were with difficulty lugged along by sixteen cart-horses to each. Much curiosity was excited by a strange structure mounted on wheels. It proved to be a movable smithy, furnished with all tools and materials necessary for repairing arms and carriages. But nothing raised so much admiration as the bridge of boats, which was laid with great speed on the Exe for the conveyance of wagons, and afterward as speedily taken to pieces and carried away. It was made, if report said true, after a pattern contrived by the Christians who were warring against the Great Turk on the Danube. The foreigners inspired as much good will as admiration. Their politic leader took care to distribute the quarters in such a manner as to cause the smallest possible inconvenience to the inhabitants of Exeter and of the neighboring villages. The most rigid discipline was maintained. Not only were pillage and outrage effectually prevented, but the troops were required to demean themselves with civility toward all classes. Those who had formed their notions of an army from the conduct of Kirke and his lambs were amazed to see soldiers who never swore at a landlady or took an egg without paying for it. In return for this moderation, the people furnished the troops with provisions in great abundance and at reasonable prices.\*

\* See Whittie's Diary, the Expedition of his Highness, and the Letter from Exon published at the time. I have myself seen two manuscript news-letters describing the pomp of the prince's

Much depended on the course which, at this great crisis, the clergy of the Church of England might take; and the members of the chapter of Exeter were the first who were called upon to declare their sentiments. Burnet informed the canons, now left without a head by the flight of the dean, that they could not be permitted to use the prayer for the Prince of Wales, and that a solemn service must be performed in honor of the safe arrival of the prince. The canons did not choose to appear in their stalls; but some of the choristers and prebendaries attended. William repaired in military state to the Cathedral. As he passed under the gorgeous screen, that renowned organ, scarcely surpassed by any of those which are the boast of his native Holland, gave out a peal of triumph. He mounted the bishop's seat, a stately throne rich with the carving of the fifteenth century. Burnet stood below, and a crowd of warriors and nobles appeared on the right hand and on the left. The singers, robed in white, sang the *Te Deum*. When the chant was over, Burnet read the prince's declaration; but as soon as the first words were uttered, prebendaries and singers crowded in all haste out of the choir. At the close Burnet cried, in a loud voice, "God save the Prince of Orange!" and many fervent voices answered "Amen."\*

On Sunday, the eleventh of November, Burnet preached before the prince in the Cathedral, and dilated on the signal mercy vouchsafed by God to the English Church and nation. At the same time, a singular event happened in a humbler place of worship. Ferguson resolved to preach at the Presbyterian meeting-house. The minister and elders would not consent; but the turbulent and half-witted knave, fancying that the times of Fleetwood and Harrison were come again, forced the door, went through the congregation sword in hand, mounted the pulpit, and there poured forth a fiery invective

entrance into Exeter. A few months later, a bad poet wrote a play entitled "The late Revolution." One scene is laid at Exeter: "Enter battalions of the prince's army on their march into the city, with colors flying, drums beating, and the citizens shouting." A nobleman named Misopapas says,

"Can you guess, my lord,

How dreadful guilt and fear has represented  
Your army to the court? Your number and your stature  
Are both advanced; all six foot high at least.

In bearskins clad, Swiss, Swedes, and Brandenburgiers."

In a song which appeared just after the entrance into Exeter, the Irish are described as mere dwarfs in comparison of the giants whom William commanded:

"Poor Berwick, how will thy dear joys

Oppose this famed viaggio?

Thy tallest sparks will be mere toys

To Brandenburg and Swedish boys,

Coraggio! Coraggio!"

Addison alludes, in the *Freeholder*, to the extraordinary effect which these romantic stories produced.

\* Expedition of the Prince of Orange; Oldmixon, 755; Whit-  
tie's Diary; Eachard, iii, 911; London Gazette, Nov. 15, 1688.

against the king. The time for such follies had gone by, and this exhibition excited nothing but derision and disgust.\*

While these things were passing in Devonshire, the ferment was great in London. The prince's declaration, in spite of all precautions, was now in every man's hands. On the sixth of November, James, still uncertain on what part of the coast the invaders had landed, summoned the primate and three other bishops, Compton of London, White of Peterborough, and Sprat of Rochester, to a conference in the closet. The king listened graciously while the prelates made warm professions of loyalty, and assured them that he did not suspect them. "But where," said he, "is the paper that you were to bring me?" "Sir," answered Sancroft, "we have brought no paper. We are not sollicitous to clear our fame to the world. It is no new thing to us to be reviled and falsely accused. Our consciences acquit us; your majesty acquits us; and we are satisfied." "Yes," said the king; "but a declaration from you is necessary to my service." He then produced a copy of the prince's manifesto. "See," he said, "how you are mentioned here." "Sir," answered one of the bishops, "not one person in five hundred believes this manifesto to be genuine." "No!" cried the king, fiercely; "then those five hundred would bring the Prince of Orange to cut my throat." "God forbid," exclaimed the prelates, in concert. But the king's understanding, never very clear, was now quite bewildered. One of his peculiarities was that, whenever his opinion was not adopted, he fancied that his veracity was questioned. "This paper not genuine!" he exclaimed, turning over the leaves with his hands; "am I not worthy to be believed? Is my word not to be taken?" "At all events, sir," said one of the bishops, "this is not an ecclesiastical matter. It lies within the sphere of the civil power. God has intrusted your majesty with the sword; and it is not for us to invade your functions." Then the archbishop, with that gentle and temperate malice which inflicts the deepest wounds, said that he must be excused from setting his hand to any political document. "I and my brethren, sir," he said, "have already smarted severely for meddling with affairs of state, and we shall be very cautious how we do so again. We once subscribed a petition of the most harmless kind; we presented it in the most respectful manner; and we found that we had committed a high offense. We were saved from ruin only by the merciful protection of God. And, sir, the ground

\* London Gazette, Nov. 15, 1688; Expedition of the Prince of Orange.

then taken by your majesty's attorney and solicitor was that, out of Parliament, we were private men, and that it was criminal presumption in private men to meddle with politics. They attacked us so fiercely that for my part I gave myself over for lost." "I thank you for that, my Lord of Canterbury," said the king; "I should have hoped that you would not have thought yourself lost by falling into my hands." Such a speech might have become the mouth of a merciful sovereign, but it came with a bad grace from a prince who had gazed with pleasure on the contortions of wretches fainting in the boots, from a prince who had burned a woman alive for harboring one of his flying enemies, from a prince round whose knees his own nephew had clung in vain agonies of supplication. The archbishop was not to be so silenced. He resumed his story, and recounted the insults which the creatures of the court had offered to the Church of England, among which some ridicule thrown on his own style occupied a conspicuous place. The king had nothing to say but that there was no use in repeating old grievances, and that he had hoped that these things had been quite forgotten. He who never forgot the smallest injury that he had suffered, could not understand how others should remember for a few weeks the most deadly injuries that he had inflicted.

At length the conversation came back to the point from which it had wandered. The king insisted on having from the bishops a paper declaring their abhorrence of the prince's enterprise. They, with many professions of the most submissive loyalty, pertinaciously refused. The prince, they said, asserted that he had been invited by temporal as well as by spiritual peers. The imputation was common. Why should not the purgation be common also? "I see how it is," said the king. "Some of the temporal peers have been with you, and have persuaded you to cross me in this matter." The bishops solemnly averred that it was not so. But it would, they said, seem strange that, on a question involving grave political and military considerations, the temporal peers should be entirely passed over, and the prelates alone should be required to take a prominent part. "But this," said James, "is my method. I am your king. It is for me to judge what is best. I will go my own way; and I call on you to assist me." The bishops assured him that they would assist him in their proper department, as Christian ministers with their prayers, and as peers of the realm with their advice in his Parliament. James, who wanted neither the prayers of heretics nor the advice of Parliament, was

bitterly disappointed. After a long altercation, "I have done," he said; "I will urge you no further. Since you will not assist me, I must trust to myself and to my own arms."\*

The bishops had hardly left the royal presence when a courier arrived with the news that on the preceding day the Prince of Orange had landed in Devonshire. During the following week London was violently agitated. On Sunday, the eleventh of November, a rumor was circulated that knives, gridirons, and caldrons, intended for the torturing of heretics, were concealed in the monastery which had been established under the king's protection at Clerkenwell. Great multitudes assembled round the building, and were about to demolish it, when a military force arrived. The crowd was dispersed, and several of the rioters slain. An inquest sat on the bodies, and came to a decision which strongly indicated the temper of the public mind. The jury found that certain loyal and well disposed persons, who had gone to put down the meetings of traitors and public enemies at a mass house, had been willfully murdered by the soldiers; and this strange verdict was signed by all the jurors. The ecclesiastics at Clerkenwell, naturally alarmed by these symptoms of popular feeling, were desirous to place their property in safety. They succeeded in removing most of their furniture before any report of their intentions got abroad. But at length the suspicions of the rabble were excited. The two last carts were stopped in Holborn, and all that they contained was publicly burned in the middle of the street. So great was the alarm among the Catholics, that all their places of worship were closed except those which belonged to the royal family and to foreign ambassadors.†

On the whole, however, things as yet looked not unfavorably for James. The invaders had been more than a week on English ground; yet no man of note had joined them. No rebellion had broken out in the north or the east. No servant of the crown appeared to have betrayed his trust. The royal army was assembling fast at Salisbury, and, though inferior in discipline to that of William, was superior in numbers.

The prince was undoubtedly surprised and mortified by the slackness of those who had invited him to England. By the common people of Devonshire, indeed, he had been received with every sign of good will; but no

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 210, Orig. Mem.; Sprat's Narrative; Cliters, Nov. 6-16, 1688.

† Luttrell's Diary; News-letter in the Mackintosh Collection; Adda, Nov. 16-26, 1688.



nobleman, no gentleman of high consideration, had yet repaired to his quarters. The explanation of this singular fact is probably to be found in the circumstance that he had landed in a part of the island where he had not been expected. His friends in the north had made their arrangements for a rising, on the supposition that he would be among them with an army. His friends in the west had made no arrangements at all, and were naturally disconcerted at finding themselves suddenly called upon to take the lead in a movement so important and perilous. They had also fresh in their recollection, and, indeed, full in their sight, the disastrous consequences of rebellion, gibbets, heads, mangled quarters, families still in deep mourning for brave sufferers who had loved their country well but not wisely. After a warning so terrible and so recent, some hesitation was natural. It was equally natural, however, that William, who, trusting to promises from England, had put to hazard, not only his own fame and fortunes, but also the prosperity and independence of his native land, should feel deeply mortified. He was, indeed, so indignant, that he talked of falling back to Torbay, re-embarking his troops, returning to Holland, and leaving those who had betrayed him to the fate which they deserved. At length, on Monday, the twelfth of November, a gentleman named Burrington, who resided in the neighborhood of Crediton, joined the prince's standard, and his example was followed by several of his neighbors.

Men of higher consequence had already set out from different parts of the country for Exeter. The first of these was John Lord Lovelace, distinguished by his taste, by his magnificence, and by the audacious and intemperate vehemence of his Whiggism. He had been five or six times arrested for political offenses. The last crime laid to his charge was, that he had contemptuously denied the validity of a warrant, signed by a Roman Catholic justice of the peace. He had been brought before the Privy Council and strictly examined, but to little purpose. He resolutely refused to eriminate himself; and the evidence against him was insufficient. He was dismissed; but, before he retired, James exclaimed, in great heat, "My lord, this is not the first trick that you have played me." "Sir," answered Lovelace, with undaunted spirit, "I never played a trick to your majesty, or to any other person. Whoever has accused me to your majesty of playing tricks is a liar." Lovelace had subsequently been admitted into the confidence of those who planned the Revolution.\* His

mansion, built by his ancestors out of the spoils of Spanish galleons from the Indies, rose on the ruins of a house of Our Lady in that beautiful valley through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire. Beneath the stately saloon, adorned by Italian pencils, was a subterraneous vault, in which the bones of ancient monks had sometimes been found. In this dark chamber some zealous and daring opponents of the government had held many midnight conferences during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting the Protestant wind.\* The season for action had now arrived. Lovelace, with seventy followers, well armed and mounted, quitted his dwelling, and directed his course westward. He reached Gloucestershire without difficulty. But Beaufort, who governed that county, was exerting all his great authority and influence in support of the crown. The militia had been called out. A strong party had been posted at Cirencester. When Lovelace arrived there, he was informed that he could not be suffered to pass. It was necessary for him either to relinquish his undertaking or to fight his way through. He resolved to force a passage; and his friends and tenants stood gallantly by him. A sharp conflict took place. The militia lost an officer and six or seven men; but at length the followers of Lovelace were overpowered: he was made a prisoner, and sent to Gloucester Castle.†

Others were more fortunate. On the day on which the skirmish took place at Cirencester, Richard Savage, Lord Colchester, son and heir of the Earl Rivers, and father, by a lawless amour, of that unhappy poet whose misdeeds and misfortunes form one of the darkest portions of literary history, came with between sixty and seventy horse to Exeter. With him arrived the bold and turbulent Thomas Wharton. A few hours later came Edward Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, and brother of the virtuous nobleman whose blood had been shed on Tower Hill. Another arrival still more important was speedily announced. Colechester, Wharton, and Russell belonged to that party which had been constantly opposed to the court. James Bertie, earl of Abingdon, had, on the contrary, been regarded as a supporter of arbitrary government. He had been true to James in the days of the Exclusion Bill. He had, as Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, acted with vigor and severity against the adherents

\* Lysons, *Magna Britannia*, Berkshire.

† London Gazette, Nov. 13, 1688; Luttrell's Diary.

\* Johnstone, Feb. 27, 1688; Citters of the same date.

of Monmouth, and had lighted bonfires to celebrate the defeat of Argyle; but dread of popery had driven him into opposition and rebellion. He was the first peer of the realm who made his appearance at the quarters of the Prince of Orange.\*

But the king had less to fear from those who openly arrayed themselves against his authority, than from the dark conspiracy which had spread its ramifications through his army and his family. Of that conspiracy, Churchill, unrivaled in sagacity and address, endowed by nature with a certain cool intrepidity which never failed him either in fighting or lying, high in military rank, and high in the favor of the Princess Anne, must be regarded as the soul. It was not yet time for him to strike the decisive blow. But even thus early he inflicted, by the instrumentality of a subordinate agent, a wound, serious if not deadly, on the royal cause.

Edward, Viscount Cornbury, eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, was a young man of slender abilities, loose principles, and violent temper. He had been early taught to consider his relationship to the Princess Anne as the groundwork of his fortunes, and had been exhorted to pay her assiduous court. It had never occurred to his father that the hereditary loyalty of the Hydes could run any risk of contamination in the household of the king's favorite daughter; but in that household the Churchills held absolute sway; and Cornbury became their tool. He commanded one of the regiments of dragoons which had been sent westward. Such dispositions had been made that, on the fourteenth of November, he was, during a few hours, the senior officer at Salisbury, and all the troops assembled there were subject to his authority. It seems extraordinary that, at such a crisis, the army on which everything depended should have been left, even for a moment, under the command of a young colonel who had neither abilities nor experience. There can be little doubt that so strange an arrangement was the result of deep design, and as little doubt to what head and to what heart the design is to be imputed.

Suddenly three of the regiments of cavalry which had assembled at Salisbury were ordered to march westward. Cornbury put himself at their head, and conducted them first to Blandford and thence to Dorchester. From Dorchester, after a halt of an hour or two, they set out for Axminster. Some of the officers began to be uneasy, and demanded an explanation of these strange movements. Cornbury replied that he had instructions to

make a night attack on some troops whom the Prince of Orange had posted at Honiton. But suspicion was awake. Searching questions were put, and were evasively answered. At last Cornbury was pressed to produce his orders. He perceived, not only that it would be impossible for him to carry over all the three regiments, as he had hoped, but that he was himself in a situation of considerable peril. He accordingly stole away with a few followers to the Dutch quarters. Most of his troops returned to Salisbury; but some who had been detached from the main body, and who had no suspicion of the designs of their commander, proceeded to Honiton. There they found themselves in the midst of a large force which was fully prepared to receive them. Resistance was impossible. Their leader pressed them to take service under William. A gratuity of a month's pay was offered to them, and was by most of them accepted.\*

The news of these events reached London on the fifteenth. James had been on the morning of that day in high good humor. Bishop Lamplugh had just presented himself at court on his arrival from Exeter, and had been most graciously received. "My lord," said the king, "you are a genuine old Cavalier." The archbishopric of York, which had now been vacant more than two years and a half, was immediately bestowed on Lamplugh as the reward of loyalty. That afternoon, just as the king was sitting down to dinner, arrived an express with the tidings of Cornbury's defection. James turned away from his intended meal, swallowed a crust of bread and a glass of wine, and retired to his closet. He afterward learned that, as he was rising from table, several of the lords in whom he reposed the greatest confidence were shaking hands and congratulating each other in the adjoining gallery. When the news was carried to the queen's apartments, she and her ladies broke out into tears and loud cries of sorrow.† The blow was indeed a heavy one. It was true that the direct loss to the crown and the direct gain to the invaders hardly amounted to two hundred men and as many horses. But where could the king henceforth expect to find those sentiments in which consists the strength of states and of armies? Cornbury was the heir of a house conspicuous for its attachment to monarchy. His father Clarendon, his uncle Rochester, were men whose loyalty was supposed to be proof to all temptation. What must be the strength of

\* Burnet, i, 790; Life of William, 1703.

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 215, Orig. Mem.; Burnet, i, 790; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 15, 1688; London Gazette, Nov. 17.

† Clarke's Life of James, ii, 218; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 15, 1688; Citters, Nov. 16-26.

that feeling against which the most deeply-rooted hereditary prejudices were of no avail, of that feeling which could reconcile a young officer of high birth to desertion, aggravated by breach of trust and by gross falsehood? That Cornbury was not a man of brilliant parts or enterprising temper made the event more alarming. It was impossible to doubt that he had in some quarter a powerful and artful prompter. Who that prompter was soon became evident. In the meantime, no man in the royal camp could feel assured that he was not surrounded by traitors. Political rank, military rank, the honor of a lord, the honor of a soldier, the strongest professions, the purest Cavalier blood, could no longer afford security. Every man might reasonably doubt whether every order which he received from his superior was not meant to serve the purposes of the enemy. That prompt obedience without which an army is merely a rabble was necessarily at an end. What discipline could there be among soldiers who had just been saved from a snare by refusing to follow their commanding officer on a secret expedition, and by insisting on a sight of his orders?

Cornbury was soon kept in countenance by a crowd of deserters superior to him in rank and capacity; but during a few days he stood alone in his shame, and was bitterly reviled by many who afterward imitated his example and envied his dishonorable precedence. Among these was his own father. The first outbreak of Clarendon's rage and sorrow was highly pathetic. "Oh God!" he ejaculated, "that a son of mine should be a rebel!" A fortnight later he made up his mind to be a rebel himself. Yet it would be unjust to pronounce him a mere hypocrite. In revolutions men live fast; the experience of years is crowded into hours; old habits of thought and action are violently broken; novelties, which at first sight inspire dread and disgust, become in a few days familiar, endurable, attractive. Many men of far purer virtue and higher spirit than Clarendon were prepared, before that memorable year ended, to do what they would have pronounced wicked and infamous when it began.

The unhappy father composed himself as well as he could, and sent to ask a private audience of the king. It was granted. James said, with more than his usual graciousness, that he from his heart pitied Cornbury's relations, and should not hold them at all accountable for the crime of their unworthy kinsman. Clarendon went home, scarcely daring to look his friends in the face. Soon, however, he learned with surprise that the act which had, as he at first thought, forever

dishonored his family, was applauded by some persons of high station. His niece, the Princess of Denmark, asked him why he shut himself up. He answered that he had been overwhelmed with confusion by his son's villany. Anne seemed not at all to understand this feeling. "People," she said, "are very uneasy about popery. I believe that many of the army will do the same."\*

And now the king, greatly disturbed, called together the principal officers who were still in London. Churchill, who was about this time promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, made his appearance with that bland serenity which neither peril nor infamy could ever disturb. The meeting was attended by Henry Fitzroy, duke of Grafton, whose audacity and activity made him conspicuous among the natural children of Charles the Second. Grafton was colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards. He seems to have been at this time completely under Churchill's influence, and was prepared to desert the royal standard as soon as the favorable moment should arrive. Two other traitors were in the circle, Kirke and Trelawney, who commanded those fierce and lawless bands then known as the Tangier regiments. Both of them had, like the other Protestant officers of the army, long seen with extreme displeasure the partiality which the king had shown to members of his own Church; and Trelawney remembered with bitter resentment the persecution of his brother the Bishop of Bristol. James addressed the assembly in terms worthy of a better man and of a better cause. It might be, he said, that some of the officers had conscientious scruples about fighting for him. If so, he was willing to receive back their commissions. But he adjured them, as gentlemen and soldiers, not to imitate the shameful example of Cornbury. All seemed moved, and none more than Churchill. He was the first to vow with well-feigned enthusiasm that he would shed the last drop of his blood in the service of his gracious master. Grafton was loud and forward in similar protestations; and the example was followed by Kirke and Trelawney.†

Deceived by these professions, the king prepared to set out for Salisbury. Before his departure, he was informed that a considerable number of peers, temporal and spiritual, desired to be admitted to an audience. They came, with Sancroft at their head, to present a petition, praying that a free and legal Parliament might be called, and that a negotiation might be opened with the Prince of Orange.

\* Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 20, 1658.

† Clarke's Life of James, ii, 219, Orig. Mem.

The history of this petition is curious. The thought seems to have occurred at once to two great chiefs of parties who had long been rivals and enemies, Rochester and Halifax. They both, independently of one another, consulted the bishops. The bishops warmly approved of the suggestion. It was then proposed that a general meeting of peers should be called to deliberate on the form of an address to the king. It was term time; and in term time men of rank and fashion then lounged every day in Westminster Hall as they now lounge in the clubs of Pall Mall and Saint James's Street. Nothing could be easier than for the lords who assembled there to step aside into some adjoining room and to hold a consultation. But unexpected difficulties arose. Halifax became first cold and then adverse. It was his nature to discover objections to everything; and on this occasion his sagacity was quickened by rivalry. The scheme, which he had approved while he regarded it as his own, began to displease him as soon as he found that it was also the scheme of Rochester, by whom he had been long thwarted and at length supplanted, and whom he disliked as much as it was in his easy nature to dislike anybody. Nottingham was at that time much under the influence of Halifax. They both declared that they would not join in the address if Rochester signed it. Clarendon expostulated in vain. "I mean no disrespect," said Halifax, "to my Lord Rochester; but he has been a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission; the proceedings of that court must soon be the subject of a very serious inquiry; and it is not fit that one who has sat there should take any part in our proceedings." Nottingham, with strong expressions of personal esteem for Rochester, avowed the same opinion. The authority of the two dissentient lords prevented several other noblemen from subscribing the address; but the Hydes and the bishops persisted. Nineteen signatures were procured; and the petitioners waited in a body on the king.\*

He received their address ungraciously. He assured them, indeed, that he passionately desired the meeting of a free Parliament; and he promised them, on the faith of a king, that he would call one as soon as the Prince of Orange should have left the island. "But how," said he, "can a Parliament be free when an enemy is in the kingdom, and can return near a hundred votes?" To the prelates he spoke with peculiar acrimony. "I could not," he said, "prevail on you the other day to declare against this invasion; but you

are ready enough to declare against me. Then you would not meddle with politics. You have no scruple about meddling now. You would be better employed in teaching your flocks how to obey than in teaching me how to govern. You have excited this rebellious temper among them; and now you foment it." He was much incensed against his nephew Grafton, whose signature stood next to that of Sancroft, and said to the young man, with great asperity, "You know nothing about religion; you care nothing about it; and yet, forsooth, you must pretend to have a conscience." "It is true, sir," answered Grafton with impudent frankness, "that I have very little conscience, but I belong to a party which has a great deal."\*

Bitter as was the king's language to the petitioners, it was far less bitter than that which he held after they had withdrawn. He had done, he said, far too much already in the hope of satisfying an undutiful and ungrateful people. He had always hated the thought of concession; but he had suffered himself to be talked over; and now he, like his father before him, had found that concession only made subjects more encroaching. He would yield nothing more, not an atom; and, after his fashion, he vehemently repeated many times, "Not an atom." Not only would he make no overtures to the invaders, but he would receive none. If the Dutch sent flags of truce, the first messenger should be dismissed without an answer, the second should be hanged.† In such a mood James set out for Salisbury. His last act before his departure was to appoint a council of five lords to represent him in London during his absence. Of the five, two were papists, and by law incapable of office. Joined with them was Jeffreys, a Protestant indeed, but more detested by the nation than any papist. To the other two members of this board, Preston and Godolphin, no serious objection could be made. On the day on which the king left London the Prince of Wales was sent to Portsmouth. That fortress was strongly garrisoned, and was under the government of Berwick. The fleet, commanded by Dartmouth, lay close at hand; and it was supposed that, if things went ill, the royal infant would, without difficulty, be conveyed from Portsmouth to France.‡

On the nineteenth James reached Salisbury, and took up his quarters in the episco-

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 212, Orig. Mem.; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 17, 1688; Citters, Nov. 20-30; Burnet, i, 791; Some Reflections upon the most Humble Petition to the King's most Excellent Majesty, 1688; Modest Vindication of the Petition; First Collection of Papers relating to English Affairs, 1688.

† Adda, Nov. 19-29, 1688.

‡ Clarke's Life of James, ii, 220, 221.

\* Clarendon's Diary from Nov. 8 to Nov. 17, 1688.

pal palace. Evil news was now fast pouring in upon him from all sides. The western counties had at length risen. As soon as the news of Cornbury's desertion was known, many great land owners took heart and hastened to Exeter. Among them was Sir William Portman, of Bryanstone, one of the greatest men in Dorsetshire, and Sir Francis Warre, of Hestereombe, whose interest was great in Somersetshire.\* But the most important of the new comers was Seymour, who had recently inherited a baronetcy which added little to his dignity, and who, in birth, in political influence, and in parliamentary abilities, was beyond comparison the foremost among the Tory gentlemen of England. At his first audience he is said to have exhibited his characteristic pride in a way which surprised and amused the prince. "I think, Sir Edward," said William, meaning to be very civil, "that you are of the family of the Duke of Somerset." "Pardon me, sir," said Sir Edward, who never forgot that he was the head of the elder branch of the Seymours, "the Duke of Somerset is of my family."†

The quarters of William now began to present the appearance of a court. More than sixty men of rank and fortune were lodged at Exeter; and the daily display of rich liveries, and of coaches drawn by six horses in the Cathedral Close, gave to that quiet precinct something of the splendor and gayety of Whitehall. The common people were eager to take arms, and it would have been easy to form many battalions of infantry; but Schomberg, who thought little of soldiers fresh from the plow, maintained that, if the expedition could not succeed without such help, it would not succeed at all; and William, who had as much professional feeling as Schomberg, concurred in this opinion. Commissions, therefore, for raising new regiments were very sparingly given, and none but picked recruits were enlisted.

It was now thought desirable that the prince should give a public reception to the whole body of noblemen and gentlemen who had assembled at Exeter. He addressed them in a short, but dignified and well-considered speech. He was not, he said, acquainted with the faces of all whom he saw. But he had a list of their names, and knew how high they stood in the estimation of their country. He gently chid their tardiness, but expressed a confident hope that it was not yet too late to save the kingdom. "There-

fore," he said, "gentlemen, friends, and fellow-Protestants, we bid you and all your followers most heartily welcome to our court and camp."\*

Seymour, a keen politician, long accustomed to the tactics of faction, saw in a moment that the party which had begun to rally round the prince stood in need of organization. It was as yet, he said, a mere rope of sand; no common object had been publicly and formally avowed; nobody was pledged to anything. As soon as the assembly at the Deanery broke up, he sent for Burnet, and suggested that an association should be formed, and that all the English adherents of the prince should put their hands to an instrument binding them to be true to their leader and to each other. Burnet carried the suggestion to the prince and to Shrewsbury, by both of whom it was approved. A meeting was held in the Cathedral. A short paper, drawn up by Burnet, was produced, approved, and eagerly signed. The subscribers engaged to pursue in concert the objects set forth in the prince's declaration; to stand by him and by each other; to take signal vengeance on all who should make any attempt on his person; and, even if such an attempt should unhappily succeed, to persist in their undertaking until the liberties and the religion of the nation should be effectually secured.‡

About the same time a messenger arrived at Exeter from the Earl of Bath, who commanded at Plymouth. Bath declared that he placed himself, his troops, and the fortress which he governed at the prince's disposal. The invaders, therefore, had now not a single enemy in their rear.‡

While the west was thus rising to confront the king, the north was all in a flame behind him. On the sixteenth Delamere took arms in Cheshire. He convoked his tenants, called upon them to stand by him, promised that, if they fell in the cause, their leases should be renewed to their children, and exhorted every one who had a good horse either to take the field or to provide a substitute.§ He appeared at Manchester with fifty men armed and mounted, and his force had trebled before he reached Boaden Downs.

The neighboring counties were violently agitated. It had been arranged that Danby should seize York, and that Devonshire should appear at Nottingham. At Nottingham no resistance was anticipated; but at York there

\* Eachard's History of the Revolution.

† Seymour's reply to William is related by many writers. It most resembles a story which is told of the Manriquez family. They, it is said, took for their device the words, "Nos no descendemos de los Reyes, sino los Reyes descien den de nos."—CARPENTARIANA.

\* Fourth Collection of Papers, 1688; Letter from Exon; Burnet, i, 792.

† Burnet, i, 792; History of the Desertion; Second Collection of Papers, 1688.

‡ Letter of Bath to the Prince of Orange, Nov. 18, 1688; Dalrymple.

§ First Collection of Papers, 1688; London Gazette, Nov. 22.

was a small garrison under the command of Sir John Reresby. Danby acted with rare dexterity. A meeting of the gentry and freeholders of Yorkshire had been summoned for the twenty-second of November to address the king on the state of affairs. All the deputy lieutenants of the three ridings, several noblemen, and a multitude of opulent esquires and substantial yeomen, had been attracted to the provincial capital. Four troops of militia had been drawn out under arms to preserve the public peace. The common hall was crowded with freeholders, and the discussion had begun, when a cry was suddenly raised that the papists were up, and were slaying the Protestants. The papists of York were much more likely to be employed in seeking for hiding-places than in attacking enemies who outnumbered them in the proportion of a hundred to one. But at that time no story of popish atrocity could be so wild and marvelous as not to find ready belief. The meeting separated in dismay. The whole city was in confusion. At this moment, Danby, at the head of about a hundred horsemen, rode up to the militia, and raised the cry, "No popery! A free Parliament! The Protestant religion!" The militia echoed the shout. The garrison was instantly surprised and disarmed. The governor was placed under arrest. The gates were closed. Sentinels were placed everywhere. The populace was suffered to pull down a Roman Catholic chapel; but no other harm appears to have been done. On the following morning the Guildhall was crowded with the first gentlemen of the shire, and with the principal magistrates of the city. The lord mayor was placed in the chair. Danby proposed a declaration, setting forth the reasons which had induced the friends of the Constitution and of the Protestant religion to rise in arms. This declaration was eagerly adopted, and received in a few hours the signatures of six peers, of five baronets, of six knights, and of many gentlemen of high consideration.\*

Devonshire meantime, at the head of a great body of friends and dependents, quitted the palace which he was rearing at Chatsworth, and appeared in arms at Derby. There he formally delivered to the mayor a paper stating the reasons which had moved him to this enterprise. He then proceeded to Nottingham, which soon became the head-quarters of the northern insurrection. Here a proclamation was put forth, couched in bold and severe terms. The name of rebellion, it was said, was a bugbear which could frighten no reasonable man. Was it rebellion to de-

pend those laws and that religion which every king of England bound himself by oath to maintain? How that oath had lately been observed was a question on which, it was to be hoped, a free Parliament would soon pronounce. In the meantime, the insurgents declared that they held it to be not rebellion, but legitimate self-defense, to resist a tyrant who knew no law but his own will. The northern rising became every day more formidable. Four powerful and wealthy earls, Manchester, Stamford, Rutland, and Chesterfield, repaired to Nottingham, and were joined there by Lord Cholmondeley and by Lord Grey de Ruthyn.\*

All this time the hostile armies in the south were approaching each other. The Prince of Orange, when he learned that the king had arrived at Salisbury, thought it time to leave Exeter. He placed that city and the surrounding country under the government of Sir Edward Seymour, and set out on Wednesday, the twenty-first of November, escorted by many of the most considerable gentlemen of the western counties, for Axminster, where he remained several days.

The king was eager to fight, and it was obviously his interest to do so. Every hour took away something from his own strength, and added something to the strength of his enemies. It was most important, too, that his troops should be blooded. A great battle, however it might terminate, could not but injure the prince's popularity. All this William perfectly understood, and determined to avoid an action as long as possible. It is said that, when Schomberg was told that the enemy were advancing and were determined to fight, he answered with the composure of a tactician confident in his skill, "That will be just as we may choose." It was, however, impossible to prevent all skirmishing between the advanced guards of the armies. William was desirous that in such skirmishing nothing might happen which could wound the pride or rouse the vindictive feelings of the nation which he meant to deliver. He therefore, with admirable prudence, placed his British regiments in the situations where there was most risk of collision. The outposts of the royal army were Irish. The consequence was, that, in the little combats of this short campaign, the invaders had on their side the hearty sympathy of all Englishmen.

The first of these encounters took place at Wincanton. Mackay's regiment, composed of British soldiers, lay near a body of the king's Irish troops, commanded by their countryman, the gallant Sarsfield. Mackay sent out a

\* Reresby's Memoirs; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 231, Orig. Mem.

\* Cibber's Apology; History of the Desertion; Luttrell's Diary.

small party, under a lieutenant named Campbell, to procure horses for the baggage. Campbell found what he wanted at Wineanton, and was just leaving that town on his return, when a strong detachment of Sarsfield's troops approached. The Irish were four to one; but Campbell resolved to fight it out to the last. With a handful of resolute men he took his stand in the road. The rest of his soldiers lined the hedges which overhung the highway on the right and on the left. The enemy came up. "Stand!" cried Campbell. "For whom are you?" "I am for King James," answered the leader of the other party. "And I for the Prince of Orange," cried Campbell. "We will prince you," answered the Irishman with a curse. "Fire!" exclaimed Campbell; and a sharp fire was instantly poured in from both the hedges. The king's troops received three well-aimed volleys before they could make any return. At length they succeeded in carrying one of the hedges, and would have overpowered the little band which was opposed to them, had not the country people, who mortally hated the Irish, given a false alarm that more of the prince's troops were coming up. Sarsfield recalled his men and fell back, and Campbell proceeded on his march un molested with the baggage horses. This affair, creditable undoubtedly to the valor and discipline of the prince's army, was magnified by report into a victory won against great odds by British Protestants over Popish barbarians who had been brought from Connaught to oppress our island.\*

A few hours after this skirmish an event took place which put an end to all risk of a more serious struggle between the armies. Churchill and some of his principal accomplices were assembled at Salisbury. Two of the conspirators, Kirke and Trelawney, had proceeded to Warminster, where their regiments were posted. All was ripe for the execution of the long-meditated treason.

Churchill advised the king to visit Warminster, and to inspect the troops stationed there. James assented; and his coach was at the door of the episcopal palace, when his nose began to bleed violently. He was forced to postpone his expedition, and to put himself under medical treatment. Three days elapsed before the hemorrhage was entirely subdued, and during those three days alarming rumors reached his ears.

It was impossible that a conspiracy so widely spread as that of which Churchill was the head could be kept altogether secret. There was no evidence which could be laid

before a jury or a court martial; but strange whispers wandered about the camp. Feversham, who held the chief command, reported that there was a bad spirit in the army. It was hinted to the king that some who were near his person were not his friends, and that it would be a wise precaution to send Churchill and Grafton under a guard to Portsmouth. James rejected this counsel. A propensity to suspicion was not among his vices. Indeed, the confidence which he reposed in professions of fidelity and attachment was such as might rather have been expected from a good-hearted and inexperienced stripping than from a politician who was far advanced in life, who had seen much of the world, who had suffered much from villanous arts, and whose own character was by no means a favorable specimen of human nature. It would be difficult to mention any other man who, having himself so little scruple about breaking faith with others, was so slow to believe that others could break faith with him. Nevertheless, the reports which he had received of the state of his army disturbed him greatly. He was now no longer impatient for a battle. He even began to think of retreating. On the evening of Saturday, the twenty-fourth of November, he called a council of war. The meeting was attended by those officers against whom he had been most earnestly cautioned. Feversham expressed an opinion that it was desirable to fall back. Churchill argued on the other side. The consultation lasted until midnight. At length the king declared that he had decided for a retreat. Churchill saw, or imagined, that he was distrusted, and, though gifted with a rare self-command, could not conceal his uneasiness. Before the day broke he fled to the prince's quarters, accompanied by Grafton.\*

Churchill left behind him a letter of explanation. It was written with that decorum which he never failed to preserve in the midst of guilt and dishonor. He acknowledged that he owed everything to the royal favor. Interest, he said, and gratitude impelled him in the same direction. Under no other government could he hope to be so great and prosperous as he had been; but all such considerations must yield to a paramount duty. He was a Protestant; and he could not conscientiously draw his sword against the Protestant cause. As to the rest, he would ever be ready to hazard life and fortune in defense of the sacred person and of the lawful rights of his gracious master.†

Next morning all was confusion in the royal

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 222, Orig. Mem.; Barillon, Nov. 21-Dec. 1, 1698; Sheridan MS.  
† First Collection of Papers, 1688.

• Whittie's Diary; History of the Desertion; Luttrell's Diary.

camp. The king's friends were in dismay. His enemies could not conceal their exultation. The consternation of James was increased by news which arrived on the same day from Warminster. Kirke, who commanded at that post, had refused to obey orders which he had received from Salisbury. There could no longer be any doubt that he too was in league with the Prince of Orange. It was rumored that he had actually gone over with all his troops to the enemy; and the rumor, though false, was, during some hours, fully believed.\* A new light flashed on the mind of the unhappy king. He thought that he understood why he had been pressed, a few days before, to visit Warminster. There he would have found himself helpless, at the mercy of the conspirators, and in the vicinity of the hostile outposts. Those who might have attempted to defend him would have been easily overpowered. He would have been carried a prisoner to the head-quarters of the invading army. Perhaps some still blacker treason might have been committed; for men who have once engaged in a wicked and perilous enterprise are no longer their own masters, and are often impelled, by a fatality which is part of their just punishment, to crimes such as they would at first have shuddered to contemplate. Surely it was not without the special intervention of some guardian saint that a king devoted to the Catholic Church had, at the very moment when he was blindly hastening to captivity, perhaps to death, been suddenly arrested by what he had then thought a disastrous malady.

All these things confirmed James in the resolution which he had taken on the preceding evening. Orders were given for an immediate retreat. Salisbury was in an uproar. The camp broke up with the confusion of a flight. No man knew whom to trust or whom to obey. The material strength of the army was little diminished, but its moral strength had been destroyed. Many whom shame would have restrained from leading the way to the prince's quarters were eager to imitate an example which they never would have set; and many who would have stood by their king while he appeared to be resolutely advancing against the invaders, felt no inclination to follow a receding standard.†

James went that day as far as Andover. He was attended by his son-in-law, Prince George, and by the Duke of Ormond. Both were among the conspirators, and would probably have accompanied Churchill, had he

not, in consequence of what had passed at the council of war, thought it expedient to take his departure suddenly. The impene- trable stupidity of Prince George served his turn on this occasion better than cunning would have done. It was his habit, when any news was told him, to exclaim in French, "Est-il-possible?" "Is it possible?" This catchword was now of great use to him. "Est-il-possible?" he cried, when he had been made to understand that Churchill and Grafton were missing. And when the ill tidings came from Warminster he again ejaculated, "Est-il-possible?"

Prince George and Ormond were invited to sup with the king at Andover. The meal must have been a sad one. The king was overwhelmed by his misfortunes. His son-in-law was the dullest of companions. "I have tried Prince George sober," said Charles the Second, "and I have tried him drunk; and, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him."\* Ormond, who was through life taciturn and bashful, was not likely to be in high spirits at such a moment. At length the repast terminated. The king retired to rest. Horses were in waiting for the prince and Ormond, who, as soon as they left the table, mounted and rode off. They were accompanied by the Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry. The defection of this young nobleman was no insignificant event; for Queensberry was at the head of the Protestant Episcopalians of Scotland, a class compared with whom the bitterest English Tories might be called Whiggish; and Drumlanrig himself was lieutenant colonel of Dundee's regiment of horse, a band more detested by the Whigs than even Kirke's lambs. This fresh calamity was announced to the king on the following morning. He was less disturbed by the news than might have been expected. The shock which he had undergone twenty-four hours before had prepared him for almost any disaster; and it was impossible to be seriously angry with Prince George, who was hardly an accountable being, for having yielded to the arts of such a tempter as Churchill. "What!" said James, "is Est-il-possible gone too? After all, a good trooper would have been a greater loss."† In truth, the king's whole anger seems, at this time, to have been concentrated, and not without cause, on one object. He set off for London, breathing vengeance against Churchill, and learned, on arriving, a new crime of the arch deceiver. The Princess Anne had been some hours missing.

\* Letter from Middleton to Preston, dated Salisbury, Nov. 24.

† Villany upon villany, the last still greater than the former.—CLARKE'S LIFE OF JAMES, ii, 224, 225, Orig. Mem.

† History of the Desertion; Luttrell's Diary.

\* Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 643.

† Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 26; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 224; Prince George's letter to the king has often been printed.



Anne, who had no will but that of the Churchills, had been induced by them to notify under her own hand to William, a week before, her approbation of his enterprise. She assured him that she was entirely in the hands of her friends, and that she would remain in the palace, or take refuge in the city, as they might determine.\* On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of November, she, and those who thought for her, were under the necessity of coming to a sudden resolution. That afternoon a courier from Salisbury brought tidings that Churchill had disappeared; that he had been accompanied by Grafton; that Kirke had proved false, and that the royal forces were in full retreat. There was, as usually happened when great news, good or bad, arrived in town, a great crowd that evening in the galleries of Whitehall. Curiosity and anxiety sat on every face. The queen broke forth into natural expressions of indignation against the chief traitor, and did not altogether spare his too partial mistress. The sentinels were doubled round that part of the palace which Anne occupied. The princess was in dismay. In a few hours her father would be at Westminster. It was not likely that he would treat her personally with severity, but that he would permit her any longer to enjoy the society of her friend was not to be hoped. It could hardly be doubted that Sarah would be placed under arrest, and would be subjected to a strict examination by shrewd and rigorous inquisitors. Her papers would be seized. Perhaps evidence affecting her life might be discovered. If so, the worst might well be dreaded. The vengeance of the implacable king knew no distinction of sex. For offenses much smaller than those which might probably be brought home to Lady Churchill, he had sent women to the scaffold and the stake. Strong affection braced the feeble mind of the princess. There was no tie which she would not break, no risk which she would not run, for the object of her idolatrous affection. "I will jump out of the window," she cried, "rather than be found here by my father." The favorite undertook to manage an escape. She communicated in all haste with some of the chiefs of the conspiracy. In a few hours everything was arranged. That evening Anne retired to her chamber as usual. At dead of night she rose, and, accompanied by her friend Sarah and two other female attendants, stole down the back stairs in a dressing-gown and slippers. The fugitives gained the open street unchallenged. A hackney-coach was waiting for them there. Two men guarded the humble vehicle. One of them was Compton,

bishop of London, the princess's old tutor; the other was the magnificent and accomplished Dorset, whom the extremity of the public danger had roused from his luxurious repose. The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate Street, where the town residence of the bishops of London then stood, within the shadow of the dome of their Cathedral. There the princess passed the night. On the following morning she set out for Epping Forest. In that wild tract Dorset possessed a venerable mansion, which has long since been destroyed. In his hospitable dwelling, the favorite resort, during many years, of wits and poets, the fugitives made a short stay. They could not safely attempt to reach William's quarters, for the road thither lay through a country occupied by the royal forces. It was therefore determined that Anne should take refuge with the northern insurgents. Compton wholly laid aside, for the time, his sacerdotal character. Danger and conflict had rekindled in him all the military ardor which he had felt twenty-eight years before, when he rode in the Life-Guards. He preceded the princess's carriage in a buff coat and jack-boots, with a sword at his side and pistols in his holsters. Long before she reached Nottingham, she was surrounded by a body-guard of gentlemen who volunteered to escort her. They invited the bishop to act as their colonel; and he consented with an alacrity which gave great scandal to rigid Churchmen, and did not much raise his character even in the opinion of Whigs.\*

When, on the morning of the twenty-sixth, Anne's apartment was found empty, the consternation was great in Whitehall. While the ladies of her bed-chamber ran up and down the courts of the palace, screaming and wringing their hands; while Lord Craven, who commanded the Foot Guards, was questioning the sentinels in the gallery; while the chancellor was sealing up the papers of the Churchills, the princess's nurse broke into the royal apartments crying out that the dear lady had been murdered by the papists. The news flew to Westminster Hall. There the story was that her highness had been hurried away by force to a place of confinement. When it could no longer be denied that her flight had been voluntary, numerous fictions were invented to account for it. She had been grossly insulted; she had been threatened; nay, though she was in that situation in which woman is entitled to peculiar tenderness, she had been beaten by her cruel

\* Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 25, 26, 1688; Citters, Nov. 26-Dec. 6; Ellis Correspondence, Dec. 19; Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication; Burnet, i, 792; Compton to the Prince of Orange, Dec. 2, 1688, in Dalrymple. The bishop's military costume is mentioned in innumerable pamphlets and lampoons.

\* The letter, dated Nov. 18, will be found in Dalrymple.

step-mother. The populace, which years of misrule had made suspicious and irritable, was so much excited by these calumnies that the queen was scarcely safe. Many Roman Catholics, and some Protestant Tories whose loyalty was proof to all trials, repaired to the palace, that they might be in readiness to defend her in the event of an outbreak. In the midst of this distress and terror arrived the news of Prince George's flight. The courier who brought these evil tidings was fast followed by the king himself. The evening was closing in when James arrived, and was informed that his daughter had disappeared. After all that he had suffered, this affliction forced a cry from his lips. "God help me," he said; "my own children have forsaken me."<sup>23\*</sup>

That evening he sat in council with his principal ministers until a late hour. It was determined that he should summon all the lords spiritual and temporal who were then in London to attend him on the following day, and that he should solemnly ask their advice. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, the lords met in the dining-room of the palace. The assembly consisted of nine prelates and between thirty and forty secular nobles, all Protestants. The two secretaries of state, Middleton and Preston, though not peers of England, were in attendance. The king himself presided. The traces of severe bodily and mental suffering were discernible in his countenance and deportment. He opened the proceedings by referring to the petition which had been put into his hands just before he set out for Salisbury. The prayer of that petition was that he would convoke a free Parliament. Situated as he then was, he had not, he said, thought it right to comply, but, during his absence from London, great changes had taken place. He had also observed that his people everywhere seemed anxious that the houses should meet. He had therefore commanded the attendance of his faithful peers, in order to ask their counsel.

For a time there was silence. Then Oxford, whose pedigree, unrivaled in antiquity and splendor, gave him a kind of primacy in the meeting, said that in his opinion those lords who had signed the petition to which his majesty had referred ought now to explain their views.

These words called up Rochester. He defended the petition, and declared that he still saw no hope for the throne or the country but in a Parliament. He would not, he said, venture to affirm that, in so disastrous an extrem-

ity, even that remedy would be efficacious; but he had no other remedy to propose. He added that it might be advisable to open a negotiation with the Prince of Orange. Jeffreys and Godolphin followed, and both declared that they agreed with Rochester.

Then Clarendon rose, and, to the astonishment of all who remembered his loud professions of loyalty, and the agony of shame and sorrow into which he had been thrown, only a few days before, by the news of his son's defection, broke forth into a vehement invective against tyranny and popery. "Even now," he said "His majesty is raising in London a regiment into which no Protestant is admitted." "That is not true," cried James, in great agitation from the head of the board. Clarendon persisted, and left this offensive topic only to pass to a topic still more offensive. He accused the unfortunate king of pusillanimity. Why retreat from Salisbury? Why not try the event of a battle? Could people be blamed for submitting to the invader when they saw their sovereign run away at the head of his army? James felt these insults keenly, and remembered them long. Indeed, even Whigs thought the language of Clarendon indecent and ungenerous. Halifax spoke in a very different tone. During several years of peril he had defended with admirable ability the civil and ecclesiastical Constitution of his country against the prerogative; but his serene intellect, singularly unsusceptible of enthusiasm, began to lean toward the cause of royalty at the very moment at which those noisy Royalists who had lately execrated the Trimmers as little better than rebels were everywhere rising in rebellion. It was the ambition of Halifax to be, at this conjuncture, the peacemaker between the throne and the nation. His talents and character fitted him for that office; and, if he failed, the failure is to be ascribed to causes against which no human skill could contend, and chiefly to the folly, faithlessness, and obstinacy of the king whom he tried to save.

Halifax now gave utterance to much unpalatable truth, but with a delicacy which brought on him the reproach of flattery from spirits too abject to understand that what would justly be called flattery when offered to the powerful is a debt of humanity to the fallen. With many expressions of sympathy and deference, he declared it to be his opinion that the king must make up his mind to great sacrifices. It was not enough to convoke a Parliament or to open a negotiation with the Prince of Orange. Some, at least, of the grievances of which the nation complained should be instantly redressed, without waiting until redress was demanded by the houses or

\* Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 792; Clitters, Nov. 26-Dec. 6, 1658; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 236, Orig. Mem.; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 26; Revolution Politics.

by the captain of the hostile army. Nottingham, in language equally respectful, declared that he agreed with Halifax. The chief concessions which these lords pressed the king to make were three. He ought, they said, forthwith to dismiss all Roman Catholics from office, to separate himself wholly from France, and to grant an unlimited amnesty to those who were in arms against him. The last of these propositions, it should seem, admitted of no dispute; for, though some of those who were banded together against the king had acted toward him in a manner which might not unreasonably excite his bitter resentment, it was more likely that he would soon be at their mercy than that they would ever be at his. It would have been childish to open a negotiation with William, and yet to denounce vengeance against men whom William could not without infamy abandon. But the clouded understanding and implacable temper of James held out long against the arguments of those who labored to convince him that it would be wise to pardon offenses which he could not punish. "I can not do it," he exclaimed. "I must make examples, Churehill above all; Churehill, whom I raised so high. He, and he alone, has done all this. He has corrupted my army. He has corrupted my child. He would have put me into the hands of the Prince of Orange but for God's special providence. My lords, you are strangely anxious for the safety of traitors. None of you troubles himself about my safety." In answer to this burst of impotent anger, those who had recommended the amnesty represented with profound respect, but with firmness, that a prince attacked by powerful enemies can be safe only by conquering or by conciliating. "If your majesty, after all that has happened, has still any hope of safety in arms, we have done; but if not, you can be safe only by regaining the affections of your people." After long and animated debate, the king broke up the meeting. "My lords," he said, "you have used great freedom; but I do not take it ill of you. I have made up my mind on one point. I shall call a Parliament. The other suggestions which have been offered are of grave importance, and you will not be surprised that I take a night to reflect on them before I decide." \*

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii. 236, Orig. Mem.; Burnet, i. 794; Luttrell's Diary; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 27, 1688; Citters, Nov. 27-Dec. 7, and Nov. 30-Dec. 10.

Citters evidently had his intelligence from one of the lords who were present. As the matter is important, I will give two short passages from his dispatches. The king said, "Dat het by na voor hem onmogelyk was te pardoneren personen wie so hoog in syn regardie schuldig stonden, vooral seer ytvarende jegens den Lord Churehill, wiens by hadde groot gemaakt, en nochtans meynde de eenigste orsake van alle dese deserte en van de retraite van hare Coninglycke Hoogheden te wesen." One of the lords, probably Halifax or Nottingham, "seer hadde geurgeert op de securiteyt van de lords die nu met syn Hoogheyt

At first James seemed disposed to make excellent use of the time which he had taken for consideration. The chancellor was directed to issue writs convoking a Parliament for the thirteenth of January. Halifax was sent for to the closet, had a long audience, and spoke with much more freedom than he had thought it decorous to use in the presence of a large assembly. He was informed that he had been appointed a commissioner to treat with the Prince of Orange. With him were joined Nottingham and Godolphin. The king declared that he was prepared to make great sacrifices for the sake of peace. Halifax answered that great sacrifices would doubtless be required. "Your majesty," he said, "must not expect that those who have the power in their hands will consent to any terms which would leave the laws at the mercy of the prerogative." With this distinct explanation of his views, he accepted the commission which the king wished him to undertake.\* The concessions which a few hours before had been so obstinately refused, were now made in the most liberal manner. A proclamation was put forth, by which the king not only granted a free pardon to all who were in rebellion against him, but declared them eligible to be members of the approaching Parliament. It was not even required as a condition of eligibility that they should lay down their arms. The same Gazette which announced that the houses were about to meet contained a notification that Sir Edward Hales, who, as a papist, as a renegade, as the foremost champion of the dispensing power, and as the harsh jailer of the bishops, was one of the most unpopular men in the realm, had ceased to be lieutenant of the Tower, and had been succeeded by his late prisoner, Bevil Skelton, who, though he held no high place in the esteem of his countrymen, was at least not disqualified by law for public trust.†

But these concessions were meant only to blind the lords and the nation to the king's real designs. He had, secretly determined that, even in this extremity, he would yield nothing. On the very day on which he issued the proclamation of amnesty, he fully explained his intentions to Barillon. "This negotiation," said James, "is a mere feint. I

geengageert staan. Soo hoor ick," says Citters, "dat syn Majesteyt onder anderen soude gesegt hebben; 'Men spreek al voor de securiteyt van andere, en niet voor de myne.' Waar op een der Pairs resolut dan met groot respect soude geantwoordt hebben dat, soo syne Majesteyt's wapenen in staat waren om hem te connen maenteneren, dat dan sulx syne securiteyt konde wesen; soo niet, en soo de difficulteyt dan nog te surmonteren was, dat het den moeste geschieden door de meeste condescendance, en hoe meer die was, en hy genegen om aan de natic contentement te geven, dat syne securiteyt ook des te grooter soude wesen."

\* Letter of the Bishop of St. Asaph to the Prince of Orange, Dec. 17, 1688.

† London Gazette, Nov. 29, Dec. 3, 1688; Clarendon's Diary, Nov. 29, 30.

must send commissioners to my nephew, that I may gain time to ship off my wife and the Prince of Wales. You know the temper of my troops. None but the Irish will stand by me; and the Irish are not in sufficient force to resist the enemy. A Parliament would impose on me conditions which I could not endure. I should be forced to undo all that I have done for the Catholics, and to break with the King of France. As soon, therefore, as the queen and my child are safe, I will leave England, and take refuge in Ireland, in Scotland, or with your master.\*

Already James had made preparations for carrying this scheme into effect. Dover had been sent to Portsmouth with instructions to take charge of the Prince of Wales; and Dartmouth, who commanded the fleet there, had been ordered to obey Dover's directions in all things concerning the royal infant, and to have a yacht manned by trusty sailors in readiness to sail for France at a moment's notice.† The king now sent positive orders that the child should instantly be conveyed to the nearest continental port.‡ Next to the Prince of Wales the chief object of anxiety was the great seal. To that symbol of kingly authority our jurists have always ascribed a peculiar and almost mysterious importance. It is held, that, if the keeper of the seal should affix it, without taking the royal pleasure, to a patent of peerage or to a pardon, though he may be guilty of a high offense, the instrument cannot be questioned by any court of law, and can be annulled only by an act of Parliament. James seems to have been afraid that his enemies might get this organ of his will into their hands, and might thus give a legal validity to acts which might affect him injuriously. Nor will his apprehensions be thought unreasonable when it is remembered that, exactly a hundred years later, the great seal of a lunatic king was used with the assent of the House of Lords and Commons, and with the approbation of many great statesmen and lawyers, for the purpose of transferring his prerogatives to his son. Lest the talisman which possessed such formidable powers should be abused, James determined that it should be kept within a few yards of his own closet. Jeffreys was therefore ordered to quit the costly mansion which he had lately built in Duke Street, and to take up his residence in a small apartment at Whitehall.§

The king had made all his preparations for flight, when an unexpected impediment compelled him to postpone the execution of his

design. His agents at Portsmouth began to entertain scruples. Even Dover, though a member of the Jesuitical cabal, showed signs of hesitation. Dartmouth was still less disposed to comply with the royal wishes. He had hitherto been faithful to the throne, and had done all that he could do, with a disaffected fleet, and in the face of an adverse wind, to prevent the Dutch from landing in England; but he was a zealous member of the Established Church, and was by no means friendly to the policy of that government which he thought himself bound in duty and honor to defend. The mutinous temper of the officers and men under his command had caused him much anxiety; and he had been greatly relieved by the news that a free Parliament had been convoked, and that commissioners had been named to treat with the Prince of Orange. The joy was clamorous throughout the fleet. An address, warmly thanking the king for these gracious concessions to public feeling, was drawn up on board of the flag ship. The admiral signed first. Thirty-eight captains wrote their names under his. This paper, on its way to Whitehall, crossed the messenger who brought to Portsmouth the order that the Prince of Wales should instantly be conveyed to France. Dartmouth learned, with bitter grief and resentment, that the free Parliament, the general amnesty, the negotiation, were all parts of a great fraud on the nation, and that in this fraud he was expected to be an accomplice. In a pathetic and manly letter, he declared that he had already carried his obedience to the farthest point to which a Protestant and an Englishman could go. To put the heir apparent of the British crown into the hands of Louis would be nothing less than treason against the monarchy. The nation, already too much alienated from the sovereign, would be roused to madness. The Prince of Wales would either not return at all, or would return attended by a French army. If his royal highness remained in the island, the worst that could be apprehended was that he would be brought up a member of the national Church; and that he might be so brought up ought to be the prayer of every loyal subject. Dartmouth concluded by declaring that he would risk his life in defense of the throne, but that he would be no party to the transporting of the prince into France.\*

This letter deranged all the projects of

\* Second Collection of Papers, 1688; Dartmouth's Letter, dated Dec. 3, 1688, will be found in Dalrymple; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 233, Orig. Mem. James accuses Dartmouth of having got up an address from the fleet demanding a Parliament. This is a mere calumny. The address is one of thanks to the king for having called a Parliament, and was framed before Dartmouth had the least suspicion that his majesty was deceiving the nation.

\* Barillon, Dec. 1-11, 1688.

† James to Dartmouth, Nov. 25, 1688. † The letters are in Dalrymple.

‡ James to Dartmouth, Dec. 1, 1688.

§ Luttrell's Diary.

James. He learned, too, that he could not, on this occasion, expect from his admiral even passive obedience; for Dartmouth had gone so far as to station several sloops at the mouth of the harbor of Portsmouth, with orders to suffer no vessel to pass out unexamined. A change of plan was necessary. The child must be brought back to London, and sent thence to France. An interval of some days must elapse before this could be done. During that interval the public mind must be amused by the hope of a Parliament and the semblance of a negotiation. Writs were sent out for the elections. Trumpeters went backward and forward between the capital and the Dutch head-quarters. At length passes for the king's commissioners arrived, and the three lords set out on their embassy.

They left the capital in a state of fearful distraction. The passions which, during three troubled years, had been gradually gathering force, now, emancipated from the restraint of fear, and stimulated by victory and sympathy, showed themselves without disguise, even in the precincts of the royal dwelling. The grand jury of Middlesex found a bill against the Earl of Salisbury for turning papist.\* The lord mayor ordered the houses of the Roman Catholics of the city to be searched for arms. The mob broke into the house of one respectable merchant who held the unpopular faith, in order to ascertain whether he had not run a mine from his cellars under the neighboring parish church, for the purpose of blowing up parson and congregation.† The hawkers bawled about the streets a hue and cry after Father Petre, who had withdrawn himself, and not before it was time, from his apartments in the palace.‡ Wharton's celebrated song, with many additional verses, was chanted more loudly than ever in all the streets of the capital. The very sentinels who guarded the palace hummed, as they paced their rounds,

"The English confusion to popery drink,  
Lillibullero bullen a la."

The secret presses of London worked without ceasing. Many papers daily came into circulation by means which the magistracy could not discover or would not check. One of these has been preserved from oblivion by the skillful audacity with which it was written, and by the immense effect which it produced. It purported to be a supplemental declaration under the hand and seal of the Prince of Orange, but it was written in a style very different from that of his genuine manifesto.

Vengeance alien from the usages of Christian and civilized nations was denounced against all papists who should dare to espouse the royal cause. They should be treated, not as soldiers or gentlemen, but as freebooters. The ferocity and licentiousness of the invading army, which had hitherto been restrained with a strong hand, should be let loose on them. Good Protestants, and especially those who inhabited the capital, were adjured, as they valued all that was dear to them, and commanded, on peril of the prince's highest displeasure, to seize, disarm, and imprison their Roman Catholic neighbors. This document, it is said, was found by a Whig bookseller one morning under his shop door. He made haste to print it. Many copies were dispersed by the post, and passed rapidly from hand to hand. Discerning men had no difficulty in pronouncing it a forgery devised by some unquiet and unprincipled adventurer, such as, in troubled times, are always busy in the foulest and darkest offices of faction. But the multitude was completely duped. Indeed, to such a height had national and religious feeling been excited against the Irish papists, that most of those who believed the spurious proclamation to be genuine were inclined to applaud it as a seasonable exhibition of vigor. When it was known that no such document had really proceeded from William, men asked anxiously what impostor had so daringly and so successfully personated his highness. Some suspected Ferguson, others Johnson. At length, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, Hugh Speke avowed the forgery, and demanded from the house of Brunswick a reward for so eminent a service rendered to the Protestant religion. He asserted, in the tone of a man who conceives himself to have done something eminently virtuous and honorable, that, when the Dutch invasion had thrown Whitehall into consternation, he had offered his services to the court, had pretended to be estranged from the Whigs, and had promised to act as a spy upon them; that he had thus obtained admittance to the royal closet, had vowed fidelity, had been promised large pecuniary rewards, and had procured blank passes which enabled him to travel backward and forward across the hostile outposts. All these things he protested that he had done solely in order that he might, unsuspected, aim a deadly blow at the government, and produce a violent outbreak of popular feeling against the Roman Catholics. The forged proclamation he claimed as one of his contrivances; but whether his claim were well founded may be doubted. He delayed to make it so long that we may reasonably suspect him of having

\* Luttrell's Diary.

† Adda, Dec. 7-17, 1688.

‡ The nuncio says, "Se lo avesse fatto prima di ora, per il Re non sarebbe stato meglio."

waited for the death of those who could confute him; and he produced no evidence but his own.\*

While these things happened in London, every post from every part of the country brought tidings of some new insurrection. Lumley had seized Newcastle. The inhabitants had welcomed him with transport. The statue of the king which stood on a lofty pedestal of marble, had been pulled down and hurled into the Tyne. The third of December was long remembered at Hull as the town-taking day. That place had a garrison commanded by Lord Langdale, a Roman Catholic. The Protestant officers concerted with the magistracy a plan of revolt; Langdale and his adherents were arrested, and soldiers and citizens united in declaring for the Protestant religion and a free Parliament.†

The eastern counties were up. The Duke of Norfolk, attended by three hundred gentlemen armed and mounted, appeared in the stately market-place of Norwich. The mayor and aldermen met him there, and engaged to stand by him against popery and arbitrary power.‡ Lord Herbert of Chisbury and Sir Edward Harley took up arms in Worcestershire.§ Bristol, the second city of the realm, opened its gates to Shrewsbury. Trelawney, the bishop, who had entirely unlearned in the Tower the doctrine of non-resistance, was the first to welcome the prince's troops. Such was the temper of the inhabitants that it was thought unnecessary to leave any garrison among them.|| The people of Gloucester rose and delivered Lovelace from confinement. An irregular army soon gathered round him. Some of his horsemen had only halters for bridles. Many of his infantry had only clubs for weapons. But this force, such as it was, marched unopposed through counties once devoted to the house of Stuart, and at length entered Oxford in triumph. The magistrates came in state to welcome the insurgents. The University itself, exasperated by recent injuries, was little disposed to pass censures on rebellion. Already some of the heads of houses had dispatched one of their number to assure the Prince of Orange that they were cordially with him, and that they would gladly coin their plate for his service. The Whig chief, therefore, rode through the capital of Toryism amid general acclamation. Before

him the drums beat Lillibullero. Behind him came a long stream of horse and foot. The whole High Street was gay with orange ribbons; for already the orange ribbon had the double signification which, after the lapse of one hundred and sixty years, it still retains. Already it was the emblem to the Protestant Englishman of civil and religious freedom, to the Roman Catholic Celt of subjugation and persecution.\*

While foes were thus rising up all round the king, friends were fast shrinking from his side. The idea of resistance had become familiar to every mind. Many who had been struck with horror when they heard of the first defections, now blamed themselves for having been so slow to discern the signs of the times. There was no longer any difficulty or danger in repairing to William. The king, in calling on the nation to elect representatives, had, by implication, authorized all men to repair to the places where they had votes or interest; and many of those places were already occupied by invaders or insurgents. Clarendon eagerly caught at this opportunity of deserting the falling cause. He knew that his speech in the Council of Peers had given deadly offense; and he was mortified by finding that he was not to be one of the royal commissioners. He had estates in Wiltshire. He determined that his son, the son of whom he had lately spoken with grief and horror, should be a candidate for that county; and, under pretense of looking after the election, he set out for the west. He was speedily followed by Oxford, and by others who had hitherto disclaimed all connection with the prince's enterprise.†

By this time the invaders, steadily though slowly advancing, were within seventy miles of London. Though mid-winter was approaching, the weather was fine, the way was pleasant, and the turf of Salisbury Plain seemed luxuriously smooth to men who had been toiling through the miry ruts of the Devonshire and Somersetshire highways. The route of the army lay close by Stonehenge; and regiment after regiment halted to examine that mysterious ruin, celebrated all over the Continent as the greatest wonder of our island. William entered Salisbury with the same military pomp which he had displayed at Exeter, and was lodged there in the palace which the king had occupied a few days before.‡

His train was now swelled by the Earls of Clarendon and Oxford, and by other men of

\* See the Secret History of the Revolution, by Hugh Speke, 1715. In the London library is a copy of this rare work, with a manuscript note which seems to be in Speke's own hand.

† Brand's History of Newcastle; Tickell's History of Hull.

‡ An account of what passed at Norwich may still be seen in several collections on the original broadside. See, also, the Fourth Collection of Papers, 1688.

§ Clarke's Life of James, ii, 233; MS. Memoir of the Harley family in the Mackintosh Collection.

|| Citiers, Dec. 9-19, 1688. Letter of the Bishop of Bristol to the Prince of Orange, Dec. 5, 1688, in Dalrymple.

\* Citiers, Nov. 27-Dec. 7, 1688; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 11; Song on Lord Lovelace's entry into Oxford, 1688; Burnet, i, 793.

† Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5, 1688.

‡ Whittie's Exact Diary; Eachard's History of the Revolution.

high rank, who had, until within a few days, been considered as zealous Royalists. Citters also made his appearance at the Dutch headquarters. He had been during some weeks almost a prisoner in his house, near Whitehall, under the constant observation of relays of spies. Yet, in spite of those spies, or perhaps by their help, he had succeeded in obtaining full and accurate intelligence of all that passed in the palace; and now, full fraught with valuable information about men and things, he came to assist the deliberations of William.\*

Thus far the prince's enterprise had prospered beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine. And now, according to the general law which governs human affairs, prosperity began to produce disunion. The Englishmen assembled at Salisbury were divided into two parties. One party consisted of Whigs, who had always regarded the doctrines of passive obedience and of indefeasible hereditary right as slavish superstitions. Many of them had passed years in exile. All had been long shut out from participation in the favors of the crown. They now exulted in the near prospect of greatness and of vengeance. Burning with resentment, flushed with victory and hope, they would hear of no compromise. Nothing less than the deposition of the tyrant would content them; nor can it be disputed that herein they were perfectly consistent. They had exerted themselves, nine years earlier, to exclude him from the throne, because they thought it likely that he would be a bad king. It could therefore scarcely be expected that they would willingly leave him on the throne, now that he had turned out a far worse king than any reasonable man could have anticipated.

On the other hand, not a few of William's followers were zealous Tories, who had, until very recently, held the doctrine of non-resistance in the most absolute form, but whose faith in that doctrine had, for a moment, given way to the strong passions excited by the ingratitude of the king and by the peril of the Church. No situation could be more painful or perplexing than that of the old Cavalier who found himself in arms against the throne. The scruples which had not prevented him from repairing to the Dutch camp began to torment him cruelly as soon as he was there. His mind misgave him that he had committed a crime. At all events, he had exposed himself to reproach by acting in diametrical opposition to the professions of his whole life. He felt insurmountable disgust for his new allies. They were people whom, ever since

he could remember, he had been reviling and persecuting, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, old soldiers of Cromwell, brisk boys of Shaftesbury, accomplices in the Rye House Plot, captains of the Western Insurrection. He naturally wished to find out some salvo which might soothe his conscience, and which might vindicate his consistency, and which might put a distinction between him and the crew of schismatical rebels whom he had always despised and abhorred, but with whom he was now in danger of being confounded. He therefore disclaimed, with vehemence, all thought of taking the crown from that anointed head which the ordinance of heaven and the fundamental laws of the realm had made sacred. His dearest wish was to see a reconciliation effected on terms which would not lower the royal dignity. He was no traitor. He was not, in truth, resisting the kingly authority. He was in arms only because he was convinced that the best service which could be rendered to the throne was to rescue his majesty, by a little gentle coercion, from the hands of wicked counselors.

The evils which the mutual animosity of these factions tended to produce were, to a great extent, averted by the ascendancy and by the wisdom of the prince. Surrounded by eager disputants, officious advisers, abject flatterers, vigilant spies, malicious tale-bearers, he remained serene and inscrutable. He preserved silence while silence was possible. When he was forced to speak, the earnest and peremptory tone in which he uttered his well-weighed opinions soon silenced everybody else. Whatever some of his too zealous adherents might say, he uttered not a word indicating any design on the English crown. He was doubtless well aware that between him and that crown were still interposed obstacles which no prudence might be able to surmount, and which a single false step would make insurmountable. His only chance of obtaining the splendid prize was not to seize it rudely, but to wait until, without any appearance of exertion or stratagem on his part, his secret wish should be accomplished by the force of circumstances, by the blunders of his opponents, and by the free choice of the estates of the realm. Those who ventured to interrogate him learned nothing, and yet could not accuse him of shuffling. He quietly referred them to his declaration, and assured them that his views had undergone no change since that instrument had been drawn up. So skillfully did he manage his followers that their discord seems rather to have strengthened than to have weakened his hands; but it broke forth with violence when his control was withdrawn, interrupted the harmony of

\* Citters, Nov. 20-30, Dec. 9-19, 1688.

convivial meetings, and did not respect even the sanctity of the house of God. Clarendon, who tried to hide from others and from himself, by an ostentatious display of loyal sentiments, the plain fact that he was a rebel, was shocked to hear some of his new associates laughing over their wine at the royal amnesty which had just been graciously offered to them. They wanted no pardon, they said. They would make the king ask pardon before they had done with him. Still more alarming and disgusting to every good Tory was an incident which happened at Salisbury Cathedral. As soon as the officiating minister began to read the collect for the king, Burnet, among whose many good qualities self-command and a fine sense of the becoming cannot be reckoned, rose from his knees, sat down in his stall, and uttered some contemptuous noises which disturbed the devotions of the whole congregation.\*

In a short time the factions which divided the prince's camp had an opportunity of measuring their strength. The royal commissioners were on their way to him. Several days had elapsed since they had been appointed, and it was thought strange that, in a case of such urgency, there should be such delay. But, in truth, neither James nor William was desirous that negotiations should speedily commence; for James wished only to gain time sufficient for sending his wife and son into France, and the position of William became every day more commanding. At length the prince caused it to be notified to the commissioners that he would meet them at Hungerford. He probably selected this place because, lying at an equal distance from Salisbury and from Oxford, it was well situated for a rendezvous of his most important adherents. At Salisbury were those noblemen and gentlemen who had accompanied him from Holland or had joined him in the west, and at Oxford were many chiefs of the northern insurrection.

Late on Thursday, the sixth of December, he reached Hungerford. The little town was soon crowded with men of rank and note who came thither from opposite quarters. The prince was escorted by a strong body of troops. The northern lords brought with them hundreds of irregular cavalry, whose accoutrements and horsemanship moved the mirth of men accustomed to the splendor and precision of regular armies.†

While the prince lay at Hungerford a sharp encounter took place between two hundred and fifty of his troops and six hundred Irish, who were posted at Reading. The superior

discipline of the invaders was signally proved on this occasion. Though greatly outnumbered, they, at one onset, drove the king's forces in confusion through the streets of the town into the market-place. There the Irish attempted to rally; but, being vigorously attacked in front, and fired upon at the same time by the inhabitants from the windows of the neighboring houses, they soon lost heart and fled, with the loss of their colors and of fifty men. Of the conquerors only five fell. The satisfaction which this news gave to the lords and gentlemen who had joined William was unmixed. There was nothing in what had happened to gall their national feelings. The Dutch had not beaten the English, but had assisted an English town to free itself from the insupportable dominion of the Irish.\*

On the morning of Saturday, the eighth of December, the king's commissioners reached Hungerford. The prince's body guard was drawn up to receive them with military respect. Bentinck welcomed them, and proposed to conduct them immediately to his master. They expressed a hope that the prince would favor them with a private audience; but they were informed that he had resolved to hear them and answer them in public. They were ushered into his bed-chamber, where they found him surrounded by a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen. Halifax, whose rank, age, and abilities entitled him to precedence, was spokesman. The proposition which the commissioners had been instructed to make was that the points in dispute should be referred to the Parliament for which the writs were already sealing, and that, in the meantime, the prince's army would not come within thirty or forty miles of London. Halifax, having explained that this was the basis on which he and his colleagues were prepared to treat, put into William's hand a letter from the king, and retired. William opened the letter and seemed unusually moved. It was the first letter which he had received from his father-in-law since they had become avowed enemies. Once they had been on good terms, and had written to each other familiarly; nor had they, even when they had begun to regard each other with suspicion and aversion, banished from their correspondence those forms of kindness which persons nearly related by blood and marriage commonly use. The letter which the commissioners had brought was drawn up by a secretary in diplomatic form and in the French language. "I have had many letters from the king," said William, "but they were all

\* Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 6, 7, 1688.  
† Ibid., Dec. 7, 1688.

\* History of the Desertion; Citters, Dec. 9-19, 1688; Exact Diary; Oldmixon, 760.



in English and in his own hand." He spoke with a sensibility which he was little in the habit of displaying. Perhaps he thought at that moment how much reproach his enterprise, just, beneficent, and necessary as it was, must bring on him and on the wife who was devoted to him. Perhaps he repined at the hard fate which had placed him in such a situation that he could fulfill his public duties only by breaking through domestic ties, and envied the happier condition of those who are not responsible for the welfare of nations and churches. But such thoughts, if they rose in his mind, were firmly suppressed. He requested the lords and gentlemen whom he had convoked on this occasion to consult together, unrestrained by his presence, as to the answer which ought to be returned. To himself, however, he reserved the power of deciding in the last resort, after hearing their opinion. He then left them and retired to Littlecote Hall, a manor house situated about two miles off, and renowned down to our own times, not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors.\*

Before he left Hungerford he was told that Halifax had expressed a great desire to see Burnet. In this desire there was nothing strange, for Halifax and Burnet had long been on terms of friendship. No two men, indeed, could resemble each other less. Burnet was utterly destitute of delicacy and tact. Halifax's taste was fastidious, and his sense of the ludicrous morbidly quick. Burnet viewed every act and every character through a medium distorted and colored by party spirit. The tendency of Halifax's mind was always to see the faults of his allies more strongly than the faults of his opponents. Burnet was, with all his infirmities, and through all the vicissitudes of a life passed in circumstances not very favorable to piety, a sincerely pious man. The skeptical and sarcastic Halifax lay under the imputation of infidelity. Halifax, therefore, often incurred Burnet's indignant censure, and Burnet was often the butt of Halifax's keen and polished pleasantry. Yet they were drawn to each other by a mutual attraction, liked each other's conversation, appreciated each other's abilities, interchanged opinions freely, and interchanged also good offices in perilous times. It was not, however, merely from personal regard that Halifax now wished to see his old acquaintance. The commissioners must have been anxious

to know what was the prince's real aim. He had refused to see them in private, and little could be learned from what he might say in a formal and public interview. Almost all those who were admitted to his confidence were men taciturn and impenetrable as himself. Burnet was the only exception. He was notoriously garrulous and indiscreet. Yet circumstances had made it necessary to trust him; and he would doubtless, under the dexterous management of Halifax, have poured out secrets as fast as words. William knew this well, and, when he was informed that Halifax was asking for the doctor, could not refrain from exclaiming, "If they get together there will be fine tattling." Burnet was forbidden to see the commissioners in private, but he was assured in very courteous terms that his fidelity was regarded by the prince as above all suspicion; and, that there might be no ground for complaint, the prohibition was made general.

That afternoon the noblemen and gentlemen whose advice William had asked met in the great room of the principal inn at Hungerford. Oxford was placed in the chair, and the king's overtures were taken into consideration. It soon appeared that the assembly was divided into two parties, a party anxious to come to terms with the king, and a party bent on his destruction. The latter party had the numerical superiority; but it was observed that Shrewsbury, who of all the English nobles was supposed to enjoy the largest share of William's confidence, though a Whig, sided on this occasion with the Tories. After much altercation the question was put. The majority was for rejecting the proposition which the royal commissioners had been instructed to make. The resolution of the assembly was reported to the prince at Littlecote. On no occasion during the whole course of his eventful life did he show more prudence and self-command. He could not wish the negotiation to succeed. But he was far too wise a man not to know that, if unreasonable demands made by him should cause it to fail, public feeling would no longer be on his side. He therefore overruled the opinion of his too eager followers, and declared his determination to treat on the basis proposed by the king. Many of the lords and gentlemen assembled at Hungerford remonstrated; a whole day was spent in bickering; but William's purpose was immovable. He declared himself willing to refer all the questions in dispute to the Parliament which had just been summoned, and not to advance within forty miles of London. On his side he made some demands which even those who were least disposed to com-

\* See a very interesting note on the fifth canto of Sir Walter Scott's *Rokeby*.

mend him allowed to be moderate. He insisted that the existing statutes should be obeyed until they should be altered by competent authority, and that all persons who held offices without a legal qualification should be forthwith dismissed. The deliberations of the Parliament, he justly conceived, could not be free if it was to sit surrounded by Irish regiments, while he and his army lay at a distance of several marches. He therefore thought it reasonable that, since his troops were not to advance within forty miles of London on the west, the king's troops should fall back as far to the east. There would thus be round the spot where the houses were to meet a wide circle of neutral ground. Within that circle, indeed, there were two fastnesses of great importance to the people of the capital, the Tower, which commanded their dwellings, and Tilbury Fort, which commanded their maritime trade. It was impossible to leave these places ungarrisoned. William therefore proposed that they should be temporarily intrusted to the care of the city of London. It might possibly be convenient that, when the Parliament assembled, the king should repair to Westminster with a body guard. The prince announced that, in that case, he should claim the right of repairing thither also with an equal number of soldiers. It seemed to him just that, while military operations were suspended, both the armies should be considered as alike engaged in the service of the English nation, and should be alike maintained out of the English revenue. Lastly, he required some guarantee that the king would not take advantage of the armistice for the purpose of introducing a French force into England. The point where there was most danger was Portsmouth. The prince did not, however, insist that this important fortress should be delivered up to him, but proposed that it should, during the truce, be under the government of an officer in whom both himself and James could confide.

The propositions of William were framed with a punctilious fairness, such as might have been expected rather from a disinterested umpire pronouncing an award than from a victorious prince dictating to a helpless enemy. No fault could be found with them by the partisans of the king; but among the Whigs there was much murmuring. They wanted no reconciliation with the tyrant. They thought themselves absolved from all allegiance to him. They were not disposed to recognize the authority of a Parliament convoked by his writ. They were averse to an armistice; and they could not conceive why, if there was to be an armis-

tice, it should be an armistice on equal terms. By all the laws of war the stronger party had a right to take advantage of his strength; and what was there in the character of James to justify any extraordinary indulgence? Those who reasoned thus little knew from how elevated a point of view, and with how discerning an eye, the leader whom they censured contemplated the whole situation of England and of Europe. They were eager to ruin James, and would therefore either have refused to treat with him on any conditions, or have imposed on him conditions insupportably hard. To the success of William's vast and profound scheme of policy it was necessary that James should ruin himself by rejecting conditions ostentatiously liberal. The event proved the wisdom of the course which the majority of the Englishmen at Hungerford were inclined to condemn.

On Sunday, the eighth of December, the prince's demands were put in writing, and delivered to Halifax. The commissioners dined at Littlecote. A splendid assemblage had been invited to meet them. The old hall, hung with coats of mail which had seen the wars of the Roses, and with portraits of gallants who had adorned the court of Philip and Mary, was now crowded with peers and generals. In such a throng a short question and answer might be exchanged without attracting notice. Halifax seized this opportunity, the first which had presented itself, of extracting all that Burnet knew or thought. "What is it that you want?" said the dexterous diplomatist; "do you wish to get the king into your power?" "Not at all," said Burnet; "we would not do the least harm to his person." "And if he were to go away?" said Halifax. "There is nothing," said Burnet, "so much to be wished." There can be no doubt that Burnet expressed the general sentiment of the Whigs in the prince's camp. They were all desirous that James should fly from the country; but only a few of the wisest among them understood how important it was that his flight should be ascribed by the nation to his own folly and perverseness, and not to harsh usage and well-grounded apprehension. It seems probable that, even in the extremity to which he was now reduced, all his enemies united would have been unable to effect his complete overthrow had he not been his own worst enemy; but, while his commissioners were laboring to save him, he was laboring as earnestly to make all their efforts useless.\*

\* My account of what passed at Hungerford is taken from Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 8, 9, 1688; Burnet, i, 794; the Paper delivered to the Prince by the Commissioners, and the Paper's Answer; Sir Patrick Home's Diary; Citters, Dec. 9-19.

His plans were at length ripe for execution. The pretended negotiation had answered its purpose. On the same day on which the three lords reached Hungerford the Prince of Wales arrived at Westminster. It had been intended that he should come over London Bridge, and some Irish troops were sent to Southwark\* to meet him; but they were received by a great multitude with such hooting and execration that they thought it advisable to retire with all speed. The poor child crossed the Thames at Kingston, and was brought into Whitehall so privately that many believed him to be still at Portsmouth.\*

To send him and the queen out of the country without delay was now the first object of James. But who could be trusted to manage the escape? Dartmouth was the most loyal of Protestant Tories; and Dartmouth had refused. Dover was a creature of the Jesuits; and even Dover had hesitated. It was not very easy to find an Englishman of rank and honor who would undertake to place the heir apparent of the English crown in the hands of the King of France. In these circumstances, James bethought him of a French nobleman who then resided in London, Antoine, count of Lauzun. Of this man it has been said that his life was stranger than the dreams of other people. Early in life he had been the intimate associate of Louis, and had been encouraged to expect the highest employments under the French crown. Then his fortunes had undergone an eclipse. Louis had driven from him the friend of his youth with bitter reproaches, and had, it was said, scarcely refrained from adding blows. The fallen favorite had been sent prisoner to a fortress; but he had emerged from his confinement, had again enjoyed the smiles of his master, and had gained the heart of one of the greatest ladies in Europe, Anna Maria, daughter of Gaston, duke of Orleans, grand-daughter of King Henry the Fourth, and heiress of the immense domains of the house of Montpensier. The lovers were bent on marriage. The royal consent was obtained. During a few hours Lauzun was regarded by the court as an adopted member of the house of Bourbon. The portion which the princess brought with her might well have been an object of competition to sovereigns: three great dukedoms, an independent principality with its own mint and with its own tribunals, and an income greatly exceeding the whole revenue of the kingdom of Scotland. But this splendid prospect had been overcast. The match had been broken off.

The aspiring suitor had been, during many years, shut up in an Alpine castle. At length Louis relented. Lauzun was forbidden to appear in the royal presence, but was allowed to enjoy liberty at a distance from the court. He visited England, and was well received at the palace of James and in the fashionable circles of London; for in that age the gentlemen of France were regarded throughout Europe as models of grace; and many chevaliers and viscounts, who had never been admitted to the interior circle at Versailles, found themselves objects of general curiosity and admiration at Whitehall. Lauzun was in every respect the man for the present emergency. He had courage and a sense of honor, had been accustomed to eccentric adventures, and, with the keen observation and ironical pleasantry of a finished man of the world, had a strong propensity to knight errantry. All his national feelings and all his personal interests impelled him to undertake the adventure from which the most devoted subjects of the English crown seemed to shrink. As the guardian, at a perilous crisis, of the Queen of Great Britain and of the Prince of Wales, he might return with honor to his native land; he might once more be admitted to see Louis dress and dine, and might, after so many vicissitudes, recommence, in the decline of life, the strangely fascinating chase of royal favor.

Animated by such feelings, Lauzun eagerly accepted the high trust which was offered to him. The arrangements for the flight were promptly made: a vessel was ordered to be in readiness at Gravesend; but to reach Gravesend was not easy. The city was in a state of extreme agitation. The slightest cause sufficed to bring a crowd together. No foreigner could appear in the streets without risk of being stopped, questioned, and carried before a magistrate as a Jesuit in disguise. It was, therefore, necessary to take the road on the South of the Thames. No precaution which could quiet suspicion was omitted. The king and queen retired to rest as usual. When the palace had been some time profoundly quiet, James rose and called a servant, who was in attendance. "You will find," said the king, "a man at the door of the ante-chamber; bring him hither." The servant obeyed, and Lauzun was ushered into the royal bed-chamber. "I confide to you," said James, "my queen and my son; everything must be risked to carry them into France." Lauzun, with a truly chivalrous spirit, returned thanks for the dangerous honor which had been conferred on him, and begged permission to avail himself of the assistance of his friend Saint Victor, a gen-

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 237. Burnet, strange to say, had not heard, or had forgotten, that the prince was brought back to London, i, 796.

tleman of Provence, whose courage and faith had been often tried. The services of so valuable an assistant were readily accepted. Lauzun gave his hand to Mary; Saint Victor wrapped up in his warm cloak the ill-fated heir of so many kings. The party stole down the back stairs, and embarked in an open skiff. It was a miserable voyage. The night was bleak; the rain fell; the wind roared; the waves were rough: at length the boat reached Lambeth, and the fugitives landed near an inn, where a coach and horses were in waiting. Some time elapsed before the horses could be harnessed. Mary, afraid that her face might be known, would not enter the house. She remained with her child, cowering for shelter from the storm under the tower of Lambeth Church, and distracted by terror whenever the ostler approached her with his lantern. Two of her women attended her, one who gave suck to the prince, and one whose office was to rock his cradle; but they could be of little use to their mistress, for both were foreigners who could hardly speak the English language, and who shuddered at the rigor of the English climate. The only consolatory circumstance was that the little boy was well, and uttered not a single cry. At length the coach was ready. Saint Victor followed it on horseback. The fugitives reached Gravesend safely, and embarked in the yacht which waited for them. They found there Lord Powis and his wife. Three Irish officers were also on board. These men had been sent thither in order that they might assist Lauzun in any desperate emergency; for it was thought not impossible that the captain of the ship might prove false, and it was fully determined that, on the first suspicion of treachery, he should be stabbed to the heart. There was, however, no necessity for violence. The yacht proceeded down the river with a fair wind; and Saint Victor, having seen her under sail, spurred back with the good news to Whitehall.\*

On the morning of Monday, the tenth of December, the king learned that his wife and son had begun their voyage with a fair prospect of reaching their destination. About the same time a courier arrived at the palace with dispatches from Hungerford. Had James been a little more discerning or a little less obstinate, those dispatches would have induced him to reconsider all his plans. The commissioners wrote hopefully. The conditions proposed by the conqueror were strangely liberal. The king himself could not refrain

from exclaiming that they were more favorable than he could have expected. He might, indeed, not unreasonably suspect that they had been framed with no friendly design; but this mattered nothing; for, whether they were offered in the hope that, by closing with them, he would lay the ground for a happy reconciliation, or, as is more likely, in the hope that, by rejecting them, he would exhibit himself to the whole nation as an utterly unreasonable and incorrigible tyrant, his course was equally clear. In either event, his policy was to accept them promptly and to observe them faithfully.

But it soon appeared that William had perfectly understood the character with which he had to deal, and, in offering those terms which the Whigs at Hungerford had censured as too indulgent, had risked nothing. The solemn farce by which the public had been amused since the retreat of the royal army from Salisbury was prolonged during a few hours. All the lords who were still in the capital were invited to the palace, that they might be informed of the progress of the negotiation which had been opened by their advice. Another meeting of peers was appointed for the following day. The lord mayor and the sheriffs of London were also summoned to attend the king. He exhorted them to perform their duties vigorously, and owned that he had thought it expedient to send his wife and child out of the country, but assured them that he would himself remain at his post. While he uttered this unkingly and unmanly falsehood, his fixed purpose was to depart before daybreak. Already he had intrusted his most valuable movables to the care of several foreign ambassadors. His most important papers had been deposited with the Tuscan minister. But before the flight there was still something to be done. The tyrant pleased himself with the thought that he might avenge himself on a people who had been impatient of his despotism by inflicting on them at parting all the evils of anarchy. He ordered the great seal and the writs for the new Parliament to be brought to his apartment. The writs which could be found he threw into the fire. Those which had been already sent out he annulled by an instrument drawn up in legal form. To his general Feversham he wrote a letter which could be understood only as a command to disband the army. Still, however, the king concealed his intention of absconding even from his chief ministers. Just before he retired he directed Jeffreys to be in the closet early on the morrow; and, while stepping into bed, whispered to Mulgrave that the news from Hungerford

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 246, Pere D'Orleans, *Revolutions d'Angleterre*, xi, Madame de Sevigne, Dec. 14-24, 1688; Dangeau, *Memoires*, Dec. 13-23. As to Lauzun, see the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle* and of the Duke of St. Simon, and the Characters of Labruyere.

was highly satisfactory. Everybody withdrew except the Duke of Northumberland. This young man, a natural son of Charles the Second by the Duchess of Cleveland, commanded a troop of Life Guards, and was a lord of the bed-chamber. It seems to have been then the custom of the court that, in the queen's absence, a lord of the bed-chamber should sleep on a pallet in the king's room; and it was Northumberland's turn to perform this duty.

At three in the morning of Tuesday, the eleventh of December, James rose, took the great seal in his hand, laid his commands on Northumberland not to open the door of the bed-chamber until the usual hour, and disappeared through a secret passage; the same passage, probably, through which Huddleston had been brought to the bedside of the late king. Sir Edward Hales was in attendance with a hackney coach. James was conveyed to Milbank, where he crossed the Thames in a small wherry. As he passed Lambeth he flung the great seal into the midst of the stream, whence, after many months, it was accidentally caught by a fishing net and dragged up.

At Vauxhall he landed. A carriage and horses had been stationed there for him; and he immediately took the road toward Sheerness, where a hoy belonging to the Custom House had been ordered to await his arrival.\*

#### CHAPTER X.

NORTHUMBERLAND strictly obeyed the injunction which had been laid on him, and did not open the door of the royal apartment until it was broad day. The ante-chamber was filled with courtiers, who came to make their morning bow, and with lords who had been summoned to council. The news of James's flight passed in an instant from the galleries to the streets, and the whole capital was in commotion.

It was a terrible moment. The king was gone. The prince had not arrived. No regency had been appointed. The great seal, essential to the administration of ordinary justice, had disappeared. It was soon known that Feversham had, on the receipt of the royal order, instantly disbanded his forces. What respect for law or property was likely to be found among soldiers, armed and congregated, emancipated from the restraints of discipline, and destitute of the necessaries of life? On the other hand, the populace of

London had, during some weeks, shown a strong disposition to turbulence and rapine. The urgency of the crisis united for a short time all who had any interest in the peace of society. Rochester had until that day adhered firmly to the royal cause. He now saw that there was only one way of averting general confusion. "Call your troop of guards together," he said to Northumberland, "and declare for the Prince of Orange." The advice was promptly followed. The principal officers of the army who were then in London held a meeting at Whitehall, and resolved that they would submit to William's authority, and would, until his pleasure should be known, keep their men together and assist the civil power to preserve order.\* The peers repaired to Guildhall, and were received there with all honor by the magistracy of the city. In strictness of law, they were no better entitled than any other set of persons to assume the executive administration. But it was necessary to the public safety that there should be a provisional government, and the eyes of men naturally turned to the hereditary magnates of the realm. The extremity of the danger drew Sancroft forth from his palace. He took the chair; and, under his presidency, the new Archbishop of York, five bishops, and twenty-two temporal lords, determined to draw up, subscribe, and publish a declaration. By this instrument they declared that they were firmly attached to the religion and Constitution of their country, and that they had cherished the hope of seeing grievances redressed and tranquillity restored by the Parliament which the king had lately summoned, but that this hope had been extinguished by his flight. They had therefore determined to join with the Prince of Orange, in order that the freedom of the nation might be vindicated, that the rights of the Church might be secured, that a just liberty of conscience might be given to Dissenters, and that the Protestant interest throughout the world might be strengthened. Until his highness should arrive, they were prepared to take on themselves the responsibility of giving such directions as might be necessary for the preservation of order. A deputation was instantly sent to lay this declaration before the prince, and to inform him that he was impatiently expected in London.†

The Lords then proceeded to deliberate on the course which it was necessary to take for the prevention of tumult. They sent for the two secretaries of state. Middleton refused to submit to what he regarded as a usurped

\* History of the Desertion; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 251, Origin. Mem. Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Burnet, i, 795.

\* History of the Desertion; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Eschard's History of the Revolution.

† London Gazette, Dec. 13, 1688.

authority; but Preston, astounded by his master's flight, and not knowing what to expect or whither to turn, obeyed the summons. A message was sent to Skelton, who was lieutenant of the Tower, requesting his attendance at Guildhall. He came, and was told that his services were no longer wanted, and that he must instantly deliver up his keys. He was succeeded by Lord Lucas. At the same time, the peers ordered a letter to be written to Dartmouth, enjoining him to refrain from all hostile operations against the Dutch fleet, and to displace all the popish officers who held commands under him.\*

The part taken in these proceedings by Sancroft, and by some other persons who had, up to that day, been strictly faithful to the principle of passive obedience, deserves especial notice. To usurp the command of the military and naval forces of the state, to remove the officers whom the king had set over his castles and his ships, and to prohibit his admiral from giving battle to his enemies, was surely nothing less than rebellion. Yet several honest and able Tories of the school of Filmer persuaded themselves that they could do all these things without incurring the guilt of resisting their sovereign. The distinction which they took was at least ingenious. Government, they said, is the ordinance of God. Hereditary monarchical government is eminently the ordinance of God. While the king commands what is lawful, we must obey him actively. When he commands what is unlawful, we must obey him passively. In no extremity are we justified in withstanding him by force. But, if he chooses to resign his office, his rights over us are at an end. While he governs us, though he may govern us ill, we are bound to submit; but if he refuses to govern us at all, we are not bound to remain forever without a government. Anarchy is not the ordinance of God; nor will he impute it to us as a sin that when a prince, whom, in spite of extreme provocations, we have never ceased to honor and obey, has departed we know not whither, leaving no vicegerent, we take the only course which can prevent the entire dissolution of society. Had our sovereign remained among us, we were ready, little as he deserved our love, to die at his feet. Had he, when he quitted us, appointed a regency to govern us with vicarious authority during his absence, to that regency alone should we have looked for direction. But he has disappeared, having made no provision for the preservation of order or the administration of justice. With him, and with his great seal, has vanished the whole

machinery by which a murderer can be punished, by which the right to an estate can be decided, by which the effects of a bankrupt can be distributed. His last act has been to free thousands of armed men from the restraints of military discipline, and to place them in such a situation that they must plunder or starve. Yet a few hours, and every man's hand will be against his neighbor. Life, property, female honor, will be at the mercy of every lawless spirit. We are at this moment actually in that state of nature about which theorists have written so much; and in that state we have been placed, not by our fault, but by the voluntary defection of him who ought to have been our protector. His defection may be justly called voluntary, for neither his life nor his liberty was in danger. His enemies had just consented to treat with him on a basis proposed by himself, and had offered immediately to suspend all hostile operations, on conditions which he could not deny to be liberal. In such circumstances it is that he has abandoned his trust. We retract nothing. We are in nothing inconsistent. We still assert our old doctrines without qualification. We still hold that it is in all cases sinful to resist the magistrate; but we say that there is no longer any magistrate to resist. He who was the magistrate, after long abusing his powers, has at last abdicated them. The abuse did not give us a right to depose him, but the abdication gives us a right to consider how we may best supply his place.

It was on these grounds that the prince's party was now swollen by many adherents who had previously stood aloof from it. Never, within the memory of man, had there been so near an approach to entire concord among all intelligent Englishmen as at this conjuncture, and never had concord been more needed. Legitimate authority there was none. All those evil passions which it is the office of government to restrain, and which the best governments restrain but imperfectly, were on a sudden emancipated from control: avarice, licentiousness, revenge, the hatred of sect to sect, the hatred of nation to nation. On such occasions it will ever be found that the human vermin which, neglected by ministers of state and ministers of religion, barbarous in the midst of civilization, heathen in the midst of Christianity, burrows, among all physical and all moral pollution, in the cellars and garrets of great cities, will at once rise into a terrible importance. So it was now in London. When the night, the longest night, as it chanced, of the year, approached, forth came from every den of vice, from the bear-garden at Hockley, and from the labyrinth of tip-

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 259; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Legge Papers in the Mackintosh Collection.

pling-houses and brothels in the Friars, thousands of house-breakers and highwaymen, cut-purses and ring-droppers. With these were mingled thousands of idle apprentices, who wished merely for the excitement of a riot. Even men of peaceable and honest habits were impelled by religious animosity to join the lawless part of the population; for the cry of No Popery, a cry which has more than once endangered the existence of London, was the signal for outrage and rapine. First the rabble fell on the Roman Catholic places of worship. The buildings were demolished. Benches, pulpits, confessionals, breviaries were heaped up and set on fire. A great mountain of books and furniture blazed on the site of the convent at Clerkenwell. Another pile was kindled before the ruins of the Franciscan house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The chapel in Lyme Street, the chapel in Bucklersbury, were pulled down. The pictures, images, and crucifixes were carried along the streets in triumph, amid lighted tapers torn from the altars. The procession bristled thick with swords and staves, and on the point of every sword and of every staff was an orange. The king's printing house, whence had issued, during the preceding three years, innumerable tracts in defense of papal supremacy, image worship, and monastic vows, was, to use a coarse metaphor which then, for the first time, came into use, completely gutted. The vast stock of paper, much of which was still unpoluted by types, furnished an immense bonfire. From monasteries, temples, and public offices, the fury of the multitude turned to private dwellings. Several houses were pillaged and destroyed; but the smallness of the booty disappointed the plunderers; and soon a rumor was spread that the most valuable effects of the papists had been placed under the care of the foreign ambassadors. To the savage and ignorant populace, the law of nations and the risk of bringing on their country the just vengeance of all Europe were as nothing. The houses of the ambassadors were besieged. A great crowd assembled before Barillon's door in St. James's Square. He, however, fared better than might have been expected; for, though the government which he represented was held in abhorrence, his liberal housekeeping and punctual payments had made him personally popular. Moreover, he had taken the precaution of asking for a guard of soldiers; and, as several men of rank, who lived near him, had done the same, a considerable force was collected in the square. The rioters, therefore, when they were assured that no arms or priests were concealed under his roof, left him unmolested. The Venetian envoy was protected by a de-

tachment of troops, but the mansions occupied by the ministers of the Elector Palatine and of the Grand-duke of Tuscany were destroyed. One precious box the Tuscan minister was able to save from the marauders. It contained nine volumes of memoirs, written in the hand of James himself. These volumes reached France in safety, and, after the lapse of more than a century, perished there in the havoc of a revolution far more terrible than that from which they had escaped. But some fragments still remain, and, though grievously mutilated and imbedded in great masses of childish fiction, well deserve to be attentively studied.

The rich plate of the Chapel Royal had been deposited at Wild House, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, the residence of the Spanish ambassador Ronquillo. Ronquillo, conscious that he and his court had not deserved ill of the English nation, had thought it unnecessary to ask for soldiers; but the mob was not in a mood to make nice distinctions. The name of Spain had long been associated in the public mind with the Inquisition and the Armada, with the cruelties of Mary and the plots against Elizabeth. Ronquillo had also made himself many enemies among the common people by availing himself of his privilege to avoid the necessity of paying his debts. His house was therefore sacked without mercy; and a noble library, which he had collected, perished in the flames. His only comfort was that the host in his chapel was rescued from the same fate.\*

The morning of the twelfth of December rose on a ghastly sight. The capital in many places presented the aspect of a city taken by storm. The Lords met at Whitehall, and exerted themselves to restore tranquillity. The train-bands were ordered under arms. A body of cavalry was kept in readiness to disperse tumultuous assemblages. Such atonement as was at that moment possible was made for the gross insults which had been offered to foreign governments. A reward was promised for the discovery of the property taken from Wild House; and Ronquillo, who had not a bed or an ounce of plate left, was splendidly lodged in the deserted palace of the kings of England. A sumptuous table was kept for him, and the yeomen of the guard were ordered to wait in his ante-chamber with the same observance which they were in the habit of paying to the sovereign. These marks of respect soothed even the

\* London Gazette, Dec. 13, 1688; Barillon, Dec. 14-24; Citiers, same date; Luttrell's Diary; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 256; Orig. Mem.; Ellis Correspondence, Dec. 13; Consultation of the Spanish Council of State, Jan. 19-29, 1689. It appears that Ronquillo complained bitterly to his government of his losses: "Sirviendole solo de consueño el haber tenido prevencion de poder consumir El Santissimo."

punctilious pride of the Spanish court, and averted all danger of a rupture.\*

In spite, however, of the well-meant efforts of the provisional government, the agitation grew hourly more formidable. It was heightened by an event which, even at this distance of time, can hardly be related without a feeling of vindictive pleasure. A scrivener who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the sea-faring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The chancellor instantly fired. "A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?" The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. "While I live," the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, "I shall never forget that terrible countenance." And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eye-brows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal dust; but there was no mistaking the savage mouth and eye of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the train-bands, and he was carried before the lord mayor. The mayor was a simple man who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng

without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords, who were sitting at Whitehall, and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halts full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man, meantime, was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult crying, "Keep them off, gentlemen! for God's sake, keep them off!" At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror.\*

All this time an active search was making after Roman Catholic priests. Many were arrested. Two bishops, Ellis and Leyburn, were sent to Newgate. The nuncio, who had little reason to expect that either his spiritual or his political character would be respected by the multitude, made his escape disguised as a lackey in the train of the minister of the Duke of Savoy.†

Another day of agitation and terror closed, and was followed by a night the strangest and most terrible that England had ever seen. Early in the evening an attack was made by the rabble on a stately house which had been built a few months before for Lord Powis, which in the reign of George the Second was the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, and which is still conspicuous at the north-western angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some troops were sent thither; the mob was dispersed, tranquillity seemed to be restored, and the citizens were retiring quietly to their beds. Just at this time arose a whisper which swelled fast into a fearful clamor, passed in an hour from Piccadilly to White Chapel, and spread into every street and alley of the capital. It was said that the Irish whom Faversham had let loose were marching on London, and massacring every man, woman, and child on the road. At one in the morning the

\* London Gazette, Dec. 13, 1688; Luttrell's Diary; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Consultation of the Spanish Council of State, Jan. 19-29, 1689. Something was said about reprisals; but the Spanish council treated the suggestion with contempt: "Habiendo sido este hecho por un furor de pueblo, sin consentimiento del gobierno, y antes contra su voluntad, como lo ha mostrado la satisfaccion que le han dado y le han prometido, parece que no hay juicio humano que puede aconsejar que se pase a semejante remedio."

\* North's Life of Guildford, 220; Jeffreys's Elegy; Luttrell's Diary; Oldmixon, 762. Oldmixon was in the crowd, and was, I doubt not, one of the most furious there. He tells the story well. Ellis Correspondence; Burnet, i, 797, and Onslow's note. † Adda, Dec. 9-19; Citters, Dec. 18-22.



drums of the militia beat to arms. Everywhere terrified women were weeping and wringing their hands, while their fathers and husbands were equipping themselves for fight. Before two the capital wore a face of stern preparedness which might well have daunted a real enemy, if such an enemy had been approaching. Candles were blazing at all the windows. The public places were as bright as at noonday. All the great avenues were barricaded. More than twenty thousand pikes and muskets lined the streets. The late day-break of the winter solstice found the whole city still in arms. During many years the Londoners retained a vivid recollection of what they called the Irish night. When it was known that there had been no cause of alarm, attempts were made to discover the origin of the rumor which had produced so much agitation. It appeared that some persons who had the look and dress of clowns just arrived from the country had first spread the report in the suburbs a little before midnight; but whence these men came, and by whom they were employed, remained a mystery. And soon news arrived from many quarters which bewildered the public mind still more. The panic had not been confined to London. The cry that disbanded Irish soldiers were coming to murder the Protestants had, with malignant ingenuity, been raised at once in many places widely distant from each other. Great numbers of letters, skillfully framed for the purpose of frightening ignorant people, had been sent by stage-coaches, by wagons, and by the post to various parts of England. All these letters came to hand almost at the same time. In a hundred towns at once the populace was possessed with the belief that armed barbarians were at hand, bent on perpetrating crimes as foul as those which had disgraced the rebellion of Ulster. No Protestant would find mercy. Children would be compelled by torture to murder their parents. Babes would be stuck on pikes, or flung into the blazing ruins of what had lately been happy dwellings. Great multitudes assembled with weapons; the people in some places began to pull down bridges, and to throw up barricades; but soon the excitement went down. In many districts, those who had been so foully imposed upon learned with delight, alloyed by shame, that there was not a single popish soldier within a week's march. There were places, indeed, where some straggling bands of Irish made their appearance and demanded food; but it could scarcely be imputed to them as a crime that they did not choose to die of hunger, and there is no evidence that they committed any wanton outrage. In truth, they were much less

numerous than was commonly supposed; and their spirit was cowed by finding themselves left on a sudden without leaders or provisions, in the midst of a mighty population which felt toward them as men feel toward a drove of wolves. Of all the subjects of James, none had more reason to execrate him than these unfortunate members of his Church and defenders of his throne.\*

It is honorable to the English character that, notwithstanding the aversion with which the Roman Catholic religion and the Irish race were then regarded, notwithstanding the anarchy which was the effect of the flight of James, notwithstanding the artful machinations which were employed to scare the multitude into cruelty, no atrocious crime was perpetrated at this conjuncture. Much property, indeed, was destroyed and carried away. The houses of many Roman Catholic gentlemen were attacked. Parks were ravaged. Deer were slain and stolen. Some venerable specimens of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages bear to this day the marks of popular violence. The roads were in many places made impassable by a self-appointed police, which stopped every traveler until he proved that he was not a papist. The Thames was infested by a set of pirates who, under pretense of searching for arms or delinquents, rummaged every boat that passed. Obnoxious persons were insulted and hustled. Many persons who were not obnoxious were glad to ransom their persons and effects by bestowing some guineas on the zealous Protestants who had, without any legal authority, assumed the office of inquisitors. But in all this confusion, which lasted several days and extended over many counties, not a single Roman Catholic lost his life. The mob showed no inclination to blood, except in the case of Jeffreys; and the hatred which that bad man inspired had more affinity with humanity than with cruelty.†

Many years later Hugh Speke affirmed that the Irish night was his work, that he had prompted the rustics who raised London, and that he was the author of the letters which had spread dismay through the country. His assertion is not intrinsically improbable, but it rests on no evidence except his own word. He was a man quite capable of committing such a villany, and quite capable, also, of falsely boasting that he had committed it.‡

At London William was impatiently expected, for it was not doubted that his vigor

\* Citters, Dec. 14-24, 1688; Luttrell's Diary; Ellis Correspondence; Oldmixon, 761; Speke's Secret History of the Revolution; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 257; Eachard's History of the Revolution; History of the Desertion.

† Clarke's Life of James, ii, 258.

‡ Secret History of the Revolution.

and ability would speedily restore order and security. There was, however, some delay, for which the prince cannot justly be blamed. His original intention had been to proceed from Hungerford to Oxford, where he was assured of an honorable and affectionate reception; but the arrival of the deputation from Guildhall induced him to change his intention, and to hasten directly toward the capital. On the way he learned that Feversham, in pursuance of the king's orders, had dismissed the royal army, and that thousands of soldiers, freed from restraint and destitute of necessaries, were scattered over the counties through which the road to London lay. It was therefore impossible for William to proceed slenderly attended without great danger, not only to his own person, about which he was not much in the habit of being solicitous, but also to the great interests which were under his care. It was necessary that he should regulate his own movements by the movements of his troops, and troops could then move but slowly over the highways of England in mid-winter. He was, on this occasion, a little moved from his ordinary composure. "I am not to be thus dealt with," he exclaimed, with bitterness, "and that my Lord Feversham shall find." Prompt and judicious measures were taken to remedy the evils which James had caused. Churchill and Grafton were intrusted with the task of reassembling the dispersed army and bringing it into order. The English soldiers were invited to resume their military character. The Irish were commanded to deliver up their arms on pain of being treated as banditti, but were assured that, if they would submit quietly, they should be supplied with necessaries.\*

The prince's orders were carried into effect with scarcely any opposition except from the Irish soldiers who had been in garrison at Tilbury. One of these men snapped a pistol at Grafton. It missed fire, and the assassin was instantly shot dead by an Englishman. About two hundred of the unfortunate strangers made a gallant attempt to return to their own country. They seized a richly-laden East Indian which had just arrived in the Thames, and tried to procure pilots by force at Gravesend. No pilot, however, was to be found, and they were under the necessity of trusting to their own skill in navigation. They soon ran their ship aground, and, after some bloodshed, were compelled to lay down their arms.†

William had now been five weeks on English ground, and during the whole of that

time his good fortune had been uninterrupted. His own prudence and firmness had been conspicuously displayed, and yet had done less for him than the folly and pusillanimity of others. And now, at the moment when it seemed that his plans were about to be crowned with entire success, they were disconcerted by one of those strange incidents which so often confound the most exquisite devices of human policy.

On the morning of the thirteenth of December, the people of London, not yet fully recovered from the agitation of the Irish night, were surprised by a rumor that the king had been detained, and was still in the island. The report gathered strength during the day, and was fully confirmed before the evening.

James had traveled fast with relays of coach horses along the southern shore of the Thames, and on the morning of the twelfth had reached Emley Ferry, near the island of Sheerness. There lay the hoy in which he was to sail. He went on board; but the wind blew fresh, and the master would not venture to put to sea without more ballast. A tide was thus lost. Midnight was approaching before the vessel began to float. By that time the news that the king had disappeared, that the country was without a government, and that London was in confusion, had traveled fast down the Thames, and wherever it had spread had produced outrage and misrule. The rude fishermen of the Kentish coast eyed the hoy with suspicion and with cupidity. It was whispered that some persons in the garb of gentlemen had gone on board of her in great haste. Perhaps they were Jesuits; perhaps they were rich. Fifty or sixty boatmen, animated at once by hatred of popery and by love of plunder, boarded the hoy just as she was about to make sail. The passengers were told that they must go on shore and be examined by a magistrate. The king's appearance excited suspicion. "It is Father Petre," cried one ruffian; "I know him by his lean jaws." "Search the hatchet-faced old Jesuit," became the general cry. He was rudely pulled and pushed about. His money and watch were taken from him. He had about him his coronation ring, and some other trinkets of great value; but these escaped the search of the robbers, who, indeed, were so ignorant of jewelry that they took his diamond buckles for bits of glass.

At length the prisoners were put on shore and carried to an inn. A crowd had assembled there to see them; and James, though disguised by a wig of different shape and color from that which he usually wore, was at once recognized. For a moment the rabble seemed to be overawed; but the exhorta-

\* Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 13, 1688; Citters, December 14-24; Eschard's History of the Revolution.

† Citters, Dec. 14-24, 1688; Luttrell's Diary.

tions of their chiefs revived their courage; and the sight of Hales, whom they well knew and bitterly hated, inflamed their fury. His park was in the neighborhood; and at that very moment a band of rioters was employed in pillaging the house and shooting the deer. The multitude assured the king that they would not hurt him; but they refused to let him depart. It chanced that the Earl of Winchelsea, a Protestant, but a zealous Royalist, head of the Finch family, and first cousin of Nottingham, was then at Canterbury. As soon as he learned what had happened he hastened to the coast, accompanied by some Kentish gentlemen. By their intervention the king was removed to a more convenient lodging; but he was still a prisoner. The mob kept constant watch round the house to which he had been carried, and some of the ring-leaders lay at the door of his bedroom. His demeanor, meantime, was that of a man, all the nerves of whose mind had been broken by the load of misfortunes. Sometimes he spoke so haughtily that the rusties who had charge of him were provoked into making insolent replies. Then he betook himself to supplication. "Let me go," he cried; "get me a boat. The Prince of Orange is hunting for my life. If you do not let me fly now, it will be too late. My blood will be on your heads. He that is not with me is against me." On this last text he preached a sermon half an hour long. He harangued on a strange variety of subjects, on the disobedience of the fellows of Magdalen College, on the miracles wrought by Saint Winfred's well, on the disloyalty of the black coats, and on the virtues of a piece of the true cross which he had unfortunately lost. "What have I done?" he demanded of the Kentish squires who attended him. "Tell me the truth. What error have I committed?" Those to whom he put these questions were too humane to return the answer which must have risen to their lips, and listened to his wild talk in pitying silence.\*

When the news that he had been stopped, insulted, roughly handled, and plundered, and that he was still a prisoner in the hands of rude churls, reached the capital, many various passions were roused. Rigid Churchmen, who had, a few hours before, begun to think that they were freed from their allegiance to him, now felt misgivings. He had not quitted his kingdom. He had not consummated his abdication. If he should resume his regal office, could they, on their principles, refuse to pay him obedience? En-

lightened statesmen foresaw with concern that all the disputes which the flight of the tyrant had set at rest would be revived and exasperated by his return. Some of the common people, though still smarting from recent wrongs, were touched with compassion for a great prince outraged by ruffians, and were willing to entertain a hope, more honorable to their good nature than to their discernment, that he might even now repent of the errors which had brought on him so terrible a punishment.

From the moment when it was known that the king was still in England, Sancroft, who had hitherto acted as chief of the provisional government, absented himself from the sittings of the peers. Halifax, who had just returned from the Dutch head-quarters, was placed in the chair. His sentiments had undergone a great change in a few hours. Both public and private feelings now impelled him to join the Whigs. Those who candidly examine the evidence which has come down to us will be of opinion that he accepted the office of royal commissioner in the sincere hope of effecting an accommodation between the king and the prince on fair terms. The negotiation had commenced prosperously; the prince had offered terms which the king could not but acknowledge to be fair; the eloquent and ingenious Trimmer might flatter himself that he should be able to mediate between infuriated factions, to dictate a compromise between extreme opinions, to secure the liberties and religion of his country, without exposing her to the risks inseparable from a change of dynasty and a disputed succession. While he was pleasing himself with thoughts so agreeable to his temper, he learned that he had been deceived, and had been used as an instrument for deceiving the nation. His mission to Hungerford had been a fool's errand. The king had never meant to abide by the terms which he had instructed his commissioners to propose. He had charged them to declare that he was willing to submit all the questions in dispute to the Parliament which he had summoned; and, while they were delivering his message, he had burned the writs, made away with the seal, let loose the army, suspended the administration of justice, dissolved the government, and fled from the capital. Halifax saw that an amicable arrangement was no longer possible. He also felt, it may be suspected, the vexation natural to a man widely renowned for wisdom, who finds that he has been duped by an understanding immeasurably inferior to his own, and the vexation natural to a great master of ridicule, who finds himself placed in a ridiculous situation. His judgment and his resentment alike

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 251, Orig. Mem.; Letter printed in Tindal's Continuation of Rapin. This curious letter is in the Harl. MSS., 6852.

induced him to relinquish the schemes of reconciliation on which he had hitherto been intent, and to place himself at the head of those who were bent on raising William to the throne.\*

A journal of what passed in the council of Lords while Halifax presided is still extant in his own hand-writing.† No precaution, which seemed necessary for the prevention of outrage and robbery, was omitted. The peers took on themselves the responsibility of giving orders that, if the rabble rose again, the soldiers should fire with bullets. Jeffreys was brought to Whitehall and interrogated as to what had become of the great seal and the writs. At his own earnest request he was remanded to the Tower, as the only place where his life could be safe; and he retired thanking and blessing those who had given him the protection of a prison. A Whig nobleman moved that Oates should be set at liberty, but this motion was overruled.‡

The business of the day was nearly over, and Halifax was about to rise, when he was informed that a messenger from Sheerness was in attendance. No occurrence could be more perplexing or annoying. To do anything, to do nothing, was to incur a grave responsibility. Halifax, wishing probably to obtain time for communication with the prince, would have adjourned the meeting; but Mulgrave begged the Lords to keep their seats, and introduced the messenger. The man told his story with many tears, and produced a letter written in the king's hand, and addressed to no particular person, but imploring the aid of all good Englishmen.§

Such an appeal it was hardly possible to disregard. The Lords ordered Feversham to hasten with a troop of the Life Guards to the place where the king was detained, and to set his majesty at liberty.

Already Middleton and a few other adherents of the royal cause had set out to assist and comfort their unhappy master. They found him strictly confined, and were not suffered to enter his presence until they had delivered up their swords. The concourse of people about him was by this time immense. Some Whig gentlemen of the neighborhood had brought a large body of militia to guard him. They had imagined most erroneously

that by detaining him they were ingratiating themselves with his enemies, and were greatly disturbed when they learned that the treatment which the king had undergone was disapproved by the provisional government in London, and that a body of cavalry was on the road to release him. Feversham soon arrived. He had left his troops at Sittingbourne; but there was no occasion to use force. The king was suffered to depart without opposition, and was removed by his friends to Rochester, where he took some rest, which he greatly needed. He was in a pitiable state. Not only was his understanding, which had never been very clear, altogether bewildered, but the personal courage which, when a young man, he had shown in several battles, both by sea and by land, had forsaken him. The rough corporeal usage which he had now, for the first time, undergone, seems to have decomposed him more than any other event of his checkered life. The desertion of his army, of his favorites, of his family, affected him less than the indignities which he suffered when his hoy was boarded. The remembrance of those indignities continued long to rankle in his heart, and on one occasion showed itself in a way which moved all Europe to contemptuous mirth. In the fourth year of his exile he attempted to lure back his subjects by offering them an amnesty. The amnesty was accompanied by a long list of exceptions; and in this list the poor fishermen who had searched his pockets rudely appeared side by side with Churchill and Danby. From this circumstance we may judge how keenly he must have felt the outrage while it was still recent.\*

Yet, had he possessed an ordinary measure of good sense, he would have seen that those who had detained him had unintentionally done him a great service. The events which had taken place during his absence from his capital ought to have convinced him that, if he had succeeded in escaping, he never would have returned. In his own despite he had been saved from ruin. He had another chance, a last chance. Great as his offenses had been, to dethrone him, while he remained in his kingdom and offered to assent to such conditions as a free Parliament might impose, would have been almost impossible.

During a short time he seemed disposed to remain. He sent Feversham from Rochester with a letter to William. The substance of the letter was that his majesty was on his way back to Whitehall, that he wished to have a personal conference with the prince, and that Saint James's Palace should be fitted up for his highness.†

\* Reresby was told, by a lady whom he does not name, that the king had no intention of withdrawing until he received a letter from Halifax, who was then at Hungerford. The letter, she said, informed his majesty that, if he stayed, his life would be in danger. This is certainly a mere romance. The king, before the commissioners left London, had told Barillon that their embassy was a mere feint, and had expressed a full resolution to leave the country. It is clear, from Reresby's own narrative, that Halifax thought himself shamefully used.

† Harl. MS., 255.

‡ Halifax MS.; Citters, Dec. 18-28, 1688.

§ Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution.

\* See his proclamation, dated from St. Germain's, April 20, 1692.

† Clarke's Life of James, ii, 261, Orig. Mem.

William was now at Windsor. He had learned with deep mortification the events which had taken place on the coast of Kent. Just before the news arrived, those who approached him observed that his spirits were unusually high. He had, indeed, reason to rejoice. A vacant throne was before him. All parties, it seemed, would, with one voice, invite him to mount it. On a sudden his prospects were overcast. The abdication, it appeared, had not been completed. A large proportion of his own followers would have scruples about deposing a king who remained among them, who invited them to represent their grievances in a parliamentary way, and who promised full redress. It was necessary that the prince should examine his new position, and determine on a new line of action. No course was open to him which was altogether free from objections, no course which would place him in a situation so advantageous as that which he had occupied a few hours before. Yet something might be done. The king's first attempt to escape had failed. What was now most to be desired was that he should make a second attempt with better success. He must be at once frightened and enticed. The liberality with which he had been treated in the negotiation at Hungerford, and which he had requited by a breach of faith, would now be out of season. No terms of accommodation must be proposed to him. If he should propose terms he must be coldly answered. No violence must be used toward him, or even threatened. Yet it might not be impossible, without either using or threatening violence, to make so weak a man uneasy about his personal safety. He would soon be eager to fly. All facilities for flight must then be placed within his reach; and care must be taken that he should not again be stopped by any officious blunderer.

Such was William's plan; and the ability and determination with which he carried it into effect present a strange contrast to the folly and cowardice with which he had to deal. He soon had an excellent opportunity of commencing his system of intimidation. Feversham arrived at Windsor with James's letter. The messenger had not been very judiciously selected. It was he who had disbanded the royal army. To him primarily were to be imputed the confusion and terror of the Irish night. His conduct was loudly blamed by the public. William had been provoked into muttering a few words of menace; and a few words of menace from William's lips generally meant something. Feversham was asked for his safe-conduct. He had none. By coming without one into the midst of a hostile camp, he had, according to the laws of war, made

himself liable to be treated with the utmost severity. William refused to see him, and ordered him to be put under arrest.\* Zulestein was instantly dispatched to inform James that the prince declined the proposed conference, and desired that his majesty would remain at Rochester.

But it was too late. James was already in London. He had hesitated about the journey, and had, at one time, determined to make another attempt to reach the Continent. But at length he yielded to the urgency of friends who were wiser than himself, and set out for Whitehall. He arrived there on the afternoon of Sunday, the sixteenth of December. He had been apprehensive that the common people, who, during his absence, had given so many proofs of their aversion to popery, would offer him some affront. But the very violence of the recent outbreak had produced a remission. The storm had spent itself. Good humor and pity had succeeded to fury. In no quarter was any disposition shown to insult the king. Some cheers were raised as his coach passed through the city. The bells of some churches were rung, and a few bonfires were lighted in honor of his return.† His feeble mind, which had just before been sunk in despondency, was extravagantly elated by these unexpected signs of good will and compassion. He entered his dwelling in high spirits. It speedily resumed its old aspect. Roman Catholic priests, who had, during the preceding week, been glad to hide themselves from the rage of the multitude in vaults and cocklofts, now came forth from their lurking-places, and demanded possession of their old apartments in the palace. Grace was said at the royal table by a Jesuit. The Irish brogue, then the most hateful of all sounds to English ears, was heard everywhere in the courts and galleries. The king himself had resumed all his old haughtiness. He held a council, his last council, and, even in that extremity, summoned to the board persons not legally qualified to sit there. He expressed high displeasure at the conduct of those lords who, during his absence, had dared to take the administration on themselves. It was their duty, he conceived, to let society be dissolved, to let the houses of ambassadors be pulled down, to let London be set on fire, rather than assume

\* Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 16, 1688; Burnet, i, 860.

† Clarke's Life of James, ii, 262, Orig. Mem.; Burnet, i, 799. In the History of the Desertion [1689], it is affirmed that the shouts on this occasion were uttered merely by some idle boys, and that the great body of the people looked on in silence. Oldmixon, who was in the crowd, says the same; and Ralph tells us that the information which he had received from a respectable eye-witness was to the same effect. The truth probably is, that the signs of joy were in themselves slight, but seemed extraordinary because a violent explosion of public indignation had been expected. Bailillon mentions that there had been acclamations and some bonfires, but adds, "Le peuple dans le fond est pour le Prince d'Orange."—Dec. 17-27, 1688.

the functions which he had thought fit to abandon. Among those whom he thus censured were some nobles and prelates who, in spite of all his errors, had been constantly true to him, and who, even after this provocation, never could be induced by hope or fear to transfer their allegiance from him to any other sovereign.\*

But his courage was soon cast down. Scarcely had he entered his palace when Zulestein was announced. William's cold and stern message was delivered. The king still pressed for a personal conference with his nephew. "I would not have left Rochester," he said, "if I had known that he wished me not to do so; but, since I am here, I hope that he will come to Saint James's." "I must plainly tell your majesty," said Zulestein, "that his highness will not come to London while there are any troops here which are not under his orders." The king, confounded by this answer, remained silent. Zulestein retired; and soon a gentleman entered the bed-chamber with the news that Feversham had been put under arrest.† James was greatly disturbed. Yet the recollection of the applause with which he had been greeted still buoyed up his spirits. A wild hope rose in his mind. He fancied that London, so long the stronghold of Protestantism and Whiggism, was ready to take arms in his defense. He sent to ask the common council whether, if he took up his residence in the city, they would engage to defend him against the prince. But the common council had not forgotten the seizure of the charter and the judicial murder of Cornish, and refused to give the pledge which was demanded. Then the king's heart again sank within him. Where, he asked, was he to look for protection? He might as well have Dutch troops about him as his own Life Guards. As to the citizens, he now understood what their huzzas and bonfires were worth. Nothing remained but flight; and yet, he said, he knew that there was nothing which his enemies so much desired as that he would fly.‡

While he was in this state of trepidation, his fate was the subject of a grave deliberation at Windsor. The court of William was now crowded to overflowing with eminent men of all parties. Most of the chiefs of the northern insurrection had joined him. Several of the lords, who had, during the anarchy of the preceding week, taken upon themselves to act as a provisional government, had, as soon as the king returned, quitted London

for the Dutch head-quarters. One of these was Halifax. William had welcomed him with great satisfaction, but had not been able to suppress a sarcastic smile at seeing the ingenious and accomplished politician, who had aspired to be the umpire in that great contention, forced to abandon the middle course and to take a side. Among those who, at this conjuncture, repaired to Windsor, were some men who had purchased the favor of James by ignominious services, and who were now impatient to atone, by betraying their master, for the crime of having betrayed their country. Such a man was Titus, who had sat at the council board in defiance of law, and who had labored to unite the Puritans with the Jesuits in a league against the Constitution. Such a man was Williams, who had been converted by interest from a demagogue into a champion of prerogative, and who was now ready for a second apostasy. These men the prince, with just contempt, suffered to wait at the door of his apartment in vain expectation of an audience.\*

On Monday, the seventeenth of December, all the peers who were at Windsor were summoned to a solemn consultation at the castle. The subject proposed for deliberation was what should be done with the king. William did not think it advisable to be present during the discussion. He retired, and Halifax was called to the chair. On one point the lords were agreed. The king could not be suffered to remain where he was. That one prince should fortify himself in Whitehall and the other in Saint James's, that there should be two hostile garrisons within an area of a hundred acres, was universally felt to be inexpedient. Such an arrangement could scarcely fail to produce suspicions, insults, and bickerings which might end in blood. The assembled lords, therefore, thought it advisable that James should be sent out of London. Ham, which had been built and decorated by Lauderdale, on the banks of the Thames, out of the plunder of Scotland and the bribes of France, and which was regarded as the most luxurious of villas, was proposed as a convenient retreat. When the lords had come to this conclusion, they requested the prince to join them. Their opinion was then communicated to him by Halifax. William listened and approved. A short message to the king was drawn up. "Whom," said William, "shall we send with it?" "Ought it not," said Halifax, "to be conveyed by one of your highness's officers?" "Nay, my lord," answered the prince; "by your favor, it is sent by the advice of your

\* London Gazette, Dec. 16, 1688; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; History of the Desertion; Burnet, i, 799; Evelyn's Diary, Dec. 13, 17, 1688.

† Clarke's History of James, ii, 262, Orig. Mem.

‡ Barillon, Dec. 17-27, 1688; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 271.

\* Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 16, 1688.

lordships, and some of you ought to carry it." Then, without pausing to give time for remonstrance, he appointed Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere to be the messengers.\*

The resolution of the lords appeared to be unanimous. But there were in the assembly those who by no means approved of the decision in which they affected to concur, and who wished to see the king treated with a severity which they did not venture openly to recommend. It is a remarkable fact that the chief of this party was a peer who had been a vehement Tory, and who afterward died a non-juror, Clarendon. The rapidity with which, at this crisis, he went backward and forward from extreme to extreme, might seem incredible to people living in quiet times, but will not surprise those who have had an opportunity of watching the course of revolutions. He knew that the asperity with which he had, in the royal presence, censured the whole system of government, had given mortal offense to his old master. On the other hand, he might, as the uncle of the princesses, hope to be great and rich in the new world which was about to commence. The English colony in Ireland regarded him as a friend and patron; and he felt that on the confidence and attachment of that great interest much of his importance depended. To such considerations as these, the principles which he had, during his whole life, ostentatiously professed, now gave way. He repaired to the prince's closet, and represented the danger of leaving the king at liberty. The Protestants of Ireland were in extreme peril. There was only one way to secure their estates and their lives, and that was to keep his majesty close prisoner. It might not be prudent to shut him up in an English castle; but he might be sent across the sea, and confined in the fortress of Breda until the affairs of the British islands were settled. If the prince were in possession of such a hostage, Tyrconnel would probably lay down the sword of state, and the English ascendancy would be restored in Ireland without a blow. If, on the other hand, James should escape to France, and make his appearance at Dublin accompanied by a foreign army, the consequences must be disastrous. William owned that there was great weight in these reasons; but it could not be. He knew his wife's temper, and he knew that she would never consent to such a step. Indeed, it would not be for his own honor to treat his vanquished kinsman so ungraciously. Nor was it quite clear that generosity might not be the best policy. Who could say what ef-

fect such severity as Clarendon recommended might produce on the public mind of England? Was it impossible that the loyal enthusiasm, which the king's misconduct had extinguished, might revive as soon as it was known that he was within the walls of a foreign fortress? On these grounds William determined not to subject his father-in-law to personal restraint, and there can be little doubt that the determination was wise.\*

James, while his fate was under discussion, remained at Whitehall, fascinated, as it seemed, by the greatness and nearness of the danger, and unequal to the exertion of either struggling or flying. In the evening news came that the Dutch had occupied Chelsea and Kensington. The king, however, prepared to go to rest as usual. The Coldstream Guards were on duty at the palace. They were commanded by William, earl of Craven, an aged man, who, more than fifty years before, had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn hope at Creutzenach with such courage that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit.†

It was past ten o'clock when he was informed that three battalions of the prince's foot, mingled with some troops of horse, were pouring down the long avenue of Saint James's Park, with matches lighted, and in full readiness for action. Count Solmes, who commanded the foreigners, said that his orders were to take military possession of the posts round Whitehall, and exhorted Craven to retire peaceably. Craven swore that he would rather be cut in pieces; but when the king, who was undressing himself, learned what was passing, he forbade the stout old soldier to attempt a resistance which must have been ineffectual. By eleven the Coldstream Guards had withdrawn, and Dutch sentinels were pacing the rounds on every side of the palace. Some of the king's attendants asked whether he would venture to lie down surrounded by enemies. He answered that they could hardly use him worse than his own subjects had done, and with the apathy of a man stupefied by disasters, went to bed and to sleep.‡

\* Burnet, i, 600; Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution. Clarendon says nothing of this under the proper date; but see his Diary, August 19, 1689.

† Harte's Life of Gustavus Adolphus.

‡ Clarke's Life of James, ii, 264, mostly from Orig. Mem.; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Rapin de Thoyras. It must be remembered that in those events Rapin was himself an actor.

\* Burnet, i, 600; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 17, 1688; Citters, 18-23, 1688.

Scarcely was the palace again quiet when it was again roused. A little after midnight the three lords arrived from Windsor. Middleton was called up to receive them. They informed him that they were charged with an errand which did not admit of delay. The king was awakened from his first slumber, and they were ushered into his bed-chamber. They delivered into his hand the letter with which they had been intrusted, and informed him that the prince would be at Westminster in a few hours, and that his majesty would do well to set out for Ham before ten in the morning. James made some difficulties. He did not like Ham. It was a pleasant place in the summer, but cold and comfortless at Christmas, and was, moreover, unfurnished. Halifax answered that furniture should be instantly sent in. The three messengers retired, but were speedily followed by Middleton, who told them that the king would greatly prefer Rochester to Ham. They answered that they had not authority to accede to his majesty's wish, but that they would instantly send off an express to the prince, who was to lodge that night at Sion House. A courier started immediately, and returned before daybreak with William's consent. That consent, indeed, was most gladly given; for there could be no doubt that Rochester had been named because it afforded facilities for flight; and that James might fly was the first wish of his nephew.\*

On the morning of the eighteenth of December, a rainy and stormy morning, the royal barge was early at Whitehall stairs, and round it were eight or ten boats filled with Dutch soldiers. Several noblemen and gentlemen attended the king to the water side. It is said, and may well be believed, that many tears were shed; for even the most zealous friend of liberty could scarcely have seen, unmoved, the sad and ignominious close of a dynasty which might have been so great. Shrewsbury did all in his power to soothe the fallen tyrant. Even the bitter and vehement Delamere was softened. But it was observed that Halifax, who was generally distinguished by his tenderness to the vanquished, was, on this occasion, less compassionate than his two colleagues. The moek embassy to Hungerford was doubtless rankling in his mind.†

While the king's barge was slowly working its way on rough billows down the river, brigade after brigade of the prince's troops

came pouring into London from the west. It had been wisely determined that the duty of the capital should be chiefly done by the British soldiers in the service of the States-General. The three English regiments were quartered in and round the Tower, the three Scotch regiments in Southwark.\*

In defiance of the weather, a great multitude assembled between Albemarle House and Saint James's Palace to greet the prince. Every hat, every cane, was adorned with an orange ribbon. The bells were ringing all over London. Candles for an illumination were disposed in the windows. Fagots for bonfires were heaped up in the streets. William, however, who had no taste for crowds and shouting, took the road through the park. Before nightfall he arrived at Saint James's in a light carriage, accompanied by Schonberg. In a short time all the rooms and staircases in the palace were thronged by those who came to pay their court. Such was the press, that men of the highest rank were unable to elbow their way into the presence chamber.‡ While Westminster was in this state of excitement, the common council was preparing at Guildhall an address of thanks and congratulation. The lord mayor was unable to preside. He had never held up his head since the chancellor had been dragged into the justice room in the garb of a collier. But the aldermen and the other officers of the corporation were in their places. On the following day the magistrates of the city went in state to pay their duty to their deliverer. Their gratitude was eloquently expressed by their recorder, Sir George Treby. Some princes of the house of Nassau, he said, had been the chief officers of a great republic. Others had worn the imperial crown. But the peculiar title of that illustrious line to the public veneration was this, that God had set it apart and consecrated it to the high office of defending truth and freedom against tyrants from generation to generation. On the same day, all the prelates who were in town, Saneroff excepted, waited on the prince in a body. Then came the clergy of London, the foremost men of their profession in knowledge, eloquence, and influence, with their bishop at their head. With them were mingled some eminent dissenting ministers, whom Compton, much to his honor, treated with marked courtesy. A few months earlier, or a few months later, such courtesy would have been considered by many Churchmen as treason to the Church. Even then it was but too plain

\* Clarke's Life of James, ii, 265, Orig. Mem.; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Burnet, i, 801; Citters, Dec. 18-28, 1688.

† Citters, Dec. 18-28, 1688; Evelyn's Diary, same date; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 266, 267, Orig. Mem.

\* Citters, Dec. 18-28, 1688.

‡ Luttrell's Diary; Evelyn's Diary; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 18, 1688; Revolution Politics.



to a discerning eye that the armistice to which the Protestant sects had been forced would not long outlast the danger from which it had sprung. About a hundred nonconformist divines, resident in the capital, presented a separate address. They were introduced by Devonshire, and were received with every mark of respect and kindness. The lawyers paid their homage, headed by Maynard, who, at ninety years of age, was as alert and clear-headed as when he stood up in Westminster Hall to accuse Strafford. "Mr. Sergeant," said the prince, "you must have survived all the lawyers of your standing." "Yes, sir," said the old man, "and but for your highness, I should have survived the laws too."\*

But, though the addresses were numerous and full of eulogy, though the acclamations were loud, though the illuminations were splendid, though Saint James's Palace was too small for the crowd of courtiers, though the theaters were every night, from the pit to the ceiling, one blaze of orange ribbons, William felt that the difficulties of his enterprise were but beginning. He had pulled a government down. The far harder task of reconstruction was now to be performed. From the moment of his landing until he reached London he had exercised the authority which, by the laws of war acknowledged throughout the civilized world, belongs to the commander of an army in the field. It was now necessary that he should exchange the character of a general for that of a magistrate; and this was no easy task. A single false step might be fatal; and it was impossible to take any step without offending prejudices and rousing angry passions.

Some of the prince's advisers pressed him to assume the crown at once as his own by right of conquest, and then, as king, to send out, under his great seal, writs calling a Parliament. This course was strongly recommended by some eminent lawyers. It was, they said, the shortest way to what could otherwise be attained only through innumerable difficulties and disputes. It was in strict conformity with the auspicious precedent set after the battle of Bosworth by Henry the Seventh. It would also quiet the scruples which many respectable people felt as to the lawfulness of transferring allegiance from one ruler to another. Neither the law of England nor the Church of England recognized any right in subjects to depose their sovereign. But no jurist, no divine, had ever denied that a nation, overcome in war,

might, without sin, submit to the decision of the God of battles. Thus, after the Chaldean conquest, the most pious and patriotic Jews did not think that they violated their duty to their native king by serving with loyalty the new master whom Providence had set over them. The three confessors who had been marvelously preserved in the furnace held high office in the province of Babylon. Daniel was minister successively of the Assyrian who subjugated Judah, and of the Persian who subjugated Assyria. Nay, Jesus himself, who was, according to the flesh, a prince of the house of David, had, by commanding his countrymen to pay tribute to Cæsar, pronounced that foreign conquest annuls hereditary right, and is a legitimate title to dominion. It was therefore probable that great numbers of Tories, though they could not, with a clear conscience, choose a king for themselves, would accept, without hesitation, a king given to them by the event of war.\*

On the other side, however, there were reasons which greatly preponderated. The prince could not claim the crown as won by his sword without a gross violation of faith. In his declaration he had protested that he had no design of conquering England; that those who imputed to him such a design foully calumniated, not only himself, but the patriotic noblemen and gentlemen who had invited him over; that the force which he brought with him was evidently inadequate to an enterprise so arduous: and that it was his full resolution to refer all the public grievances, and all his own pretensions, to a free Parliament. For no earthly object could it be right or wise that he should forfeit his word so solemnly pledged in the face of all Europe. Nor was it certain that, by calling himself a conqueror, he would have removed the scruples which made rigid Churchmen unwilling to acknowledge him as king; for, call himself what he might, all the world knew that he was not really a conqueror. It was notoriously a mere fiction to say that this great kingdom, with a mighty fleet on the sea, with a regular army of forty thousand men, and with a militia of a hundred and thirty thousand men, had been, without one siege or battle, reduced to the state of a province by fifteen thousand invaders. Such a fiction was not likely to quiet consciences really sensitive; but it could scarcely fail to gall the national pride, already sore and irritable. The English soldiers were in a temper which required the most delicate management. They were conscious that, in the late campaign, their part had not been

\* Fourth Collection of Papers relating to the present juncture of affairs in England, 1658; Burnet, i, 802, 803; Calamy's Life and Times of Baxter, chap. xiv.

\* Burnet, i, 803.

brilliant. Captains and privates were alike impatient to prove that they had not given way before an inferior force from want of courage. Some Dutch officers had been indiscreet enough to boast at a tavern over their wine that they had driven the king's army before them. This insult had raised among the English troops a ferment which, but for the prince's prompt interference, would probably have ended in a terrible slaughter.\* What, in such circumstances, was likely to be the effect of a proclamation announcing that the commander of the foreigners considered the whole island as lawful prize of war?

It was also to be remembered that, by putting forth such a proclamation, the prince would at once abrogate all the rights of which he had declared himself the champion; for the authority of a foreign conqueror is not circumscribed by the customs and statutes of the conquered nation, but is, by its own nature, despotic. Either, therefore, it was not competent to William to declare himself king, or it was competent to him to declare the Great Charter and the Petition of Right nullities, to abolish trial by jury, and to raise taxes without the consent of Parliament. He might, indeed, re-establish the ancient Constitution of the realm; but, if he did so, he did so in the exercise of an arbitrary discretion. English liberty would thenceforth be held by a base tenure. It would be, not, as heretofore, an immemorial inheritance, but a recent gift, which the generous master who had bestowed it might, if such had been his pleasure, have withheld.

William, therefore, righteously and prudently determined to observe the promises contained in his declaration, and to leave to the Legislature the office of settling the government. So carefully did he avoid whatever looked like usurpation, that he would not, without some semblance of parliamentary authority, take upon himself even to convoke the estates of the realm, or to direct the executive administration during the elections. Authority strictly parliamentary there was none in the state; but it was possible to bring together, in a few hours, an assembly which would be regarded by the nation with a large portion of the respect due to a Parliament. One chamber might be formed of the numerous lords spiritual and temporal who were then in London, and another of old members of the House of Commons and of the magistrates of the city. The scheme was ingenious, and was promptly executed. The peers were summoned to Saint James's on the twenty-first of December. About seventy attended. The prince requested them to consider the state of the country, and to lay

before him the result of their deliberations. Shortly after appeared a notice inviting all gentlemen who had sat in the House of Commons during the reign of Charles the Second to attend his highness on the morning of the twenty-sixth. The aldermen of London were also summoned, and the common council was requested to send a deputation.\*

It has often been asked, in a reproachful tone, why the invitation was not extended to the members of the Parliament which had been dissolved in the preceding year. The answer is obvious. One of the chief grievances of which the nation complained was the manner in which that Parliament had been elected. The majority of the burgesses had been returned by constituent bodies remodelled in a manner which was generally regarded as illegal, and which the prince had, in his declaration, condemned. James himself had, just before his downfall, consented to restore the old municipal franchises. It would surely have been the height of inconsistency in William, after taking up arms for the purpose of vindicating the invaded charters of corporations, to recognize persons chosen in defiance of those charters as the legitimate representatives of the towns of England.

On Saturday, the twenty-second, the Lords met in their own house. That day was employed in settling the order of proceeding. A clerk was appointed; and, as no confidence could be placed in any of the twelve judges, some sergeants and barristers of great note were requested to attend, for the purpose of giving advice on legal points. It was resolved that on the Monday the state of the kingdom should be taken into consideration.†

The interval between the sitting of Saturday and the sitting of Monday was anxious and eventful. A strong party among the peers still cherished the hope that the Constitution and religion of England might be secured without the deposition of the king. This party resolved to move a solemn address to him, imploring him to consent to such terms as might remove the discontents and apprehensions which his past conduct had excited. Sancroft, who, since the return of James from Kent to Whitehall, had taken no part in public affairs, determined to come forth from his retreat on this occasion, and to put himself at the head of the Royalists. Several messengers were sent to Rochester with letters for the king. He was assured that his interests would be strenuously defended, if only he could, at this last moment, make up his mind to renounce designs abhorred by his

\* History of the Desertion; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 21, 1633; Burnet, i, 503, and Onslow's note.

† Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 21, 1633; Citters, same date.

people. Some respectable Roman Catholics followed him, in order to implore him, for the sake of their common faith, not to carry the vain contest further.\*

The advice was good, but James was in no condition to take it. His understanding had always been dull and feeble; and, such as it was, womanish tremors and childish fancies now disabled him from using it. He was aware that his flight was the thing which his adherents most dreaded and which his enemies most desired. Even if there had been serious personal risk in remaining, the occasion was one on which he ought to have thought it infamous to flinch; for the question was whether he and his posterity should reign on an ancestral throne, or should be vagabonds and beggars. But in his mind all other feelings had given place to a craven fear for his life. To the earnest entreaties and unanswerable arguments of the agents whom his friends had sent to Rochester he had only one answer. His head was in danger. In vain he was assured that there was no ground for such an apprehension; that common sense, if not principle, would restrain the Prince of Orange from incurring the guilt and shame of regicide and parricide; and that many, who never would consent to depose their sovereign while he remained on English ground, would think themselves absolved from their allegiance by his desertion. Fright overpowered every other feeling. He determined to depart; and it was easy for him to do so. He was negligently guarded; all persons were suffered to repair to him; vessels ready to put to sea lay at no great distance; and their boats might come close to the garden of the house in which he was lodged. Had he been wise, the pains which his keepers took to facilitate his escape would have sufficed to convince him that he ought to stay where he was. In truth, the snare was so ostentatiously exhibited that it could impose on nothing but folly bewildered by terror.

The arrangements were expeditiously made. On the evening of Saturday, the twenty-second, the king assured some of the gentlemen who had been sent to him from London with intelligence and advice that he would see them again in the morning. He went to bed, rose at dead of night, and, attended by Berwick, stole out at a back door, and went through the garden to the shore of the Medway. A small skiff was in waiting. Soon after the dawn of Sunday the fugitives were on board of a smack which was running down the Thames.†

That afternoon the tidings of the flight reached London. The king's adherents were confounded. The Whigs could not conceal their joy. The good news encouraged the prince to take a bold and important step. He knew that communications were passing between the French embassy and the party hostile to him. It was well known that at that embassy all the arts of corruption were well understood; and there could be little doubt that, at such a conjuncture, neither intrigues nor pistoles would be spared. Barillon was most desirous to remain a few days longer in London, and for that end omitted no art which could conciliate the victorious party. In the streets he quieted the populace, who looked angrily at his coach, by throwing money among them. At his table he publicly drank the health of the Prince of Orange. But William was not to be so cajoled. He had not, indeed, taken on himself to exercise regal authority; but he was a general; and, as such, he was not bound to tolerate within the territory of which he had taken military occupation, the presence of one whom he regarded as a spy. Before that day closed Barillon was informed that he must leave England within twenty-four hours. He begged hard for a short delay; but minutes were precious; the order was repeated in more peremptory terms; and he unwillingly set off for Dover. That no mark of contempt and defiance might be omitted, he was escorted to the coast by one of his Protestant countrymen whom persecution had driven into exile. So bitter was the resentment excited by the French ambition and arrogance, that even those Englishmen who were not generally disposed to take a favorable view of William's conduct loudly applauded him for retorting with so much spirit the insolence with which Louis had, during many years, treated every court in Europe.\*

On Monday the Lords met again. Halifax was chosen to preside. The primate was absent, the Royalists sad and gloomy, the Whigs eager and in high spirits. It was known that James had left a letter behind him. Some of his friends moved that it might be produced, in the faint hope that it might contain propositions which might furnish a basis for a happy settlement. On this motion the previous question was put and carried. Godolphin, who was known not to be unfriendly to his old master, uttered a few words which were decisive. "I have seen the paper," he said, "and I grieve to say that there is nothing in it which will give your lordships any satisfaction." In truth, it contained no ex-

\* Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 21, 22, 1688; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 268, 270, Orig. Mem.

† Clarendon, Dec. 23, 1688; Clarke's Life of James, ii, 271, 273, 275, Orig. Mem.

\* Citters, Jan. 1-11, 1689; Witsen MS. quoted by Wagenaar, book ix.

pression of regret for past errors; it held out no hope that those errors would for the future be avoided; and it threw the blame of all that had happened on the malice of William and on the blindness of a nation deluded by the specious names of religion and property. None ventured to propose that a negotiation should be opened with a prince whom the most rigid discipline of adversity seemed only to have made more obstinate in wrong. Something was said about inquiring into the birth of the Prince of Wales; but the Whig peers treated the suggestion with disdain. "I did not expect, my lords," exclaimed Philip Lord Wharton, an old Roundhead, who had commanded a regiment against Charles the First at Edgehill, "I did not expect to hear anybody at this time of day mention the child who was called Prince of Wales; and I hope that we have now heard the last of him." After long discussion it was resolved that two addresses should be presented to William. One address requested him to take on himself provisionally the administration of the government; the other recommended that he should, by circular letters subscribed with his own hand, invite all the constituent bodies of the kingdom to send up representatives to Westminster. At the same time, the peers took upon themselves to issue an order banishing all papists, except a few privileged persons, from London and the vicinity.\*

The Lords presented their address to the prince on the following day, without waiting for the issue of the deliberations of the Commoners whom he had called together. It seems, indeed, that the hereditary nobles were disposed at this moment to be punctilious in asserting their dignity, and were unwilling to recognize a co-ordinate authority in an assembly unknown to the law. They conceived that they were a real House of Lords. The other chamber they despised as only a mock House of Commons. William, however, wisely excused himself from coming to any decision until he had ascertained the sense of the gentlemen who had formerly been honored with the confidence of the counties and towns of England.†

The Commoners who had been summoned met in Saint Stephen's Chapel, and formed a numerous assembly. They placed in the chair Henry Powle, who had represented Cirencester in several Parliaments, and had been eminent among the supporters of the Exclusion Bill.

Addresses were proposed and adopted similar to those which the Lords had already pre-

sented. No difference of opinion appeared on any serious question; and some feeble attempts which were made to raise a debate on points of form were put down by the general contempt. Sir Robert Sawyer declared that he could not conceive how it was possible for the prince to administer the government without some distinguishing title, such as Regent or Protector. Old Maynard, who, as a lawyer, had no equal, and who was also a politician versed in the tactics of revolutions, was at no pains to conceal his disdain for so puerile an objection, taken at a moment when union and promptitude were of the highest importance. "We shall sit here very long," he said, "if we sit until Sir Robert can conceive how such a thing is possible;" and the assembly thought the answer as good as the cavil deserved.\*

The resolutions of the meeting were communicated to the prince. He forthwith announced his determination to comply with the joint request of the two councils which he had called, to issue letters summoning a convention of the estates of the realm, and, until the Convention should meet, to take on himself the executive administration.†

He had undertaken no light task. The whole machine of government was disordered. The justices of the peace had abandoned their functions. The officers of the revenue had ceased to collect the taxes. The army which Feversham had disbanded was still in confusion, and ready to break out into mutiny. The fleet was in a scarcely less alarming state. Large arrears of pay were due to the civil and military servants of the crown; and only forty thousand pounds remained in the Exchequer. The prince addressed himself with vigor to the work of restoring order. He published a proclamation by which all magistrates were continued in office, and another containing orders for the collection of the revenue.‡ The new modeling of the army went rapidly on; many of the noblemen and gentlemen whom James had removed from the command of the English regiments were reappointed. A way was found of employing the thousands of Irish soldiers whom James had brought into England. They could not safely be suffered to remain in a country where they were objects of religious and national animosity. They could not safely be sent home to re-enforce the army of Tyrconnel. It was therefore determined that they

\* The objector was designated in cotemporary books and pamphlets only by his initials, and these were sometimes misinterpreted. Eachard attributes the cavil to Sir Robert Southwell; but I have no doubt that Oldmixon is right in putting it into the mouth of Sawyer.

† History of the Desertion; Life of William, 1703; Citters, Dec. 28, Jan. 7, 1688-9.

‡ London Gazette, Jan. 3, 7, 1688-9.

\* Halifax's Notes; Lansdowne MS., 255; Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 24, 1688; London Gazette.

† Citters, Dec. 25, Jan. 4, 1688.

should be sent to the Continent, where they might, under the banners of the house of Austria, render indirect but effectual service to the cause of the English Constitution and of the Protestant religion. Dartmouth was removed from his command, and the navy was conciliated by assurances that every sailor should speedily receive his due. The city of London undertook to extricate the prince from his financial difficulties. The common council, by a unanimous vote, engaged to find him two hundred thousand pounds. It was thought a great proof, both of the wealth and of the public spirit of the merchants of the capital, that, in forty-eight hours, the whole sum was raised on no security but the prince's word. A few weeks before James had been unable to procure a much smaller sum, though he had offered to pay higher interest, and to pledge valuable property.\*

In a very few days, the confusion which the invasion, the insurrection, the flight of James, and the suspension of all regular government had produced was at an end, and the kingdom wore again its accustomed aspect. There was a general sense of security. Even the classes which were most obnoxious to public hatred, and which had most reason to apprehend a persecution, were protected by the politic clemency of the conqueror. Persons deeply implicated in the illegal transactions of the late reign not only walked the streets in safety, but offered themselves as candidates for seats in the Convention. Mulgrave was received not ungraciously at St. James's. Feversham was released from arrest, and was permitted to resume the only office for which he was qualified, that of keeping the bank at the queen dowager's basset table. But no body of men had so much reason to feel grateful to William as the Roman Catholics. It would not have been safe to reseed formally the severe resolutions which the peers had passed against the professors of a religion generally abhorred by the nation; but, by the prudence and humanity of the prince, those resolutions were practically annulled. On his line of March from Torbay to London, he had given orders that no outrage should be committed on the persons or dwellings of papists. He now renewed those orders, and directed Burnet to see that they were strictly obeyed. A better choice could not have been made; for Burnet was a man of such generosity and good nature, that his heart always warmed toward the unhappy; and, at the same time, his known hatred of popery was

a sufficient guarantee to the most zealous Protestants that the interests of their religion would be safe in his hands. He listened kindly to the complaints of the Roman Catholics, procured passports for those who wished to go beyond sea, and went himself to Newgate to visit the prelates who were imprisoned there. He ordered them to be removed to a more commodious apartment, and supplied with every indulgence; he solemnly assured them that not a hair of their heads should be touched, and that, as soon as the prince could venture to act as he wished, they should be set at liberty. The Spanish minister reported to his government, and, through his government, to the pope, that no Catholic need feel any scruple of conscience on account of the late revolution in England; that, for the danger to which the members of the true Church were exposed, James alone was responsible, and that William alone had saved them from a sanguinary persecution.\*

There was, therefore, little alloy to the satisfaction with which the princes of the house of Austria and the sovereign pontiff learned that the long vassalage of England was at an end. When it was known at Madrid that William was in the full career of success, a single voice in the Spanish council of state faintly expressed regret that an event which, in a political point of view, was most auspicious, should be prejudicial to the interests of the true Church.† But the tolerant policy of the prince soon quieted all scruples, and his elevation was seen with scarcely less satisfaction by the bigoted grandees of Castile than by the English Whigs.

With very different feelings had the news of this great revolution been received in France. The politics of a long, eventful, and glorious reign had been confounded in a day. England was again the England of Elizabeth and of Cromwell; and all the relations of all the states of Christendom were completely changed by the sudden introduction of this new power into the system. The Parisians could talk of nothing but what was passing in London. National and religious feeling impelled them to take the part of James.

\* Burnet i, 802, Ronquillo, Jan. 2-12, Feb. 8-18, 1689. The originals of these dispatches were intrusted to me by the kindness of the late Lady Holland and of the present Lord Holland. From the latter dispatch I will quote a very few words: "La tema de S. M. Britanica a seguir imprudentes consejos perdio a los Catholicos aquella quietud en que les dexo Carlos segundo. V. E. asegure a su Santidad que mas sacare del Principe para los Catholicos que pudiera sacar del Rey."

† On December 13-23, 1688, the Admiral of Castile gave his opinion thus: "Esta materia es de calidad que no puede dexar de padecer nuestra sagrada religion o el servicio de V. M.; porque, si el Principe de Orange tiene buenos sucesos, nos aseguraremos de Franceses, pero peligrara la religion." The council was much pleased on February 16-26 by a letter of the prince, in which he promised "que los Catholicos que se portaren con prudencia no sean molestados, y gocen libertad de conciencia, por ser contra su dictamen el forzar ni castigar por esta razon a nadie."

\* London Gazette, January 10, 17, 1688-9; Luttrell's Diary; Legge Papers; Clitters, Jan. 1-11, 4-14, 11-21, 1689; Ronquillo, Jan. 15-25, Feb. 23, Mar. 5; Consultation of the Spanish Council of State, Mar. 26, April 5.

They knew nothing of the English Constitution. They abominated the English Church. Our revolution appeared to them, not as the triumph of public liberty over despotism, but as a frightful domestic tragedy, in which a venerable and pious Servius was hurled from his throne by a Tarquin, and crushed under the chariot wheels of a Tullie. They cried shame on the traitorous captains, execrated the unnatural daughters, and regarded William with a mortal loathing, tempered, however, by the respect which valor, capacity, and success seldom fail to inspire.\* The queen, exposed to the night wind and rain, with the infant heir of the three crowns clasped to her breast, the king stopped, robbed, and outraged by ruffians, were objects of pity and of romantic interest to all France. But Louis saw with peculiar emotion the calamities of the house of Stuart. All the selfish and all the generous parts of his nature were moved alike. After many years of prosperity he had at length met with a great check. He had reckoned on the support or neutrality of England. He had now nothing to expect from her but energetic and pertinacious hostility. A few weeks earlier he might not unreasonably have hoped to subjugate Flanders and to give law to Germany. At present he might think himself fortunate if he should be able to defend his own frontiers against a confederacy such as Europe had not seen during many ages. From this position, so new, so embarrassing, so alarming, nothing but a counter-revolution or a civil war in the British islands could extricate him. He was therefore impelled by ambition and by fear to espouse the cause of the fallen dynasty. And it is but just to say that motives nobler than ambition or fear had a large share in determining his course. His heart was naturally compassionate; and this was an occasion which could not fail to call forth all his compassion. His situation had prevented his good feelings from fully developing themselves. Sympathy is rarely strong where there is a great inequality of condition; and he was raised so high above the mass of his fellow-creatures that their distresses excited in him only a languid pity, such as that with which we regard the sufferings of the inferior animals, of a famished red-breast or of an over-driven post horse. The devastation of the Palatinate and the persecution of the Huguenots had therefore given him no uneasiness which pride and bigotry could not effectually soothe. But all the tenderness of which he was capable was called forth by the misery

of a great king who had a few weeks ago been served on the knee by lords, and who was now a destitute exile. With that tenderness was mingled, in the soul of Louis, a not ignoble vanity. He would exhibit to the world a pattern of munificence and courtesy. He would show mankind what ought to be the bearing of a perfect gentleman in the highest station and on the greatest occasion; and, in truth, his conduct was marked by a chivalrous generosity and urbanity, such as had not embellished the annals of Europe since the Black Prince had stood behind the chair of King John at the supper on the field of Poitiers.

As soon as the news that the Queen of England was on the French coast had been brought to Versailles, a palace was prepared for her reception. Carriages and troops of guards were dispatched to await her orders. Workmen were employed to mend the Calais road, that her journey might be easy. Lauzun was not only assured that his past offenses were forgiven for her sake, but was honored with a friendly letter in the handwriting of Louis. Mary was on the road toward the French court when news came that her husband had, after a rough voyage, landed safe at the little village of Ambleteuse. Persons of high rank were instantly dispatched from Versailles to greet and escort him. Meanwhile Louis, attended by his family and his nobility, went forth in state to receive the exiled queen. Before his gorgeous coach went the Swiss halberdiers. On each side of it and behind it rode the body guards, with cymbals clashing and trumpets pealing. After him, in a hundred carriages, each drawn by six horses, came the most splendid aristocracy of Europe, all feathers, ribbons, jewels, and embroidery. Before the procession had gone far it was announced that Mary was approaching. Louis alighted and advanced on foot to meet her. She broke forth into passionate expressions of gratitude. "Madam," said her host, "it is but a melancholy service that I am rendering you to-day. I hope that I may be able hereafter to render you services greater and more pleasing." He embraced the little Prince of Wales, and made the queen seat herself in the royal state coach on the right hand. The cavalcade then turned toward St. Germain's.

At Saint Germain's, on the verge of a forest swarming with beasts of chase, and on the brow of a hill which looks down on the windings of the Seine, Francis the First had built a castle, and Henry the Fourth had constructed a noble terrace. Of the residences of the French kings, none was built in a more salubrious air or commanded a

\* In the chapter of La Bruyere, entitled "Sur les Jugemens," is a passage which deserves to be read, as showing in what light our revolution appeared to a Frenchman of distinguished abilities.

fairer prospect. The huge size and venerable age of the trees, the beauty of the gardens, the abundance of the springs, were widely famed. Louis the Fourteenth had been born there; had, when a young man, held his court there; had added several stately pavilions to the mansion of Francis, and had completed the terrace of Henry. Soon, however, the magnificent king conceived an inexplicable disgust for his birth-place. He quitted Saint Germain's for Versailles, and expended sums almost fabulous in the vain attempt to create a paradise on a spot singularly sterile and unwholesome, all sand or mud, without wood, without water, and without game. Saint Germain's had now been selected to be the abode of the royal family of England. Sumptuous furniture had been hastily sent in. The nursery of the Prince of Wales had been carefully furnished with everything that an infant could require. One of the attendants presented to the queen the key of a superb casket which stood in her apartment. She opened the casket, and found in it six thousand pistoles.

On the following day James arrived at Saint Germain's. Louis was already there to welcome him. The unfortunate exile bowed so low that it seemed as if he was about to embrace the knees of his protector. Louis raised him, and embraced him with brotherly tenderness. The two kings then entered the queen's room. "Here is a gentleman," said Louis to Mary, "whom you will be glad to see." Then, after entreating his guests to visit him next day at Versailles, and to let him have the pleasure of showing them his buildings, pictures, and plantations, he took the unceremonious leave of an old friend.

In a few hours the royal pair were informed that as long as they would do the King of France the favor to accept of his hospitality, forty-five thousand pounds sterling a year would be paid them from his treasury. Ten thousand pounds sterling were sent for outfit.

The liberality of Louis, however, was much less rare and admirable than the exquisite delicacy with which he labored to soothe the feelings of his guests and to lighten the almost intolerable weight of the obligations which he laid upon them. He who had hitherto, on all questions of precedence, been sensitive, litigious, insolent, who had been more than once ready to plunge Europe into war rather than concede the most frivolous point of etiquette, was now punctilious indeed, but punctilious for his unfortunate friends against himself. He gave orders that Mary should receive all the marks of respect that had ever been paid to his own deceased

wife. A question was raised whether the princes of the house of Bourbon were entitled to be indulged with chairs in the presence of the queen. Such trifles were serious matters at the old court of France. There were precedents on both sides; but Louis decided the point against his own blood. Some ladies of illustrious rank omitted the ceremony of kissing the hem of Mary's robe. Louis remarked the omission, and noticed it in such a voice and with such a look that the whole peerage was ever after ready to kiss her shoe. When Esther, just written by Racine, was acted at Saint Cyr, Mary had the seat of honor. James was at her right hand. Louis modestly placed himself on the left. Nay, he was well pleased that, in his own palace, an outcast living on his bounty should assume the title of King of France; should, as King of France, quarter the lilies with the English lions; and should, as King of France, dress in violet on days of court mourning.

The demeanor of the French nobility on public occasions was absolutely regulated by their sovereign; but it was beyond even his power to prevent them from thinking freely and from expressing what they thought, in private circles, with the keen and delicate wit characteristic of their nation and of their order. Their opinion of Mary was favorable. They found her person agreeable and her deportment dignified. They respected her courage and her maternal affection, and they pitied her ill fortune. But James they regarded with extreme contempt. They were disgusted by his insensibility, by the cool way in which he talked to everybody of his ruin, and by the childish pleasure which he took in the pomp and luxury of Versailles. This strange apathy they attributed, not to philosophy or religion, but to stupidity and meanness of spirit, and remarked that nobody who had the honor to hear his Britannic majesty tell his own story could wonder that he was at Saint Germain's and his son-in-law at Saint James's.\*

In the United Provinces, the excitement produced by the tidings from England was even greater than in France. This was the moment at which the Batavian federation reached the highest point of power and glory. From the day on which the expedition sailed, the anxiety of the whole Dutch nation had been intense. Never had there been such crowds in the churches. Never had the enthusiasm of the preachers been so ardent. The inhabitants of the Hague could not be restrained from insulting Albeville. His

\* My account of the reception of James and his wife in France is taken chiefly from the letters of Madame de Sevigne and the Memoirs of Dangeau.

house was so closely beset by the populace, day and night, that scarcely any person ventured to visit him, and he was afraid that his chapel would be burned to the ground.\* As mail after mail arrived with news of the prince's progress, the spirits of his countrymen rose higher and higher; and when at length it was known that he had, on the invitation of the Lords, and of a council of eminent Commoners, taken on himself the executive administration, a general cry of pride and joy rose from all the Dutch faetions. An extraordinary mission was, with great speed, dispatched to congratulate him. Dykvelt, whose adroitness and intimate knowledge of English politics made his assistance, at such a conjuncture, peculiarly valuable, was one of the ambassadors; and with him was joined Nicholas Witsen, a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who seems to have been selected for the purpose of proving to all Europe that the long feud between the house of Orange and the chief city of Holland was at an end. On the eighth of January Dykvelt and Witsen made their appearance at Westminster. William talked to them with a frankness and an effusion of heart which seldom appeared in his conversations with Englishmen. His first words were, "Well, and what do our friends at home say now?" In truth, the only applause by which his stoical nature seems to have been strongly moved was the applause of his dear native country. Of his immense popularity in England he spoke with cold disdain, and predicted, too truly, the reaction which followed. "Here," said he, "the cry is all Hosannah to-day, and will, perhaps, be Crucify him to-morrow."†

On the following day the first members of the Convention were chosen. The city of London led the way, and elected, without any contest, four great merchants who were zealous Whigs. The king and his adherents had hoped that many returning officers would treat the prince's letter as a nullity; but the hope was disappointed. The elections went on rapidly and smoothly. There were scarcely any contests; for the nation had, during more than a year, been kept in constant expectation of a Parliament. Writs, indeed, had been twice issued and twice recalled. Some constituent bodies had, under

those writs, actually proceeded to the choice of representatives. There was scarcely a county in which the gentry and yeomanry had not, many months before, fixed upon candidates, good Protestants, whom no exertion must be spared to carry, in defiance of the king and of the lord lieutenant; and these candidates were now generally returned without opposition.

The prince gave strict orders that no person in the public service should, on this occasion, practice those arts which had brought so much obloquy on the late government. He especially directed that no soldiers should be suffered to appear in any town where an election was going on.\* His admirers were able to boast, and his enemies seemed not to have been able to deny, that the sense of the constituent bodies was fairly taken. It is true that he risked little. The party which was attached to him was triumphant, enthusiastic, full of life and energy. The party from which alone he could expect serious opposition was disunited and disheartened, out of humor with itself, and still more out of humor with its natural chief. A great majority, therefore, of the shires and boroughs returned Whig members.

It was not over England alone that his guardianship now extended. Scotland had risen on her tyrants. All the regular soldiers by whom she had long been held down had been summoned by James to his help against the Dutch invaders, with the exception of a very small force, which, under the command of the Duke of Gordon, a great Roman Catholic lord, garrisoned the Castle of Edinburgh. Every mail which had gone northward during the eventful month of November had carried news which stirred the passions of the oppressed Scots. While the event of the military operations was still doubtful, there were at Edinburgh riots and clamors which became more menacing after James had retreated from Salisbury. Great crowds assembled at first by night, and then by broad daylight. Pops were publicly burned; loud shouts were raised for a free Parliament; placards were stuck up setting prices on the heads of the ministers of the crown. Among those ministers, Perth, as filling the great place of chancellor, as standing high in the royal favor, as an apostate from the Reformed faith, and as the man who had first introduced the thumb-screw into the jurisprudence of his country, was the most detested. His nerves were weak, his spirit abject; and the only courage which he possessed was that evil courage which braves infamy, and which looks steadily on

\* Albeville to Preston, Nov. 23, Dec. 3, 1688, in the Mackintosh Collection.

† "Tis hier nu Hosanna: maar 't zal, veelligt, haast Kruist hem, kruist hem zyn." Witsen, MS. in Wagenaar, book lxi. It is an odd coincidence that, a very few years before, Richard Duke, a Tory poet, once well known, but now scarcely remembered, except by Johnson's biographical sketch, had used exactly the same illustration about James:

"Was not of old the Jewish Rabble's cry,  
Hosanna first, and after crucify?"—THE REVIEW.

Dispatch of the Dutch ambassadors extraordinary, Jan. 8-18, 1689; Citters, same date.

\* London Gazette, Jan 7, 1688-9.



the torments of others. His post, at such a time, was at the head of the council board; but his heart failed him; and he determined to take refuge at his country seat from the danger which, as he judged by the looks and cries of the fierce and resolute populace of Edinburgh, was not remote. A strong guard escorted him safe to Castle Drummond; but scarcely had he departed when the city rose up. A few troops tried to suppress the insurrection, but were overpowered. The palace of Holyrood, which had been turned into a Roman Catholic seminary and printing-house, was stormed and sacked. Huge heaps of popish books, beads, crucifixes, and pictures were burned in the High Street. In the midst of the agitation came down the tidings of the king's flight. The members of the government gave up all thought of contending with the popular fury, and changed sides with a promptitude then common among Scottish politicians. The Privy Council by one proclamation ordered that all papists should be disarmed, and by another invited Protestants to muster for the defense of pure religion. The nation had not waited for the call. Town and country were already up in arms for the Prince of Orange. Nithsdale and Clydesdale were the only regions in which there was the least chance that the Roman Catholics would make head; and both Nithsdale and Clydesdale were soon occupied by bands of armed Presbyterians. Among the insurgents were some fierce and moody men who had formerly disowned Argyle, and who were now equally eager to disown William. His highness, they said, was plainly a malignant. There was not a word about the covenant in his declaration. The Dutch were a people with whom no true servant of the Lord would unite. They consorted with Lutherans; and a Lutheran was as much a child of perdition as a Jesuit. The general voice of the kingdom, however, effectually drowned the growl of this hateful faction.\*

The commotion soon reached the neighborhood of Castle Drummond. Perth found that he was no longer safe among his own servants and tenants. He gave himself up to an agony as bitter as that into which his merciless tyranny had often thrown better men. He wildly tried to find consolation in the rites of his new church. He importuned his priests for comfort, prayed, confessed, and communicated; but his faith was weak; and he owned that, in spite of all his devotions, the strong terrors of death were upon him. At this time he learned that he had a chance of escaping on board of a ship which lay off

Brentisland. He disguised himself as well as he could, and, after a long and difficult journey by unfrequented paths over the Ochill Mountains, which were then deep in snow, he succeeded in embarking; but, in spite of all his precautions, he had been recognized, and the alarm had been given. As soon as it was known that the cruel renegade was on the waters, and that he had gold with him, pursuers, inflamed at once by hatred and by avarice, were on his track. A skiff, commanded by an old buccaneer, overtook the flying vessel and boarded her. Perth was dragged out of the hold on deck in woman's clothes, stripped, hustled, and plundered. Bayonets were held to his breast. Begging for life with unmanly cries, he was hurried to the shore, and flung into the common jail at Kirkcaldy. Thence, by order of the council over which he had lately presided, and which was filled with men who had been partakers in his guilt, he was removed to Stirling Castle. It was on a Sunday, during the time of public worship, that he was conveyed under a guard to his place of confinement; but even rigid Puritans forgot the sanctity of the day and of the work. The churches poured forth their congregations as the torturer passed by, and the noise of threats, execrations, and screams of hatred accompanied him to the gate of his prison.\*

Several eminent Scotsmen were in London when the prince arrived there, and many others now hastened thither to pay their court to him. On the seventh of January he requested them to attend him at Whitehall. The assemblage was large and respectable. The Duke of Hamilton and his eldest son, the Earl of Arran, the chiefs of a house of almost regal dignity, appeared at the head of the procession. They were accompanied by thirty lords and about eighty gentlemen of note. William desired them to consult together, and to let him know in what way he could best promote the welfare of their country. He then withdrew, and left them to deliberate unrestrained by his presence. They repaired to the council chamber, and put Hamilton into the chair. Though there seems to have been little difference of opinion, their debates lasted three days, a fact which is sufficiently explained by the circumstance that Sir Patrick Hume was one of the debaters. Arran ventured to recommend a negotiation with the king. But this motion was ill received by the mover's father and by the whole assembly, and did not even find a seconder. At length resolutions were carried closely resembling the resolutions which the

\* The Sixth Collection of Papers, 1689; Wodrow, III, xii, 4, App. 150, 151; Faithful Contendings Displayed; Burnet, i, 804.

\* Perth to Lady Errol, Dec. 29, 1688; to Melfort, Dec. 21, 1688; Sixth Collection of Papers, 1689.

English lords and commoners had presented to the prince a few days before. He was requested to call together a convention of the estates of Scotland, to fix the fourteenth of March for the day of meeting, and, until that day, to take on himself the civil and military administration. To this request he acceded; and thenceforth the government of the whole island was in his hands.\*

The decisive moment approached; and the agitation of the public mind rose to the height. Knots of politicians were everywhere whispering and consulting. The coffeehouses were in a ferment. The presses of the capital never rested. Of the pamphlets which appeared at that time, enough may still be collected to form several volumes; and from those pamphlets it is not difficult to gather a correct notion of the state of parties.

There was a very small faction which wished to recall James without stipulations. There was also a very small faction which wished to set up a commonwealth, and to intrust the administration to a council of state under the presidency of the Prince of Orange. But these extreme opinions were generally held in abhorrence. The overwhelming majority of the nation consisted of persons in whom love of hereditary monarchy and love of constitutional freedom were combined, though in different proportions, and who were equally opposed to the total abolition of the kingly office and to the unconditional restoration of the king.

But, in the wide interval which separated the bigots who still clung to the doctrines of Filmer and the enthusiasts who still dreamed the dreams of Harrington, there was room for many shades of opinion. If we neglect minute subdivisions, we shall find that the great body of the nation and of the Convention was divided into four bodies. Three of these bodies consisted of Tories. The Whig party formed the fourth.

The amity of the Whigs and Tories had not survived the peril which had produced it. On several occasions, during the prince's march from the west, dissension had appeared among his followers. While the event of his enterprise was doubtful, that dissension had, by his skillful management, been easily quieted. But, from the day on which he entered Saint James's in triumph, such management could no longer be practiced. His victory, by relieving the nation from the strong dread of popish tyranny, had deprived him of half his influence. Old antipathies, which had slept when bishops were in the Tower, when Jesuits were at the council board, when loyal clergymen were deprived of their bread by scores,

when loyal gentlemen were put out of the commission of the peace by hundreds, were again strong and active. The Royalist shuddered at the thought that he was allied with all that from his youth up he had most hated, with old parliamentary captains who had stormed his country house, with old parliamentary commissioners who had sequestered his estate, with men who had plotted the Rye House butchery and headed the western rebellion. That beloved Church, too, for whose sake he had, after a painful struggle, broken through his allegiance to the throne, was she really in safety? Or had he rescued her from one enemy only that she might be exposed to another? The popish priests, indeed, were in exile, in hiding, or in prison. No Jesuit or Benedictine who valued his life now dared to show himself in the habit of his order. But the Presbyterian and Independent teachers went in long procession to salute the chief of the government, and were as graciously received as the true successors of the apostles. Some schismatics avowed the hope that every fence which excluded them from ecclesiastical preferment would soon be leveled; that the articles would be softened down; that the Liturgy would be garbled; that Christmas would cease to be a feast; that Good Friday would cease to be a fast; that canons on whom no bishop had ever laid his hand would, without the sacred vestment of white linen, distribute, in the choirs of cathedrals, the eucharistic bread and wine to communicants lolling on benches. The prince, indeed, was not a fanatical Presbyterian, but he was, at best, a Latitudinarian. He had no scruple about communicating himself in the Anglican form, but he cared not in what form other people communicated. His wife, it was to be feared, had imbibed too much of his spirit. Her conscience was under the direction of Burnet. She heard preachers of different Protestant sects. She had recently said that she saw no essential difference between the Church of England and the other Reformed Churches.\* It was necessary, therefore, that the Cavaliers should, at this conjuncture, follow the example set by their fathers in 1641; should draw off from Roundheads and sectaries; and should, in spite of all the faults of the hereditary monarch, uphold the cause of hereditary monarchy.

The body which was animated by these sentiments was large and respectable. It included about one half of the House of Lords, about one third of the House of Commons, a majority of the country gentlemen, and at least nine tenths of the clergy; but it

\* Burnet i, 805; Sixth Collection of Papers, 1689.

\* Albeville, Nov. 9-19, 1688.

was torn by dissensions, and beset on every side by difficulties.

One section of this great party—a section which was especially strong among divines, and of which Sherlock was the chief organ—wished that a negotiation should be opened with James, and that he should be invited to return to Whitehall on such conditions as might fully secure the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the realm.\* It is evident that this plan, though strenuously supported by the clergy, was altogether inconsistent with the doctrines which the clergy had been teaching during many years. It was, in truth, an attempt to make a middle way where there was no room for a middle way, to effect a compromise between two things which do not admit of compromise, resistance and non-resistance. The Tories had formerly taken their stand on the principle of non-resistance; but that ground most of them had now abandoned, and were not disposed again to occupy. The Cavaliers of England had, as a class, been so deeply concerned, directly or indirectly, in the late rising against the king, that they could not, for very shame, talk at that moment about the sacred duty of obeying Nero; nor, indeed, were they disposed to recall the prince under whose misgovernment they had suffered so much, without exacting from him terms which might make it impossible for him again to abuse his power. They were, therefore, in a false position. Their old theory, sound or unsound, was at least complete and coherent. If that theory were sound, the king ought to be immediately invited back, and permitted, if such were his pleasure, to put Seymour and Danby, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Bristol, to death for high treason, to re-establish the Ecclesiastical Commission, to fill the Church with popish dignitaries, and to place the army under the command of popish officers; but if, as the Tories themselves now seemed to confess, that theory was unsound, why treat with the king? If it was admitted that he might lawfully be excluded until he gave satisfactory guarantees for the security of the constitution in Church and State, it was not easy to deny that he might lawfully be excluded forever. For what satisfactory guarantee could he give? How was it possible to draw up a statute in language clearer than the language of the statutes which required that the dean of Christ Church should be a Protestant? How was it possible to put any promise into words stronger than those in which James had repeatedly declared that he would strictly

respect the legal rights of the Anglican clergy? If law or honor could have bound him, he would never have been forced to fly from his kingdom. If neither law nor honor could bind him, could he safely be permitted to return?

It is probable, however, that, in spite of these arguments, a motion for opening a negotiation with James would have been made in the Convention, and would have been supported by the great body of Tories, had he not been on this, as on every other occasion, his own worst enemy. Every post which arrived from Saint Germain's brought intelligence which damped the ardor of his adherents. He did not think it worth his while to simulate regret for his past errors, or to promise amendment. He put forth a manifesto, telling his people that it had been his constant care to govern them with justice and moderation, and that they had been cheated into ruin by imaginary grievance.\* The effect of his folly and obstinacy was, that those who were most desirous to see him restored to his throne on fair conditions felt that, by proposing at that moment to treat with him, they should injure the cause which they wished to serve. They therefore determined to coalesce with another body of Tories of whom Sancroft was the chief. Sancroft fancied that he had found out a device by which provision might be made for the government of the country without recalling James, and yet without despoiling him of his crown. This device was a regency. The most uncompromising of those divines who had inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience had never maintained that such obedience was due to a babe or to a madman. It was universally acknowledged that, when the rightful sovereign was intellectually incapable of performing his office, a deputy might be appointed to act in his stead, and that any person who should resist the deputy, and should plead as an excuse for doing so the command of a prince who was in the cradle, or who was raving, would justly incur the penalties of rebellion. Stupidity, perverseness, and superstition—such was the reasoning of the primate—had made James unfit to rule his dominions as any child in swaddling clothes, or as any maniac who was grinning and chattering in the straw of Bedlam. That course must therefore be taken which had been taken when Henry the Sixth was an infant, and again when he became lethargic. James could not be king in effect, but he must still continue to be king in semblance. Writs

\* See the pamphlet entitled *Letters to a Member of the Convention*, and the answer, 1689; Burnet, i, 809.

\* Letter to the Lords of the Council, Jan. 4-14, 1688-9; Clarendon's *Diary*, Jan. 9-19.

must still run in his name. His image and superscription must still appear on the coin and on the great seal. Acts of Parliament must still be called from the years of his reign; but the administration must be taken from him, and confided to a regent named by the estates of the realm. In this way, Sancroft gravely maintained, the people would remain true to their allegiance; the oaths of fealty which they had sworn to their king would be strictly fulfilled; and the most orthodox Churchmen might, without any scruple of conscience, take office under the regent.\*

The opinion of Sancroft had great weight with the whole Tory party, and especially with the clergy. A week before the day for which the Convention had been summoned, a grave party assembled at Lambeth Palace, heard prayers in the chapel, dined with the primate, and then consulted on the state of public affairs. Five suffragans of the archbishop, who had shared his perils and his glory in the preceding summer, were present. The Earls of Clarendon and Ailesbury represented the Tory laity. The unanimous sense of the meeting appeared to be that those who had taken the oath of allegiance to James might justifiably withdraw their obedience from him, but could not with a safe conscience call any other by the name of king.†

Thus two sections of the Tory party, a section which looked forward to an accommodation with James, and a section which was opposed to any such accommodation, agreed in supporting the plan of regency. But a third section, which, though not very numerous, had great weight and influence, recommended a very different plan. The leaders of this small band were Danby and the Bishop of London in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Sawyer in the House of Commons.

\* It seems incredible that any man should really have been imposed upon by such nonsense. I therefore think it right to quote Sancroft's words, which are still extant in his own handwriting:

"The political capacity or authority of the king, and his name in the government, are perfect, and can not fail; but his person being human and mortal, and not otherwise privileged than the rest of mankind, is subject to all the defects and failings of it. He may therefore be incapable of directing the government and dispensing the public treasure, &c., either by absence, by infancy, lunacy, deliracy, or apathy, whether by nature or casual infirmity, or, lastly, by some invincible prejudices of mind, contracted and fixed by education and habit, with unalterable resolutions superinduced, in matters wholly inconsistent and incompatible with the laws, religion, peace, and true policy of the king's dom. In all these cases [I say] there must be some one or more persons appointed to supply such defect, and vicariously to him, and by his power and authority, to direct public affairs. And this done, I say further, that all proceedings, authorities, commissions, grants, &c., issued as formerly, are legal and valid to all intents, and the people's allegiance is the same still, their oaths and obligations no way thwarted. . . . So long as the government moves by the king's authority, and in his name, all those sacred ties and settled forms of proceedings are kept, and no man's conscience burdened with anything he needs scruple to undertake."—TANNER MS.; DOVLY'S LIFE OF SANCROFT. It was not altogether without reason that the creatures of James made themselves merry with the good archbishop's English.

† Evelyn, Jan. 15, 1688-9.

They conceived that they had found out a way of effecting a complete revolution under strictly legal forms. It was contrary to all principle, they said, that the king should be deposed by his subjects; nor was it necessary to depose him. He had himself, by his flight, abdicated his power and dignity. A demise had actually taken place. All constitutional lawyers held that the throne of England could not be one moment vacant. The next heir had therefore succeeded. Who, then, was the next heir? As to the infant who had been carried into France, his entrance into the world had been attended by many suspicious circumstances. It was due to the other members of the royal family and to the nation that all doubts should be cleared up. An investigation had been solemnly demanded, in the name of the Princess of Orange, by her husband, and would have been instituted if the parties who were accused of fraud had not taken a course which, in any ordinary case, would have been considered as a decisive proof of guilt. They had not chosen to await the issue of a solemn parliamentary proceeding; they had stolen away into a foreign country; they had carried with them the child; they had carried with them all those French and Italian women of the bed-chamber who, if there had been foul play, must have been privy to it, and who ought, therefore, to have been subjected to a rigorous cross examination. To admit the boy's claim without inquiry was impossible; and those who called themselves his parents had made inquiry impossible. Judgment must therefore go against him by default. If he was wronged, he was wronged, not by the nation, but by those whose strange conduct at the time of his birth had justified the nation in demanding investigation, and who had then avoided investigation by flight. He might, therefore, with perfect equity, be considered as a pretender. And thus the crown had legally devolved on the Princess of Orange. She was actually Queen Regnant. The houses had nothing to do but to proclaim her. She might, if such were her pleasure, make her husband her first minister, and might even, with the consent of Parliament, bestow on him the title of king.

The persons who preferred this scheme to any other were few, and it was certain to be opposed both by all who still bore any good will to James and by all the adherents of William; yet Danby, confident in his own knowledge of parliamentary tactics, and well aware how much, when great parties are nearly balanced, a small flying squadron can effect, did not despair of being able to keep the event of the contest in suspense until both Whigs and Tories, despairing of complete

victory, and afraid of the consequences of delay, should suffer him to act as umpire. Nor is it impossible that he might have succeeded if his efforts had been seconded, nay, if they had not been counteracted, by her whom he wished to raise to the height of human greatness. Quick-sighted as he was and versed in affairs, he was altogether ignorant of the character of Mary, and of the feeling with which she regarded her husband; nor was her old preceptor, Compton, better informed. William's manners were dry and cold; his constitution was infirm, and his temper by no means bland; he was not a man who would commonly be thought likely to inspire a fine young woman of twenty-six with a violent passion. It was known that he had not always been strictly constant to his wife; and talebearers had reported that she did not live happily with him. The most acute politicians, therefore, never suspected that, with all his faults, he had obtained such an empire over her heart as princes the most renowned for their success in gallantry, Francis the First and Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fourteenth and Charles the Second, had never obtained over the heart of any woman, and that the three kingdoms of her forefathers were valuable in her estimation chiefly because, by bestowing them on him, she could prove to him the intensity and disinterestedness of her affection. Danby, in profound ignorance of her sentiments, assured her that he would defend her rights, and that, if she would support him, he hoped to place her alone on the throne.\*

The course of the Whigs, meanwhile, was simple and consistent. Their doctrine was that the foundation of our government was a contract expressed on one side by the oath of allegiance, and on the other by the coronation oath, and that the duties imposed by this contract were mutual. They held that a sovereign who grossly abused his power might lawfully be withstood and dethroned by his people. That James had abused his power was not disputed; and the whole Whig party was ready to pronounce that he had forfeited it. Whether the Prince of Wales was superstitious was a point not worth discussing. There were now far stronger reasons than any which could be drawn from the circumstances of his birth for excluding him from the throne. A child, brought to the royal-couch in a warming-pan, might possibly prove a good king of England. But there could be no such hope for a child educated by a father who was the most stupid and obstinate of tyrants, in a

foreign country, the seat of despotism and superstition; in a country where the last traces of liberty had disappeared; where the States-General had ceased to meet; where Parliaments had long registered, without one remonstrance, the most oppressive edicts of the sovereign; where valor, genius, learning, seemed to exist only for the purpose of aggrandizing a single man; where adulation was the main business of the press, the pulpit, and the stage; and where one chief subject of adulation was the barbarous persecution of the Reformed Church. Was the boy likely to learn, under such tuition and in such a situation, respect for the institutions of his native land? Could it be doubted that he would be brought up to be the slave of the Jesuits and the Bourbons, and that he would be, if possible, more bitterly prejudiced than any preceding Stuart against the laws of England?

Nor did the Whigs think that, situated as the country then was, a departure from the ordinary rule of succession was in itself an evil. They were of opinion that, until that rule had been broken, the doctrines of indefeasible hereditary right and passive obedience would be pleasing to the court, would be inculcated by the clergy, and would retain a strong hold on the public mind. The notion would still prevail that the kingly office is the ordinance of God in a sense different from that in which all government is his ordinance. It was plain that, until this superstition was extinct, the Constitution could never be secure; for a really limited monarchy can not long exist in a society which regards monarchy as something divine, and the limitations as mere human inventions. Royalty, in order that it might exist in perfect harmony with our liberties, must be unable to show any higher or more venerable title than that by which we hold our liberties. The king must be henceforth regarded as a magistrate, a great magistrate indeed, and highly to be honored, but subject, like all other magistrates, to the law, and deriving his power from heaven in no other sense than that in which the Lords and the Commons may be said to derive their power from heaven. The best way of effecting this salutary change would be to interrupt the course of descent. Under sovereigns who would consider it as little short of high treason to preach non-resistance and the patriarchal theory of government, under sovereigns whose authority, springing from resolutions of the two houses, could never rise higher than its source, there would be little risk of oppression such as had compelled two generations of Englishmen to rise in arms against two generations of Stuarts. On these grounds the Whigs were pre-

\* Clarendon's Diary, Dec. 24, 1688; Burnet, i, 819; Proposals humbly offered in behalf of the Princess of Orange, Jan. 28, 1689-9.

pared to declare the throne vacant, to fill it by election, and to impose on the prince of their choice such conditions as might secure the country against misgovernment.

The time for the decision of these great questions had now arrived. At break of day, on the twenty-second of January, the House of Commons was crowded with knights and burgesses. On the benches appeared many faces which had been well known in that place during the reign of Charles the Second, but had not been seen there under his successor. Most of those Tory squires, and of those needy retainers of the court, who had been returned in multitudes to the Parliament of 1685, had given place to the men of the old country party, the men who had driven the Cabal from power, who had carried the Habeas Corpus Act, and who had sent up the Exclusion Bill to the Lords. Among them was Powle, deeply read in the history and law of Parliament, and distinguished by the species of eloquence which is required when grave questions are to be solemnly brought under the notice of senates; and Sir Thomas Littleton, versed in European politics, and gifted with a vehement and piercing logic, which had often, when, after a long sitting, the candles had been lighted, roused the languishing house, and decided the event of the debate. There, too, was William Sacheverell, an orator whose great parliamentary abilities were, many years later, a favorite theme of old men who lived to see the conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney.\* With these eminent persons was joined Sir Robert Clayton, the wealthiest merchant of London, whose palace in the Old Jewry surpassed in splendor the aristocratical mansions of Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, whose villa among the Surrey hills was described as a garden of Eden, whose banquets vied with those of kings, and whose judicious munificence, still attested by numerous public monuments, had obtained for him, in the annals of his city, a place second only to that of Gresham. In the Parliament which met at Oxford in 1681, Clayton had, as member for the capital, and at the request of his constituents, moved for leave to bring in the Bill of Exclusion, and had been seconded by Lord Russell. In 1685, the city, deprived of its franchises and governed by the creatures of the court, had returned four Tory representatives. But the old charter had now been restored, and Clayton had been again chosen by acclamation.† Nor must John Birch be passed over. He

had begun life as a carter, but had, in the civil wars, left his team, had turned soldier, had risen to the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth, had, in high fiscal offices, shown great talents for business, had sat many years in Parliament, and, though retaining to the last the rough manners and plebeian dialect of his youth, had, by strong sense and mother wit, gained the ear of the Commons, and was regarded as a formidable opponent by the most accomplished debaters of his time.\* These were the most conspicuous among the veterans who now, after a long seclusion, returned to public life. But they were all speedily thrown into the shade by two younger Whigs, who, on this great day, took their seats for the first time, who soon rose to the highest honors of the state, who weathered together the fiercest storms of faction, and who, having been long and widely renowned as statesmen, as orators, and as munificent patrons of genius and learning, died, within a few months of each other, soon after the accession of the house of Brunswick: these were Charles Montague and John Somers.

One other name must be mentioned—a name then known only to a small circle of philosophers, but now pronounced beyond the Ganges and the Mississippi with reverence exceeding that which is paid to the memory of the greatest warriors and rulers. Among the crowd of silent members appeared the majestic forehead and pensive face of Isaac Newton. The renowned university on which his genius had already begun to impress a peculiar character, still plainly discernible after the lapse of a hundred and sixty years, had sent him to the Convention; and he sat there, in his modest greatness, the unobtrusive but unflinching friend of civil and religious freedom.

The first act of the Commons was to choose a speaker, and the choice which they made indicated in a manner not to be mistaken their opinion touching the great questions which they were about to decide. Down to the very eve of the meeting it had been understood that Seymour would be placed in the chair. He had formerly sat there during several years. He had great and various titles to consideration, descent, fortune, knowledge, experience, eloquence. He had long been at the head of a powerful band of members from the western counties. Though a Tory, he had in the last Parliament headed, with conspicuous ability and courage, the opposition to popery and arbitrary power. He had been among the first gentlemen who had repaired to the Dutch head-quarters at Exeter, and

\* Burnet, i, 389, and the notes of Speaker Onslow.

† Evelyn's Diary, Sept. 26, 1672, Oct. 12, 1679, July 13, 1700; Seymour's Survey of London.

\* Burnet, i, 388, and Speaker Onslow's note.

had been the author of that association by which the Prince's adherents had bound themselves to stand or fall together. But, a few hours before the houses met, a rumor was spread that Seymour was against declaring the throne vacant. As soon, therefore, as the benches had filled, the Earl of Wiltshire, who represented Hampshire, stood up, and proposed that Powle should be speaker. Sir Vere Fane, member for Kent, seconded the motion. A plausible objection might have been raised, for it was known that a petition was about to be presented against Powle's return; but the general cry of the House called him to the chair, and the Tories thought it prudent to acquiesce.\* The mace was then laid on the table, the list of members was called over, and the names of the defaulters were noted.

Meanwhile the peers, about a hundred in number, had met, had chosen Halifax to be their speaker, and had appointed several eminent lawyers to perform the functions which, in regular Parliaments, belong to the judge. There was, in the course of that day, frequent communication between the houses. They joined in requesting that the prince would continue to administer the government until he should hear further from them, in expressing to him their gratitude for the deliverance which he, under God, had wrought for the nation, and in directing that the thirty-first of January should be observed as a day of thanksgiving for that deliverance.†

Thus far no difference of opinion had appeared; but both sides were preparing for the conflict. The Tories were strong in the Upper House, and weak in the Lower; and they knew that, at such a conjuncture, the house which should be the first to come to a resolution would have a great advantage over the other. There was not the least chance that the Commons would send up to the Lords a vote in favor of the plan of regency; but, if such a vote were sent down from the Lords to the Commons, it was not absolutely impossible that many even of the Whig representatives of the people might be disposed to acquiesce rather than take the grave responsibility of causing discord and delay at a crisis which required union and expedition. The Commons had determined that, on Monday, the twenty-eighth of January, they would take into consideration the state of the nation. The Tory Lords therefore proposed, on Friday, the twenty-fifth, to enter instantly on the great business for which they had been called together; but their motives were clearly dis-

cerned and their tactics frustrated by Halifax, who, ever since his return from Hungerford, had seen that the settlement of the government could be effected on Whig principles only, and who had therefore, for the time, allied himself closely with the Whigs. Devonshire moved that Tuesday, the twenty-ninth, should be the day. "By that time," he said, with more truth than discretion, "we may have some lights from below which may be useful for our guidance." His motion was carried, but his language was severely censured by some of his brother peers as derogatory to their order.\*

On the twenty-eighth the Commons resolved themselves into a committee of the whole house. A member who had, more than thirty years before, been one of Cromwell's lords, Richard Hampden, son of the great leader of the Roundheads, and father of the unhappy man who had, by large bribes and degrading submissions, narrowly escaped with life from the vengeance of James, was placed in the chair, and the great debate began.

It was soon evident that an overwhelming majority considered James as no longer king. Gilbert Dolben, son of the late Archbishop of York, was the first who declared himself to be of that opinion. He was supported by many members, particularly by the bold and vehement Wharton, by Sawyer, whose steady opposition to the dispensing power had in some measure atoned for old offenses, by Maynard, whose voice, though so feeble with age that it could not be heard on distant benches, still commanded the respect of all parties, and by Somers, whose luminous eloquence and varied stores of knowledge were on that day exhibited, for the first time, within the walls of Parliament. The unblushing forehead and voluble tongue of Sir William Williams were found on the same side. Already he had been deeply concerned in the excesses both of the worst of oppositions and of the worst of governments. He had persecuted innocent papists and innocent Protestants. He had been the patron of Oates and the tool of Petre. His name was associated with seditious violence, which was remembered with regret and shame by all respectable Whigs, and with freaks of despotism, abhorred by all respectable Tories. How men live under such infamy it is not easy to understand; but even such infamy was not enough for Williams. He was not ashamed to attack the fallen tyrant to whom he had hired himself out for work which no honest man in the Inns of Court would undertake, and from whom he had, within six months,

\* Citters, Jan. 22-Feb. 1, 1689; Grey's Debates.

† Lords' and Commons' Journals, Jan. 22, 1689; Citters and Clarendon's Diary of the same date.

\* Lords' Journals, Jan. 25, 1688-9; Clarendon's Diary, Jan. 23, 25.

accepted a baronetcy as the reward of servility.

Only three members ventured to oppose themselves to what was evidently the general sense of the assembly. Sir Christopher Musgrave, a Tory gentleman of great weight and ability, hinted some doubts. Heneage Finch let fall some expressions which were understood to mean that he wished a negotiation to be opened with the king. This suggestion was so ill received that he made haste to explain it away. He protested that he had been misapprehended. He was convinced that, under such a prince, there could be no security for religion, liberty, or property. To recall King James, or to treat with him, would be a fatal course; but many who would never consent that he should exercise the regal power had conscientious scruples about depriving him of the royal title. There was one expedient which would remove all difficulties—a regency. This proposition found so little favor that Finch did not venture to demand a division. Richard Fanshaw, Viscount Fanshaw of the kingdom of Ireland, said a few words in behalf of James, and recommended an adjournment; but the recommendation was met by a general outcry. Member after member stood up to represent the importance of dispatch. Every moment, it was said, was precious; the public anxiety was intense; trade was suspended. The minority sullenly submitted, and suffered the predominant party to take its own course.

What that course would be was not perfectly clear, for the majority was made up of two classes. One class consisted of eager and vehement Whigs, who, if they had been able to take their own course, would have given to the proceedings of the Convention a decidedly revolutionary character. The other class admitted that a revolution was necessary, but regarded it as a necessary evil, and were desirous to disguise it, as much as possible, under the show of legitimacy. The former class wished for a distinct recognition of the right of subjects to dethrone bad princes. The latter class wished to rid the country of one bad prince without promulgating any doctrine which might be abused for the purpose of weakening the just and salutary authority of future monarchs. The former class dwelt chiefly on the king's misgovernment, the latter on his flight. The former class considered him as having forfeited his crown, the latter as having resigned it. It was not easy to draw up any form of words which would please all whose assent it was important to obtain; but at length, out of many suggestions offered from different quarters, a resolution was framed which gave ge-

neral satisfaction. It was moved that King James the Second, having endeavored to subvert the Constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original contract between king and people, and, by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the throne had thereby become vacant.

This resolution has been many times subjected to criticism as minute and severe as was ever applied to any sentence written by man; and perhaps there never was a sentence written by man which would bear such criticism less. That a king, by grossly abusing his power, may forfeit it, is true. That a king who absconds without making any provision for the administration, and leaves his people in a state of anarchy, may, without any violent straining of language, be said to have abdicated his functions, is also true; but no accurate writer would affirm that long-continued misgovernment and desertion, added together, make up an act of abdication. It is evident, too, that the mention of the Jesuits and other evil advisers of James weakens, instead of strengthening, the case against him; for surely more indulgence is due to a man misled by pernicious counsel than to a man who goes wrong from the mere impulse of his own mind. It is idle, however, to examine these memorable words as we should examine a chapter of Aristotle or of Hobbes. Such words are to be considered, not as words, but as deeds. If they effect that which they are intended to effect, they are rational, though they may be contradictory. If they fail of attaining their end, they are absurd, though they carry demonstration with them. Logic admits of no compromise. The essence of politics is compromise. It is therefore not strange that some of the most important and most useful political instruments in the world should be among the most illogical compositions that ever were penned. The object of Somers, of Maynard, and of the other eminent men who shaped this celebrated motion was, not to leave to posterity a model of definition and partition, but to make the restoration of a tyrant impossible, and to place on the throne a sovereign under whom law and liberty might be secure. This object they attained by using language which, in a philosophical treatise, would justly be reprehended as inexact and confused. They cared little whether their major agreed with their conclusion if the major secured two hundred votes, and the conclusion two hundred more. In fact, the one beauty of the resolution is its inconsis-



ency. There was a phrase for every subdivision of the majority. The mention of the original contract gratified the disciples of Sidney. The word abdication conciliated politicians of a more timid school. There were doubtless many fervent Protestants who were pleased with the censure cast on the Jesuits. To the real statesman, the single important clause was that which declared the throne vacant; and, if that clause could be carried, he cared little by what preamble it might be introduced. The force which was thus united made all resistance hopeless. The motion was adopted by the committee without a division. It was ordered that the report should be instantly made. Powle returned to the chair; the mace was laid on the table; Hampden brought up the resolution; the House instantly agreed to it, and ordered him to carry it to the Lords.\*

On the following morning the Lords assembled early. The benches both of the spiritual and of the temporal peers were crowded. Hampden appeared at the bar, and put the resolution of the Commons into the hands of Halifax. The Upper House then resolved itself into a committee, and Danby took the chair.

The discussion was soon interrupted by the reappearance of Hampden with another message. The House resumed, and was informed that the Commons had just voted it inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant nation to be governed by a popish king. To this resolution, irreconcilable as it obviously was with the doctrine of indefeasible hereditary right, the peers gave an immediate and unanimous assent. The principle which was thus affirmed has always, down to our own time, been held sacred by all Protestant statesmen, and has never been considered by any reasonable Roman Catholic as objectionable. If, indeed, our sovereigns were, like the presidents of the United States, mere civil functionaries, it would not be easy to vindicate such a restriction; but the headship of the English Church is annexed to the English crown, and there is no intolerance in saying that a Church ought not to be subjected to a head who regards her as schismatical and heretical.†

After this short interlude the Lords again went into committee. The Tories insisted that their plan should be discussed before the vote of the Commons which declared the throne vacant was considered. This was conceded to them; and the question was put

whether a regency, exercising kingly power during the life of James, in his name, would be the best expedient for preserving the laws and liberties of the nation?

The contest was long and animated. The chief speakers in favor of a regency were Rochester and Nottingham. Halifax and Danby led the other side. The primate, strange to say, did not make his appearance, though earnestly importuned by the Tory peers to place himself at their head. His absence drew on him many contumelious censures; nor have even his eulogists been able to find any explanation of it which raises his character.\* The plan of regency was his own. He had, a few days before, in a paper written with his own hand, pronounced that plan to be clearly the best that could be adopted. The deliberations of the Lords who supported that plan had been carried on under his roof. His situation made it his clear duty to declare publicly what he thought. Nobody can suspect him of personal cowardice or of vulgar cupidity. It was probably from a nervous fear of doing wrong that, at this great conjuncture, he did nothing; but he should have known that, situated as he was, to do nothing was to do wrong. A man who is too scrupulous to take on himself a grave responsibility at an important crisis ought to be too scrupulous to accept the place of first minister of the Church and first peer of the realm.

It is not strange, however, that Sancroft's mind should have been ill at ease, for he could hardly be blind to the obvious truth that the scheme which he had recommended to his friends was utterly inconsistent with all that he and his brethren had been teaching during many years. That the king had a divine and indefeasible right to the regal power, and that the regal power, even when most grossly abused, could not, without sin, be resisted, was the doctrine in which the Anglican Church had long gloried. Did this doctrine, then, really mean only that the king had a divine and indefeasible right to have his effigy and name cut on a seal which was daily employed in despite of him for the purpose of commissioning his enemies to levy war on him, and of sending his friends to the gallows for obeying him? Did the whole duty of a good subject consist in using the word king? If so, Fairfax at Naseby and Bradshaw in the High Court of Justice had performed all the duty of good subjects; for Charles had been designated by the generals who commanded against him, and even by the judges who condemned him, as king. Nothing in the conduct of the

\* Commons' Journals, Jan. 28, 1688-9; Grey's Debates; Cit- ters, Jan. 29-Feb. 8. If the report in Grey's Debates be correct, Cit- ters must have been misinformed as to Sawyer's speech.

† Lords' and Commons' Journals, Jan. 29, 1688-9.

\* Clarendon's Diary, Jan. 21, 1688-9; Burnet, i, 810; Doyle's Life of Sancroft.

Long Parliament had been more severely blamed by the Church than the ingenious device of using the name of Charles against himself. Every one of her ministers had been required to sign a declaration condemning as traitorous the fiction by which the authority of the sovereign had been separated from his person.\* Yet this traitorous fiction was now considered by the primate and by many of his suffragans as the only basis on which they could, in strict conformity with Christian principles, erect a government.

The distinction which Sancroft had borrowed from the Roundheads of the preceding generation subverted from the foundation that system of politics which the Church and the Universities pretended to have learned from Saint Paul. The Holy Spirit, it had been a thousand times repeated, had commanded the Romans to be subject to Nero. It now appeared that the Holy Spirit meant only that the Romans were to call Nero Augustus. They were perfectly at liberty to chase him beyond the Euphrates, to leave him a pensioner on the bounty of the Parthians, to withstand him by force if he attempted to return, to punish all who aided him or corresponded with him, and to transfer the tribunitian power and the consular power, the presidency of the senate and the command of the legions, to Galba or Vespasian.

The analogy which the archbishop imagined that he had discovered between the case of a wrong-headed king and the case of a lunatic king will not bear a moment's examination. It was plain that James was not in that state of mind in which, if he had been a country gentleman or a merchant, any tribunal would have held him incapable of executing a contract or a will. He was of unsound mind only as all bad kings are of unsound mind; as Charles the First had been of unsound mind when he went to seize the five members; as Charles the Second had been of unsound mind when he concluded the treaty of Dover. If this sort of mental unsoundness did not justify subjects in withdrawing their obedience from princes, the plan of a regency was evidently indefensible. If this sort of mental unsoundness did not justify subjects in withdrawing their obedience from princes, the doctrine of non-resistance was completely given up, and all that any moderate Whig had ever contended for was fully admitted.

As to the Oath of Allegiance about which Sancroft and his disciples were so anxious, one thing at least is clear, that, whoever might be right, they were wrong. The Whigs held that, in the Oath of Allegiance, certain con-

ditions were implied; that the king had violated these conditions; and that the oath had therefore lost its force; but, if the Whig doctrine were false, if the oath were still binding, could men of sense really believe that they escaped the guilt of perjury by voting for a regency? Could they affirm that they bore true allegiance to James while they were, in defiance of his protestations made before all Europe, authorizing another person to receive the royal revenues, to summon and prorogue Parliaments, to create dukes and earls, to name bishops and judges, to pardon offenders, to command the forces of the state, and to conclude treaties with foreign powers? Had Pascal been able to find, in all the folios of the Jesuitical casuists, a sophism more contemptible than that which now, as it seemed, sufficed to quiet the consciences of the fathers of the Anglican Church?

Nothing could be more evident than that the plan of regency could be defended only on Whig principles. Between the rational supporters of that plan and the majority of the House of Commons there could be no dispute as to the question of right. All that remained was a question of expediency. And would any statesman seriously contend that it was expedient to constitute a government with two heads, and to give to one of those heads regal power without regal dignity, and to the other regal dignity without regal power? It was notorious that such an arrangement, even when made necessary by the infaney or insanity of a prince, had serious disadvantages. That times of regency were times of weakness, of trouble, and of disaster, was a truth proved by the whole history of England, of France, and of Scotland, and had almost become a proverb. Yet, in a case of infaney or of insanity, the king was at least passive. He could not actively counterwork the regent. What was now proposed was that England should have two first magistrates, of ripe age and sound mind, waging with each other an irreconcilable war. It was absurd to talk of leaving James merely the kingly name, and depriving him of all the kingly power, for the name was a part of the power. The word king was a word of conjuration. It was associated in the minds of many Englishmen with the idea of a mysterious character derived from above, and in the minds of almost all Englishmen with the idea of legitimate and venerable authority. Surely, if the title carried with it such power, those who maintained that James ought to be deprived of all power could not deny that he ought to be deprived of the title.

And how long was the anomalous government planned by the genius of Sancroft to last?

\* See the Act of Uniformity.

Every argument which could be urged for setting it up at all might be urged with equal force for retaining it to the end of time. If the boy who had been carried into France was really born of the queen, he would hereafter inherit the divine and indefeasible right to be called King. The same right would very probably be transmitted from papist to papist through the whole of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Both the houses had unanimously resolved that England should not be governed by a papist. It might well be, therefore, that, from generation to generation, regents would continue to administer the government in the name of vagrant and mendicant kings. There was no doubt that the regents must be appointed by Parliament. The effect, therefore, of this contrivance, a contrivance intended to preserve unimpaired the sacred principle of hereditary monarchy, would be, that the monarchy would become really elective.

Another unanswerable reason was urged against Saneroff's plan. There was on the statute-book a law which had been passed soon after the close of the long and bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, and which had been framed for the purpose of averting calamities such as the alternate victories of those houses had brought on the nobility and gentry of the realm. By this law it was provided that no person should, by adhering to a king in possession, incur the penalties of treason. When the regicides were brought to trial after the Restoration, some of them insisted that their case lay within the equity of this act. They had obeyed, they said, the government which was in possession, and were therefore not traitors. The judges admitted that this would have been a good defense if the prisoners had acted under the authority of a usurper who, like Henry the Fourth and Richard the Third, bore the regal title, but declared that such a defense could not avail men who had indicted, sentenced, and executed one who, in the indictment, in the sentence, and in the death-warrant, was designated as king. It followed, therefore, that whoever should support a regent in opposition to James would run great risk of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, if ever James should recover supreme power; but that no person could, without such a violation of law as Jeffreys himself would hardly venture to commit, be punished for siding with a king who was reigning, though wrongfully, at Whitehall, against a rightful king who was in exile at St. Germain's.\*

It should seem that these arguments admit

\* Stat. 2 Hen. 7, c. 1; Lord Coke's Institutes, part iii, chap. i; Trial of Cook for high treason, in the Collection of State Trials; Burnet, i, 813, and Swift's note.

of no reply; and they were doubtless urged with force by Danby, who had a wonderful power of making every subject which he treated clear to the dullest mind, and by Halifax, who, in fertility of thought and brilliancy of diction, had no rival among the orators of that age. Yet so numerous and powerful were the Tories in the Upper House, that, notwithstanding the weakness of their case, the defection of their leader, and the ability of their opponents, they very nearly carried the day. A hundred lords divided. Forty-nine voted for a regency, fifty-one against it. In the minority were the natural children of Charles, the brothers-in-law of James, the Dukes of Somerset and Ormond, the Archbishop of York and eleven bishops. No prelate voted in the majority except Compton and Trelawney.\*

It was near nine in the evening before the House rose. The following day was the thirtieth of January, the anniversary of the death of Charles the First. The great body of the Anglican clergy had, during many years, thought it a sacred duty to inculcate on that day the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience. Their old sermons were now of little use; and many divines were even in doubt whether they could venture to read the whole Liturgy. The Lower House had declared that the throne was vacant. The Upper had not yet expressed any opinion. It was therefore not easy to decide whether the prayers for the sovereign ought to be used. Every officiating minister took his own course. In most of the churches of the capital the petitions for James were omitted; but at Saint Margaret's, Sharp, dean of Norwich, who had been requested to preach before the Commons, not only read to their faces the whole service as it stood in the book, but, before his sermon, implored, in his own words, a blessing on the king, and, toward the close of his discourse, declaimed against the jesuitical doctrine that princes might lawfully be deposed by their subjects. The speaker, that very afternoon, complained to the house of this affront. "You pass a vote one day," he said, "and on the next day it is contradicted from the pulpit in your own hearing." Sharp was strenuously defended by the Tories, and had friends even among the Whigs; for it was not forgotten that he had incurred serious danger in the evil times by the courage with which, in defiance of the royal injunction, he had preached

\* Lords' Journals, Jan. 29, 1688-9; Clarendon's Diary; Evelyn's Diary; Citters; Eachard's History of the Revolution; Burnet, i, 813; History of the Re-establishment of the Government, 1689. The numbers of Contents and Not Contents are not given in the journals, and are differently reported by different writers. I have followed Clarendon, who took the trouble to make out lists of the majority and minority.

against popery. Sir Christopher Musgrave very ingeniously remarked that the House had not ordered the resolution which declared the throne vacant to be published. Sharp, therefore, was not only not bound to know anything of that resolution, but could not have taken notice of it without a breach of privilege for which he might have been called to the bar and reprimanded on his knees. The majority felt that it was not wise at that conjuncture to quarrel with the clergy, and the subject was suffered to drop.\*

While the Commons were discussing Sharp's sermon, the Lords had again gone into a committee on the state of the nation, and had ordered the resolution which pronounced the throne vacant to be read clause by clause.

The first expression on which a debate arose was that which recognized the original contract between king and people. It was not to be expected that the Tory peers would suffer a phrase which contained the quintessence of Whiggism to pass unchallenged. A division took place, and it was determined by fifty-three votes to forty-six that the words should stand.

The severe censure passed by the Commons on the administration of James was next considered, and was approved without one dissenting voice. Some verbal objections were made to the proposition that James had abdicated the government. It was urged that he might more correctly be said to have deserted it. This amendment was adopted, it should seem, with scarcely any debate and without a division. By this time it was late, and the Lords again adjourned.†

Up to this moment the small body of peers which was under the guidance of Danby had acted in firm union with Halifax and the Whigs. The effect of this union had been that the plan of regency had been rejected, and the doctrine of the original contract affirmed. The proposition that James had ceased to be king had been the rallying point of the two parties which had made up the majority; but from that point their path diverged. The next question to be decided was whether the throne was vacant; and this was a question not merely verbal, but of grave practical importance. If the throne was vacant, the estates of the realm might place William in it; if it was not vacant, he could succeed to it only after his wife, after Anne, and after Anne's posterity.

It was, according to the followers of Danby, an established maxim that our country could

not be, even for a moment, without a rightful prince. The man might die, but the magistrate was immortal. The man might abdicate, but the magistrate was irremovable. If, these politicians said, we once admit that the throne is vacant, we admit that it is elective. The sovereign whom we may place on it will be a sovereign, not after the English, but after the Polish fashion. Even if we choose the very person who would reign by right of birth, still that person will reign, not by right of birth, but in virtue of our choice, and will take as a gift what ought to be regarded as an inheritance. That salutary reverence with which the blood royal and the order of primogeniture have hitherto been regarded will be greatly diminished. Still more serious will the evil be if we not only fill the throne by election, but fill it with a prince who has doubtless the qualities of a great and good ruler, and who has wrought a wonderful deliverance for us, but who is not first nor even second in the order of succession. If we once say that merit, however eminent, shall be a title to the crown, we disturb the very foundations of our polity, and furnish a precedent of which every ambitious warrior or statesman who may have rendered any great service to the public will be tempted to avail himself. This danger we avoid if we logically follow out the principles of the Constitution to their consequences. There has been a demise of the crown. At the instant of the demise the next heir became our lawful sovereign. We consider the Princess of Orange as next heir; and we hold that she ought, without any delay, to be proclaimed, what she already is, our queen.

The Whigs replied that it was idle to apply ordinary rules to a country in a state of revolution; that the great question now depending was not to be decided by the saws of pedantic Templars; and that, if it were to be so decided, such saws might be quoted on one side as well as the other. If it was a legal maxim that the throne could never be vacant, it was also a legal maxim that a living man could have no heir. James was still living. How, then, could the Princess of Orange be his heir? The laws of England had made full provision for the succession when the power of a sovereign and his natural life terminated together, but had made no provision for the very rare cases in which his power terminated before the close of his natural life; and with one of those very rare cases the Convention had now to deal. That James no longer filled the throne both houses had pronounced. Neither common law nor statute law designated any person as entitled to fill the throne between his demise and his de-

\* Grey's Debates; Evelyn's Diary; Life of Archbishop Sharp, by his son; Apology for the New Separation, in a letter to Dr. John Sharp, Archbishop of York, 1691.

† Lords' Journals, Jan. 30, 1688-9; Clarendon's Diary.

cease. It followed that the throne was vacant, and that the houses might invite the Prince of Orange to fill it. That he was not next in order of birth was true; but this was no disadvantage; on the contrary, it was a positive recommendation. Hereditary monarchy was a good political institution, but was by no means more sacred than other good political institutions. Unfortunately, bigoted and servile theologians had turned it into a religious mystery, almost as awful and as incomprehensible as transubstantiation itself. To keep the institution, and yet to get rid of the abject and noxious superstitions with which it had of late years been associated, and which had made it a curse instead of a blessing to society, ought to be the first object of English statesmen; and that object would be best attained by slightly deviating for a time from the general rule of descent, and by then returning to it.

Many attempts were made to prevent an open breach between the party of the prince and the party of the princess. A great meeting was held at the Earl of Devonshire's house, and the dispute was warm. Halifax was the chief speaker for William, Danby for Mary. Of the mind of Mary Danby knew nothing. She had been some time expected in London, but had been detained in Holland, first by masses of ice which had blocked up the rivers, and, when the thaw came, by strong westerly winds. Had she arrived earlier, the dispute would probably have been at once quieted. Halifax, on the other side, had no authority to say anything in William's name. The prince, true to his promise that he would leave the settlement of the government to the Convention, had maintained an impenetrable reserve, and had not suffered any word, look, or gesture, indicative either of satisfaction or of displeasure, to escape him. One of his countrymen, who had a large share of his confidence, had been invited to the meeting, and was earnestly pressed by the peers to give them some information. He long excused himself. At last he so far yielded to their urgency as to say, "I can only guess at his highness's mind. If you wish to know what I guess, I guess that he would not like to be his wife's gentleman usher; but I know nothing." "I know something now, however," said Danby. "I know enough, and too much." He then departed, and the assembly broke up.\*

On the thirty-first of January, the debate which had terminated thus in private was publicly renewed in the House of Peers. That day had been fixed for the national thanksgiving. An office had been drawn up for the occasion by several bishops, among whom were Ken and Sprat. It is perfectly free both from the adulation and from the malignity by which such compositions were in that age too often deformed, and sustains, better, perhaps, than any occasional service which has been framed during two centuries, a comparison with that great model of chaste, lofty, and pathetic eloquence, the Book of Common Prayer. The Lords went in the morning to Westminster Abbey. The Commons had desired Burnet to preach before them at Saint Margaret's. He was not likely to fall into the same error which had been committed in the same place on the preceding day. His vigorous and animated discourse doubtless called forth the loud hums of his auditors. It was not only printed by command of the House, but was translated into French for the edification of foreign Protestants.\* The day closed with the festivities usual on such occasions. The whole town shone brightly with fireworks and bonfires; the roar of guns and the pealing of bells lasted until the night was far spent; but, before the lights were extinct and the streets silent, an event had taken place which threw a damp on the public joy.

The peers had repaired from the Abbey to their house, and had resumed the discussion on the state of the nation. The last words of the resolution of the Commons were taken into consideration, and it soon became clear that the majority were not disposed to assent to those words. To near fifty lords who held that the regal title still belonged to James were now added seven or eight who held that it had already devolved on Mary. The Whigs, finding themselves outnumbered, tried to compromise the dispute. They proposed to omit the words which pronounced the throne vacant, and simply to declare the prince and princess king and queen. It was manifest that such a declaration implied, though it did not expressly affirm, all that the Tories were unwilling to concede; for nobody could pretend that William had succeeded to the regal office by right of birth. To pass a resolution acknowledging him as king was therefore an act of election; and how could there be an election without a vacancy? The proposition of the Whig lords was rejected by fifty-two votes to forty-seven. The question was then put whether the throne was vacant. The Contents were only forty-one, the Not Con-

\* Dartmouth's note on Burnet, i, 393. Dartmouth says that it was from Fagel that the Lords extracted the hint. This was a slip of the pen very pardonable in a hasty marginal note; but Dalrymple and others ought not to have copied so palpable a blunder. Fagel died in Holland, on the 5th of December, 1688, when William was at Salisbury and James at Whitehall. The real person was, I suppose, Dykvelt, Bentinck, or Zulestein, most probably Dykvelt.

\* Both the service and Burnet's sermon are still to be found in our great libraries, and will repay the trouble of perusal.

tents fifty-five. Of the minority thirty-six protested.\*

During the two following days London was in an unquiet and anxious state. The Tories began to hope that they might be able again to bring forward their favorite plan of regency with better success. Perhaps the prince himself, when he found that he had no chance of wearing the crown, might prefer Sancroft's scheme to Danby's. It was better, doubtless, to be a king than to be a regent; but it was better to be a regent than to be a gentleman usher. On the other side, the lower and fiercer class of Whigs, the old emissaries of Shaftesbury, the old associates of College, began to stir in the city. Crowds assembled in Palace Yard, and held threatening language. Lord Lovelace, who was suspected of having encouraged these assemblages, informed the peers that he was charged with a petition requesting them instantly to declare the Prince and Princess of Orange king and queen. He was asked by whom the petition was signed. "There are no hands to it yet," he answered; "but, when I bring it here next, there shall be hands enough." This menace alarmed and disgusted his own party. The leading Whigs were, in truth, even more anxious than the Tories that the deliberations of the Convention should be perfectly free, and that it should not be in the power of any adherent of James to allege that either house had acted under force. A petition, similar to that which had been intrusted to Lovelace, was brought into the House of Commons, but was contemptuously rejected. Maynard was foremost in protesting against the attempt of the rabble in the streets to overawe the estates of the realm. William sent for Lovelace, expostulated with him strongly, and ordered the magistrates to act with vigor against all unlawful assemblies.† Nothing in the history of our revolution is more deserving of admiration and of imitation than the manner in which the two parties in the Convention, at the very moment at which their disputes ran highest, joined like one man to resist the dictation of the mob of the capital.

But, though the Whigs were fully determined to maintain order and to respect the freedom of debate, they were equally determined to make no concession. James, as usual, came to the help of his enemies. A letter from him to the Convention had just arrived in London. On Saturday, the second of February, the Commons, without a division, resolved to adhere to their resolution as

it originally stood. It had been transmitted to Preston by the apostate Melfort, who was now high in favor at Saint Germain's. The name of Melfort was an abomination to every Churchman. That he was still a confidential minister was alone sufficient to prove that his master's folly and perverseness were incurable. No member of either house ventured to propose that a paper which came from such a quarter should be read. The contents, however, were well known to all the town. His majesty exhorted the Lords and Commons not to despair of his clemency, and graciously assured them that he would pardon those who had betrayed him, some few excepted, whom he did not name. How was it possible to do anything for a prince who, vanquished, deserted, banished, living on alms, told those who were the arbiters of his fate that, if they would set him on his throne again, he would hang only a few of them?\*

The contest between the two branches of the Legislature lasted some days longer. On Monday, the fourth of February, the peers resolved that they would insist on their amendments; but a protest to which thirty-nine names were subscribed was entered on the journals.‡ On the following day the Tories determined to try their strength in the Lower House. They mustered there in great force. A motion was made to agree to the amendments of the Lords. Those who were for the plan of Sancroft and those who were for the plan of Danby divided together; but they were beaten by two hundred and eighty-two votes to a hundred and fifty-one. The House then resolved to request a free conference with the Lords.‡

At the same time, strenuous efforts were making without the walls of Parliament to bring the dispute between the two branches of the legislature to a close. Burnet thought that the importance of the crisis justified him in publishing the great secret which the princess had confided to him. He knew, he said, from her own lips, that it had long been her full determination, even if she came to the throne in the regular course of descent, to surrender her power, with the sanction of Parliament, into the hands of her husband. Danby received from her an earnest and almost angry reprimand. She was, she wrote, the prince's wife; she had no other wish than to be sub-

\* The letter of James, dated Jan. 24-Feb. 3, 1689, will be found in Kennet. It is most disingenuously garbled in Clarke's Life of James. See Clarendon's Diary, Feb. 2, 4; Grey's Debates; Lords' Journals, Feb. 2, 4, 1688-9.

† It has been asserted by several writers, and, among others, by Ralph and by M. Mazure, that Danby signed this protest. This is a mistake. Probably some person who examined the journals before they were printed mistook Derby for Danby. Lords' Journals, Feb. 4, 1688-9. Evelyn, a few days before, wrote Derby, by mistake, for Danby. Diary, Jan. 29, 1688-9.

‡ Common's Journals, Feb. 5, 1688-9.

\* Lords' Journals, Jan. 31, 1688-9.

† Citters, Feb. 5-15, 1689; Clarendon's Diary, Feb. 2. The story is greatly exaggerated in the work entitled Revolution Politics, an eminently absurd book, yet of some value as a record of the foolish reports of the day. Grey's Debates.

ject to him; the most cruel injury that could be done to her would be to set her up as his competitor; and she never could regard any person who took such a course as her true friend.\* The Tories had still one hope. Anne might insist on her rights and on those of her children. No effort was spared to stimulate her ambition and to alarm her conscience. Her uncle Clarendon was especially active. A few weeks only had elapsed since the hope of wealth and greatness had impelled him to belie the boastful professions of his whole life, to desert the royal cause, to join with the Wildmans and Fergusons, nay, to propose that the king should be sent a prisoner to a foreign land, and immured in a fortress begirt by pestilential marshes. The lure which had produced this strange transformation was the vice-royalty of Ireland. Soon, however, it appeared that the proselyte had little chance of obtaining the splendid prize on which his heart was set. He found that others were consulted on Irish affairs. His advice was never asked, and, when obtrusively and importunately offered, was coldly received. He repaired many times to Saint James's Palace, but could scarcely obtain a word or a look. One day the prince was writing; another day he wanted fresh air, and must ride in the Park; on a third he was closeted with officers on military business, and could see nobody. Clarendon saw that he was not likely to gain anything by the sacrifice of his principles, and determined to take them back again. In December ambition had converted him into a rebel. In January disappointment reconverted him into a Royalist. The uneasy consciousness that he had not been a consistent Tory gave a peculiar acrimony to his Toryism.† In the House of Lords he had done all in his power to prevent a settlement. He now exerted, for the same end, all his influence over the Princess Anne; but his influence over her was small indeed when compared with that of the Churchills, who wisely called to their help two powerful allies, Tillotson, who, as a spiritual director, had at that time immense authority, and Lady Russell, whose noble and gentle virtues, proved by the most cruel of all trials, had gained for her the reputation of a saint. The Princess of Denmark, it was soon known, was willing that William should reign for life; and it was evident that to defend the cause of the princesses against themselves was a hopeless task.‡

And now William thought that the time had come when he ought to explain himself.

He accordingly sent for Halifax, Danby, Shrewsbury, and some other political leaders of great note, and, with that air of stoical apathy under which he had, from a boy, been in the habit of concealing his strongest emotions, addressed to them a few deeply meditated and weighty words.

He had hitherto, he said, remained silent; he had used neither solicitation nor menace; he had not even suffered a hint of his opinions or wishes to get abroad; but a crisis had now arrived at which it was necessary for him to declare his intentions. He had no right and no wish to dictate to the Convention. All that he claimed for himself was the privilege of declining any office which he felt that he could not hold with honor to himself and with benefit to the public.

A strong party was for a regency. It was for the houses to determine whether such an arrangement would be for the interest of the nation. He had a decided opinion on that point; and he thought it right to say distinctly that he would not be regent.

Another party was for placing the princess on the throne, and for giving to him, during her life, the title of king, and such a share in the administration as she might be pleased to allow him. He could not stoop to such a post. He esteemed the princess as much as it was possible for man to esteem woman; but not even from her would he accept a subordinate and precarious place in the government. He was so made that he could not submit to be tied to the apron strings even of the best of wives. He did not desire to take any part in English affairs; but, if he did consent to take a part, there was one part only which he could usefully or honorably take. If the estates offered him the crown for life, he would accept it. If not, he should, without repining, return to his native country. He concluded by saying that he thought it reasonable that the Lady Anne and her posterity should be preferred in the succession to any children whom he might have by any other wife than the Lady Mary.\*

The meeting broke up; and what the prince had said was in a few hours known all over London. That he must be king was now clear. The only question was whether he should hold the regal dignity alone or conjointly with the princess. Halifax and a few other politicians, who saw in a strong light the danger of dividing the supreme executive authority, thought it desirable that, during

\* Burnet, i, 820. Burnet says that he has not related the events of this stirring time in chronological order. I have therefore been forced to arrange them by guess; but I think that I can scarcely be wrong in supposing that the letter of the Princess of Orange to Danby arrived, and that the prince's explanation of his views was given, between Thursday, the 31st of January, and Wednesday, the 6th of February.

\* Burnet i, 819.

† Clarendon's Diary, Jan. 1, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 1688-9; Burnet, i, 807.

‡ Clarendon's Diary, Feb. 5, 1688-9; Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication; Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution.

William's life, Mary should be only queen consort and a subject. But this arrangement, though much might doubtless be said for it in argument, shocked the general feeling even of those Englishmen who were most attached to the prince. His wife had given an unprecedented proof of conjugal submission and affection, and the very least return that could be made to her would be to bestow on her the dignity of queen regnant. William Herbert, one of the most zealous of the prince's adherents, was so much exasperated that he sprang out of the bed to which he was confined by gout, and vehemently declared that he never would have drawn a sword in his highness's cause if he had foreseen that so shameful an arrangement would be made. No person took the matter up so eagerly as Burnet. His blood boiled at the wrong done to his kind patroness. He went straight to William, expostulated vehemently, and begged to be permitted to resign the chaplainship. "While I am your highness's servant," said the brave and honest divine, "it would be unseemly in me to oppose any plan which may have your countenance. I therefore desire to be set free, that I may fight the prince's battle with every faculty that God has given me." "I think, doctor," said William, with characteristic coolness, "that you had better stay where you are. It will surely be time for you to quit me when I do something of which you disapprove." In a few hours the scheme which had excited Burnet's resentment was entirely given up, and all those who considered James as no longer king were agreed as to the way in which the throne must be filled. William and Mary must be king and queen. The heads of both must appear together on the coin; writs must run in the names of both; both must enjoy all the personal dignities and immunities of royalty; but the administration, which could not be safely divided, must belong to William alone.\*

And now the time arrived for the free conference between the houses. The managers for the Lords, in their robes, took their seats along one side of the table in the Painted Chamber; but the crowd of members of the House of Commons' on the other side was so great that the gentlemen who were to argue the question in vain tried to get through. It was not without much difficulty and long delay that the sergeant-at-arms was able to clear a passage.†

At length the discussion began. A full report of the speeches on both sides has come down to us. There are few students of history who have not taken up that report with

eager curiosity and laid it down with disappointment. The question between the houses was argued on both sides as a question of law. The objections which the Lords made to the resolution of the Commons were verbal and technical, and were met by verbal and technical answers. Somers vindicated the use of the word abdication by quotations from Grotius and Brissonius, Spigelius and Bartolus. When he was challenged to show any authority for the proposition that England could be without a sovereign, he produced the Parliament roll of the year 1399, in which it was expressly set forth that the kingly office was vacant during the interval between the resignation of Richard the Second and the enthroning of Henry the Fourth. The lords replied by producing the Parliament roll of the first year of Edward the Fourth, from which it appeared that the record of 1399 had been solemnly annulled. They therefore maintained that the precedent on which Somers relied was no longer valid. Treby then came to Somers's assistance, and brought forth the Parliament roll of the first year of Henry the Seventh, which repealed the act of Edward the Fourth, and consequently restored the validity of the record of 1399. After a colloquy of several hours the disputants separated.\* The Lords assembled in their own house. It was well understood that they were about to yield, and that the conference had been a mere form. The friends of Mary had found that, by setting her up as her husband's rival, they had deeply displeased her. Some of the peers who had formerly voted for a regency had determined to absent themselves or to support the resolution of the Lower House. Their opinion, they said, was unchanged; but any government was better than no government, and the country could not bear a prolongation of this agony of suspense. Even Nottingham, who, in the Painted Chamber, had taken the lead against the Commons, declared that, though his own conscience would not suffer him to give way, he was glad that the consciences of other men were less squeamish. Several lords who had not yet voted in the Convention had been induced to attend; Lord Lexington, who had just hurried over from the Continent; the Earl of Lincoln, who was half mad; the Earl of Carlisle, who limped on crutches; and the Bishop of Durham, who had been in hiding and had intended to fly beyond sea, but had received an intimation that, if he would vote for the settling of the government, his conduct in the Ecclesiastical Commission should not be remembered against him. Danby, desirous to

\* Mulgrave's Account of the Revolution; Burnet, i, 218.

† Commons' Journals, Feb. 6, 1689-9.

\* See the Lords' and Commons' Journals of Feb. 6, 1688-9, and the Report of the Conference.



heal the schism which he had caused, exhorted the House, in a speech distinguished by even more than his usual ability, not to persevere in a contest which might be fatal to the State. He was strenuously supported by Halifax. The spirit of the opposite party was quelled. When the question was put whether King James had abdicated the government, only three lords said Not Content. On the question whether the throne was vacant, a division was demanded. The Contents were sixty-two, the Not Contents forty-seven. It was immediately proposed and carried, without a division, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.\*

Nottingham then moved that the wording of the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy should be altered in such a way that they might be conscientiously taken by persons who, like himself, disapproved of what the Convention had done, and yet fully purposed to be loyal and dutiful subjects of the new sovereigns. To this proposition no objection was made. Indeed, there can be little doubt that there was an understanding on the subject between the Whig leaders and those Tory lords whose votes had turned the scale on the last division. The new oaths were sent down to the Commons, together with the resolution that the prince and princess should be declared king and queen.†

It was now known to whom the crown would be given. On what conditions it should be given still remained to be decided. The Commons had appointed a committee to consider what steps it might be advisable to take, in order to secure law and liberty against the aggressions of future sovereigns, and the committee had made a report.‡ This report recommended, first, that those great principles of the Constitution which had been violated by the dethroned king should be solemnly asserted, and, secondly, that many new laws should be enacted for the purpose of curbing the prerogative, and of purifying the administration of justice. Many of the suggestions of the committee were excellent; but it was utterly impossible that the houses could, in a month, or even in a year, deal properly with matters so numerous, so various, and so important. It was proposed, among other things, that the militia should be remodeled; that the power which the sovereign possessed of proroguing and dissolving Parliaments should be restricted; that the duration of Parli-

ments should be limited; that the royal pardon should no longer be pleadable to a parliamentary impeachment; that toleration should be granted to Protestant Dissenters; that the crime of high treason should be more precisely defined; that trials for high treason should be conducted in a manner more favorable to innocence; that the judges should hold their places for life; that the mode of appointing sheriffs should be altered; that juries should be nominated in such a way as might exclude partiality and corruption; that the practice of filing criminal information in the King's Bench should be abolished; that the Court of Chancery should be reformed; that the fees of public functionaries should be regulated; that the law of Quo Warranto should be amended. It was evident that cautious and deliberate legislation on these subjects must be the work of more than one laborious session, and it was equally evident that hasty and crude legislation on subjects so grave could not but produce new grievances, worse than those which it might remove. If the committee meant to give a list of the reforms which ought to be accomplished before the throne was filled, the list was absurdly long. If, on the other hand, the committee meant to give a list of all the reforms which the Legislature would do well to make in proper season, the list was strangely imperfect. Indeed, as soon as the report had been read, member after member rose to suggest some addition. It was moved and carried that the selling of offices should be prohibited, that the Habeas Corpus Act should be made more efficient, and that the law of Mandamus should be revised. One gentleman fell on the chimneymen, another on the excisemen; and the House resolved that the malpractices of both chimneymen and excisemen should be restrained. It is a most remarkable circumstance that, while the whole political, military, judicial, and fiscal system of the kingdom was thus passed in review, not a single representative of the people proposed the repeal of the statute which subjected the press to a censorship. It was not yet understood, even by the most enlightened men, that the liberty of discussion is the great safeguard of all other liberties.\*

The House was greatly perplexed. Some orators vehemently said that too much time had already been lost, and that the government ought to be settled without the delay of a day. Society was unquiet; trade was languishing; the English colony in Ireland was in imminent danger of perishing; a foreign war was impending; the exiled tyrant

\* Lords' Journals, Feb. 6, 1688-9; Clarendon's Diary; Burnet, i, 622, and Dartmouth's note; Clitters, Feb. 8-13. I have followed Clarendon as to the numbers. Some writers make the majority smaller and some larger.

† Lords' Journals, Feb. 6, 7, 1688-9; Clarendon's Diary.

‡ Commons' Journals, Jan. 29, Feb. 2, 1686-9.

\* Commons' Journals, Feb. 2, 1688-9.

might, in a few weeks, be at Dublin with a French army, and from Dublin he might soon cross to Chester. Was it not insanity, at such a crisis, to leave the throne unfilled, and, while the very existence of Parliaments was in jeopardy, to waste time in debating whether Parliaments should be prorogued by the sovereign or by themselves? On the other side it was asked whether the Convention could think that it had fulfilled its mission by merely pulling down one prince and putting up another. Surely now or never was the time to secure public liberty by such fences as might effectually prevent the encroachments of prerogative.\* There was doubtless great weight in what was urged on both sides. The able chiefs of the Whig party, among whom Somers was fast rising to ascendancy, proposed a middle course. The House had, they said, two objects in view, which ought to be kept distinct. One object was to secure the old polity of the realm against illegal attacks; the other was to improve that polity by legal reforms. The former object might be attained by solemnly putting on record, in the resolution which called the new sovereigns to the throne, the claim of the English nation to its ancient franchises, so that the king might hold his crown, and the people their privileges, by one and the same title-deed; the latter object would require a whole volume of elaborate statutes. The former object might be attained in a day; the latter, scarcely in five years. As to the former object, all parties were agreed; as to the latter, there were innumerable varieties of opinion. No member of either house would hesitate for a moment to vote that the king could not levy taxes without the consent of Parliament; but it would be hardly possible to frame any new law of procedure in cases of high treason which would not give rise to long debate, and be condemned by some persons as unjust to the prisoner, and by others as unjust to the crown. The business of an extraordinary convention of the estates of the realm was not to do the ordinary work of Parliaments, to regulate the fees of masters in Chancery, and to provide against the exactions of gaugers, but to put right the great machine of government. When this had been done, it would be time to inquire what improvement our institutions needed; nor would anything be risked by delay; for no sovereign who reigned merely by the choice of the nation could long refuse his assent to any improvement which the nation, speaking through its representatives, demanded.

On these grounds the Commons wisely de-

termined to postpone all reforms until the ancient Constitution of the kingdom should have been restored in all its parts, and forthwith to fill the throne without imposing on William and Mary any other obligation than that of governing according to the existing laws of England. In order that the questions which had been in dispute between the Stuarts and the nation might never again be stirred, it was determined that the instrument by which the Prince and Princess of Orange were called to the throne, and by which the order of succession was settled, should set forth, in the most distinct and solemn manner, the fundamental principles of the Constitution. This instrument, known by the name of the Declaration of Right, was prepared by a committee, of which Somers was chairman. The fact that the low-born young barrister was appointed to so honorable and important a post in a Parliament filled with able and experienced men, only ten days after he had spoken in the House of Commons for the first time, sufficiently proves the superiority of his abilities. In a few hours the Declaration was framed and approved by the Commons. The Lords assented to it with some amendments of no great importance.\*

The Declaration began by recapitulating the crimes and errors which had made a revolution necessary. James had invaded the province of the Legislature; had treated modest petitioning as a crime; had oppressed the Church by means of an illegal tribunal; had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes and maintained a standing army in time of peace; had violated the freedom of election, and perverted the course of justice. Proceedings which could lawfully be questioned only in Parliament had been made subjects of prosecution in the King's Bench. Partial and corrupt juries had been returned. Excessive bail had been required from prisoners; excessive fines had been imposed; barbarous and unusual punishments had been inflicted; the estates of accused persons had been granted away before conviction. He, by whose authority these things had been done, had abdicated the government. The Prince of Orange, whom God had made the glorious instrument of delivering the nation from superstition and tyranny, had invited the estates of the realm to meet and to take counsel together for the securing of religion, of law, and of freedom. The Lords and Commons, having deliberated, had resolved that they would first, after the example of their ancestors, assert the ancient rights and liberties of England. Therefore it was declared

\* Grey's Debates; Buret, i, 822.

\* Commons' Journals, Feb. 4, 8, 11, 12; Lords' Journals, Feb. 9, 11, 12, 1688-9.

that the dispensing power, lately assumed and exercised, had no legal existence; that, without grant of Parliament, no money could be exacted by the sovereign from the subject; that, without consent of Parliament, no standing army could be kept up in time of peace. The right of subjects to petition, the right of electors to choose representatives freely, the right of Parliaments to freedom of debate, the right of the nation to a pure and merciful administration of justice according to the spirit of its own mild laws, were solemnly affirmed. All these things the Convention claimed, in the name of the whole nation, as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen. Having thus vindicated the principles of the Constitution, the Lords and Commons, in the entire confidence that the deliverer would hold sacred the laws and liberties which he had saved, resolved that William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, should be declared king and queen of England for their joint and separate lives, and that, during their joint lives, the administration of the government should be in the prince alone. After them the crown was settled on the posterity of Mary, then on Anne and her posterity, and then on the posterity of William.

By this time the wind had ceased to blow from the west. On the eleventh of February, the ship in which the Princess of Orange had embarked lay off Margate, and, on the following morning, anchored at Greenwich.\* She was received with many signs of joy and affection; but her demeanor shocked the Tories, and was not thought faultless even by the Whigs. A young woman, placed, by a destiny as mournful and awful as that which brooded over the fabled houses of Labdacus and Pelops, in such a situation that she could not, without violating her duty to her God, her husband, and her country, refuse to take her seat on the throne from which her father had just been hurled, should have been sad, or at least serious. Mary was not merely in high, but in extravagant spirits. She entered Whitehall, it was asserted, with a girlish delight at being mistress of so fine a house, ran about the rooms, peeped into the closets, and examined the quilt of the state bed, without seeming to remember by whom those stately apartments had last been occupied. Burnet, who had, until then, thought her an angel in human form, could not, on this occasion, refrain from blaming her. He was the more astonished, because, when he took leave of her at the Hague, she had, though fully convinced that she was in the path of duty, been deeply dejected. To him, as to her spiritual

guide, she afterward explained her conduct. William had written to inform her that some of those who had tried to separate her interest from his still continued their machinations: they gave it out that she thought herself wronged; and, if she wore a gloomy countenance, the report would be confirmed. He therefore entreated her to make her first appearance with an air of cheerfulness. Her heart, she said, was far indeed from cheerful; but she had done her best; and, as she was afraid of not sustaining well a part which was uncongenial to her feelings, she had overacted it. Her deportment was the subject of reams of scurrility in prose and verse; it lowered her in the opinion of some whose esteem she valued; nor did the world know, until she was beyond the reach of praise and censure, that the conduct which had brought on her the reproach of levity and insensibility was really a signal instance of that perfect disinterestedness and self-devotion of which man seems to be incapable, but which is sometimes found in woman.\*

On the morning of Wednesday, the thirtieth of February, the court of Whitehall and all the neighboring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the master-piece of Inigo, embellished by master-pieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the southern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons, with their speaker, attended by the mace. The northern door opened, and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth; and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable, because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. "We thankfully accept," he said, "what you have offered us." Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of

\* Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication; Review of the Vindication; Burnet, 1, 781, 825, and Dartmouth's note; Evelyn's Diary, Feb. 21, 1688-9.

England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own.\* These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up; the trumpets pealed; and Garter king-at-arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.†

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have, during the last sixty years, overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors.

The Continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the Middle Ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to anti-

quaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favorite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a succession of judicial decisions, similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in foreign cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dented with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill-poised constitutions should we have

\* Lords' and Commons' Journals, February 14, 1688-9; Citters, Feb. 15-25. Citters puts into William's mouth stronger expressions of respect for the authority of Parliament than appear in the journals; but it is clear from what Powle said that the report in the journals was not strictly accurate.

† London Gazette, February 14, 1688-9; Lords' and Commons' Journals, Feb. 13; Citters, Feb. 15-25; Evelyn, Feb. 21.

set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigor. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument, but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no statute could be enacted, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up; that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign; that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any legal right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental laws stood in no need of a new constitution.

But, though a new constitution was not needed, it was plain that changes were required. The misgovernment of the Stuarts, and the troubles which that misgovernment had produced, sufficiently proved that there was somewhere a defect in our polity, and that defect it was the duty of the Convention to discover and to amend.

Some questions of great moment were still open to dispute. Our Constitution had begun to exist in times when statesmen were not much accustomed to frame exact definitions. Anomalies, therefore, inconsistent with its principles and dangerous to its very existence, had sprung up almost imperceptibly, and, not having, during many years, caused any serious inconvenience, had gradually acquired the force of prescription. The remedy for these evils was to assert the rights of the people in such language as should terminate all controversy, and to declare that no precedent could justify any violation of those rights.

When this had been done, it would be impossible for our rulers to misunderstand the law; but, unless something more were done, it was by no means improbable that they might violate it. Unhappily, the Church had long taught the nation that hereditary monarchy, alone among our institutions, was divine and inviolable; that the right of the House of Commons to share in the legislative power

was a right merely human, but that the right of the king to the obedience of his people was from above; that the Great Charter was a statute which might be repealed by those who had made it, but that the rule which called the princes of the blood royal to the throne in order of succession was of celestial origin, and that any act of Parliament inconsistent with that rule was a nullity. It is evident that, in a society in which such superstitions prevail, constitutional freedom must ever be insecure. A power which is regarded merely as the ordinance of man can not be an efficient check on a power which is regarded as the ordinance of God. It is vain to hope that laws, however excellent, will permanently restrain a king who, in his own opinion, and in that of a great part of his people, has an authority infinitely higher in kind than the authority which belongs to those laws. To deprive royalty of these mysterious attributes, and to establish the principle that kings reigned by a right in no respect differing from the right by which freeholders chose knights of the shire, or from the right by which judges granted writs of Habeas Corpus, was absolutely necessary to the security of our liberties.

Thus the Convention had two great duties to perform: the first was to clear the fundamental laws of the realm from ambiguity; the second was to eradicate from the minds of the governors and the governed, the false and pernicious notion that the royal prerogative was something more sublime and holy than those fundamental laws. The former object was attained by the solemn recital and claim with which the Declaration of Right commences; the latter by the resolution which pronounced the throne vacant, and invited William and Mary to fill it.

The change seems small. Not a single flower of the crown was touched. Not a single new right was given to the people. The whole English law, substantive and adjective, was, in the judgment of all the greatest lawyers, of Holt and Treby, of Maynard and Somers, exactly the same after the Revolution as before it. Some controverted points had been decided according to the sense of the best jurists, and there had been a slight deviation from the ordinary course of succession. This was all; and this was enough.

As our revolution was a vindication of ancient rights, so it was conducted with strict attention to ancient formalities. In almost every word and act may be discerned a profound reverence for the past. The estates of the realm deliberated in the old halls and according to the old rules. Powle was conducted to his chair between the mover and

seconded with the accustomed forms. The sergeant with his mace brought up the messengers of the Lords to the table of the Commons, and the three obeisances were duly made. The conference was held with all the antique ceremonial. On one side of the table, in the Painted Chamber, the managers of the Lords sat covered and robed in ermine and gold; the managers of the Commons stood bareheaded on the other side. The speeches present an almost ludicrous contrast to the revolutionary oratory of every other country. Both the English parties agreed in treating with solemn respect the ancient constitutional traditions of the State. The only question was, in what sense those traditions were to be understood. The assertors of liberty said not a word about the natural equality of men and the inalienable sovereignty of the people, about Harmodius or Timoleon, Brutus the elder or Brutus the younger. When they were told that, by the English law, the crown, at the moment of a demise, must descend to the next heir, they answered that, by the English law, a living man could have no heir. When they were told that there was no precedent for declaring the throne vacant, they produced from among the records in the Tower a roll of parchment, near three hundred years old, on which, in quaint characters and barbarous Latin, it was recorded that the estates of the realm had declared vacant the throne of a perfidious and tyrannical Plantagenet. When at length the dispute had been accommodated, the new sovereigns were proclaimed with the old pageantry. All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there, Clarenceux and Norroy, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpets, the banners, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies. The title of King of France, assumed by the conqueror of Cressy, was not omitted in the royal style. To us who have lived in the year 1848, it may seem almost an abuse of terms to call a proceeding, conducted with so much deliberation, with so much sobriety, and with such minute attention to prescriptive etiquette, by the terrible name of revolution.

And yet this revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been, of all revolutions, the most beneficent. It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had, ever since the age of Fitzwalter and De Montfort, been found in the English polity, should be destroyed by the monarchic element, or should be suffered to develop itself freely, and to become dominant. The strife between the two principles had been long, fierce, and doubtful. It had lasted through four reigns. It had produced sedi-

tions, impeachments, rebellions, battles, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. Sometimes liberty, sometimes royalty, had seemed to be on the point of perishing. During many years one half of the energy of England had been employed in counteracting the other half. The executive power and the legislative power had so effectually impeded each other that the State had been of no account in Europe. The king-at-arms, who proclaimed William and Mary before Whitehall Gate, did in truth announce that this great struggle was over; that there was entire union between the throne and the Parliament; that England, long dependent and degraded, was again a power of the first rank; that the ancient laws by which the prerogative was bounded would thenceforth be held as sacred as the prerogative itself, and would be followed out to all their consequences; that the executive administration would be conducted in conformity with the sense of the representatives of the nation; and that no reform which the two houses should, after mature deliberation, propose, would be obstinately withstood by the sovereign. The Declaration of Right, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of the law which gave religious freedom to the Dissenter, of the law which secured the independence of the judges, of the law which limited the duration of Parliaments, of the law which placed the liberty of the press under the protection of juries, of the law which prohibited the slave-trade, of the law which abolished the sacramental test, of the law which relieved the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, of the law which reformed the representative system, of every good law which has been passed during a hundred and sixty years, of every good law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found necessary to promote the public weal, and to satisfy the demands of public opinion.

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the Constitution requires may be found within the Constitution itself.

Now, if ever, we ought to be able to appreciate the whole importance of the stand which was made by our forefathers against the house of Stuart. All around us the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations. Governments which lately seemed likely to

stand during ages have been on a sudden shaken and overthrown. The proudest capitals of Western Europe have streamed with civil blood. All evil passions, the thirst of gain and the thirst of vengeance, the antipathy of class to class, the antipathy of race to race, have broken loose from the control of divine and human laws. Fear and anxiety have clouded the faces and depressed the hearts of millions. Trade has been suspended, and industry paralyzed. The rich have become poor, and the poor have become poorer. Doctrines hostile to all sciences, to all arts, to all industry, to all domestic charities—doctrines which, if carried into effect, would in thirty years undo all that thirty centuries have done for mankind, and would make the fairest provinces of France and Germany as savage as Congo or Patagonia, have been avowed from the tribune and defended by the sword. Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane. The truest friends of the people have with deep sorrow

owned that interests more precious than any political privileges were in jeopardy, and that it might be necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to save civilization. Meanwhile in our island the regular course of government has never been for a day interrupted. The few bad men who longed for license and plunder have not had the courage to confront for one moment the strength of a loyal nation, rallied in firm array round a parental throne. And, if it be asked what has made us to differ from others, the answer is, that we never lost what others are wildly and blindly seeking to regain. It is because we had a preserving revolution in the seventeenth century that we have not had a destroying revolution in the nineteenth. It is because we had freedom in the midst of servitude that we have order in the midst of anarchy. For the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at his pleasure, to the Long Parliament, to the Convention, and to William of Orange.





## CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.	Page.		Page.
INTRODUCTION, .....	1	Scotland and Ireland become Parts of the same Empire with England, .....	24
Britain under the Romans, .....	2	Diminution of the Importance of England after the Accession of James the First, .....	26
Britain under the Saxons, .....	2	The Doctrine of Divine Right, .....	26
Effect of the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, .....	3	The Separation between the Church and the Puritans becomes wider, .....	28
Danish Invasions, .....	4	Accession and Character of Charles the First, ..	31
The Normans, .....	4	Tactics of the Opposition in the House of Commons, .....	31
The Norman Conquest and its Effects, .....	5	Petition of Right, .....	31
Effects of the Separation of England and Normandy, .....	6	The Petition of Right violated, .....	32
Amalgamation of Races, .....	6	Character and Designs of Wentworth, .....	32
Conquests of the English on the Continent, ..	7	Character of Laud, .....	32
Wars of the Roses, .....	8	The Star Chamber and High Commission, .....	33
Extinction of Villanage, .....	8	Ship-money, .....	33
Beneficial Operation of the Roman Catholic Religion, .....	9	Resistance to the Liturgy in Scotland, .....	35
The Nature of the ancient English Government often misrepresented, and why, .....	10	A Parliament called and dissolved, .....	35
Description of the limited Monarchies of the Middle Ages, .....	11	The Long Parliament, .....	36
Prerogatives of the ancient English Kings, how limited, .....	11	The first Appearance of the two great English Parties, .....	36
The Limitations not always strictly observed, and why, .....	11	The Irish Rebellion, .....	39
Resistance an ordinary Check on Tyranny in the Middle Ages, .....	13	The Remonstrance, .....	39
Peculiar Character of the English Aristocracy, ..	14	The Impeachment of the Five Members, .....	40
The Government of the Tudors, .....	15	Departure of Charles from London, .....	40
The limited Monarchies of the Middle Ages generally turned into absolute Monarchies, and why, .....	16	Commencement of the Civil War, .....	42
The English Monarchy a singular Exception, and why, .....	16	Successes of the Royalists, .....	43
The Reformation and its Effects, .....	17	Rise of the Independents, .....	43
Origin of the Church of England, .....	19	Oliver Cromwell, .....	43
Her peculiar Character, .....	19	The Self-denying Ordinance, .....	44
The Relation in which she stood to the Crown, ..	20	Victory of the Parliament, .....	44
The Puritans, .....	22	Domination and Character of the Army, .....	44
Their republican Spirit, .....	22	Risings against the Military Government suppressed, .....	45
No systematic parliamentary Opposition offered to the Government of Elizabeth, and why, ..	23	The Proceeding against the King, .....	46
The Question of the Monopolies, .....	23	His Execution, .....	47
		Subjugation of Ireland and Scotland, .....	48
		Expulsion of the Long Parliament, .....	48
		The Protectorate of Oliver, .....	49
		Oliver succeeded by Richard, .....	52
		Fall of Richard and Revival of the Long Parliament, .....	53
		Second Expulsion of the Long Parliament, .....	53

	Page.		Page.
Monk and the Army of Scotland march into England,.....	54	Dealings of that Party with the French Embassy,.....	84
Monk declares for a free Parliament,.....	54	Peace of Nimeguen; violent Discontents in England,.....	84
General Election of 1660,.....	55	Fall of Danby; the Popish Plot,.....	86
The Restoration,.....	55	First General Election of 1679,.....	87
CHAPTER II.		Violence of the new House of Commons,....	88
The Conduct of those who restored the House of Stuart unjustly censured,.....	56	Temple's Plan of Government,.....	88
Abolition of the Tenures by Knight Service, ..	56	Character of Halifax,.....	90
Disbanding of the Army,.....	57	Character of Sunderland,.....	91
Disputes between the Roundheads and Cavaliers renewed,.....	57	Prorogation of the Parliament; Habeas Corpus Act,.....	91
Religious Dissension,.....	58	Second General Election of 1679; Popularity of Monmouth,.....	92
Unpopularity of the Puritans,.....	59	Lawrence Hyde,.....	94
Character of Charles the Second,.....	62	Sidney Godolphin,.....	94
Characters of the Duke of York and Earl of Clarendon,.....	63	Violence of Factions on the Subject of the Exclusion Bill,.....	94
General Election of 1661,.....	64	Names of Whig and Tory,.....	95
Violence of the Cavaliers in the New Parliament,.....	65	Meeting of Parliament; the Exclusion Bill passes the Commons,.....	95
Persecution of the Puritans,.....	65	Exclusion Bill rejected by the Lords,.....	96
Zeal of the Church for hereditary Monarchy, ..	65	Execution of Stafford,.....	96
Change in the Morals of the Community,....	66	General Election of 1681,.....	96
Profligacy of the Politicians of that Age,....	67	Parliament held at Oxford and dissolved; Tory Reaction,.....	96
State of Scotland,.....	68	Persecution of the Whigs,.....	97
State of Ireland,.....	69	The Charter of the City confiscated; Whig Conspiracies,.....	98
The Government becomes unpopular in England,.....	69	Detection of the Whig Conspiracies; Severity of the Government,.....	99
War with the Dutch,.....	70	Seizure of Charters,.....	99
Opposition in the House of Commons,.....	71	Influence of the Duke of York,.....	100
Fall of Clarendon,.....	71	He is opposed by Halifax,.....	100
State of European Politics, and Ascendency of Franco,.....	73	Lord-keeper Guildford,.....	101
Character of Louis the Fourteenth,.....	73	Policy of Louis,.....	102
The Triple Alliance,.....	75	State of Factions in the Court of Charles at the Time of his Death,.....	102
The Country Party,.....	75	CHAPTER III.	
Connection between Charles the Second and France,.....	75	Great Change in the State of England since 1685,.....	103
Views of Louis with Respect to England,....	76	Population of England in 1685,.....	104
Treaty of Dover,.....	77	The Increase of Population greater in the North than in the South,.....	104
Nature of the English Cabinet,.....	78	Revenue in 1685,.....	105
The Cabal,.....	78	Military System,.....	106
Shutting of the Exchequer,.....	79	The Navy,.....	109
War with the United Provinces and their extreme Danger,.....	80	The Ordinance,.....	112
William Prince of Orange,.....	80	Non-effective Charge,.....	112
Meeting of the Parliament,.....	81	Charge of Civil Government,.....	113
Declaration of Indulgence,.....	81	Great Gains of Courtiers and Ministers,....	113
It is canceled, and the Test Act passed,.....	82	State of Agriculture,.....	114
The Cabal dissolved,.....	82	Mineral Wealth of the Country,.....	116
Peace with the United Provinces; Administration of Danby,.....	83		
Embarrassing Situation of the Country Party, ..	84		

CONTENTS.

v

	Page.		Page.
Increase of Rent,.....	117	Speech of James the Second to the Privy Council,.....	161
The Country Gentlemen,.....	117	James proclaimed,.....	162
The Clergy,.....	119	State of the Administration,.....	162
The Yeomanry,.....	122	New Arrangements,.....	163
Growth of the Towns; Bristol,.....	123	Sir George Jeffreys,.....	164
Norwich,.....	123	The Revenue collected without an Act of Parliament,.....	165
Other Country Towns,.....	124	A Parliament called,.....	166
Manchester,.....	125	Transactions between James and the French King,.....	166
Leeds,.....	125	Churchill sent Ambassador to France; his History,.....	167
Sheffield,.....	125	Feelings of the Continental Governments toward England,.....	169
Birmingham,.....	125	Policy of the Court of Rome,.....	169
Liverpool,.....	126	Struggle in the Mind of James; Fluctuations of his Policy,.....	170
Watering-places: Cheltenham, Brighton, Buxton,.....	126	Public Celebration of the Roman Catholic Rites in his Palace,.....	171
Tunbridge Wells,.....	127	His Coronation,.....	172
Bath,.....	127	Enthusiasm of the Tories; Addresses,.....	173
London,.....	127	The Elections,.....	174
The City,.....	128	Proceedings against Oates,.....	175
The fashionable Part of the Capital,.....	130	Proceedings against Dangerfield,.....	177
Police of London,.....	132	Proceedings against Baxter,.....	178
The Lighting of London,.....	132	Meeting of the Parliament of Scotland,.....	180
White Friars,.....	133	Feeling of James toward the Puritans,.....	180
The Court,.....	133	Cruel Treatment of the Scotch Covenanters,.....	181
The Coffee-houses,.....	134	Feeling of James toward the Quakers,.....	183
Difficulty of Traveling,.....	136	William Penn,.....	183
Badness of the Roads,.....	136	Peculiar Favor shown to Roman Catholics and Quakers,.....	185
Stage-coaches,.....	138	Meeting of the English Parliament,.....	186
Highwaymen,.....	139	Trevor chosen Speaker; Character of Seymour,.....	186
Inns,.....	140	The King's Speech to the Parliament,.....	187
The Post-office,.....	141	Debate in the Commons; Speech of Seymour,.....	187
The News-letters,.....	142	The Revenue voted,.....	187
The Newspapers,.....	142	Proceedings of the Commons concerning Religion,.....	188
The Observer,.....	143	Additional Taxes voted; Sir Dudley North,.....	188
Scarcity of Books in Country Places,.....	143	Proceedings of the Lords,.....	189
Female Education,.....	144	Bill for reversing the Attainder of Stafford,.....	190
Literary Attainments of Gentlemen,.....	144	CHAPTER V.	
Influence of French Literature,.....	145	Whig Refugees on the Continent,.....	190
Immorality of the Polite Literature of England,.....	145	Their Correspondents in England,.....	190
State of Science in England,.....	148	Characters of the Leading Refugees; Ayloffé; Wade,.....	191
State of the Fine Arts,.....	150	Goodenough; Rumbold,.....	191
State of the Common People; Agricultural Wages,.....	151	Lord Grey,.....	192
Wages of Manufacturers,.....	152	Monmouth,.....	192
Labor of Children in Factories,.....	153	Ferguson,.....	193
Wages of different Classes of Artisans,.....	153	Scotch Refugees; Earl of Argyle,.....	195
Number of Paupers,.....	154		
Benefits derived by the Common People from the Progress of Civilization,.....	154		
Delusion which leads Men to overrate the Happiness of preceding Generations,.....	155		
CHAPTER IV.			
Death of Charles the Second,.....	156		
Suspicious of Poison,.....	161		

	Page.		Page.
Sir Patrick Hume,.....	196	His Reception at Bridgewater,.....	214
Sir John Cochrane ; Fletcher of Saltoun,.....	196	Preparations of the Government to oppose him,.....	215
Unreasonable Conduct of the Scotch Refugees,.....	196	His Design on Bristol,.....	216
Arrangements for an Attempt on England and Scotland,.....	197	He relinquishes that Design,.....	217
John Locke,.....	198	Skirmish at Philip's Norton,.....	217
Preparations made by the Government for the Defense of Scotland,.....	198	Dependency of Monmouth,.....	218
Conversation of James with the Dutch Embas- sadors,.....	198	He returns to Bridgewater,.....	218
Ineffectual Attempts of the Prince of Orange and of the States-General to prevent Argyle from sailing,.....	199	The Royal Army encamps at Sedgemoor,.....	218
Departure of Argyle from Holland,.....	200	Battle of Sedgemoor,.....	220
He lands in Scotland,.....	200	Pursuit of the Rebels ; Military Executions,...	222
His Disputes with his Followers,.....	200	Flight of Monmouth,.....	223
Temper of the Scotch Nation,.....	201	His Capture,.....	224
Argyle's Forces dispersed,.....	202	His Letter to the King,.....	224
Argyle a Prisoner,.....	203	He is carried to London,.....	225
His Execution,.....	205	His Interview with the King,.....	225
Execution of Rumbold,.....	205	His Execution,.....	227
Death of Ayloff,.....	206	His Memory cherished by the Common People,.....	228
Devastation of Argyleshire,.....	206	Cruelties of the Soldiers in the West ; Kirke, ..	229
Ineffectual Attempts to prevent Monmouth from leaving Holland,.....	207	Jeffreys sets out on the Western Circuit,.....	231
His arrival at Lyme,.....	208	Trial of Alice Lisle,.....	231
His Declaration,.....	208	The Bloody Assizes,.....	233
His Popularity in the West of England,.....	209	Abraham Holmes,.....	234
Encounter of the Rebels with the Militia at Bridport,.....	209	Christopher Battiscombe ; the Hewlings,.....	235
Encounter of the Rebels with the Militia at Axminster,.....	210	Punishment of Tutchin,.....	235
News of the Rebellion carried to London,.....	210	Rebels transported,.....	236
Loyalty of the Parliament,.....	211	Confiscation and Extortion,.....	237
Reception of Monmouth at Taunton,.....	212	Rapacity of the Queen and of her Ladies,.....	237
He takes the Title of King,.....	213	Cases of Grey and Cochrane,.....	238
		Cases of Storey, Wade, Goodenough, and Fer- guson,.....	238
		Jeffreys made Lord Chancellor,.....	239
		Trial and Execution of Cornish,.....	240
		Trials and Executions of Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt,.....	240
		Trial and Execution of Bateman,.....	241
		Cruel Persecution of the Protestant Dissenters,.....	242

## CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

### CHAPTER VI.

	Page.		Page.
The Power of James at the Height in the Autumn of 1685,.....	3	The Order of Jesus,.....	22
His Foreign Policy,.....	3	Father Petre; tho King's Temper and Opinions,	24
His Plans of Domestic government; the Habeas Corpus Act,.....	4	The King encouraged in his Errors by Sunderland,.....	25
The Standing Army,.....	4	Perfidy of Jeffreys; Godolphin,.....	27
Designs in Favor of the Roman Catholic Religion,.....	4	The Queen; Amours of the King; Catharine Sedley,.....	27
Violation of the Test Act,.....	6	Intrigues of Rochester in Favor of Catharine Sedley,.....	28
Disgrace of Halifax,.....	7	Decline of Rochester's Influence,.....	29
General Discontent,.....	7	Castlemaine sent to Rome; the Huguenots ill treated by James,.....	30
Persecution of the French Huguenots,.....	7	The Dispensing Power,.....	32
Effect of that Persecution in England,.....	9	Dismission of refractory Judges,.....	32
Meeting of Parliament; Speech of the King,.....	9	Case of Sir Edward Hales,.....	33
An Opposition formed in the House of Commons,.....	9	Roman Catholics authorized to hold Ecclesiastical Benefices; Sclater; Walker,.....	33
Sentiments of Foreign Governments,.....	10	The Deanery of Christ Church given to a Roman Catholic,.....	34
Committee of the Commons on the King's Speech,.....	10	Disposal of Bishoprics,.....	34
Defeat of the Government,.....	12	Resolution of James to use his Ecclesiastical Supremacy against the Church,.....	34
Second Defeat of the Government; the King reprimands the Commons,.....	13	His Difficulties,.....	35
Coke committed by the Commons for Disrespect to the King,.....	13	He creates a new Court of High Commission,.....	36
Opposition to the Government in the Lords; the Earl of Devonshire,.....	14	Proceedings against the Bishop of London,.....	37
The Bishop of London,.....	14	Discontent excited by the public Display of Roman Catholic Rites and Vestments,.....	38
Viscount Mordaunt,.....	14	Riots,.....	38
Prorogation,.....	15	A Camp formed at Hounslow,.....	39
Trials of Lord Gerard and of Hampden,.....	16	Samuel Johnson,.....	40
Trial of Delamere,.....	16	Hugh Speke,.....	40
Effect of his Acquittal,.....	17	Proceedings against Johnson,.....	41
Parties in the Court; Feeling of the Protestant Tories,.....	17	Zeal of the Anglican Clergy against Popery,.....	41
Publication of Papers found in the Strong Box of Charles the Second,.....	18	Controversial Writings,.....	41
Feeling of the respectable Roman Catholics,.....	19	The Roman Catholic Divines overmatched,.....	42
Cabal of violent Roman Catholics; Castlemaine, Jermyn; White; Tyrconnel,.....	20	State of Scotland,.....	43
Feeling of the Ministers of Foreign Governments,.....	21	Queensberry,.....	43
The Pope and the Order of Jesus opposed to each other,.....	22	Perth; Melfort; their Apostasy,.....	43
		Favor shown to the Roman Catholic Religion in Scotland,.....	44
		Riots at Edinburgh,.....	44
		Anger of the King,.....	44
		His Plans concerning Scotland,.....	45

	Page.		Page.
Deputation of Scotch Privy Counsolors sent to London,.....	45	Discontents in England after the fall of the Hydes,.....	73
Their Negotiations with the King,.....	45	Conversions to Popery; Peterborough,.....	73
Meeting of the Scotch Estates,.....	46	Salisbury; Wycherly; Tindal,.....	73
They prove refractory,.....	46	Haines; Dryden,.....	74
They are adjourned; arbitrary System of Gov- ernment in Scotland,.....	47	The Hind and Pantner,.....	75
Ireland; State of the Law on the Subject of Religion,.....	48	Change in the Policy of the Court toward the Puritans,.....	76
Hostility of Races,.....	49	Partial Toleration granted in Scotland,.....	77
The aboriginal Peasantry; the aboriginal Aris- tocracy,.....	49	Closeting; it is unsuccessful,.....	78
State of the English Colony,.....	50	Admiral Herbert,.....	78
Course which James ought to have followed,..	51	Declaration of Indulgence,.....	79
His Errors,.....	52	Feeling of the Protestant Dissenters,.....	80
Clarendon arrives in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, His Mortifications; Panic among the Colonists,	52	Feeling of the Church of England,.....	80
Arrival of Tyrconnel at Dublin as General,....	54	The Court and the Church contend for the Fa- vor of the Puritans,.....	80
His Partiality and Violence,.....	54	Letter to a Dissenter,.....	82
He is bent on the Repeal of the Act of Settle- ment; he returns to England,.....	55	Conduct of the Dissenters,.....	82
The King displeas'd with Clarendon,.....	55	Some of them side with the Court; Care,....	83
Rochester attacked by the Jesuitical Cabal,....	56	Alsop; Rosewell; Lobb,.....	83
Attempts of James to convert Rochester,.....	56	Penn,.....	83
Dismission of Rochester,.....	58	The Majority of the Puritans are against the Court; Baxter,.....	84
Dismission of Clarendon; Tyrconnel Lord De- puty,.....	59	Howe,.....	84
Dismay of the English Colonists in Ireland,..	60	Bunyan,.....	84
Effect of the Fall of the Hydes,.....	60	Kiffin,.....	85
<b>CHAPTER VII.</b>			
William, Prince of Orange; his Appearance,..	61	The Prince and Princess of Orange hostile to the Declaration of Indulgence,.....	87
His early Life and Education,.....	61	Their Views respecting the English Roman Catholics vindicated,.....	88
His theological Opinions,.....	62	Enmity of James to Burnet,.....	90
His military Qualifications,.....	62	Mission of Dykvelt to England,.....	91
His Love of Danger,.....	63	Negotiations of Dykvelt with English States- men; Danby; Nottingham,.....	92
His bad Health,.....	63	Halifax,.....	92
Coldness of his Manners and Strength of his Emotions,.....	63	Devonshire,.....	93
His Friendship for Bentinck,.....	64	Edward Russell,.....	94
Mary, Princess of Orange,.....	65	Compton; Herbert; Churchill,.....	94
Gilbert Burnet,.....	65	Lady Churchill and the Princess Anne,.....	95
He brings about a good Understanding between the Prince and Princess,.....	67	Dykvelt returns to the Hague with Letters from many eminent Englishmen,.....	96
Relations between William and English Parties, His Feelings toward England,.....	68	Zulestein's Mission; growing Enmity between James and William,.....	97
His Feelings toward Holland and France,.....	68	Influence of the Dutch Press,.....	98
His Policy consistent throughout,.....	70	Correspondence of Stewart and Fagel,.....	98
Treaty of Augsburg,.....	71	Castlemaine's Embassy to Rome,.....	99
William becomes the Head of the English Op- position,.....	72	<b>CHAPTER VIII.</b>	
Mordaunt proposes to William a Descent on England,.....	72	Consecration of the Nuncio at Saint James's Palace,.....	100
William rejects the Advice,.....	73	His public Reception; the Duke of Somerset,...	100
		Dissolution of the Parliament,.....	101
		Military Offenses illegally punished,.....	101
		Proceedings of the High Commission,.....	102

	Page.		Page.
The Universities,.....	102	The Bishops brought before the King's Bench and bailed,.....	136
Proceedings against the University of Cam- bridge,.....	103	Agitation of the Public Mind,.....	136
The Earl of Mulgrave,.....	104	Uncasiness of Sunderland,.....	137
State of Oxford,.....	105	He professes himself a Roman Catholic,.....	137
Magdalene College, Oxford,.....	106	Trial of the Bishops,.....	138
Anthony Farmer recommended by the King for President,.....	107	The Verdict; Joy of the People,.....	142
Election of the President,.....	108	Peculiar State of Public Feeling at this Time,..	144
The Fellows of Magdalene cited before the High Commission,.....	108	CHAPTER IX.	
Parker recommended as President,.....	108	Change in the Opinion of the Tories concerning the Lawfulness of Resistance,.....	145
The Charter House,.....	108	Russell proposes to the Prince of Orange a De- scent on England,.....	148
The Royal Progress,.....	109	Henry Sidney,.....	149
The King at Oxford; he reprimands the Fel- lows of Magdalene,.....	110	Devonshire,.....	149
Penn attempts to mediate,.....	110	Shrewsbury; Halifax; Danby,.....	149
Special Ecclesiastical Commissioners sent to Oxford,.....	111	Bishop Compton; Nottingham,.....	150
Protest of Hough; Installation of Parker,....	111	Lunley,.....	150
Ejection of the Fellows,.....	112	Invitation to William dispatched,.....	151
Magdalene College turned into a Popish Semi- nary,.....	113	Conduct of Mary,.....	151
Resentment of the Clergy,.....	113	Difficulties of William's Enterprise,.....	152
Schemes of the Jesuitical Cabal respecting the Succession,.....	114	Conduct of James after the Trial of the Bishops, Dismissions and Promotions,.....	154
Scheme of James and Tyrconnel for preventing the Princess of Orange from succeeding to the Kingdom of Ireland,.....	114	Proceedings of the High Commission; Sprat resigns his Seat,.....	155
The Queen pregnant; general Incredulity,....	115	Discontent of the Clergy,.....	155
Feeling of the Constituent Bodies, and of the Peers,.....	116	Transactions at Oxford,.....	155
James determines to pack a Parliament,.....	117	Discontent of the Gentry,.....	156
The Boards of Regulators,.....	117	Discontent of the Army,.....	156
Many Lords Lieutenants dismissed,.....	118	Irish Troops brought over; Public Indignation, Lillibullero,.....	157
The Earl of Oxford,.....	118	Politics of the United Provinces,.....	159
The Earl of Shrewsbury,.....	118	Errors of the French King,.....	159
The Earl of Dorset,.....	119	His Quarrel with the Pope concerning the Franchises,.....	160
Questions put to the Magistrates and their An- swers; Failure of the King's Plans,.....	121	The Archbishopric of Cologne,.....	161
List of Sheriffs; Character of the Roman Catholic Country Gentlemen,.....	122	Skilful Management of William,.....	161
Feeling of the Dissenters,.....	124	His Military and Naval Preparations,.....	162
Regulation of Corporations,.....	124	He receives numerous Assurances of Support from England,.....	132
Inquisition in all the Public Departments,....	125	Sunderland,.....	133
Dismissal of Sawyer,.....	126	Anxiety of William,.....	165
Williams Solicitor General,.....	126	Warnings conveyed to James,.....	165
Second Declaration of Indulgence,.....	127	Exertions of Louis to save James,.....	165
The Clergy ordered to read it,.....	127	James frustrates them,.....	166
They hesitate,.....	128	The French Armies invade Germany,.....	167
Patriotism of the Protestant Nonconformists of London,.....	128	William obtains the Sanction of the States- General to his Expedition,.....	168
Consultation of the London Clergy,.....	128	Schomberg,.....	168
Consultation at Lambeth Palace,.....	129	British Adventurers at the Hague,.....	168
Petition of the Seven Bishops presented to the King,.....	129	William's Declaration,.....	169
The London Clergy disobey the Royal Order,..	131	James roused to a Sense of his Danger; his Naval Means,.....	170
Hesitation of the Government,.....	131	His Military Means,.....	170
It is determined to prosecute the Bishops for a Libel,.....	132	He attempts to conciliate his Subjects,.....	171
They are examined by the Privy Council,....	132	He gives Audience to the Bishops,.....	171
They are committed to the Tower,.....	133	His Concessions ill received,.....	172
Birth of the Pretender; he is generally believed to be supposititious,.....	134	Proofs of the Birth of the Prince of Wales sub- mitted to the Privy Council,.....	173
		Disgrace of Sunderland,.....	174
		William takes leave of the States of Holland,..	174
		He embarks and sails; is driven back by a Storm,	175

	Page.		Page.
His Declaration arrives in England; James questions the Lords,.....	175	James sets out for Rochester,.....	214
William sets sail the second Time,.....	176	Arrival of William at St. James's,.....	214
He passes the Straits,.....	177	He is advised to assume the Crown by Right of Conquest,.....	215
He lands at Torbay,.....	177	He calls together the Lords and the Members of the Parliaments of Charles the Second,.....	216
He enters Exeter,.....	179	Flight of James from Rochester,.....	217
Conversation of the King with the Bishops,.....	181	Debates and Resolutions of the Lords,.....	217
Disturbances in London,.....	182	Debates and Resolutions of the Commoners summoned by the Prince,.....	218
Men of Rank begin to repair to the Prince,.....	183	A Convention called; Exertions of the Prince to restore Order,.....	218
Lovelace,.....	183	His tolerant Policy,.....	219
Colchester; Abingdon,.....	183	Satisfaction of Roman Catholic Powers,.....	219
Desertion of Cornbury,.....	184	State of Feeling in France,.....	219
Petition of the Lords for a Parliament,.....	185	Reception of the Queen of England in France,.....	220
The King goes to Salisbury,.....	186	Arrival of James at Saint Germain's,.....	221
Court of William at Exeter; Seymour,.....	187	State of Feeling in the United Provinces,.....	221
Northern Insurrection,.....	187	Election of Members to serve in the Convention,.....	222
Skirmish at Wincanton,.....	188	Affairs of Scotland,.....	222
Desertion of Churchill and Grafton,.....	189	State of Parties in England,.....	224
Retreat of the Royal Army from Salisbury,.....	190	Sherlock's Plan,.....	225
Desertion of Prince George and Ormond,.....	190	Sancroft's Plan,.....	225
Flight of the Princess Anne,.....	191	Danby's Plan,.....	226
Council of Lords held by James,.....	192	The Whig Plan,.....	227
He appoints Commissioners to treat with William,.....	193	Meeting of the Convention; leading Members of the House of Commons,.....	228
The Negotiations a Feint,.....	193	Choice of a Speaker,.....	228
Dartmouth refuses to send the Prince of Wales into France,.....	194	Debate on the State of the Nation,.....	229
Agitation of London,.....	195	Resolution declaring the Throne vacant,.....	230
Forged Proclamation,.....	195	It is sent up to the Lords,.....	231
Risings in various Parts of the Country,.....	196	Debate in the Lords on the Plan of Regency,.....	231
Clarendon joins the Prince at Salisbury,.....	196	Schism between the Whigs and the Followers of Danby,.....	234
Dissension in the Prince's Camp,.....	197	Meeting at the Earl of Devonshire's,.....	235
The Prince reaches Hungerford; Skirmish at Reading,.....	198	Debate in the Lords on the Question whether the Throne was vacant,.....	235
The King's Commissioners arrive at Hungerford; Negotiation,.....	198	Majority for the Negative,.....	235
The Queen and Prince of Wales sent to France; Lauzun,.....	201	Agitation in London,.....	236
The King's Preparations for Flight,.....	202	Letter of James to the Convention,.....	236
His Flight,.....	203	Debates; Negotiations; Letter of the Princess of Orange to Danby,.....	236
CHAPTER X.			
The Flight of James known; great Agitation,.....	203	The Princess Anne acquiesces in the Whig Plan,.....	237
The Lords meet at Guildhall,.....	203	William explains his Views,.....	237
Riots in London,.....	205	The Conference between the Houses,.....	238
The Spanish Ambassador's House sacked,.....	205	The Lords yield,.....	239
Arrest of Jeffreys,.....	206	New Laws proposed for the Security of Liberty,.....	239
The Irish Night,.....	206	Disputes and Compromise,.....	240
The King detained near Sheerness,.....	208	The Declaration of Right,.....	240
The Lords order him to be set at Liberty,.....	210	Arrival of Mary,.....	241
William's Embarrassment,.....	211	Tender and Acceptance of the Crown,.....	241
Arrest of Feversham,.....	211	William and Mary proclaimed; peculiar Character of the English Revolution,.....	242
Arrival of James in London,.....	211		
Consultations at Windsor,.....	212		
The Dutch Troops occupy Whitehall; Message from the Prince delivered to James,.....	214		











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